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In honor on this occasion* one worthy to be by his sanctity and learning the model of saints and scholars. To bound the genius of such a man by the limits of time and space is vain, impossible; "His fame is eternity and his residence, creation". Fortunately, St. Thomas was born amid circumstances and developed by influences which made him Christianity's greatest defender and its most brilliant ornament. The tower of strength he has been for all that was best, the benefits his work has conferred by mankind are incalculable. One of the enemies of Holy Mother Church, consequently his foe, said: *Tolle Thomam et Ecclesiam Romanam subverterem*; "Destroy Thomas and I would wipe out the Roman Church." But he forgot that she is cherished and nourished by Christ; that man's power cannot prevail against her divine foundations. Still it shows in what respect and fear her most intellectual son is held by those who would destroy her.

*Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas March 7th.

Viewed in the light of any age the works of St. Thomas Aquinas deserve all admiration but they derive additional value from the time in which they were written.

The 13th century saw the culmination of Catholic philosophy. It must not however be thought that this perfection was attained suddenly and without great effort. During preceding centuries dialectics and metaphysics had been studied with an eagerness and zeal that excluded other important branches of learning. Men knew little history and paid slight attention to the cultivation of letters. The intellect was abnormally developed while the imagination and other faculties were neglected. Nor was the really splendid strength of the intellect rightly employed. Instead of attempting to discover the nature of things, which is true science and the proper object of the intellect, men frequently busied themselves with sophistries and subtilities all the more dangerous from their close association wrongly given them with the Faith. Roscelin, Gilbert de la Poit e, and Abelard were all famous scholars and skilled dialecticians. Each of them introduced or gave his support to some pernicious error or grave heresy. Roscelin was foremost in the defence of Nominalism ; Gilbert erred grievously concerning the Divinity ; Amaury declared that God is matter and that matter is God : Abelard, so learned, so able in debate and so eloquent, would follow no guide but reason. To all remonstrances he had but one reply : "My road is not the road of custom but of genius" These men were all able exponents of the liberalism and the rationalism which characterizes so much the present thought rejecting as it does authority and staking everything on reason. They professed to know all things except the *Nescio*, "I do not know", of St. Bernard. Their doctrine was : "Let us reason, subtilize, apply our systems to all sorts of questions. Let reason be our rule and guide without which progress is impossible". In no instance has reason given better proof of her inability to avoid error in the pursuit of knowledge unless guided and supported by authority. This rationalistic school of free thought has always existed, and, I dare say, will exist so long as the intellect of man continues to be exercised. Its activity and aggressiveness are remarkable. There is neither shade nor walk of life that has not felt its influence.

Those who are determined to defend the truth against it must be equally active and strenuous in resistance. It must be encountered and vanquished on its own ground.

Albert the Great it was who first properly estimated the resources of the enemy and the means to checkmate him. He realized what a necessity there was of returning to the Greek philosophy and with its wisdom, clearness, and logical force to battle in defence of christianity and its truths. He foresaw that in this philosophy, corrected and purified by the light of Revelation, the Church would possess a scientific system of defence capable of resisting all attacks of man's proud intellect. Few at the time had the wisdom and foresight of Albert. His efforts in this direction were opposed and ridiculed; he was accused of attempting to mingle Paganism with the Faith. Such abuse and such charges would have deterred a weaker champion; they could not turn Albert from his course. More than this he imbued his disciples with his principles, which, as master of the schools, he diffused therein.

Albert was undoubtedly a great man. He was fated however to be eclipsed by one of his disciples, St. Thomas Aquinas. Fortunate was Albert in securing a mind able to appreciate his teachings: equally so, the saint in having a master who recognized and developed his unsurpassable talents. Religion and Truth, can never repay the debt they owe the saint for his writings, and Albert for laying the foundation of the same by his teachings.

At the time of the Angeical's appearance there was a medley of strange ideas, some Greek, some Arabian and some Christian. The schools of Aristotle and Plato had always exerted a mighty influence on the minds of men. That of Plato is plainly discernible in the early Fathers of the Church. He by his nobleness and sublimity appealed to them more than the matter-of-fact and less religious Aristotle. But if Plato is the greater theologian and carries us along by his soaring, Aristotle is the greater philosopher and compels our assent by the exactitude and force of his reasoning. His intellectual strength and power of analysis make him great. His works are a wonderful armory, stored with weapons for attack and defence. It was the skilful use of these by the Saracens that made their defence of the Koran so strong and their

attack on the orthodox faith so terrible. Clothed in the armor of Aristotle, the pantheism and mysticism of the East wrought mighty havoc among the schoolmen of the West. Under its baneful influence, there were found men bold enough to publicly declare that human nature could be identified with the divinity: others notably, David of Durando, maintained that all things are God. The University of Paris which was then the intellectual centre of the world received these blasphemies from the Moors of Spain and in turn disseminated them over the whole of civilized Europe. True, the Church always condemned them but condemnation did not always destroy their evil effects. It was in such company that Aristotle was introduced to the mediæval student. No wonder that Christian philosophers regarded him as a teacher of pantheism and the most dangerous antagonist of Christianity so plainly were these teachings opposed to Scripture and the traditions of the Church.

These conditions the "Angel of the Schools" was destined to change. No one was better fitted than he. Long and patient study had made him familiar with the Scriptures and the teachings of the Church. Such was his mastery of the Scriptures that he is reputed to have known them by heart. He knew the Fathers of the Church and the great men who followed them so well that he could tell in what each excelled, in what he differed from and in what he agreed with the others. He had studied and commented on the works of Aristotle until they contained nothing unknown to him. As a result he discovered that the works of Aristotle had been garbled and improperly translated, that many of the errors commonly attributed to him were not his, but belonged to his commentators, who had misunderstood the author or borrowed his name because of its undoubted weight and authority. He was confident that the teachings of the Stagairite could be made to harmonize with the doctrines of the Church. Such harmony of truth and method would be irresistible. The Church's many points of belief would assume a oneness and unity of form, inseparably united and closely related. They would no longer repel men by apparent difficulties, but appeal to them by clearness and philosophical arrangement. It is to his perpetual fame that he succeeded in bring-

ing this about. A devoted follower of the "Philosopher" of whom he speaks with evident respect and admiration, he was a more devoted Christian, a firm believer in Scripture and the teachings of the Church. When Aristotle departs from or disagrees with these teachings, St. Thomas does not follow him but boldly defends what he knows to be the truth. For this reason the philosophy of St. Thomas cannot be called the mere philosophy of Aristotle. True, it imitates the form of Aristotle, but it stands by none of Aristotle's errors. It has the elevation and sublimity of Plato which Aristotle never had and never could have.

Plato, Aristotle, and St. Thomas, the three greatest minds the world has ever seen, strove for one end—truth. Plato searched the heavens; Aristotle, the earth and its creatures. Both, their works show, succeeded in a remarkable manner. Neither, strange as it may seem, believed in the other. There are truths neither reached, truths that reason unaided cannot approach. Herein the "Angelical" possessed an undoubted advantage. Truths that puzzled them were made plain to him by the illumination of the Scriptures and the grace of God; of which he was so possessed that men were wont to say of him: *Thomas erat angelus, antequam esset Doctor Angelicus*; "Thomas was an angel before he was the Angelical Doctor." His own luminous and comprehensive intellect enabled him to appreciate the efforts of others, to separate the false from the true and to use the truth no matter where he found it. His whole life was given to the defence of the right, and to the destruction of error in whatever form it might appear. At one time he was busy writing against the pantheism of the Orientals, at another, combatting the rationalism so prevalent in his time. Though he did not at once eradicate all the evils of his time, no human power could do it. There was formed under his inspiration a School of Philosophy, that gradually and surely destroyed them and prevented the disastrous results that then appeared inevitable.

The eminence his sanctity, his learning and method has won for him among his contemporaries has never been lost. Great philosophers succeeded, yet none so great. Popes vied in bestowing praises on him. Councils of the Church have consulted him on great and

momentous questions. Universities base their studies on his writings because they promote the honor of God, the good of the Church, the public weal, the peace and tranquility of the State, better education of youth, progress in science : and finally, the veneration and respect that is due to a saint of the Church and to its most celebrated Doctor St. Thomas Aquinas.

M. F. BURNS, '03.



“God Save Ye.”

WHEN the stranger knocks at the cabin door,
 He knows full well that his journey's o'er,
 For the door swings wide, and the peat-fire bright,
 Pierces the gloom with a welcoming light.
 “God ! save ye all,” saith he,

And warm is the clasp of each outstretched hand,
 (For hearts meet hearts in the Dear Old Land),
 And sure is the *caed mile failte* there—
 In the glad sweet words of an old-time prayer—
 “God ! save ye kindly.”

Thus oft in spirit we tread again,
 An oft-trod, well-remembered lane,
 “Unheard!” ye say? Yet we knock once more,
 Breathing a prayer through the opening door—
 “God save ye all,” saith we.

HAROLD A. PHILIPS IN THE GAEL.

SOUND.

(Read Before St. Thomas' Academy).



PHILOSOPHY, the learned tell us, is Queen of the Sciences. They prove this by the argument, that, as Philosophy treats matter in its two great subdivisions,—organic and inorganic; and, as she goes further and extends beyond the sensible world, the natural conclusion follows, that, being a science, she must of the others be Queen. But while we grant this, the place of prince Consort, we maintain, must be yielded to Physics. The task intrusted to me on this festival day of St. Thomas Aquinas, the true master of Christian Philosophy, has been-time considered diligently performed; the responsibility attending the writing of an essay on any of the matters taken up in our course of Physics is, I trust, realized, and therefore, with your kind indulgence, I read you this paper on that particular branch upon which the two senior classes are experimenting,—Sound.

In Physics three theories are universally accepted—that of Electricity has yet to be clearly defined—namely, the theory of light, the theory of heat; and the theory of sound. To treat sound exhaustively our time will not permit, nor is it our intention. But with an endeavor to tell you of its importance, the standpoint from which it is viewed among the natural sciences and its position therein, its interest aside from its practicability, and to give you the results of class-lectures and experiments was this paper prepared, which will, we hope, communicate as much pleasure to our auditory as was derived in the preparation.

Sound, generally defined, is that peculiar sensation excited in the organ of hearing by the vibratory motion of bodies, when the motion is transmitted to the ear through an elastic medium. Hence we see that a vibratory impulse must be given to an elastic body, which is communi-

cated through some medium surrounding it, and is thus transmitted to ear. To illustrate; a small collodion balloon containing a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen is ignited, when, the gases exploding, immediately the ear is conscious of a shock. The impulse, or rather vibratory movement, started when the air particles were urged outward by the explosion, whence, as these particles separated, they formed a wave which brought the sound to our ear. But in calling this explosion a sound, we are, perhaps, anticipating, as, between sound and noise, some distinction must be made. Sound or rather musical sound, produces a continuous sensation whose value can be readily estimated; noise, on the contrary, may be a sound whose duration is too brief, as the firing of a pistol, to be properly determined, and considering this distinction, the natural inference is that sound may be defined as that which is pleasing to the ear, while by noise is meant a shock to the auditory nerve.

Having now some conception of sound, our next consideration must be the manner in which it is brought to our ear, that is, transmission. We have already stated that the theory of sound is generally admitted, but transmission of vibratory movement, is nevertheless, difficult of explanation. That a medium is necessary, whether it be a gas, a vapour, a liquid, or a solid is proved by placing an alarm clock in vacuo, using the bell jar as the exhaust depot and receptacle for the clock. Placing the ear close to the jar, when the alarm rings, not the slightest tinkle of the bell is heard, thus demonstrating the fact, that, where there is a space perfectly void of air, no sensation, let the explosion be violent as it may, is produced on the ear, and that some medium is essential in the transmission of sound. A body vibrating sends out, through this medium of the air, waves, and the progress of these waves forms what is known as the propagation of sound. To obtain an adequate idea of the manner in which these waves reach the ear, we can but refer to Daguin's homely yet useful comparison; "The undulation produced on the surface of the water by a stone being dropped into it, show the manner in which undulatory movement is transmitted through the air. The pressure exerted, on the water by the stone raises the surrounding water in a circle; this speedily falls into the depression made by the

stone, raising the liquid behind it in a circle; and so on; the result being the case of sound, however, the waves of air do not form rings, but the succession of concentric circles with which we are all familiar. In concentric globes; hence as a consequence of the geometrical proof that the surface of spheres varies as the square of their radii, we have the principle; *The intensity of sound waves varies inversely as the square of the distance from its source.*

We have stated that it was not our intention of treating this subject from a purely scientific standpoint, but rather from that of the interested observer, so, having dealt with the main principles of sound, we will now consider its chief qualities, namely, pitch, timbre, intensity, reflection and refraction. In considering pitch and timbre, we will take up that part of physics devoted to the physical theory of music.

To determine the pitch of any sound the number of vibrations must be calculated, and, consequently, the pitch of a musical note is determined by the number of vibrations per second yielded by the body producing the note. The more rapid the vibrations, the higher the pitch and hence this quality of sound is responsible for our difference in tones. These differences have given rise to scales commonly known as the harmonic, the diatonic, and the chromatic scales. The harmonic scale, the first scale used by ancient peoples, is a series of octaves, each tone of which is double its predecessor as regards vibratory value. The diatonic is the scale generally used to-day, and the notes comprising it are known by the names *do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do*. The chromatic scale is really a semi-tone scale, as it consists in lowering or raising the notes a half tone. Regarding the production of different notes we can but mention the syren, which, by a succession of puffs of air gives us the simplest method of measuring pitch. To Savart are we indebted for our knowledge of perceptible sound. He found that with seven or eight vibrations a second, the ear perceived a distinct but deep sound, while acute sounds were audible up to those corresponding to 38,000 vibrations a second. But considered musically those sounds which are available range from about 40 to 4,000 vibrations per second.

The timbre or quality of sound is that peculiar property of a note which distinguishes the same notes on different instruments. To illustrate; *do* is sounded on the clarinet and flute; they have the same pitch, being produced by an equal number of vibrations, and yet the two notes have very distinct qualities; that is, their timbre is different. All bodies employed for producing musical sounds emit, besides their fundamental tones, tones due to higher vibration. Such tones Tyndall calls overtones. It was the addition of these to fundamental tones of the same pitch which enabled us to distinguish the clarinet from the flute. Were it possible to detach the pure fundamental tones of the two instruments, they would be undistinguishable from each other; but the mingling of overtones renders their timbre different and hence distinguishable. Instruments are then divided into two great classes; namely, stringed instruments, the most common being the violin, harp, piano; and wind instruments, of which the flute and clarinet are best known to us.

