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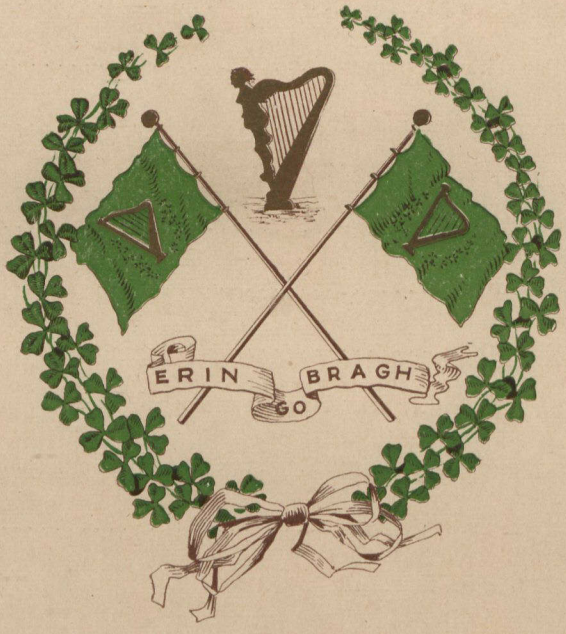

"She's not a dull or cold land;
No! she's a warm and bold land!
Oh! she's a true and old land,—
This native land of mine."

—*Davis.*

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CONTENTS.

HOME SICKNESS.

OVER blown stretches of ocean,
With each hour of the night and the day,
A sweet-cadenced voice calls ever,
"Come hither away, come away!"
It echoes from mist-shadow'd mountains,
It murmurs from plain and far vale,
In every clime where I wander
I hear its appealing wail:
Whether I talk, dream, or ponder
I hear its appealing wail.

"Come to the mother who loves you—
Oh, why were we parted, *ma cree?*
Right merry will be our meeting
If you haste to me over the sea;
Mavrone, 't would make me feel younger,
For though my locks have grown white,
No change blights the heart of a mother,
And this heart o' mine is still light;
With sorrows enough to smother,
This heart o' mine is still light."

OTTAWA, March 17, 1899.

ST. PATRICK'S MESSAGE.

"All ye who name my name in later times,
Say to this People, since vindictive rage
Tempts them too often, that their Patriarch gave
Pattern of pardon ere in words he preached
That God who pardons. Wrongs, if they endure
In after years, with fire of pardoning love,
Sin-slaying, bid them crown the head that erred;
For bread denied let them give Sacraments,
For darkness light, and for the House of Bondage
The glorious freedom of the sons of God."

AUBREY DE VERE.

THE FORAY OF QUEEN MEAVE.

(IN TWO PARTS.)

PART I.

I shall tell you a pretty tale.
—*Coriolanus.*

IT was Dryden who asserted that a serious play is the representation of nature ; but it is nature wrought up to a higher pitch, and the plot, the characters, the wit, the passions, the descriptions, are all exalted above the level of common converse, as high as the imagination of the poet can carry them, with proportion to verisimility. An intellectual hoisting process, in its nature almost identical with that described by the great English poet, differentiates the modern story in prose from the modern tale in verse. The "Marion" and "Lady of the Lake," of Scott ; the "Lalla Rookh," of Moore; the "Corsair," "Giaour," and "Parisina," of Byron; the "Eve of St. Agnes," of Keats; the "Earthly Paradise," of William Morris, abundantly exemplify the poetic method of telling a story, and, if we compare it with the manner in which the great prose narrators of our language deal with their materials—Sir Walter Scott in "Waverley," Dickens in "Copperfield," Thackeray in "Esmonde," Blackmore in "Lorna Doone," and George Eliot in "Silas Mariner," for example—it will, I think, appear quite obvious to all that the utterance of Dryden is a correct one. Homer and Virgil, therefore, were as great story-tellers as Boccaccio and Cervantes, only they used different forms of expression; the latter prose, the former versification, which is one of the criteria that distinguishes poetry from prose, but not the sole mark of distinction nor even the chief one. The poet, instead of simply relating the incident in the fewest and simplest words, strikes off a glowing picture of the scene, and exhibits it in the most lively colors to the eye of the imagination. The novelist not only works on more various elements, he appeals to more ordinary minds than the poet; but this is nothing more than a strong practical proof of his essential inferiority as an artist, since his devices