St. Thomas, considering the age in which he lived, had a thorough knowledge of Physics. Treating sound he says; "Sound may also be affected by the density of the air, because when the air is dense and put into motion with more difficulty, its reaction is greater, consequently sound becomes louder". "We are now considering intensity. Intensity depends principally on the mechanical impulse given the sounding body, the amplitude of the vibrations, the density of the medium through which the sound must pass, and the presence of resonant bodies; and these give rise to various laws regarding this quality of sound, the first of which is, that, "*The intensity varies inversely as the square distance of the sounding body from the ear.*" Ganot's proof of this law is as follows: Let us suppose several sounds of equal intensity—for instance bells of the same kind, struck by a hammer of the same weight, falling from equal heights. If four of these bells are placed at a distance of 20 yards from the ear, and one at a distance of 10 yards, it is found that the single bell produces a sound of the same intensity as the four bells struck simultaneously. Consequently, for double the distance, the intensity of the sound is only one fourth.

The second law, "*The intensity of sound increases with the amplitude of the vibrations of the sonorous body,*" is readily observed by means of vibrating strings. If these strings are sufficiently long the oscillations are perceptible, and the sound is feebler as the amplitude of the oscillations decreases. The third law, "*The intensity of sound depends on the density of the air in the place in which it is produced,*" has been already illustrated by the ringing of the alarm clock placed in vacuo. Until the air was exhausted, the tinkling of the bell could be heard, but as the air became more rarefied it got weaker, and the nearer the approach to a perfect vacuum the less distinct was the sound. With intensity are closely allied reflection and refraction, and though we have treated them as distinct qualities of sound, they are perhaps, merely subdivisions of the first mentioned.

"So long as sound waves are not obstructed in their motion they are propagated in the form of concentric spheres; but when they meet with an obstacle they follow the general law of elastic bodies, that is, they return upon themselves, forming new concentric waves, which seem to emanate from a second centre on the other side of the obstacle. This phenomenon constitutes the reflection of sound. To illustrate: Two concave discs, A and B, are placed 25 feet apart; a watch is laid immediately in front of B. Now as I proceed toward A, the ticking is distinctly heard at the focus point of the other disc. When I move from that particular spot no sound is perceptible. If any point of the reflecting surface A, be joined to the centre from which the sound issued, and if a perpendicular be let fall, the angle formed is called the angle of incidence, and this angle, as the ticking of the watch proves, equals the angle of reflection." It will therefore be seen that the same laws govern the reflection of sound as do reflection of light. "Sound, like light," says Tyndall, "may be reflected several times in succession, and as the reflected light under these circumstances become gradually feebler to the eye, so the successive echoes become gradually feebler to the ear." We have all heard of Killarney and the famous echo in the Gap of Dunloe. A trumpet sounded at a certain point in the Gap, the same tone, though less intense, repeats itself on the adjacent cliffs until it dies away in sweetest cadence.

Refraction is the bending or deflection of the sound wave when it meets an obstacle. To demonstrate this we again use our small collodion balloon. The balloon is filled with carbonic-acid gas and a watch placed at its back. Standing several feet away, the person experimenting is able, with the aid of a glass funnel, to hear the ticking of the watch. The sound waves converge to a focus owing to the deviation they experience in traversing the dense medium of gas, and their convergence renders the ticking audible. We have all noticed that sound is propagated against the wind with less velocity than with the wind, and this, probably, is due to refraction.

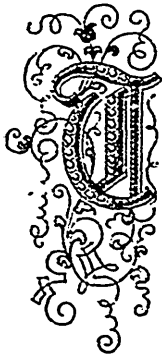
With this brief summary it is hoped that those here to-night will have a fair conception of this most interesting branch of physics, and of the work being done by the two senior classes.

C. P. McCORMAC, '03.



The Irish Question.

A STUDY OF THE GAELIC REVIVAL.



Q uo be or not to be,—that is the question. Whether Ireland shall commit national suicide by accepting English civilization, or whether she shall regain her proper place among the nations by assuming a neo-Gaelic civilization,—that is the question. There is no other alternative: Ireland must be Irish or English, and must decide in this generation. And upon Ireland's decision in this crisis of her history depends her future fate—glorious or ignominious—a fate which may be deferred, but which must necessarily come.

These are not mere words, nor mere opinions ; they are truths. They are not based on other authority than that of the philosophy of history as interpreted by the great men who know the Irish question. It is true some may have never heard such statements before ; none of my readers perhaps, have ever realized them. Yet, since they are true, as I hope I shall presently prove, we ought to know them, feel them, act upon them, To urge and help others to do something of this nature, is the perhaps too ambitious aim of this paper. Were it not that I have a reasoning audience, willing to believe evidence, a sympathetic audience, descendants of Gaels, and a charitable audience who will pardon any shortcomings, I would not attempt such an important subject.*

The question is for us not only important but difficult. We cannot, such is the fog that Anglo-Saxon civilization puts between us and Gaelic Ireland, we cannot see that there *is* a question. Accordingly when we hear of the Gaelic Revival, we are accustomed either to listen indifferently or to make it the subject of satire. But I ask serious attention.

Perhaps the easiest way to understand this ideal now placed before Ireland, is to study the history of the Gaelic civilization of the past. It is a fact more certain than the existence of the Aztecs, that about 325 B. C. the Kelt ruled all Europe, except Greece and Southern Italy. from the British Isles to the Black Sea, from the Elbe to the Pillars of Hercules. In other words, contemporary with Alexander the Great, a mighty Keltic empire extended over what is now Ireland, Scotland, England, Wales, France, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Bosnia, Bulgaria, two-thirds of Germany and half of Italy. At the present day large portions of our globe are peopled by Keltic or semi-Keltic races, but Keltic civilization, all that remains to remind the world of the ancient empire, is now confined chiefly to peasants in a corner of France and parts of the British Isles. There is a movement at present to revive these dwindling and decaying fag-ends, as they are called, of the old civilization. Confining ourselves to Ireland, the struggle between the old Keltic civilization and the new Anglo-Saxon one is called the Irish Question.

*The Debating Club, March 8th.

But is not this Gaelic Revival merely an attempt artificially to stimulate into life an effete civilization? Do we wish to go back to the clan system? Gaelic civilization is not effete; it is, on the contrary, superior to the Anglo-Saxon. Such, Irish history proves it to have been during the three eras in which it flourished amid even partially favorable circumstances, namely, during the four hundred years preceeding St. Patrick's arrival, during the four hundred years succeeding it, and during the two hundred years following Elizabeth's attempt to conquer Ireland. It would be very advantageous if we could get even the faintest idea of the Gaelic civilization of these three periods.

About the first period, the pagan one, the chief thing to remember is that Ireland *had* a civilization. The Irish were, it is true, Pagans, but their religion was a spiritual and moral one; so they were really less pagan than a great many civilized people of the present day. Their moral and social code, on which we have no time to dwell, was far superior to that of any other nation which had till then existed, save only the moral code given by God to the Hebrews. Though in intellectual development they were inferior even to the Romans, their literature gave as much promise of greatness as did the early Greek. In poetry there were epics ready for a Homer to put on the finishing touches. And a Homer not appearing, the bards changed their epics into prose, and thus created that species of literature known as the romance or novel. And finally about a couple of generations before St. Patrick, the Irish had invented and brought to perfection, one of the most powerful aids to the art of poetry, namely rhyme.

Then St. Patrick came. I have said Ireland's moral and social state was superior to all other pagan ones. The proof is that in one generation, changing hardly any of the civilization, St. Patrick Christianized Ireland. And just as Pagan Irish civilization was superior to all other pagan civilizations, so Christian Irish civilization was superior to all other Christian civilizations. The reason is apparent. In no country were the principles of Christianity so excellently received and practised. In Ireland, the land of saints and scholars, faith and knowledge flourished side by side. Ireland became the university of those times to Europe; she became also its seminary. Students from all

over Christendom eagerly flocked to Ireland; while Irish monks with an unexampled zeal tore themselves away from their native land to christianize and civilize the surrounding countries. Some of them reached, if we can believe circumstantial evidence, even Mexico. As St. Columbkille, the apostle and founder of the kingdom of Scotland, perhaps Ireland's greatest son, tells us in one of his noble poems, "All but thy Government, Erin, has pleased me." Ireland's political system, far from adapting itself to changing circumstances, became worse and worse. In this, the modern Anglo-Saxon ideal, as expressed by the great Anglo-Irishman, Edmund Burke, is the true ideal, and the ideal that Ireland wished to see realized; but in almost everything else, the Anglo-Saxon civilization is inferior to the Gaelic one.

Let us compare them, the Gaelic civilization of the sixth century, and the Anglo-Saxon—not of the sixth, for the Saxon barbarians had not yet received their civilization from the Irish—but of the twentieth century. We have the type of the highest Anglo-Saxon civilization when we add Anglican Christianity to Cardinal Newman's true gentleman. Compare this beau idéal of our day, with the Irish monk, the most representative type of sixth century Irish life. Which is the better man?

The Danish invasion first marred this glorious Gaelic national life. The Irish, too united to be conquered, too divided to conquer, were in a state of external or internal warfare till the accession of James I. of England. Half a dozen times at least, it seemed as if Ireland would unite herself and resume her proper place among the nations. But again and again some super-normal influence seemed to prevent. Finally in the last quarter of the sixteenth century, when Elizabeth put forth the whole strength of her empire to accomplish completely the conquest of the Irish, Erin awoke and found herself one nation again. The God of arms decided in favor of the English, but Ireland, conquered though it was, again was a great Gaelic nation.

A great nation, because it possessed in an eminent degree all a nation's essentials. What is a nation? "A common tradition, a common history, a common language, a common literature, common institutions,

common sorrows and common joys, common hopes and common aspirations—these things make up a nation, these things shape its destiny, these things determine its place in civilization.” Such had the Irish from the last quarter of the sixteenth century to the last quarter of the eighteenth.

They had a common tradition extending back further than that of any people in Europe. They had a common history, merging into this tradition about the beginning of the Christian era, and filled with more episodes of great heroes, sages, poets, kings, scholars, teachers, holy virgins, saints, missionaries,—containing more of the events that inspire men to the highest things,—than that of any other people in the world. They had a common language, the oldest and purest in Europe, one, as Davis says, “conformed to their organs, descriptive of their climate, constitution and manners, mingled inseparably with their history and soil, fitted beyond any other language to express their prevalent thoughts in the most natural and efficient way.” They had a common literature, which, as we have seen, went back to Pagan times; while in the seventeenth century despite the fact that education was by the law of the English conqueror a crime, the Irish writers, with a literary and patriotic zeal we cannot imagine, wrote in manuscripts, the history of Ireland; the Irish poets of the eighteenth century were superior to their contemporaries in France, and almost equal to their contemporaries in England; which things give us some idea of the intellectuality of the times. These same Irish of the penal times, had common institutions far superior to those of their conqueror—especially their religion, which they preserved as no other people ever did. The whole nation had the same supernatural joys of which the conqueror in his ignorance had not even the slightest idea; the same material sorrows, for the conqueror in his strength inflicted upon them a system of laws of which even a barbarian would have been ashamed. Finally they had the same hopes and ideals, to live in as their ancestors had once lived in when moral and intellectual leaders in the world.

Hence they had, to a very high degree, all the essentials of a great nation. There was but one drawback—their political slavery. But this was as much by the will of God, as by the power and duplicity of the Saxon. For not man, but God, defeated the Irish under the Red Hughs, under Owen Roe, under Sarsfield.

What was the type of man this civilization produced? Take the peasant. He was endowed with all the traditional traits of a people cultured for fifteen hundred years, with a vocabulary in every day use of five thousand words (English or Anglified Irish peasants use or misuse about five hundred), with a love for classical Irish music, for classical Irish poetry, tales, and history, with the art of using the pointed sayings and astute aphorisms in which his language abound; and finally to complete this picture—it's a perfectly true one—his morals were purer and his faith greater than any other class in the world. To compare this eighteenth century Gaelic peasant with one of his ignorant bigoted rulers or with the brutal yeomanry that in 1798 goaded him to rebel is impossible: there can be no comparison. He was a far nobler man, in a higher state of civilization than many a type of even a cultured English man of to day.

And now to sum up all that we have said so far: there has been such a thing as a Gaelic civilization; and this Gaelic civilization, except politically, is superior to the Anglo-Saxon.

We have now to see how Ireland drifted in the nineteenth century into a very inferior sort of Anglo Saxonism. A writer thus states the fact. "The history of Ireland in the nineteenth century has been one in which, while wave followed wave of political agitation, and Nationality has had its preachers and martyrs in the senate and the dock, on the platform and on the scaffold, the Irish people at large have drifted away from the ways and ideals of their forefathers, from their methods of thought, from their sports and pastimes, from their learning, language and literature, and taken to their hearts, those of the detested Saxon (of the cockney type). The proofs are palpable and might easily fill volumes,"

What was the cause of this? There were many causes. One was that the Irish people thought that their mission was to catholicise England and America; and that the Ireland of the future was to be the guide and ruler of English civilization. This mission the Irish exiles accomplished in part; they would have accomplished it better if they had kept more of what was their own. However this mission abroad, surely gave no reason for the Irish at home accepting a debasing form of the civilization of England. Another reason for the Anglicising was that the aristocracy of rank and wealth was English, or aped the English; the masses, with some of the servility in their souls of their long period as helots, considered English civilization (because the richer classes followed it) to be superior; and they proceeded to imitate it. Another cause was that, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Irish nation lacked nothing except good government. This the nation determined to have; and all its efforts were turned to this and this alone. The Irish fell into the fatal error of supposing that politics was nationality; while it is at the most but a very small part of it: thus they allowed themselves to lose much of the heritage of their fathers, in their struggle for good government. The nation found that for this struggle, as well as for commercial intercourse, the English language was necessary. In their desire to learn English better, they let themselves forget their wonderful command of the Irish language and love of truly great Irish literature. Peasants, artisans, merchants, priests, politicians—all were alike, in this singular craze for forgetting their Irish; not knowing evidently that when they lost their Irish language they lost their Irish nationality.