may, and generally do, fail to move the higher intellects which are readily captivated by the Muse. Yet, as the great poet must have some turn for dramatic narrative, so the very great romancer must be essentially a poet. Characters, motives, incidents, all must be elaborated by the poet; and when he has done that his all is done; so we may safely conclude that a story in poetry differs from a story in prose only in the sense that poetry itself differs from prose; that is to say, it is more ideal in its conception, more impassioned in its expression, and more brilliant and retentive in its imagery. In all other respects, except that of continued dialogue, to which poetry does not lend itself, it is governed by the same main laws of composition as prose, in as much as it concerns itself with feelings, motives, and actions which are within the range of human experience and sympathy.

If those principles were more generally understood, there would be, I have no doubt, far more readers of poetry, especially of narrative poetry; but, unfortunately, they are little known and less practiced, even by persons from whom a large amount of artistic knowledge might naturally be expected. For instance, it would be of incalculable benefit for such poets as Swinburne, whose genius as a musician in words, it were idle to deny, had they discovered for themselves and rigorously applied to their work the broad principles underlying the whole art of narration whether in verse or prose; for we should then probably be spared the too extensive literature, at once vague, rambling and inconclusive, of which "Tristram of Lyonesse" is an example and a warning, and be placed in possession of more models of pure narative poetry, like the "Enoch Arden" of Lord Tennyson and the "Foray of Queen Meave" of Aubrey de Vere.

This latter poem, whether we consider its theme or its execution, must justly be assigned a most important position. When it was given to the public in 1882, Aubrey de Vere had arrived at the advanced age of sixty-eight years. The bard is now eighty-five, but yet "wears the rose of youth upon him," and delights his hosts of friends by showing every indication of making it impossible for anyone to say of him for many years what Lord Melbourne said of another poet. On Crabbe's death, Lord Melbourne rubbed his hands and took a view of it which was more than con-

solatory: "I am glad when one of these fellows dies, because then one has his works complete on one's shelf and there is an end to him." Age has wrought small change in our poet. What Edmund Clarence Stedman asseverated of Walter Savage Landor applies almost letter for letter to Aubrey de Vere; he was as artistically conservative in youth as he ever grew to be, and as fiery and forward in age as in youth. To say that "The Foray of Queen Meave" exhibits the poet at his very best is surely not to say too much; and, relying on my own far from infallible judgment, *quantum valeat*, I am disposed to add, no other work of his surpasses it in grandeur of conception, order and harmony of execution, transcending aptness of expression, or majesty or sonorousness of diction. I am in possession of no data indicative of the time spent by the author in the composition and polishing of the work, but that it took time in its growth I have no doubt, and it is well known that, barring some sonnets, he has published no important work subsequent to this one. Moreover, a study of it serves admirably as an introduction to such kindred poems by the same author as "The Sons of Usnach" and the "Bard Ethell," consequently it seems to me proper to take it in hand before any other of his bardic effusions, and why those should be considered in advance of the Christian poems obvious chronological reasons will, I think, fully explain. As I have just remarked, the criticism expressed in this paper has a wide application. More or less of what I shall feel called upon to say concerning "The Foray of Queen Meave" of course holds good of some others of his lengthy narrative poems. Furthermore, such things as can be said here must be said concisely and in brief. In speaking of poetry one should not allow one's self to be, as it were, overwhelmned and drowned in a shoreless ocean of prose. I have seen such accidents to happen more than once, and I dread them accordingly. Finally, I shall not hesitate to credit the reader with some previous knowledge of the poet gleaned from the dutiful persual of the author's works, though in so doing, particularly if the reader happen to be Irish, I feel I am subjecting my credit to a severe strain. After I had given a copy of my former paper on the poetry of Aubrey de Vere to an intelligent young Irish friend, and he had read it, he confessed it was "all