Some may be disposed to deny this last statement, but it is only too true. The Irish forgot the Gaelic language. There was no Gaelic press, for a very good reason, during the penal times; now, they did not care to set up one. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the whole people, or at least nine-tenths of them spoke Irish; hardly anyone read it; they wished to learn English; they asked for schools. The English, ever kind to the Irish, gave them a system of national education, or more properly anti-national stultification. The undoubted purpose

of those schools was to anglify the Irish—anglify them in language, manners, sentiments, and in religion. In the life of the promoter of these so-called National Schools, Archbishop Whately of Dublin—we have a letter of his to an English friend, admitting in confidence that these are the aims of the schools. They forbade the teaching of Irish history; ignored absolutely Irish songs, music, traditions; and shut their doors tight against the Irish language. If a child could not understand things in English, he could grow up illiterate; and hundreds of thousands of them so grew up. 'Tis a contradiction in terms to call this education, or national. Yet the Irish people accepted these schools. More than that; if it was a crime to speak Irish in school, it also became a crime to speak Irish at home. Parents punished their children for speaking Irish. The adults became ashamed to use that illiterate patois; for so they considered their national language, one of the noblest in the world. To this day in Irish there are phrases in which Gaelic (*Gaodhlach*) means commonplace, while *Galda* (English) means the opposite. For example *Nach Gaodloch an fear* (what a common fellow he is) while *Nach Galda atu tu* (how polite you are). Was not this losing nationality?

With the loss of their national language all connection with their ancestors was broken. Their history and traditions, their manners and customs, their hopes and ideals, all were forgotten. And for what? For the best Anglo-Saxon civilization? No. The Irish gave up the Irish language which expressed perfectly their high intellectual life; and they learned imperfectly a few hundred English words. Was this an improvement?

They gave up their classical prose and poetry, which even the lowest of them was educated enough to appreciate and love. And now, now at the beginning of the twentieth century, what literature do they read? Why, English literature. English classics? No. English poetry? Not one in one hundred of them has the slightest idea of what poetry means. No, they read the 'Tits, and Fits, and Bits and Skits', that is, the very gutter garbage of London. \$5,000,000 a year is spent on this poison. \$5000 on respectable literature. Is this an improvement?

The Irish gave up their knowledge of Irish music and song, music not inferior in its way to great modern classics, let it be remembered, and what music now delights them? Modern classics? No. The mawkishly sentimental and sometimes even immoral songs, which cockney London discards, then have their run of popularity in Ireland. Is this an improvement?

"The national press takes everything from England except its politics. They form the only reading of most of our people, and actively mould the mind of the nation. Side by side with leading articles and lengthy political speeches denouncing the Saxon and all his works and pomps, are found the news of the world filtered through English sources, detailed reports of English races, the newest nasty London play, the latest music hall inanity, the most spicy case in the London divorce court and so forth. If there is an interesting lecture on Irish art, music, history or industries, you may with difficulty find a few lines devoted to it in an out of the way corner of the paper. As at present managed, the Irish press is the most patent force in the anglicising of Ireland." With the exception of one or perhaps two papers these words of Mr. Fahy correctly describe the present Irish press.

Finally, to complete their Anglo Saxon civilization, the Irish have adopted that very Anglo Saxon institution, the saloon. The evil effects of alcohol in Ireland are incalculable. The national decadence of the nineteenth century took away much of the color and reality of Irish life, and was not a remote cause of intemperance and emigration. Intemperance is the most disgusting of the many evils flourishing in Ireland. Intemperance is *rotting* Ireland. The Irish pay \$65,000,000 a year for alcohol; and then come to America to beg subscription, for Home Rule. The whole situation is summed up in the famous sentence, "Ireland lives by day in the air England has fouled the night before.

Where will this end? Well, if the anglicising of Ireland goes on in this generation as it has gone on in the last, Ireland will be a decayed English province inhabited by a mongrel race, almost as high

in the stage of civilization as the London coddneys. You say this is strong language. It is meant to be so. "The soul is stronger than statutes; penal laws succeeded in robbing the Irish people of their property; but they could not rob them of their religion. A spiritual possession can be taken away from anyone only by his own free will. To their bitter shame, the Irish people stood passively by, while their language, that priceless heritage, was stepping into the grave." What could be more degrading? That is why Father Sheehan, author of "My New Curate," has told us that "the extinction, partial though it be, of the Irish language, is a greater evil than the Penal Laws or the Act of Union." It was a national intellectual suicide.

The Irish have willingly accepted a civilization which is quickly killing their nationality. What will be the necessity of Home Rule, when the Irish people will be completely anglicised!

And another thing to be remembered: if a nation decays intellectually, it decays also materially. History proves this, whatever utilitarians may say to the contrary, for no country in Europe has ever gone to ruin, in intellectual, without also going to ruin in material things. 'Twas this intellectual and national decay that was one of the causes that prevented Ireland of the nineteenth century from succeeding from a material standpoint. Economic wealth comes mainly from human skill. The first step in the requirement of skill is a man; and if you have not a man, but a sulky imitating being to begin with, it is a poor lookout for your economic projects. The Irish of the last century were mongrel English. Now, real Englishmen are better than mongrel Englishmen; and the people of Britain however poorly, they may rule Ireland politically, certainly rule her commercially. The result, largely through Ireland's own fault, was and is poverty, emigration of Irish, and immigration of foreigners to take their places. When the people of Ireland become really Irish, then they will be men, and then Ireland can hope for economic progress. Edward Martyn, one of Ireland's wisest public men, thus states the case: "If she is beaten in this struggle for her national individuality, she will gradually sink into a decayed English province, without initiative, without culture,

having lost her genius and nationality, with no hope of Home Rule, and those other national ideals for which her noblest sons have struggled and suffered, with no taste for things of the mind, except such mental offal as may be shipped over to her from her vulgarized and decaying conqueror. Her material interests will suffer equally by her intellectual apathy; so that loaded with iniquitous taxation, she will drag her dreary existence along."

But you say, she will at least retain her spiritual heritage. But will she? Have not the deepest English thinkers, Catholic and Protestant, told us Anglo-Saxon civilization is not only anti-Catholic but anti-Christian? The poison entering Ireland from the saloons, newspapers, pernicious literature, from the slave-like imitation of everything English because it is English, and contempt of everything Irish because it is Irish, is bound gradually to ruin Irish faith and purity. It is ruining them already. The Anglicised Irish peasant is far behind the un-Anglicised Gael morally and religiously. The more he has drifted away from the Gaelic ideals, the more has his glorious faith been weakened and nobility destroyed. Only one example need be cited here. The Irish have become ashamed to give their children the names of their patron saints, Patrick and Brigid. The Irish have not only become ashamed of their own nationality; they became ashamed of their own saints. It is this fact, the religious and spiritual decay consequent of the debasing anglicisation that has caused the Irish hierarchy and clergy to join the Gaelic Revival heart and soul. As Father Sheehan says. "Anglicised, mammon worshipping, neo-pagan manners and customs, in many places at home, are the chief characteristics of our race to-day." The clergy now see that these have resulted from Ireland giving up her language and nationality.

So, if Ireland continues in this debasing English civilization, she will not only lose her nationality, intellectuality and hope of material prosperity, but she will lose her religion as well. I do not think there is anything in this conclusion (startling though it be) which may not be inferred from the premises.

JOHN J. O'GORMAN, '04.

(To be continued.)

Adapted for The Review.

The Settling of Peggy O'Hara.

BY ALICE FURLONG IN *M. A. P.*



DANIEL O'Hara had seven daughters, and not one son. It was a sore trouble to Dan that six of them were plain featured. Mary was short, and Kitty was long, the one was too fat, and the other too thin; Brigid had a crooked eye, and Honor was humped in the shoulders, and Julia was like a man with the big rough voice of her, and Anne was consumpted.

The flower of the flock was little Peg, for she was a rarely handsome colleen, with red roses in her cheeks and hair blacker than coal, and eyes like the grey-blue sky, in the cool of dawn. Her father thought to make a match for her with a rich farmer, but poor Peg had set her heart on a young boy, with nothing in his pocket except his two hands,

One day there was a fair in Ballinagurth and Daniel O'Hara saw Matt O'Hagan bargaining for a beast.

"I've a finer one nor that," said Dan. "Come up here a bit an' I'll show her to ye."

"Begorra, that I will, an' welcome," answered Matt. "'Tis an' oul' naygur this man is".

But it was Matt himself that was known for keeping a tight hand upon the money. Well, Daniel O'Hara knew this, but it was not for him to say so, since he wanted to make a match between Matt and the handsome colleen at home.

Old Dan shouldered along, and little hard-jawed Matt kept close upon his heels.

"Yerra, 'tis the gossoon ought to be in front by rights, makin the road aisy for th' ould man!" said Delia Ryan, who was selling her butter in the market.

"But, in troth, there's not that much good in ye, Matt O'Hagan!"

But this she said out of the hearing of Matt, for she owed him money for a calf's grass.

"Músha, do ye call that a good cow?" cried Matt, with scorn.

To speak truth she was not, for you might count her ribs. But old Dan had not the sale of the cow in his mind at all.

"Ye don't líké her"! he said, pretending he was surprised. "Well I'm not of a mind with ye; sure 'tishn't a stall-fed you're lookin' for, but a milkin'-cow. But don't take her. I tell ye what, I've a small Kerry above, an' th' woman 'axed me to lay her at home, till th' big cow would calve, an' of course, I couldn't say no to her, for 'tis good advice my women gives, ever an' always—and in like manner wid every child of hers. But come up any day at all, and take a look at this little Kerry, an mebbe we could sthrike a bargain. We've flour in the bin to make a cake for th' tay and 'tis a nice cup herself'll make ye of that same."

Matt O'Hagan promised he would. And, Dan sold his cattle and went home, By-and-by he came upon Peggy, sitting under a bank of golden furze.

"I thought I'd come and help ye, father", said she, flinging back the coal-black curls from her forehead.

"You're a good girl Peg!" said the father. None better in this barony. I must look out for a dacent husband for ye. Ianna bawn!"

But a boy must have money, thought Peggy, so it could not be her own choice that her father was thinking of, so she set her teeth in her red lip.

"Laws, father I'm in no great hurry, she said. An, ' it could'nt be at all fittin' that I should go first an' me the youngest of all the childher ye have. Indeed an' it would not, father!"

Dan pushed aside his caubeen, and scratched his head.

"Ye see alanna th' other childher is plain—no doubt at all about it, though I say it that shouldn't. An' I don't love them one bit the less be-

cause they're so, nor you one bit the bether for being a well-lookin' colleen, for a father's eye finds pleasantness in th' face of every child of his. But not so th' young men. An' so you're the one to make th' good match that'll rise th' family!"

Poor handsome Peggy sighed. She had no desire to be the lamb without blemish set aside for the sacrifice. She turned her face lest he might see the tears in her blue eyes.

"I'll do me best father", said she, and tried to put Kevin Daly out of her thoughts. "Have ye any person in your mind?"

"Well, I have, alanna; no denyin' it!" answered old Dan, and then he stopped and halloed and made a show of hunting a stray sheep in with the rest of the flock. All the time he was getting up his courage to tell Peggy.

"'Tis Matt O'Hagan is in me mind for ye' Peggy dear! A fine farm has Matt, an' a pot of money.

Handsome Peg drew her breath heavily, and her red lip trembled.

"Then if you're goin' to marry me to him, father, do it as quick as ye can," said she, "for th' more I see of him the less I like him, that same Matt O'Hagan."

Soon father and daughter came to the cabin on the hill, a low house, looking down the dark-green slopes of the two fields for which Dan O'Hara was rack-rented twice a year.

The next day Dan bid the wife go down into the town and buy half a stone of the best flour, and a couple of ounces of good Bohea at Nancy Dowling's. "'Twouldn't do to make a poor show before Matt O'Hagan, ye know," said Dan shrewdly. "An' do you tell th' childher how to behave so as to let on there's lashins an' leavin's in th' place!"

"Mother agra," said Kitty, "Here's Matt O'Hagan!" Mrs. O'Hara threw on a plentiful fire, the rarely-used kettle was hung from the crane and the hearth swept up clean, and the chimney-seat dusted.

"Get a stockin' in your hand, Ann achorra, an' be knittin' there in the corner!" said the mother. "An' don't be taken' any notice of what's goin' on."

Poor delicate Anne took her knitting into the dark corner, and

Peg was hurried into her Sunday petticoat, and shawl. When Matt O'Hagan came in with the father, the tea-table was spread, and at another table Peggy was mixing the dough for a griddle-cake.

Matt took the seat by the fire, and lit his pipe. He looked about and saw the comfortable preparations for the tea, and the industrious girl in the corner, and Peggy, handsomer than ever, for the beating of her heart made her cheeks more red than the reddest roses, and her eyes were large and bright like a person's in the fever.

"She's a real daisy-picker!" said admiring Matt, to himself. "I suppose your girls 'll have a tidy bit to get for marriage-portion?" said he aloud, taking his pipe from his mouth, and looking at Dan O'Hara.

"They'll each have their share when I'm gone," answered Dan guardedly.

"Run to the bin, Julia agra, an' bring me another handful of flour!" said Peg.

Julia went unwillingly. She was anxious to hear who had taken the fancy of Matt O'Hagan.

She brought the full of her hands of flour from the inner room, where the bin was supposed to be. Matt took note of the flour. He began to think the O'Hara's must be pretty comfortable in spite of reports.

"'Tisn't for me to advise a man o' your age, Dan O'Hara," said he. "But, if I was you, I'd give me girls their portion accordin' as they'd marry. 'Tis th' most comfortable way for everybody consarned."

"A man can't break up his property!" said Mrs. O'Hara grandly. Peg began to think luck would go against her poor father, and she had not spoken loudly enough before.

"Julia, run to the bin, an' bring me another handful, an' don't take it from the same corner—'tis better in th' other!"

Now Julia had not been taken into the counsels of the father and the mother and Peggy, so she went into the inner room muttering under her breath, returning in a half minute to the kitchen, with the half-stone bag in her hands.

"Here ye are *bin 'an all!*" said she setting it beside Peggy. Handsome Peg gave her one look of lightning, then bent her head over her work.

As for Matt O'Hagan, he turned his face into the chimney-corner, and pretended to be emptying the ashes from his pipe, but Dan and his woman knew well that he was laughing fit to break his heart.

He asked no more about marriage portions, but sat there talking pleasantly until the meal was ready, and he made a great supper off Peggy's griddle-cake and the Bohea with the sup of cream in it.

And when he had gone away without buying the cow, Peggy came to her father where he was sitting in the byre chewing a straw. She put her arms about his neck.

"I did me best for ye, father!" said Peg.

"Ye did, alanna, that ye did!" answered Dan O'Hara. "No blame to you at all."

"'Twouldn't, maybe, have been th' best bargain for meself!" said the daughter. "There's Kevin Daly, father, an' he'd be a kinder son to ye nor Matt O'Hagan ever was."

"Aye, maybe so, maybe so! But I don't see Kevin comin' lookin' for any o' ye no more nor the rest o' them." Then Peggy blushed.

"He was afraid he'd have no chance, father achorra," said she, with her blue eyes downcast. "But if he come askin' me—would ye say no to him? Sure now, ye would not, father dear, rememberin' that I did me best t' other day!"

"Well, if ye want him, Peg, ye may have him. When I think of that little spalpeen measurin' the likes of you agin his bit o' money—"

By some strange chance Kevin Daly found his way to Dan's the very next day. And when he came into the house he never looked about to see if there was abundance, but it was at Peggy O'Hara he cast his glances.

"I've me cabin new-thatched, an' a couple o' bits o' furniture together in it," said he to Dan O'Hara after a while. "An' I'd like your Peggy to come an' share me home wid me."

Then Peggy stood before him, and said: "Wait a minit! Before you say more, let me tell ye I'd have taken Matt O'Hagan if he was willin'. 'Twas for these I'd ha' done it!" said Peg, looking round at her parents and sisters.

"I love ye none the less for that same," said Kevin taking hold of her two hands.

And this is how Peggy O'Hara was settled with the man of her choice.—C. J. F.

The Song of the Exile.



Hi Erin! sweet Erin, I fondly remember
Thy green-tinted fields and thy bright azure skies,
And as I thus muse, recollections all tender
Of happy days by-gone within my heart rise.

For thou art a country where holiest feeling
Towards homestead and fatherland dwell in the soil,
And thy visions of love oft around us come stealing,
In far distant lands 'mid our troubles and toil.

Thy sons are the bravest that e'er the sun shines on,
So generous and loyal to God and to thee,
Thy daughters the fairest that fancy can think on,
As brilliant and pure as the pearls of the sea.

How often I've wandered on bright sunny evenings,
By thy emerald meadows and clear purling streams
And my poor heart beat quicker as then I remem-
bered
How soon I must leave thee, thou land of my dreams.

But though these dear mem'ries bring sorrow and
sadness
To the heart that's away in a far-distant clime
I'll repine not, for soon God will change all to gladness
'Midst our loving, loved friends, beyond earth's
border-line

XERES.

The Annual St. Patrick's Day Banquet



ST. PATRICK'S Day has come and gone. The example set us, when, some twenty years ago, the first celebration in honour of Ireland's glorious Apostle was held, has been carefully followed out, and, looking back on the success that attended this year's efforts, the banquet held on the 17th inst. truly equalled its predecessors, and this is saying a great deal. Each year the different committees seek to add some new feature to their particular work, which means, that those having the arrangements in charge, are expected to bring forth greater results than has been looked for heretofore. The classes of 1903 and 1904 are to be congratulated on the manner in which they upheld tradition by providing this year's feast, for, considered from any standpoint, considered in any aspect by which a banquet may be judged, it was a success. The excellence of the menu, the taste displayed in decorating the Hall, the music, the speeches—all contributed to the enjoyment of those present.

At high-noon the doors of the Hall were thrown open and, as the students from every part of the Dominion and the United States entered, enthusiasm was visible on every face. Next were ushered in the guests headed by His Excellency Mgr. Donato Sbaretti, His Grace Archbishop Dukamel, Very Rev. J. E. Emery, O.M.I., D. D. Rector of the University, Hon. H. L. Power, Speaker of the Senate and Mr. D'Arcy Scott. Among those invited were Hon. C. Fitzpatrick, Hon. Mr. Coffey, Rev. Fr. Dollard, Hon. Mr. McHugh, Hon. Mr. Carroll, J. Mac C. Clarke, Mr. M. Casey.

While the good things of the table were being attended with a true students diligence, a select orchestra under the direction of Prof. Valentine discoursed appropriate Irish melodies. The last course served, cigars were passed and the Glee Club, with Rev. Fr. Fortier O. M. I. as director, rendered "Hark The Curfew Solemn Sounds". Mr. Nolan

who performed the duties of Toast Master in a creditable manner in the following strain proposed a toast to "The Day we Celebrate."

"St. Patrick's Day is with us again, and true to traditions, we gather here to celebrate the great feast of him, who first enkindled the holy fire of Christianity in the hearts of the Irish people, which to-day burns as brightly as it did centuries and centuries ago when fanned by the holy breath of the Apostle, Patrick.

"Truly may we say this is a great day for Ireland and for the whole Christian world, for, there is scarcely a spot in the universe in which some loyal Irishman does not this day fix a sprig of shamrock in his button hole and with overflowing soul and native jubilation chant aloud the magical tune "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." Like a mighty echo-resounding in all directions from the arched vault of heaven, is the voice of Ireland this day heard. Her children, scattered everywhere throughout the world, form an unbroken chain of national love which reaches from the East to the West and couples the North and South pole in the great sphere of "Erin's exiled but glorious affections".

"Right and fitting is it, then, that we, the loyal Sons of the Emerald Isle should gather about the festive-board to toast the land we all love and pray for: to do homage to the great Saint who, like a bright star which never sinks in the West, rose over Ireland clothing the whole island in the mellow and glorious light of Christian faith: to travel back the highways of history, and visit the scenes of her early joys and sorrows: to gaze again upon the ivied ruins of her ancient temples, which tell us of that sacred heritage, Patrick bequeathed to Innisfail, and which has come down to us, unchanged and unsullied by any dread stroke of time.

"As the most faithful sons of the Emerald Isle, I ask you gentlemen to join me in a toast to The Day coupled with the name of Mr. Burns.

Mr. Burns' response was as follows:—

"The celebration which we make to-day is but the imperfect reflection of those internal feelings which so influence our actions and dominate our being.

“Those forms which I see before me animated by the flames of a common devotion ; your breasts expanding with love and enthusiasm ; the universal exultation which leaps and sparkles from your eyes ; the affection and sympathy which I so plainly read in your agitated countenances tell me, I am not mistaken. Such impartial and manifest feelings are most in keeping with this soul-inspiring day, an occasion that brings the highest, holiest, noblest and purest traditions that besiege the heart of man. This festival is worthy of all admiration and respect. We admire and venerate it, not because it requires our feeble sanction for its eternal perpetuation but because the events which it commemorates, have an undoubted right to all distinction and dear memory. The past with its sorrows and joys, its agony and triumph has consecrated it far beyond our power to add or detract from its glory. Could I but call to life and assemble here the illustrious men that have made day so memorable in our annals what spectacle would present itself ! The world has never seen so much genius, so much sanctity and suffering such distinguished bravery and unlimited magnanimity assembled as would gather at this festive board. Sainly men, devoted missionaries of the Christ-made man, the vigor of manhood, the weakness of age and the innocence of youth martyred for an undying faith, here present

“Would introduce

Their sacred song and awaken raptures high,
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
 Melodious past,” in praise of “The Omnipotent.
 “Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
 Eternal King, Thee Author of all being,
 Thee Fountain of light.”

“Whose blessing we ask on this and all our undertakings, grant we implore Thee that Ireland rising Phoenix like from her ashes may again see “golden days of glory, full of golden deeds,” with joy and love triumphing.

For centuries Ireland has groaned beneath the iron foot of oppression, yet Irishmen—thanks to God and themselves—are not slaves. Neither the bigotry of ignorance, the arrogance of wealth, nor the per-

persecution of power could stifle their indomitable spirits ; overcome by superior forces, they were never conquered; ravished by the sword and all the torments a devilish and hateful ingenuity could invent; denied the rights that nature, the common parent and teacher of man tells him are unmistakably and inalienably his ; judged by a justice that was a "mockery, delusion and a snare," the Irish race is not destroyed but still retains its pristine, strength, and vigor, a vigor that never wanes, a vigor that has enabled it though oppressed, to excel its oppressors. It has produced famous orators, great statesmen, wonderful fighters, yielding only in the force of overwhelming odds and then with the most stubborn resistance "Ireland's sons have wreathed the immortal shamrock round about the brows of painting, poetry and eloquence." Irishmen have swayed deliberating senates; Irishmen have led the world's victorious armies. Amidst all national disasters and savage persecution they have been true to their faith. No matter where they are found, at home or abroad ; no matter in what condition of life their destiny is placed they have been loyal to the land of their birth ; the land from which they draw their strength and their blood ; the land that cradled them ; the land that contains the altars of their God and mingles its soil with their sacred dead.

"Look at the miserable condition of Ireland ; her silent industries, her homes vacated, her uncultivated fields, her wretched and ragged population the only aliens on Irish soil. Answer me truthfully does the birthplace of genius, the home of a race celebrated for their profound religious feelings, their fidelity and appreciative sympathy deserve such an unhappy existence. Oppression, want and famine have driven her unfortunate people into the rough and boisterous seas. Other lands have been embellished by their rays of genius and preserved by their thunderbolts of war. Every flag has gathered them beneath its folds ; every battlefield has witnessed the courage and valor of those exiles. Since its discovery, America has been beyond all others their promised land. Fortunate, fortunate country, destined to be the refuge and abode of a people so justly distinguished for their patience in trials, their fortitude in adversity and their piety on all occasions. In national

spirit and patriotic achievement Irishmen have been inferior to none patriotic citizens, patriotic soldiers they have freely given all they possessed, yea their very lives, that the countries of their adoption might live and prosper.

"Though there were many Irishmen in America prior to the decade, that intervenes between 1840-50, these years saw their number greatly augmented. Ireland lost an half and more of her population. Many sickened and died. Three millions came to America. They came alone and unfriended; "Weak, wretched, and low in the world's regard", no one swore them assistance, none performed. Death and starvation were behind, life and a meagre existence before them, but, my friends, at a cost that must give us pain, they dug your canals, they built your railways, they labored from morning till night in the oppressive heat of summer, and the excessive cold of winter; in the pelting rain and the blinding storm. They sold their flesh and their blood for the mere pittance of 60 cents a day, yet, witness their nobleness of heart, their generosity, their affection and their family devotion. Millions of this hard earned money found its way annually to those they loved at home. An aged father was enabled to live, a dying mother was comforted. I am sure the angels of Heaven looked down and wept at this pure self sacrificing love.

"Their motto was, "Nitor in adversum," I strive against adversity. They destroyed confronting obstacles and overcame besetting difficulties. Their efforts have awakened the echoes of the forest. Their labors have broken the seamless soil and robbed the earth and sea of their treasures. The hum of their busy industry is heard in port, in mart, and in factory town. Years have seen the vigorous growth and increase of their stock. The honor that you bestow on their memory, the affection and regard in which you hold them, the appreciation you have of their merits is their greatest and best praise. Preserved in the grateful remembrance of loving hearts, their memory will never perish from the face of the earth. You, their descendents, are the heirs of their character and fame. Let your motto be "Nec timeo nec sperem," I fear not for the future. Vindicate the qualities of your race and your fame will be co-eternal with theirs.

When the applause succeeding Mr. Burns' speech ceased the Glee Club, pleasingly sang "Come back to Erin," Mr. Halligan taking the solo. The toast master proposed a toast to Leo XIII. coupling the name of Mr. C. P. McCormac, '03. After a few introductory remarks Mr. McCormac said :

"To-day every true Irish heart vibrates at the mention of St. Patrick. As light breaks on that isle across the sea this morning a multitude join heart and soul in venerating him who first brought the light of faith to Ireland. My duty is to take you, for a brief moment, to another clime, to sunny Italy, where dwells the subject of our toast. It is not to be questioned that this toast is a fitting one. Irishmen may sing those praises of which no other Country can boast ; they may, too, tell of misery, which God willing, shall never beset another nation. But whether rejoicing or sorrowing they naturally turn to him to whom they owe the most priceless gem in the diadem of their Christian heritage. And what a heritage is this ! France may recount the deeds of a Clovis, of a Joan d'Arc of St. Louis. Columbia may boast her marvelous development and stability of the faith, but no country can rival Erin's singular greatness, for no other country can be hailed with that joyous, resonant cry, *Irlanda ! Irlanda ; Sempre fedele*. To St. Patrick then must Ireland bow in perpetual veneration ; to the Holy See for cherishing, preserving, strengthening, and propagating his sublime mission is she ever willing to turn for guidance ; to the present Pontiff, as the personification of the faith, does she lend the knee of submission, as with childlike-love, she watches him round the twenty-fifth year of his pontificate. Little wonder is it then that Irishmen toast the Pope. "He has reciprocated their fidelity and stood by them in their hour of need. "He has set the seal of his sanctions on the justice and righteousness of Irish claims for self-government : he has recommended to the nation and its leaders, churchmen and laymen, obedience to the laws, peaceful and constitutional methods, and he has expressed his hope and uttered his prayer that justice may be done to Ireland." Then gentlemen, Leo XIII be my theme. Would that I possessed the eloquence to do it justice.

"The death of Pius IX was hailed with joy by the enemies of the Church,—those enemies who have recourse to neither fire nor sword,

but to a more subtle weapon in seeking her destruction. Loud was their triumphant shout as, with dastardly malice, they saw, lying cold in death, him, who was the first to annul that conjectural prophecy, *Non videbis annos Petri*. But, gentleman, one feature of the electoral college of Cardinals has always been salient; that is, the wisdom of their choice in selecting him, who is to safely guide the bark of Peter through those storms, which, at all times, threaten holy mother church. In choosing Cardinal Pecci the same characteristic was manifest, for, gentlemen, he has truly proved to be the *Lumin in Coelo* which, for twenty five years, has irradiated the universe.

"The entrance of Leo XIII on his pontificate was indeed an entrance of bitterest misery. "The strife of thirty years which had made the life of his predecessor a long imprisonment and his reign a martyrdom, still was being waged. The governments of the world were neutral or hostile. To-day we look at the ominous past and wonder, not so much that it could ever have existed, as that it should have so marvelously ceased to exist." And to whom must we attribute this change! To Leo, the peerless scholar, the profound statesman, the saintly priest, the prisoner on the most venerable of thrones, the teacher, the guide, the judge, the Common Father of Catholic Christendom. To depict his achievements would be but rehearsing history with which you are all familiar. The perplexing questions which this progressive age offers have been solved; questions of diplomacy, education, philosophy and theology have been answered in a manner that bespeaks a thorough knowledge of these sciences. But, gentlemen, if the solution of these have reflected credit on Leo, what words can adequately express his treatment of to-day's sociological problems. His words of warning to those men, who, 'for greed of gold, hesitate at nothing to gain a desired end; his cry to the working men who clamor for the exercise of all political right; all these have been firmly and accurately dealt with in those encyclicals which show keenest insight into the necessities of this age.

"The bond which unites Ireland and the Papacy has stood the test of ages. The crowning glory of the Irish is, I have said, that they have never swerved from the faith. Through seven centuries of thral-

dom, through seven centuries of relentless persecution, through seven centuries of starvation, has Ireland trusted implicitly, sometimes blindly, the guidance of the Holy See. And how has the thirteenth Leo repaid her? To him, Ireland has been the object of his kindest affection; for her he has ever been solicituous. His letters to the Irish hierarchy contain these two important phrases: "They surely have a right to claim the lawful redress of their wrongs. For no one can maintain *that Irishmen cannot do what is lawful for all other peoples to do.*" The peculiar belief that Leo XIII. was not in favour of Home Rule for Ireland, is unfounded. His letters asks for her a similar Government to that enjoyed by Canada, and his recent appointment of Walsh, a staunch home-ruler, to the Arch-bishopric of Dublin informs the world that Ireland should be a self-governing country.