news" to him, since he had never before heard of de Vere! I also take it as granted that the general reader desires to enlarge his knowledge of the poet by his own accord, and here again I can only hope I am not harboring more than a reasonable faith in the keenness of the reader's discernment. Holding tenaciously to my oft expressed belief that it is far more advantageous to read books themselves than articles about books, I shall be perfectly content if my crude paragraphs serve to direct the attention of a single individual to a poet remarkable for his eminent imaginative beauty, and who can amply repay a long and earnest outlay of study.

This article was written by a student for students; it may, therefore, properly concern itself with any matter however humble that appertains to literary study, and which promises to be of use to the literary student. In accordance with this announcement, before considering the argument and personages of the poem, it may not be out of place to advert, for the special benefit of the younger readers, to some details of the prosody.

The medium of expression the poet made choice of in this poem was the English heroic measure without rhyme, a metre the masterly use of which is the test of a singer in our language, as it is of all the measures the most difficult to manage. As to blank verse being easier than rhyme, as no less an authority than Doctor Johnson imagined it to be, it may be so far true that it is easier to write blank verse that will "scan," and is not positively displeasing to the ear, than to write fairly good rhyme. But very many poets have written good rhymed verse, and very few, even in our time when technique is so assidiously and successfully practiced, and they among the artists of the greatest intellect and faculty only, have written blank verse that is more than passable. Surely this simple statement of fact, even when considered apart from the quotation from Tennyson's "Memoir" presently to be given, carries with it its own large measure of unqualified conviction.

The genesis of English unrhymed iambics is interesting, as it puts beyond question the statement that the measure as it is known to us is the result of the happiest experiments and discoveries of the poets who have a claim to be called great, by the amplitude of dimensions, the symmetry of form, the dramatic distinction of personage in manner, language and action, the clear

vision and assured utterance, the richness of description and decoration, the grace, subtle reasoning and sustained power, the manifestation of which has made their works the classics of our language. So judged it must be regarded as preëminently the measure of the tongue. Although blank verse may have been written in English long before the time of the unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, it must have been in the thoroughly unpremeditated and unconscious manner that Moliere's bourgeois spoke prose all his life without knowing it, and it is as certain as any event in history that Surrey was the first poet of note who attempted the heroic measure without rhyme, and it is also well established he was indebted for it, as for the sonnet, another of his clever innovations, to Italian sources.

Surrey had imported from Italy "a drumming deccasyllabon" with the rhythms of "an imperfect musical-box." Marlowe took up this rough instrument and invoked from it the "mighty line" which compelled the admiration of Ben Jonson; Shakespeare and Jonson continued and enlarged the harmony; Milton came next bringing to his task a vast knowledge of classical and Italian poetry, and he proved himself a wonder-worker. That Milton of all who wrote in English is, by his superb diction and rhythm, the one poetic artist in the highest rank and the "great style," to use a phrase of Matthew Arnold, whom English-speaking people have, is, I believe, a matter requiring no discussion, a certainty as unquestionably accepted by scholars as are the laws of gravitation. The blank verse of Milton, drawn out and expanded by admixture with the freer measure wherewith Shakespeare expressed his broad human sympathy, is the parent of Thompson's, that again of Cowper's, and that, in its turn, of Wordsworth's; while the slowly attained excellencies with which all his worthy predecessors endowed this great historic measure of our language, and not a few additional ones that lay beyond their ken, seem to have been at the command of Alfred Tennyson. As a metrist Tennyson is the creator of a new and charming blank verse, differing in subtilty and flavor from both the Elizabethan and the Miltonic. It would seem, consequently, that if anybody knew the precise intrinsic value of this measure and the difficulty of employing it aright, Lord Tennyson was the man.