"And gentlemen if Leo has shown a tender regard for Erin's welfare, with the other countries has he been no less vigilant. The epithet, Common Father of all, is no empty title. The hostile power established at the Quirinal has been given the right about, and, though Leo's possessions have passed from him, the Italian government is deeply conscious that the Holy see plays a large part in the discharge of its affairs. The troublesome Falk Laws of Germany made Bishops, Priests and laymen prisoners for their faith. When Bismarck consented to negotiate with the Holy See he little reckoned the result. To-day we find Germany awaking from her lethargy and giving that place to religion which it deserves. In his Apostolic letter to the English people Leo gave those Anglicans who had hoped for a reunion with the Roman Church a gentle but firm refusal; at the same time evincing that spirit of good will which has always been his characteristic. In France, the eldest daughter of the Church, Leo has been disappointed. His friendship and good offices for the republic has been repaid with indifference, even abject ingratitude. Combes is now doing his best to nullify the Pope's authority. But in so doing he will meet his check mate, for, gentlemen, when the rights of the Church are in question no man could be more unyielding than Leo. Little wonder is it then that in every region of the globe his name is revered. Little wonder is it

that the completion of his twenty-fifth year as Pontif Supreme, should be the signal for rejoicing, sincere as it is world-wide.

"Gentlemen I have finished. Words cannot express my feelings as I gaze on that saintly face. In it I see all that is just, all that is grand, all that is good, all that is glorious. Yes, we have indeed a great Pope. May God in His infinite wisdom spare him yet awhile to us; may he keep burning still that lamp which is constantly shedding its effulgence throughout the world. And Leo,

"Long live thy golden reign!
Light from a heav'n of hope!
Loud ring the glad refrain;
God bless our Pope.
Ruler of realms broad!
Star of the Church of God,
Which ne'er shall fail:
Thou art our joy and pride,
Pastor, anointed guide!
Rock in earth's stormy tide,
Hail! Leo, Lail!"

"The Harp that Once through Tara's Hall" was sung by Rev. W. Stanton, O. M. I., the Glee Club accompanying.

"Ireland's Sorrows," was next proposed by the Toast Master in the following terms: The sad story of Ireland's long and rancorous trial in the crucible of affliction is touchingly familiar to all. Oft has the exiled son of Erin, as he wandered in a distant land, sat down and wept when he thought how the dear land of his birth had been lashed and torn and even cast upon the bloody cross to die. Who that has one spark of generosity yet glowing in his bosom has not been moved to tears at the sad rehearsal of Ireland's sorrows? Ah! Gentlemen, no other nation ever suffered as Ireland did. The blood stained scaffold, the Plains of Clontarf, the sad story of Emmett's trial and death, all tell us of her sufferings and her woe. The moss-crowned ruins of her ancient temples, proclaiming from their tottering foundations, tell us of her sorrows in defense of her holy faith, the Eternal Word of God. The voices of

her Holy Martyrs, this day echoing and re-echoing from their tombless graves among the sanctified hills and green bogs tell us Ireland—the predestined martyr of nations—“carrying the heavy dross of persecution along the *via Dolorosa* of seven centuries.” All these and countless, others, tell us of Ireland with the thorny crown of divine misfortune on her brow looking from her Calvary’s heights to dawning of the resurrection. With hearts and souls suffused with the tenderest sentiments which this toast arouses, I ask you, gentlemen to drink to Ireland’s Sorrows coupled with the name of Mr. McDonald.

Mr. J. H. McDonald ‘03 who had the honour of responding made a very eloquent speech. He said :

“You have visited St. Patrick in his glories; Ireland’s undying fidelity to the See of Peter, has been recalled to your minds; follow her now with me, I ask you, on her journey through the centuries of time.

“All is peace and happiness in the land, our way is one of joy; but lo! a rough mountain-road suddenly looms up in front of us; our path becomes everywhere strewn with bodies of the slain; desolation and ruin meet our eyes where’er we look. The ferocious battle-cry of the Dane has been heard on the western coast; Ireland has started on her cruel road towards Calvary. At length on that Good Friday of 1014, after three-hundred long years of invasion and persecution, United Ireland, from the plains of Clontarf drove out the Danes.

“But only a few short years have passed and, a trumpet is heard in the east, the Norman shouts resound throughout the land. Internal feuds and strifes have broken the heart of the nation; sometimes victorious, oftener defeated, Ireland can no longer oppose invasion, for she is no longer united,—the Norman sets permanent foot within her borders.

“All this time Ireland kept unstained the sacred heritage left her by St. Patrick. Then came the sixteenth century and the cloud of religious persecution,—the cloud which threatened to destroy her. But no, it could not; the seed of faith had been sown in fertile ground.

“Henry the Eighth decided to change his mode of living. He

had had the same wife for twenty years, and now he wanted a new one. He asked the Pope to grant him a divorce from Catherine of Arragon, urging that of late he became uneasy, and was afraid that his wife wasn't his wife at all. When Henry parted from the Pope, his request was not granted, he made himself head of the Church; and he told the people that he would be the director of their consciences for the future and that they should take the law of God as preached by his lips and illustrated in his most exemplary life. The people of England were half satisfied to do as he bid them; but when he called upon Ireland to join him in this strange and insane act, Ireland refused. Henry drew the sword, and declared that Ireland should acknowledge him as head of the Church; and should part with her ancient faith, and with the traditions of her history. The holy friars and faithful priests were the objects of first attack. At the point of the sword they were gradually driven from their homes and convents, now beautiful with the sacredness of age: they were scattered over the land. Later on a price was set on the head of a friar, just as we now place a price on the head of a wolf. Any one who sheltered the religious outlaw, was either put to death or thrown into prison, whence he seldom emerged alive. The rack, the wheel, the block, the gibbet, were stained with the blood of Ireland.

"Henry had been succeeded, after a brief interval of thirty years, by his daughter Elizabeth, who was even more intolerant than her father. Penal laws followed one upon the other, making it almost a crime for an Irish Catholic to live. Thousands, yes, tens of thousands, of Irishmen were put to death for no other reason than because they were Catholics.

"But now we come to the culmination of persecution in Ireland; Cromwell has become ruler. This was the reign which, as regards Ireland, "stands forth without a parallel in the annals of civilization; it is a history traced in blood. Cromwell, in 1649, made proclamation that "No mercy should be shown to the Irish; that they should be dealt with as the Canaanites in Joshua's time." He added that he thought it "neither good nor just to restrain the soldiers from their rights of

pillage, nor from doing execution on the Irish." Suffice it for me to say, gentlemen, that the soldiers were not restrained.

"But persecution did not die with Cromwell, we have yet to consider the reigns of William III, of Anne, and of the first two Georges. The Penal Laws were renewed in all their fierceness; Catholics were forbidden to worship; their civil rights were taken away from them; they could not be educated either at home or abroad. The French Revolution came and with it a ray of hope came to Ireland, when the wild cry of freedom resounded on the battlefields of Europe. The fever of the Revolution spread to Ireland and caused the insurrection of '98. Bravely did the poor unarmed peasants fight and well but overwhelming numbers extinguished them in blood.

"The year 1805 saw Ireland deprived of her Parliament. The Insurrection had removed the National leaders who either died at the gallows, or in prison, or were forced in to exile. Pitt had little trouble in getting a majority in this debased and corrupted and perjured Protestant Irish Parliament to consent to the removal of the Government to England. Whatever liberty the Irish people had, was taken away from them by this step; for, next to the privilege of loving his country, the dearest privilege any man can have is that of having a voice in the government and the making of his own laws. Deprived of this privilege, the Irish began to emigrate to foreign lands. Then came the tearing of loving hearts from all that they cherished, all that they loved in this world. At home no law had they to protect them; no rights of their own to be asserted; no rights, save the right to suffer to be evicted and to die.

"Daniel O'Connell appears on the scene, and by great energy he succeeds in forcing the government to repeal the laws which prevented Catholics from sitting in Parliament. This accomplished, he urges that Ireland be allowed to govern herself. But The Young Ireland Party blighted his hopes; he would proceed by peaceful means, they by force. O'Connell could not accomplish his cherished desire, his failure crushed him down and he died at Genoa, bequeathing his heart to Rome, where he would have the heart of Ireland beat forever.

"But what of the famine years? The people were without food

thousands upon thousands perished. What terrible scenes during this period? Streets, houses, churches, were filled with the dead and the dying. Some hoped for relief, it was sent, but reached them too late. Most of them had gone to their rewards.

"However, Ireland passed all these cruel mile-stones of her Calvary's Way, still she lives; and from that time, until the present day, we see her slowly coming down the mountain side into the Valley of Peace.

"Why do I recall to your minds these sorrows of Ireland? Is it because I expect to excite in you feelings, of hatred against England? Far be this thought from my mind, gentlemen, I mention these facts just because this is St. Patrick's Day and because these facts are a matter of history of the country in which St. Patrick labored.

"As a Scotchman, as a Canadian, and a member of this great British Empire, I love England; at the same time, I sympathize with Ireland in her sorrows. And now gentlemen, it is for me, in closing, to express in the words of Father Ryan, what you hope for, what I hope for, what the whole world hopes for,—justice for Ireland."

"There is grandeur in graves,—there is glory in gloom;
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night comes the sunrise of morn;
And the graves of the dead, with the grass overgrown,
May yet form the foot-stool of liberty's throne,
And each single wreck in the war-path of might,
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right."

The inspiring strains of "The Land of the Maple" was next heard, and the Glee Club with Mr. Keeley as soloist enthusiastically rendered Canada's National anthem. In replying to the toast "Canada" Mr. T. E. Day, '03, said:

"This is a joyous day to Canadian Irishmen and it is an interesting one to two other races in this country because each claims St. Patrick as their own; Frenchmen say that he was born in France and Scotchmen maintain that he lived some years in Scotland.

"It is then a day upon which the three principal nationalities of this country have a claim; this common claim cannot be better exem-

plified than in the goodfellowship which prevails among their descendants here to-day.

"Gentlemen, the history of this country, in which our forefathers settled is a glorious one and one of which we should be proud. In daring deeds, the undaunted settlers have given us examples not surpassed even by the ancient Greeks; Dollard and his little band of followers eclipsed the vaunted action at Thermopylae. What country can produce a more heroic figure than Madeline de Vercheres?"

"The heroic courage and self-sacrifice of the early missionaries reads more like the stories of Apostolic days than of recent times; the names of Breboef and Lallemand, whose martyrdom was recently commemorated by the dedication of a new church at Penetanguishene, fill us with admiration and Christian zeal. The work which these missionaries did for discovery and exploration is well and aptly expressed in the historian, Bancroft's words: "Not a cape was turned nor a river entered but a Jesuit led the way." Other names connected with intrepid discovery and the early colonization in this country are Cartier, Champlain, La Salle and scores of lesser importance.

"From a small and scattered settlement along the broad and noble St. Lawrence, the French-Canadians have grown to form a large and influential part of our population, and with their growth they have preserved those admirable qualities of frugality, industry and perseverance.

"The struggle for establishment in this country of our Irish and Scotch ancestors was likewise fraught with hardship and privation. The former came here, as did their fellowmen in the neighboring republic, as emigrants from the beloved island which they were forced to leave on account of persecution. Besides having little money, many of them arrived here fever-stricken during the plague cursed years in the last 40's. Thanks to the charity and good-will of the people of Quebec, they were aided during those sad and trying times, and many of them afterwards settled in that province. The majority of them, however, settled in the other provinces, many of them carving homesteads out of the unbroken forest. Their success and that of their descendants in every walk of life testifies to their indomitable energy and perseverance,

and gives the lie to the English accusation that the Irish are not capable of governing themselves.

"The spirit of mutual aid which characterized the two races in early days is the one which should still be fostered by their descendants, and it is the only one by which we shall be able to build up a great and strong nation.

"The time for such a unity of spirit among Catholic young men in Canada is more propitious to day than ever, because they have higher hopes and aspirations, since they know that the highest positions in the country are open to them. In the words of one of our guests last year, Senator Power, I would say: "With a fair field and no favor a Catholic young man has as good a chance of rising as any other, provided he is made of the proper metal."

"Not only do his chances of equal success make this a favorable time for cultivating a spirit of union, but the demands of the country call for it. It seems that the discovery of Canada's resources has just begun. Manufactures are just beginning to make use of our almost innumerable water powers: merely the fringe of our vast territory has been examined closely. With the development of the North West, now known as the granary of the British Empire, the main issue before the country is transportation. Everywhere are signs of progress; our imports and exports are increasing continually; a general era of prosperity seems to have come upon us, and to-day our wealth per capita is greater than that of any other country in the world. Our American cousins are coming over to us in thousands and with their means and characteristic energy are making themselves welcome as progressive and desirable citizens. The coming summer will also see a large influx of population from the British Isles and other European countries. I am not prepared to state what our destiny is, but I have great hopes for our future advancement. Our present form of government could hardly be improved on. It was laid down in the Confederation Act of 1867, an act which did away with antagonism between nationalities, and the existing abuses of Government. Among the great men that brought this about was that staunch Irishman, Thos. D'Arcy McGee. The change that has taken place since then is emphasized by the fact

that at present a Catholic holds the office of Prime Minister, which under the old regime, would have been not only impossible, but even preposterous to the ruling class. The honor of having been the first Catholic Prime Minister falls to a great and noble Irishman, the late lamented, Sir John Thompson.

"Among other notable Irishmen who have risen in the parliamentary councils of this country are the Hon. Edward Blake, who recently visited us, and the Hon. John Costigan. No cabinet since confederation has been considered complete without Irish representatives. At present three fill portfolios in the government, the Hon. R. W. Scott, the Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, and the Hon. Mr. Carrol.

"In the Church, Irishmen have produced such leading lights as Archbishops Lynch, Walsh, Cleary and O'Brien, and in literature the Sadliers, "Moira O'Neill," Sliebh na mon, Thos. O'Hagan and Dr. Drummond have won fame on both sides of the border. In the matter of Education Canada can compare with any country in the world. In the older provinces Catholics are allowed their own schools, and these separate schools are showing great results in preparatory work. Higher education is carried on in Colleges and Universities, and from then young men are sent out equipped for the battle of life, to become later on the leaders of the people.

"Let us hope that like justice may be given to the Catholics of Western Canada, so that, under such a system of Christian education the church, unfettered in her Apostolic mission, may continue to accomplish great things in the future.

"Stimulated by the noble examples I have placed before you let us strive to imitate their good qualities; and to prove ourselves true in whatever sphere of life we may be placed, clinging always to those ties of blood which bind us to the "ould land" and to our brothers in the republic to the south.

"Let us hope also that good-will, social and commercial relations may ever continue to bind the people of both countries."

When Mr. Day, had concluded Mr. Johnson, sang in his clear, melodious voice, "The Last Words of Emmet." The toast master then proposed; "The Faith of our Fathers," with it coupling the name of Mr.

J. O. Dowd, '03. This toast elicited an eloquent response, Mr. Dowd, replying as follows ;

"This is Erin's day. To-day the hearts of Irishmen the world over beat in happy unison. To-day, the feast of St. Patrick, private feuds are forgotten, enmities of all sorts are cast to the winds, and the proud son of the Emerald Isle boast fully sports on his breast the beloved shamrock, the tiny emblem of his native land. As of old St. Columbkille, from his place of voluntary exile on the barren coast of Scotland, glanced longing'y at his old home, so on this day native born Irishmen grouped with their decendants in exile, wistfully look towards the old land, and offer up fervent prayer for its future welfare. Halls are filled with men who have assembled to sound the praises of the land of the harp and shamrock, and to consider with pride the glories which the history of this little isle unfolds.

"But among all the themes upon which the orator loves to dwell there is perhaps none calculated to shed a brighter luster on the history of Erin, than that of her undying attachment to the faith of St. Patrick. It is therefore, gentlemen, with some reluctance that I attempt to say a few words about the "Faith of our Fathers," as I am deeply conscious that to speak of this subject, is to speak of that which is nearest and dearest to the heart of every true Irishman. It is to treat of that precious gift of Catholic Faith brought to the nation by her glorious Apostle, which she has preserved untarnished through centuries of tyranny, of oppression and of exile. It is to treat of the answer to that prayer made by the devout and self-sacrificing Apostle on Cruachan's Mount, when he besought God to keep ever alive, even to the last day, that faith which he had worked so long and so faithfully to spread among his beloved people, the inhabitants of the Irish soil.

"In turning over the pages of Ireland's history, we find St. Patrick in the year 432 preaching the doctrines of Catholicity to a nation entirely pagan. So ardent was his zeal and so indomitable his perseverance that God almost at once blessed the works of his hand. At the time of his death, a little less than sixty years after he had first begun to preach, it was indeed a difficult task to find a single man in any corner of the

land who had not enrolled himself under the banner of that doctrine taught by this Sainly Missionary.

"In sixty years what a revolution on this little Isle ! That Erin was truly ripe to receive the Faith is attested by the ardor with which she immediately engaged herself in works of holiness. Churches and different religious houses were to be seen dotting the land. The pious monks and holy women by their industry and charity won the affections of the people, and by their teachings so deeply implanted the true doctrines of Christianity that centuries of hardships have failed to uproot them. With such a spirit among the people, it is not astonishing that Erin soon became known as the land of Saints and Scholars, for she insisted on sanctity and learning cleaving their path hand in hand. Truly was this her golden age, for it tells of Ireland in her early years of Christianity, when she shone in all her splendor as a gem and queen among nations, as the beacon light which was to guide her less favored and less courageous sisters to their eternal goal. Such was she in her days of abundance and prosperity as she stood the proudest, holiest and most learned among nations.

"But, gentlemen, time brings many changes. This prosperity was not destined to continue, for sad as it is to relate, reverses many and terrible were about to befall her and put her attachment to the Faith of Christ to the cruel test. Scarcely three hundred years had elapsed when the Danish barbarian, after having overrun lands on the Continent and left them a desolate waste ; after forcing some of the nations of Europe to abandon the Christian Faith and return to their pagan forms of worship, he cast an envious eye upon Erin. With his characteristic desire of plunder, joined to a deadly hatred of the Catholic religion, he made the island the scene of his depredations. A reign of gloom and darkness overcame Ireland during the long and bloody siege that followed. It is not allotted to me to speak of the sorrows endured by this heroic nation during these troublesome times, suffice it to say, that if in the repulsion of the merciless enemy she had to sacrifice all she cherished, one thing there was she ever held sacred and never exposed to danger, and that was her religion. Although the cunning Dane had succeeded in forcing other nations.

to return to their former idolatry, in this attempt all his cunningness, all his craft and all his cruelty, were of no avail. The faith that St. Patrick had implanted in the hearts of the Irish was as pure and unsullied on the day the barbarian was driven into the sea, as the day it first came from the lips of the glorious Apostle.

"When the dark cloud had faded from the horizon, and the sunlight of peace once more flooded the land, Erin remembered the happy days of the sixth and seventh centuries during which she basked in the radiance of divine sanctity. Accordingly, she began to restore her temples and her altars that she might more openly proclaim to the world that the flame enkindled within her breast by St. Patrick had not been suffered to die out during her darkest hours.

"But this epoch of happiness was not to last more than half a century. Soon again another and more heartless foe was to take up the sword, that by its means he might bring into submission this ever faithful people. The jealous Saxon viewing with some satisfaction the disorganization of Ireland's chieftains, began that long and disastrous warfare against the nationality of the Irish. For four hundred years the people fought with divided councils and divided hearts; never, I am sorry to say, were they united. But after four centuries of protracted contests, when the cloud of despair was about to settle on the people, when all seemed to be lost, the sovereign of England called upon them to relinquish their Faith. This he did because he saw the nation almost conquered and almost incapable of rallying in the cause of liberty. "You must renounce Patrick's religion, you must tear down your alters and places of worship you must trample upon the crucifix which you adore." This was the spirit of the message sent by the saintly and pious Henry VIII., to what he thought a helpless people.

"At the echo of these words, wonderful as it seems to relate, the nation became united. The sword which was about to be buried in the scabbard forever, was again drawn, hero after hero led his troops victorious to the front, and amid the noise and din of the battlefield Ireland proclaimed that as God had seen fit to grant her the blessing of Catholic Faith, true would she remain to that faith till the end of time.

“Henry found out to his bitter disappointment that when he spoke ill of religion, he was touching the sympathetic and rallying chord in the hearts of the Irish people. When he wished to exterminate the Faith of Christ he no longer had to contend with any particular section of the island; he no longer had to put one chieftain against another. No, as one man and one heart, the nation responded to his message that never, no never, would his heartless generals and merciless soldiers succeed in wresting from her the sacred Catholic Faith. This was her answer to Henry, and not other was her response to Elizabeth, to James I, to the Charleses I and II, to William, Prince of Orange, after they had deprived her of thousands of noble sons.

Thus has Ireland remained ever faithful and true to the teachings she received from the first ambassador of Christ. There is no man who sincerely loves Ireland that can read the history of his country during the four hundred years of the English invasion, without being grieved. But the instant he comes to Ireland's religion, then does he boldly and proudly lay his hands on the records of his country. Truly may it be said that the history of no other nation records as much bravery, as much determination, and such a magnificent spirit of fidelity as does the history of the religious contests on this historic little Isle.

But, gentlemen, Erin was willed to be the Christ of nations and hence did she have to undergo her passion and carry her cross. How willingly and cheerfully did she bear its burden along the via dolorosa to her calvary's heights, there to be crucified and her name dropped from the list of nations. But in her agony she cried out, “I will not die, but will live to proclaim the works of God.” To her everlasting honor and glory she still lives with the lamp of faith burning as brightly as in the days before the cruel Dane visited her green shores. No heresiarch ever was raised up to quench that divine flame. Ah! what nation can raise its voice and say, “Never have I been untrue to my God, never have I swerved from my fidelity to His Church.” O Erin! land of sorrows, what glory is thine, although scourged and sorely tried for the holy heritage, thou art still the truest and noblest daughter of the Catholic Church.

Previous to the toast, "The Stars and Stripes," Mr. W. Callaghan and Glee Club rendered "The Star Spangled Banner." In responding to the toast Mr. J. P. King, '03 made a decided impression. He said;

"The reception tendered the toast to the "Stars and Stripes," so eloquently proposed by our worthy toast-master is sufficient to arouse the patriotism of the most distoyal heart.

"Each St. Patrick's day finds us gathered together celebrating the feast of Ireland's patron. Let us be where we may, at home, abroad, as Irishmen, we are one in this annual celebration. We are proud to be children of Irish parents, and crave the opportunity to manifest it. As Irish-Americans and Irish-Canadians, we blend our voices to-day in singing the praises of dear old Erin.

"My theme to-day, gentlemen, is one that is dear to every American. The mere mention of the Stars and Stripes has never failed to fill us with the most lively emotions. Even in infancy, that tender season, when impressions at once the most permanent and the most powerful, are likely to be excited,—the story of Columbia's glories raises a thrill in every heart that loves liberty.

"How dear to everyone is the flag of his country? In its folds are enclosed many a history, and indeed the fundamental principles of the country it represents. On many battle-fields it has been the means of encouraging on to victory, men who were on the point of despair. How often has our patriotism been excited by seeing our flag spreading itself in the breeze? And when have we not become indignant when something derogatory has been said of it?

"Why then should not we Americans love the Stars and Stripes? What a history it recalls to our mind? That of a nation which struggled courageously to loose itself from the hand of the oppressor, in order to obtain that liberty which is enjoyed by us to-day, that independence which obtained for Columbia the opportunity of showing the world that she was capable of self government. She has set an example which is admired by every country; even by those who had resorted to the basest means that they might discourage her beginning as a nation. We must admire the fortitude of our forefathers who labored against such odds in order to obtain the independence of the colonies.

Most of them had fled there to escape oppression. But the hand of the tyrant followed them and recommenced his work; nevertheless taking as their motto, the words of Patrick Henry; "Give me liberty or give me death," they rose in a body to retaliate against the oppressions of the mother country. Columbia did not desire to separate from her until forced to act by England's obstinacy. Enveloped also in that starry banner is the history of the Civil war, and of more recent date, that of our trouble with Spain. That banner is the emblem of so much that is high and noble, heroic and patriotic; of a country admired for her struggle for independence, of a country now happy and prosperous, where liberty and peace reign supreme.

"Inauspicious as was our beginning, it proved but a harbinger of future greatness. Our growth, once started, has never been checked by the oppression of tyranny; and our constitutions has never been enfeebled by those vices and luxuries, which were the destruction of those nations of the old world now sunk in oblivion. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning; simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and respect.

"What should our feelings as Irishmen be toward the land of the Star-Spangled banner? Dare we forget the welcome invitation tendered our oppressed forefathers? Dare we forget that theirs was the same thralldom as had suffered Columbia herself? The United States has been the home of the Irish immigrant and the asylum of the exiled, opening wide her gates to those seeking the protection of her wide spreading wings of freedom and peace. Let us, the descendants of these immigrants, ever remember the debt of gratitude we owe our country.

"It is needless for me to say that the Irish have requited the generosity shown them; it is familiar to everyone who has read the history of the United States. Columbia had her sorrows as well as her glories, and Irishmen were prominent in both. Her triumphs were bought at the cost of a great shedding of blood; and Irish blood there flowed freely: The Irish ever remarkable for loyalty, integrity, and heroism, were always to the front, forming a barrier against the invader with indomitable courage, and determination to die sooner

than flinch in the cause they held so dear. In all Columbia's struggles, Irish troops under Irish generals have distinguished themselves for their valor and heroism. Who has not experienced a sense of pride and patriotism in reading of Gen. Moylan's Dragoons in the Revolutionary War; of the daring rushes of Meagher's Irish Brigade at the battle of Fredericksburgh in the civil war; of the heroism of the 9th Massachusetts and 69th New York regiments, composed entirely of Irishmen, in the Spanish-American war? The loyalty of the Irish to the American cause is best expressed in the words of Commodore Barry, "the father of the American navy," who having been approached by Lord Howe with a bribe to have him join the British navy, replied: "*Not the value nor the command of the whole British fleet could tempt me from the American cause.*" Such, gentlemen, were the sentiments of men like Sullivan, Wayne, Sheridan, Jackson and many other Irishmen whose names have become famous in American history. Not only on the battlefield, but also in the halls of state, in the institutions of art and science, and particularly in the holy priesthood, have Irishmen distinguished themselves for honesty, loyalty and true statesmanship.

"What a treasure has been left to us to protect! what examples to be followed by us who boast of Irish parentage! The peace and happiness which we now enjoy, the institutions which now open wide their doors to us, the freedom of speech, freedom of press, and most important, the freedom of religion which are ours, were bought at the price of innumerable sacrifices on the part of our glorious ancestors. They are ours to enjoy, also ours to preserve.

"Fellow Americans, let us love and cherish that flag and all that it represents. With patriotism as our watchword, let us guard with a just pride the treasures entrusted to us by our forefathers; and watching that starry banner unfurl itself in the breeze, let us give thanks to Him who has bestowed such blessings upon us. May that flag forever float over our country without a star blemished nor a stripe erased. It must be handed to posterity by us intact and glorious. Let it not be said that we were unfaithful to our trust, or disloyal to our beloved Columbia. May he, who, in future years, shall stand here to toast Columbia, feel as

proud and patriotic as I do to-day. And may future generations, with all enthusiasm of truth, as well as of poetry, exclaim that their country is there."

"Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarm."

Mr R. Halligan sang "The Belle of Kildare," and the toast-master proposed "Alma Mater" coupling the name of Mr J. J. Keeley. '03.

Mr. Keeley's reply was as follows:

"From thoughts of Ireland and her joys and sorrows, let me ask you to journey back to Canada, where so many sons of Erin are to be found to-day celebrating the feast of her patron saint. To the centre of this Dominion, let me ask you to come,—to Ottawa; and in one of the most favorable situations of this beautiful city, to visit the institution which we have the honor to call our *Alma Mater*. What feelings of loyalty and generosity are aroused in the student's breast by those two words so full of meaning!