In a conversation had with his son and biographer, Hallam, Tennyson once discussed blank verse with a perfect freedom and breezy directness which, when contrasted with the superfine finish of "The Princess" and the Arthurian Idylls, may be accepted as discovering my lord in his shirt-sleeves :—

> "The English public think that blank verse is the easiest thing in the world to write, mere prose cut up into five-foot lines ; whereas it is one of the most difficult. In blank verse you can have from three to eight beats; but if you vary the beats unusually, your ordinary newspaper critic sets up a howl. The varying of the beats, of the construction of the feet, of the emphasis, of the extra-metrical syllables and of the pauses, helps to make the greatness of blank verse. There are many other things besides; for instance, a fine ear for vowel sounds, and the kicking of the geese out of the boat."

By geese, Lord Tennyson meant the sibilations, which have to be done away with.

This informal discourse compressed a great deal of sound prosody into a little space. As Richard Crashaw, in a lovely poem, said of his own volume, it is

> "Much larger in itself than in its look."

By the light of this valuable critique let us glance at the handicraft employed in "The Foray of Queen Meave." We find all the details enumerated by the late Poet-Laureate most dexterously used by his life-long friend, Aubrey de Vere. The metre is, on the whole, strict without being rigid; the extra-metrical syllables are few and invariably placed to subserve a beneficial purpose, the beats are deftly varied; there is not a single "goose" in the entire "boat"; emphasis is marked with skill, and the pauses used with a freedom and effect that long practice of hand and ear alone acquires. As Tennyson asserted, the pause or caesura may in blank verse be introduced at almost any part of the line, and according to its position depend the swell and swing of the rhythm, a consideration of paramount importance, since it is by this device no little of the melody is produced.

By the way, that authoritative statement of Lord Tennyson disposes of the almost superstitious mystery in which this natural property of our tongue was for so long enveloped by a cloud of writers, presumably for the bewilderment of their readers and their own amusement, and places it securely in its proper position with-

in the pale of poetic art. Like every other sort of melody, that of language arises from a combination of musical, that is, regular sounds, and is resolvable into what English musicians call a "note," which is quaintly defined by Aristoxenus, an ancient writer upon the theory and art of music, to be "one stretch or extension of the voice;" that is, as I, at least, with slight musical knowledge understand, a continuation of the voice in the same tone, without stop or interval and without change.

The original of the tale to which de Vere gave a becoming English dress, is believed to have been orally transmitted from a period antecedent to the Christian Era, shortly before which date the Heroic Age of Ireland reached its highest greatness. Our poet himself, in his interesting "Autobiography," clearly points out, in chaste and delicate prose, the superiority of early Irish poetry to the later article :--

> "The greatness of early Irish poetry and of the age that produced it, is brought home to us by its immense superiority to Ireland s medieval poetry, called Osseanic, because it related chiefly to Ossin. These later poems combine truth to nature with vigor and pathos, but they do not possess the breadth or force of the epic fragments belonging to a far earlier date. They have not the same inventive imagination or passion, nor are the characters as sharply delineated.
>
> "The poetry of that first age, though very unequal, was great because the age was great. The "Heroic Age" of Ireland anticipated by five or six centuries the "Saintly Age." To the first century belonged Cacullain, by far the noblest of the Irish warriors; and Ferdia his sworn friend, though a Firbolg, [a member of an earlier immigration and of another race] not a Gael. To it belonged Conell Carnach. To it belonged one of their wisest Kings, Conor McNessa, and a far nobler one, Fergus MacRoy, so royal-hearted, though so indifferent to power, that he abandoned his throne on discovering that his subjects preferred his step-son. To him was attributed the great Irish epic, "The Tain," commemorating the war in which he had taken so large a part. Deirdè, the chief female representative of that heroic age, had in her also many traits of noblest Irish character still found in our own.
>
> "The poetry that illustrates a "Heroic Age" is quickly recognized. It is both great-hearted and light-hearted. It abounds in wild mirth, sure that such mirth will meet with sympathy, and that no critic will complain because close to the comic he finds passages that challenge 'pity or terror.' The poet of that age sets forth what

he sees, and he sees that which is, because he comes to the great drama of human life without preoccupations. Nature bears with strong mixtures, and the poet bears with them also. The earlier chronicler thus supplies the later dramatist with material, for he noted facts as they occurred, and without the gloss of theory, political or ethical. The facts he meets walk naked and are not ashamed. The modern historian seldom inspires the dramatist, because what he records has, in his hands, taken a shape not its own. Nature disowns them thus transformed, and true art will not live on nature's leavings. Those old Irish poems bore for me plainly the stamp of reality. The poet was a witness, and did not set himself up as a judge. He did not look down upon them from a height, real or imaginary, but encountered them face to face as he moved along the paths and by-paths of men."

De Vere has the reflection of Wordsworth without his naturalism. Consequently, those translations of old Irish poems which bore for the poet, as he himself tells us, plainly the stamp of reality, caused him to dream poetic dreams of the days of old, and to behold glorious visions of his country ere she had been dragged down from her place among the nations, and could yet lay claim to much of that mundane glory which with nations, as with individuals, oftentimes proves as brief and evanescent as the golden touch of the flitting sunbeam. He testifies:

"As I read each prose translation of ancient Irish song, there rose before me a vision of a 'Heroic Age,' such as has long ceased to exist. The men then living had strong nerves as well as strong hearts. Deirdré, 'The Child of Destiny,' when she sang the dirge of the three far-famed Brothers, wailed for them only, not for themselves, though when the dirge was over she fell dead at their feet."

To the dreams thus begotten, he with true patriotism, not the spurious article that exploits itself in loud talk, proceeded to give "a local habitation and a name." The method he pursued was a thorough one. He brought his deep voice, strong heart, fine brain—the three go together in making a great poet—to his task. All that the ancient annals gave him of characters, motives, incidents, actions, were cunningly elaborated. The motives and emotions that gave the old tale life through long ages were transfused in the crucible of his genius and the rare ancient metal that the annihilating hand of Time had failed to destroy was made to assume a new shape, to wear a fresh and brilliant lustre. The concentrated passages of the old chronicle were jealously retained,

and the weaker portions moulded anew. In other words, his version of "The Foray of Queen Meave" is by no means a strict translation. On the contrary, it is even a freer rendering of the original than Pope's interpretation of Homer, to cite a familiar example. In an instructive preface to the poem itself, de Vere, in a couple of sentences that describe his entire method of translating, says:

> "The following poem, written of course in the character of an old Irish bard, is not a translation except as regards some passages which occur chiefly in Book III. It is not in the form of translation that an ancient Irish tale of any considerable length admits of being rendered in poetry. What is needed is to select from the original such portions as are at once the most essential to the story, and the most characteristic, reproducing them in a condensed form and taking care that the necessary additions bring out the idea, and contain nothing that is not in the spirit of the original."

The themes he selected for his muse were the off-spring of legend; consequently they had to be dealt with according to the canon of modern art when employed upon the antique. Their ancient environments were, in compliance with these demands, to be preserved inviolate, but the subjects were to be interfused with a human interest, a flavor of the modern, a spice of the present, without which they would be as little understood as if they were rendered in Coptic. To meet this difficult requirement of art, the poet introduced into his old Celtic fictions a measure of modern feeling; but so nicely subdued is it, and so skilfully is this newly distilled aerated water blended with the fine old wine of the Bards that it barely attains the object striven after and no more, while one hardly suspects its presence; a consummate success in a very trying ordeal, which, I do not hesitate to declare, demonstrates beyond reasonable doubt the exceedingly high artistic ability of Aubrey de Vere.