"To eulogize his Alma Mater is ever a pleasant task to the student, and, although I feel it to be a great honor to-day, I realize my worthiness to sing the praises of an institution deserving of so much commendation,

"Ottawa University received her charter in 1866; and since then has been forging rapidly ahead, till to-day, she ranks among the first Catholic Universities of this continent. To appreciate this fact in but a small degree, I would ask you to glance at the course of studies which she prescribes. Modelled after the course at Oxford, we find the arts course in variety of subjects studied, in thoroughness and in method, to be one, the best adapted to the requirements of a student, and one which is not surpassed in any other University. It embodies a thorough knowledge of the higher Mathematics, History, English, French, Classics, Physical Science, Political Science and, to crown all, a thorough course in that Queen of Sciences, Philosophy. So that the young man, who makes his course faithfully, receives an excellent training, one that will be of practical value to him. The collegiate course also is very thorough and prepares the young man for the real work of the University. Then for a student who has

aptitude for business, we have here the best course in the Dominion; one, in which he is not only taught theory, but is made thoroughly acquainted with the practical side, by men with years of actual experience. This course is more than a training for the routine of business life, it embodies as well, a thorough and liberal education. Besides those I have mentioned, *Alma Mater* offers courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Literature, Bachelor of Philosophy and Licentiate of Philosophy; so that the student has little difficulty in finding out to what course he should apply himself:

These are not the only sources of education presented by *Alma Mater*. An English debating society, a French debating society and a dramatic society, offer opportunities in literary attainment and also give to the student a practical training in the art of public speaking. A scientific society, with an up-to-date scientific library, gives to the lover of science ample opportunity for developing his tastes. This society gives weekly lectures on some scientific subject, and, besides benefiting its members, is a source of valuable information to the student body. Well-equipped reading rooms and libraries, such as we find here, are of great advantage to the student in keeping himself informed on the many topics of public interest and in cultivating tastes for all that is good in literature and art. "The Review", a journal calculated to be closely connected with the literary work of the classroom, and to give the student encouragement in developing literary tastes, occupies a prominent position in the first rank of University Monthlies.

"But the intellect must have a sound dwelling-place or its efforts will be abortive, its influence nothing. Achievement and development come from the same source—activity. Realizing this, and that youthful vigor and activity are possessed by every student: that a healthy body produces a healthy mind; and therefore that plenty of exercise is necessary, our vigilant *Alma Mater* affords excellent opportunities for physical development. Her beautiful, spacious and well-kept grounds, hand-ball allies, and well-equipped gymnasium are thrown open to the use of all students. No one realizes better than she, that on the campus are developed many excellent manly virtues, and while, like a wise, vigilant, mother, she takes special care that games and athletics occupy

a secondary place in the life of the student, she gives every encouragement to manly sports.

"To prove this fact is not necessary. You all know the position held by Ottawa University in the Athletic world, so that I shall not recount the victories of the sons of old Ottawa College. Her Athletic association, for clean sportsmanship, for benefit to her members and glory of achievement, holds first place in Canadian associations.

"The ideal christian education is that which strengthens and enlightens the mind, which enlarges and purifies the heart and forms and strengthens conscience. This, gentlemen, we claim to be the kind of education imparted by our Alma Mater. The daily routine of our college life here is supervised by men who have sacrificed fortune, rank, friends, home, some having even exiled themselves from their country, to devote their lives to christian education and the honor and glory of God. The presence alone, of these good men among the students, is a powerful factor in the framing of good character, and creating a spirit of generosity so characteristic of a college-bred gentleman. In these holy men we have living examples before us of virtue, industry self-sacrifice and goodness. The student, as example, is more powerful than precept, imbibes the spirit and practice of these virtues which soon he will possess as fixtures in his character. The many ceremonies held during the year give him a reverence for all things sacred and the discipline, which though strict, is firmly but kindly imparted, creates in the student, habits of order and regularity which will be of great good to him in any sphere of life in which he may afterwards find himself placed. Moreover, there is the benefit of associating with young men from almost every province of Canada, from many states of the neighboring Republic, from France, Scotland and from the little isle whose patron saint we are assembled here to honor; all are united in one large family each offering a word of encouragement to his fellows in times of trial, each contributing his share towards making our college home an ideal one. Although each retains his love of his native land, all national prejudices and racial strifes are lost in the general good fellowship. This unity is the secret of the success which crowns

all their efforts both in and out of class, and is embodied in the motto of our Athletic Association "*Ubi Concordia ibi Victoria*", the strict observance of which has been attended by unbounded success.

"How deserving then, gentlemen, is our University of the title *Alma Mater*! With what pride should not each student call her by that name? Ever mindful of the welfare of her sons, ever careful, kind, and generous to them, she protects, advises, directs and leads them to the full attainment of a christian education and Christian virtues.

"But, college life, like all other earthly joys, must come to an end. In three short months the class of 1903 will have attended the last lecture of its course. Though we shall find much satisfaction in the thought that we have had the best opportunities afforded for a good education, and that we are well-armed and prepared to meet the difficulties which stern life presents, we shall, nevertheless, feel keenly the throes of separation from our college home. To God and our parents we are first indebted for the training we have received here, and then to *Alma Mater*. To repay this debt of gratitude in full, gentlemen, we can hardly hope; but in a great measure we can repay it by being always loyal to her, bearing in mind, that we are students of a Catholic University, that our honor is her honor, and our success in life her glory.

"To the Athletic Association we extend best wishes for success. The glorious record of last year is one of which we all feel proud; but we predict for next season even greater glory for that dear old banner of garnet and grey.

"May the Review continue to bind more closely the students of the past and present to the bosom of their *Alma Mater*; may this institution continue to grow and prosper; may those who govern her destiny in the future, be as zealous as those who have governed her in the past. The class of 1903 will look back with joy to the many hours spent under her maternal care and to this festive day when all united in love and sympathy and will ever deem it an honor and privilege to claim this institution for their *Alma Mater*".

Rev. Fr. Kirwin O. M. I., '98 then responded to the toast "*Soggarth Aroon*" in an eloquent speech. He said in part;

It is with the greatest pleasure that I respond to the toast just proposed and coupled with my name. Your beautiful toast list affords ample proof of the fact that the Irish students of Ottawa University have not lost that love for their *soggarth* which is characteristic of their race. And I feel certain that as long as the Irish students of this University will be able to celebrate the feast of St. Patrick they will never forget on that day to toast their *soggarth aroon*.

* * * * *

At the utterance of those words "*soggarth aroon*" I instinctively turn back a thousand years or more, and as I take my stand in spirit, upon one of the hills of Ireland, I behold the smoke of unhallowed sacrifices rolling upwards, I see the long-bearded Druid and the hoary bard, both representatives of the ancient religion of the land of Eire and I perceive that though pagan, this people is essentially a religious people.

I close my eyes for a moment, to open them upon a glorious vision. The Druid and his altar have vanished, the sacrificial fires have been extinguished, the hills and the valleys, the meadows and the plains are dotted with churches and convents, the sweet and measured harmony of a religious chant is wafted to me on the breeze, and I gaze upon a vast multitude of priests and nuns, coming and going. I see the fierce clansmen descending the mountain side and directing their way to the cross-topped church, I see crosses and crucifixes everywhere, I behold people on all sides, tracing the mysterious sign upon their heads and breasts,—kings and countrymen, old men and women, young men and maidens, even the tiny children—and the wonderful truth dawns upon my astonished mind,—these pagans have all become Christians. The druids are now priests, the harp of the bard is attuned to the harmonies of a purer religion, the *Beitane* fires have all died out, and by means of a peaceful, and yet most momentous revolution, this pagan land has bowed to the rule of Christian faith, hope, and charity.

Fourteen hundred years have passed since Patrick stood upon the hill of Tara. Revolutions in the political world, in the intellectual world and in the religious world have furnished the material for a whole library of histories. The modern world has become, as it were a vast departmental store, for the systematic vending of the latest discoveries

in religion, education and progress. What pæans have been sung, what tracts of fervid rhetoric have been penned in praise of the intellectual and religious labors of some of the world's great minds, such as Luther and Hegel, Kant and Voltaire! In what terms of triumphant pride are not these boasted glories referred to by their respective countries!

And what has Ireland been doing all these years? How reads the roll-call of her illustrious dead?—One moment my dear friends. Ireland taught Europe hundreds of years ago. Ireland kept alive the sacred torch of learning at a time, when almost every other nation of Europe thought it was forever extinguished. Ireland was the home of learning at a time when Europe was totally shrouded in intellectual darkness. True it is that tyranny has deprived her children, during many centuries of the means of education, and as Edmund Burke justly remarks "the prohibition of the means of improving our rational nature is the worst species of tyranny that the insolence and perverseness of mankind ever dared to exercise".

Yet may we not be thankful that this same blind tyranny has preserved the Irish from the devastating inroads of revolutionary ideas and intellectual vagaries, which would seem to have become the natural appanage of the other countries of Europe. What Irishman would be willing to exchange a Burke for a Kant, a Grattan for a Hegel, an O'Connell for a Voltaire?

Oh! no, Ireland, my dear friends, has made no progress, in the materialism and the socialism of the century. She has no great intellectual heresiarchs to present to the foolish gaze of an admiring world. Nor has she made any progress in religion. Poor Ireland! She still believes in the one true church, she still holds the Pope to be the successor of St. Peter, she still believes in the Pope's infallibility. Above all does she hold in the highest esteem and veneration and speak in this most loving and affectionate terms of her soggarth aroon

My dear friends if yours to-day is the privilege of gathering in the banquet hall to sound the praise of Ireland and her patron saint, if yours to-day is the privilege of wearing the "kingly ermine of her faith," if yours to-day is the undisputed prerogative of being as the poet says-

"the stately progeny," of a race elect, "which has not walked accordant with the gentiles of this world," for whom shall the honor and the glory of all this be—if not for the Irish soggarth, who through the centuries that have gone, whether in the day-time of gladness or in the long night of woe proved himself, in truth, to be the real friend of God's chosen people, and whose unwavering devotion to his persecuted, down-trodden Irish children won for him so large a share of their love and affection as to impel this warm-hearted people to crystallize in their own imperishable Celtic speech, their grateful appreciation of his undying devotedness and attachment, by giving him a title, to which no other language can furnish a parallel, whose wonderful expressiveness is its greatest charm—that grand and glorious title—"dear friend of the soul"—"soggarth aroon."

The respect of the Irish people for their priest is proverbial. It is the natural sequence of that faith, which once implanted in their souls, neither centuries of suffering and persecution nor the most alluring prospects of wealth, fame or glory have ever been able to extirpate. Their past history is the strongest proof of this assertion, and the lives of Irishmen in Ireland to-day and of their descendants scattered over the globe, whether in England or Australia, Canada or the United States, bear most eloquent witness to the fact, that the Irish people—whatever else we may reproach them with—have never yet as a nation broken their plighted faith of fourteen centuries ago.

When I contemplate, my dear friends, the intensity, the universality of that homage which the Irish people have ever paid to the sacred dignity of the priesthood, I confess, as a priest and as an Irishman that it fills me with sentiments of the greatest pride and also, let me add, with sentiments of fear.

Where is the priest with Irish blood in his veins who does not take pride in the thought that he constitutes another link in that continuous chain of Irish soggarths, which in its unbroken continuity from the days of Patrick to our own, reflects that divinely wrought continuity which binds in closest union, a long and glorious succession of Roman Pontiffs, from Peter down to Leo XIII?

Where is the Irish priest that would be ashamed to own kinship with a race of people whose unalterable attachment to the chair of Peter, drew but a short time since, from the present saintly occupant of that

-chair—Leo XIII.—those true and touching words, “Irlanda, cara Irlanda, sempre fedele”, “Ireland, dear Ireland, ever faithful!”

The gifted Father Sheehan has, if I mistake not, remarked in one of his works that if the Irish priest could fully realize the wonderful respect in which he is held by his people, he would offer up a special prayer of thanksgiving every day of his life. Indeed I think that the mere knowledge of the existence of such respect among an entire people, should be calculated to inspire any priest with sentiments not only of thankfulness but also of fear and dread, lest by any untoward act on his part, he should diminish one jot or tittle of that veneration for the sacerdotal character, whose spotless integrity is dearer to the Irish than their own honor and in whose defence they would be willing today, as they were in the centuries passed, to shed their heart's blood.

My dear young men,—sons of Irish parents, most of you—you have come into the possession of a rich inheritance. That faith which you possess is beyond all price. Your forefathers valued it above everything else in this world. They sacrificed everything, wealth, education, happiness, to preserve it untarnished, to hand it down to you. Will you, my dear friends, be unfaithful to a sacred trust? Will you suffer that precious gift to lose its lustre?

I feel I know you too well, to dream that such a thing were possible. I feel convinced that no sentiments of shame, no considerations of human respect, no desire for worldly advancement will ever succeed in uprooting that faith.

May that day never come which shall see the Irish in America recreant to the faith which made the Emerald Isle an Isle of Saints, the light of a darkling world, Lamp of the North!

May Patrick's prayer for Ireland's perseverance unto the end in the grand old Catholic faith be answered, and then, future generations looking gratefully back upon the sufferings and labors of this noble people will rightly say with the illustrious Irish poet de Vere,

“Praise to thee,
Lord of the night as of the day. Who keep'st
Pure breed, when boastful lights corrupt the wise,
With healthier fruit, to bless a later age.”

The toast "Our Guests" the last of the intellectual treat, brought forth commendatory remarks from His Excellency Mgr. Sbaretti, His Grace Arch-bishop Duhamel, The Very Rev. Rector. Rev. Fr. Sloan and Mr. D'Arcy Scott. At the conclusion of these speeches all stood, and drinking to the health and future prosperity of the "Isle of Saints and Scholars", chanted that grand old song "God Save Ireland".

The committee, the names of which follows are to be congratulated on the success of this year's banquet.

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St. Patrick's Day.



THE celebration of Ireland's feast has grown this year to proportions simply astounding. In the University, "The Day" was never grander, a claim that will appear excessive to past students. In the city business was well nigh suspended on the 17th, for the loyal sons of Erin all took part in the parade, the church service and the evening concert. Montreal, noted in years past for the splendour of its St. Patrick's Day observances, was more so this year. In Toronto the celebration took up four days, starting on the 14th and ending on St. Patrick's night. Across the line there was a great gathering in Chicago, probably the greatest in the country, at which Mayor Harrison, Governor Yates of Illinois and Mgr. Quigley, the new Archbishop, were among the speakers. At Washington the A. O. H. attended in a body a Solemn High Mass in St. Patrick's Church at which the Papal delegate, Mgr. Falconio presided, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons took active part in the Baltimore commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the founding of the Hibernian Society, Governor Smith and Mayor

Hayes being among the guests: In Boston, St. Patrick's day was celebrated with splendid military exercises in memory of the evacuation of the city by the British in 1776. The principal visitor was General Miles, U. S. A. In New York, 15,000 men walked in the parade. The Cathedral was packed for a special military mass, attended by the Sixty-Fifth Regiment. A great dinner was given at the Iri-h' college in Rome at which several English bishops were present. In London seven hundred persons sat down to a banquet in the Hotel Cecil presided over by Mr. John Redmond and at which sat also the Irish members of parliament whom the Government's change of heart had but recently released from prison. The sentiment which inspires Irishmen to honor annually the memory of their great apostle has been growing for years and now bids fair to gain over the entire English-speaking world. The fact must exert a great moral influence on the men who direct the affairs of Ireland and induce them to do some justice, as it is at present hoped they will, to a sadly oppressed but unconquerable people.