Now, had the Irish poet confined his patriotic work exclusively to thus rendering one of the "old battle-chaunts" of Ireland into attractive, lucid, and sonorous English, thereby lifting it out of the grave of a dead language and an obsolete form, and gaining for it a world-wide audience, he would, I submit, have rendered his country a substantial, even a herculean service, but he has done very much more than the production of a single Irish poem, cap-

tivating by its contents and treatment; yet his own people, like unto the kinsmen of Joseph, know him not! So far as the majority of the Irish are concerned, they hand him and nearly all their other worthy writers, over to Harpocrates, the god of silence. A true appreciation of literature demands wide knowledge and thorough study. It is doubtful if the school-master who is abroad among the Irish is competent to provide for such things as literary knowledge and literary study. When no fruit is visible all the year round, impartial observers are at liberty to regard the tree as barren. It is not in Ireland, but in England, that the most intensely Irish poet of this century is making headway, which atrocious outrage, should furnish us, just and reasonable Celts that we are, with an additional grievance against the detested Saxon. Seriously, I often wonder why we Irishmen are not stricken dumb by the angry Spirit of Truth when we, with a Gideon-like fondness for sounding our own brass, vauntingly declare ourselves the friends of learning and the worshippers of scholars.

The introduction, the atrium, of the stately Parian marble temple erected by the poet, is calculated to intensify the air of antiquity in which he enveloped his poem. It is ingenious in many other particulars also. It opens by assigning a definite date, not to the composition of the poem, which could not be done, but to its resurrection :

> "When centuries six
> Had flowed and faded since the birth divine."

It finds means to recite the pleasant legend how Saint Kiernan, when the Pagan poem, the "Tain bo Cuailgnè," long lost, and of which "The Foray of Queen Meave" is a translation, had been recovered, sacrificed his little heifer, and thus supplied by its skin the parchment needed in order to preserve the treasure for posterity. This act is still recorded in the title of one of the most ancient of Ireland's parchment volumes, "The Book of the Dun Cow." There is no Saint Kiernan in Ireland now. It is proper to remember that the productions of the Seanachies, the bardic historians of the old Irish families, are most ample, but in the words of Edward Hays, in the eloquent introduction to his "Ballads of Ireland," they are as dumb oracles to our generation which knows not their language. The introduction also prepares us in

some degree for the mystical machinery and enchantment introduced in the poem. After the manner of Shakespeare, the key-note is thus struck at the outset, and a number of essential preliminary details, related in a few lines remarkable for the lucidity and condensation of the thought.

By means of an ingenious device, the rehearsal of the poem is given to Fergus Roy, one of its own heroes, the erstwhile exile-king, who is recalled from his grave by the Irish Saints, prayed to by the converted Irish Bards, that race of poets, priests, lawyers and historians, who prepared for their sacred office—such the influence of the bards over the multitude, and the superstitious veneration attached to their profession, caused it to be regarded, in times too simple or too wise to ignore the tie that links poetry to religion—by pursuing their studies for a period of seven years by the light of lamps and tapers in cloisters hidden deep in old oak forests, and never penetrated by the beams of the sun. When their studies were completed, and they had received their degree, they went forth and sang the war-songs of the clans; recited the dogmas of religion; versified the proclamation of the law, the axioms of philosophy, and the annals of history; and traced the genealogies of their respective patrons up to Milesius, if not to Adam. If the newspaper and magazine bards of our own days would only sequestrate themselves for seven years, or even longer, in some very remote forest—the remoter the better—there "spurn delights and live laborious days," they might, if they survived the ordeal, go forth into the world to become, if not personages of the highest importance in the State, since in this degenerate age the seats of the mighty are for the most part filled by politicians instead of poets, at least thoughtful writers and expert exponents of the art of poetry, what very few of them are now, and during their retirement, not only might the price of poetry advance with the "short market," to borrow a term from the Stock Exchange, but all the much distracted and sorely-tried people of our so-called civilized world would be at liberty to congratulate themselves upon having, instead of two general nuisances, only the less noisy and wearisome one to deal with—the learner's piano.