Parliament.

The Dominion House resumed work on March 12th. There was the usual brilliant scene at the opening. The speech from the throne foreshadowed measures dealing with the creation of a railway commission, the reorganization of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, the settlement of railway labour disputes, Chinese immigration, amendment of patent laws, and last but not least, a redistribution of constituencies.

The concluding words of the speech of His Excellency, the Governor General, were:

"I pray that in the consideration of these matters and in the performance of all the labours which will devolve on you your deliberations, under Divine guidance, will tend still to increase the prosperity and happiness of our people."

No Improvement.

The new International Encyclopedia, the latest venture in this line by Dodd Mead and Co., New York, is hardly more acceptable to Catholics than its predecessor, the discredited Appleton Encyclopedia. According to the San Francisco Leader most of the objections to the latter work are reproduced in the former. There are the usual "learned editors" like President Gilman of John Hopkins, Harry Thurston Peck of Columbia University the senior editor of the Bookman. Evidently these "accurate scholars" had not perused "Catholic Belief", "Butler's Catechism" or Addis and Arnold's "Catholic Standard Dictionary"; for some of the surprising things about matters Catholic can only be ascribed to ignorance and an inventive imagination. The agents of Dodd Mead and Co., represent that Dr. Shahan of the Catholic University has had charge of all the articles that concern the Catholic Church. It is well for prospective purchasers, whether Catholic or Protestant, to know that Dr. Shahan has contributed but two articles, that the Catholic Church is called by objectionable names, that there are too many omissions and that several points of Catholic doctrine are falsely represented. Here is another proof that "modern scientific scholars" have again failed to produce a work that may really be a reliable source of information for the public.

Various.

Premier Laurier and President Roosevelt have each been recipient of a box of Shamrocks on St. Patrick's day from Mr. John Redmond chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party.

The second paper on "The English Education Bill" is, for lack of space, deferred to our next issue.

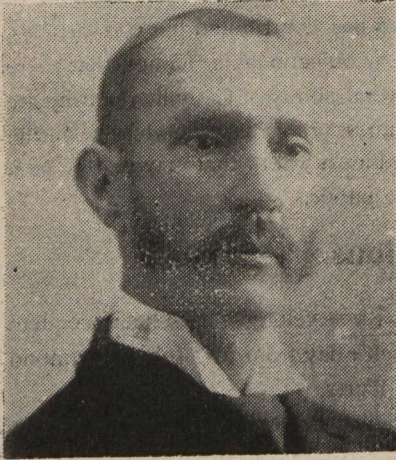
The Hon. J. Israel Tarte's speech on "Ireland and the Empire" was one of the most notable features of the entertainment given by the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union at Toronto. "Never, for many years," he said, has the celebration of St. Patrick's Day been passed with more happy circumstances than at present. Mr. Goldwin Smith was one of the guests.

In consequence of the decision at the Hague last October in the matter of the Pious Fund claims Mexico has paid to the United States a first installment of \$43,050 interest. Another of \$1,420,680 falls due in July.

"I conceived a violent aversion to that color. I wrote it down as the outcast among colors, the symbol of all physical and moral degeneracy. I found then it was the Imperial color in China. This only increased my aversion. Then one day a friend (such a friend is never wanting) reminded me that yellow was also the "Turner" color; and furthermore, that it was the national color of the Irish, taken from their sunburst. Nay, that up to a very recent period in their history the Irish invariably dyed their outer garment, a short winged cloak, in saffron!"

The Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D. in the Dolphin.

Senator Coffey.



SENATOR COFFEY.

Mr. Thomas Coffey, proprietor and publisher of The Catholic Record, London, Ont. was appointed to the Canadian Senate on March the 12th. The new Senator has been the recipient of congratulations from every denomination and class of people. He is universally recognized to be a man eminently fitted to fill the position by his marked ability and his many good qualities.

Mr. Coffey was born at Castleconnell, county of Limerick, Ireland, in 1843. He came with his parents to Canada in 1852, and lived for a time in Montreal, finally settling in London, Ont. Here he was educated as well as at the Christian Brothers School, Montreal. He learned the newspaper business in the office of the London Free Press and after passing through the various grades, became manager of the London Advertiser. In 1878 The Catholic Record, which had collapsed

after a few issues, was purchased by Mr. Coffey. Under his management this weekly grew and prospered till to day it is the foremost of Canadian Catholic journals with an enormous circulation.

Senator Coffey has gained for himself through the Record an enviable reputation as a successful business man, a public-spirited member of the community, and an enlightened, wise, and practical Catholic. The services he has rendered true education are incalculable.

The Review for its part cannot refrain from expressing both its satisfaction over the appointment of Senator Coffey and its conviction that he new dignity will benefit the community at large by affording the worthy possessor a larger field for the exercise of his many useful and varied requirements.

Among the Magazines

The April number of *Success* is certainly a most interesting one. *Success* is always entertaining on account of the views it gives of the modern industrial world and the number of its illustrations and the April number is up to the standard in every way. The first article is a short account of the tunnel which is being constructed under the Hudson river, and whose chief engineer, by the way, is not an American but an Englishman. We find other articles on "The great Shipping Combine and its Significance," "How to Choose a Library," and "The Romance of Invention," all well written and instructive. The number also contains several fascinating stories.

The first thing we meet in *The Messenger* for March is a short refutation of the doctrines of Mr. W. H. Mallock, as contained in his book, "Religion a Credible Doctrine." The following quotation from Mr. Mallock, "The entire intellectual scheme of religion is not only a system unsupported by any single scientific fact but it is also a system for which among the facts of science, it is utterly impossible for the intellect to find a place," will suffice to show the tendency of the whole work, whose principles are ably refuted by Father Brosnahan. The next article is on "Mrs. Humphrey Ward's Latter Day Gospel," as

shown in her novels, a system in which philosophy is to supersede the Gospel entirely. But the most interesting feature is an account of the Episcopalian Friary at Graymoor. This is the latest phase of religious evolution. It is a religious community, formed of members of the Episcopalian Church calling themselves Catholics, and was established for the purpose of promoting devotion to the Blessed Virgin. It is only another sign of how the Anglicans are continually approaching the Catholic Church.

In the *Rosary*, we find a sketch of the life of Saint Thomas, the Angelical Doctor. Very few Catholics are acquainted with the events of the life of this great Saint, who has done so much for the Church and has been praised by so many of the Popes. In this short account of his life are recounted the steadfastness of the saint in his resolution to become a monk, in spite of the opposition of his family who even went so far as to use violence, his reception into the Dominican order, his studies and his gradual advancement to the position of the foremost philosopher and theologian of his time. He was the great defender of religious orders and of the Church in general, he overcame all his opponents in the intellectual strife of his time, he successfully refuted all heresies of his own and preceding ages, and his works form the great storehouse from which defenders of the faith since his time have drawn their arguments and principles.

Other articles in the March *Rosary* are entitled "St. Joseph in Art," "St. Patrick's Hymn before Tara," and "Robert Louis Stevenson, the Story Teller."

Flores

Rev W. E. Cavanagh '93 paid a short visit to his *Alma Mater* during the month.

Mr. J. K. Barrett L L D. '92, a staunch supporter of Separate Schools for Manitoba, was a recent visitor at the University.

Rev. M. J. McKenna '97, of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, was a visitor to the Sanctum during the past month.

Mr. E. Gallagher '02 is studying law in the office of Mr. E. C. S. Huycke, Cobourg, Ont.

Rev. F. French '91, now stationed at Brudenell made a short call during the month.

Rev. Father Guillet, at one time Prefect of Discipline in the Senior Department has been appointed pastor of St. Jean Baptiste Church, Duluth Min. Before leaving for his new field of labor the Rev. Father was the recipient of an illuminated address and a well filled purse from his former parishioners, the people of St. Mary's Church Winnipeg, Man. The members of the Catholic Club also made a presentation of an address and a gold-headed cane. On Father Guillet's departure from Winnipeg a large number of his friends, including his Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, assembled at the station to bid him farewell.

BOOK REVIEW.

Good Devotional Poetry

As everybody knows, hymns are odes, canticles or songs, having for their themes devout thoughts. Religious poetry is devotional feeling illuminated and warmed by imagination and fancy, the latter being imagination mounted on light wings. We have many fine examples of both forms and composition in the unpretentious little volume entitled *Love Crucified*, that comes to us from the Anglo-Belgian office of Chas. Vande Wyvere-Petyt of Bruges, in Belgium, and is made up of twenty eight collections from the sacred verses of Mr. Francis W. Grey, the well known English poet and novelist, who has, if our memory serve, devoted one of his best tales to our Dominion, a country now wisely ruled by his relative Lord Minto. The muse of Mr. Grey though truly devout and most sincere in tone and feeling, does not eschew touches of innocent humor, as the "St. Francis and the fishes," a pretty poem in Hiawathan meter, amply demonstrates. Furthermore, our poet never suffers himself to forget that poetic devotional thought is worthy of correct prosody. In both those important respects, Mr. Grey is a vast improvement on very many sacred bards, or rather arrogant *jeunes* who, hiding their unblushing mediocrity under the mask of a feigned superior exclusiveness and mysticism, make the fatal

mistake of writing as if Catholic piety, which, founded on the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men, is thoroughly sententious, sunny and gracious, should be made wear the sour, hard visage of Puritanism, and that right meter and lyrical religious aspirations should not go together. His poems are always prosodically correct, ever immaculate in thought, very often musically emotional, and generally sprightly in expression; thus powerfully making for that higher thinking and nobler living which should characterize the Christian individual and the Christian nation. Mr. Grey knows the abiding charm that lurks in a story, or anecdote, for gentle and simple alike, and his "Angel Messenger" is a dramatic tale exceeding well conceived and artistically related. Every page of this well-printed little work reminds us that even in this gross material age there are highly gifted souls that in their inner depths acknowledge the power of the unseen world, and assuredly the lesson is full of utility for all wayfarers. We have already hinted that Mr. Grey is no stranger to Canada and her history, and the following striking sonnet will confirm the intimation:—

A way-worn pilgrim from a distant shore
 Knocked at the Convent gate, at early day,
 Then waited patiently: "Whence com'st thou, pray?"
 The Brother asked, "From Canada"; the door
 Was opened wide in welcome: faint and sore
 With many a toil, he seemed, and long the way
 That he had journeyed; greatly marvelled they
 To see the cruel wounds and scars he bore.
 "Com'st thou from Canada?" the Rector said—
 Vested was he for mass, yet came to see
 The travelled guest,—who answered, "Yes;" they led
 To welcome food and rest; then asked, "Maybe
 Thou knowest Isaac Jogues?" He bowed his head,
 As one who shunneth honor—"I am he."

M. W. C.

Junior Department.

THE BANQUET IN LILLIPUT.

At the recent banquet given on St. Patrick's day the position of toastmaster was held by our worthy friend, Mulligan. Before the urchin had done but little damage to the splendid feast placed before them his honor rose to his feet, midst a wild outburst of thundering applause, and a shower of doughnuts and orange skins, and thus addressed his hearers.

"Fellow countrymen (a voice—"Who's a farmer") I stand to move (uproarious cheering) on this important occasion (Hear! Hear!) Gentlemen we ain't goin' to let the 17th of Ireland pass unnoticed. Gentlemen, Ireland wants us all to do our dooty, especially at this feast (Hear! Hear! for Mulligan.) So my dear fellow students I trust that you'll do all that is required of you—The first course is Soup "(Three cheers for "Soup") and amidst prolonged applause and another shower of orange skins Mulligan gracefully passed the soup.

As the Junior Editor could not see all that was going on, many funny and original jokes are lost to our readers. All, however, declared that "Fin and Dreesk" were the heroes of the day. Dreesk replied to the toast "Our Guests". But not one shread of his burning eloquence could be caught by the Junior Editor, for unfortunately the orators silvery voice was drowned in a sea of derisive laughter. Then Fin, one of the guests from the big yard was called upon by the ever gracious Mulligan to sing a duet with the former speaker. This last item closed an *otherwise* peaceful and enjoyable functions.

The dark room was gaily festooned for the occasion by Messrs St. Onge and Waish, who are to be congratulated for the noble manner in which they performed their arduous task.

The "Menu" card is the result of Master Leacy's genius

	Soups.	
A la Mulligan		Peas
	Salads.	
"Hash"		Potato

	Meats	
College stake		Sausage
	Delicacies.	
Crabe "aux petit paws"		Salt
Onions		Enfante gaté
Spuds,	Taters	Common Taters
	Drinks	
Water		Cold tea
	Deserts	
Apples		Prunes
Pies		Cheese

SNATCHES FROM THE BANQUET.

What happened to the boys who stole the pies?

One young chap was caught smoking dried foliage. He was compelled to leave.

In the course, of the banquet two brothers got into a wrangle about the Junior Editors identity.

Keely's national spirit got the better of him, and on Tuesday morning—despite the protests of his friends he devoured a *green* apple—Needless to add that he did not attend the banquet.

About the middle of the banquet Nalla was so overcome by the noise made by the wild Lilliputians, that he fainted. But before doing so he folded his hands on his breast and called for "George".

Faure maintained that the plural of cource was "corsets."—Just like Faure. Houle was so taken up with the funniness of the whole affair that he laughed throughout the banquet, and acquired the name of "Smiling Houle-again".

One of the speakers at the banquet moved that an "Old Woman's Club" or a "Sewing Circle" be organized for the benefit of some of the small boys. The Junior Editor would either urge the furtherance of this plan or advice some small boys *to be men*. If certain young gentlemen do not take this hint we shall be obliged to publish their names in our next issue.

While the snow is rapidly vanishing, and the ground drying for the Lacrosse and Baseball the small boys are endeavoring to pass creditable oral examinations for Easter. The Junior Editor having enquired into the matter, finds that they are doing themselves credit.

Not satisfied with having defeated the *small seniors* at Football, Basketball, Ping-Pong, and hockey, the small boys are preparing to trim them at baseball and Lacrosse and Cricket. Let the past successes of the small yard be a timely warning to the seniors.

Teacher—Define common gender ?

Student—Any living thing without sex.

Teacher—An example ?

Student—A snake.

Teacher—What is a cave ?

Victor—An *artificial* cavity near the sea

Teacher—Necessarily near the sea ?

Victor—(self complacently) 'Course, else how could the fish get in.

Teacher—Conjugate Boire in the plural.

Joe Finnerty—Nous Boyons

Vous Boyer

Ils Booze.