MAURICE W. CASEY.

HOME.

ALL sweet and sacred feelings meet
The name of Home to greet.
As o'er the troubled ocean's foam
New days, peace-breathing, come.
Then builds the halcyon her nest
By the wave's tranquil breast.

Homes are fair bays of rest and love—
Each sunny, sheltered cove
A haven where the tired ship lies;
As if in Paradise,
Adam grown old and long exiled,
Slept, with God reconciled.

Home, home! the Irish exile hears
The name with dream-rapt ears;
In harmony with its refrain
Comes many an olden strain;
Beloved voices hushed in death
He hears—he feels their breath.

His mother's loving, soft "asthore"
At the low cottage door;
His rugged father's cheery call
Over the garden wall;
His sister's sprightly tones at e'en,
Or sweethearts on the "green."

Mild church bells thro' the charmed air
Singing like angels fair,
"Peace, peace to men. All praise and love
To the good God above."
Oh! faint and far that sacred chime
Heard thro' the mists of time.

Those kindly Irish hearts are cold,
Long since laid, mould to mould.
An uncongenial clime received
The exile, home-bereaved,
Yet lives it in the inner shrine
Of memory, divine

As glimpse of heaven; around it rise
Distilled 'neath Irish skies,
Faint fragrances of herb and bloom,
Brier-rose and golden broom,
Shamrocks and grasses of the vale,
And hawthorn fair and pale.

E. C. M. T.

FATHER DOMINIC.

P. J. COLEMAN IN *Boston Pilot.*

GOD takes the intention for the deed. He searches our hearts and judges us by what He finds therein."

It was the message of comfort, the gospel of sweet assurance he had taught his people for forty years. They needed this consolation. It was all that was left them—their faith in a benign Providence.

They were a poor people, a people of long memories and proud tradition, rich only in the love of God. There was a time when their Catholic Fathers had lorded it over the hills and valleys of the West. They could point with pride to the crumbling keeps and ivied abbeys they had planted deep in the kindly Irish earth—deep as the faith, whereof vaulted isle and cross-crowned turret were but the visible manifestation. But their fortunes, like their castles, had long been in ruin, and an alien aristocracy of Cromwell's creation had supplanted their ancient chiefs. Yet the faith, thank God, was left them, immutable as their hills, vivid and green as the ivy of Ireland; like the ivy fondly clinging to their fallen sanctuaries.

They had but just emerged from the grinding mills of the Penal Code. Old men still lived among them who remembered Ninety-Eight; older yet who had seen the flight of the Wild Geese, when Continental battlefields were ringing with the prowess of Ireland's Catholic exiles. Theirs was a legacy of loss and sorrow; but in their darkest days, in good repute or ill, God had left them their priests. Many priests they had had; many were in holy memory among them; but never a one like Father Dominic. Many tribulations they had endured, but never a one like this of "Black Forty-seven." Want they had known and hunger, but their blackest fasts had been feasts compared to this bitter, bitter famine. In their own terrible image "they were dying like sheep" —dying daily of starvation in hut and hovel. But faith robbed death of its terrors, and Father Dominic with words of hope pointed the trembling souls heavenward; sent them forth on the road to eternity strengthened with the Holy Viaticum.

It was a dark night and the old priest was tired—tired in body and soul, weary with years and sore in spirit for his people's afflictions. It had been snowing all day. The stars went out, and hill and hollow were clothed in immaculate purity. Here and there under the hedges and in the ditches, the snow had drifted into fantastic heaps. A brisk wind swept the hills, powdering man and beast with a searching crystal, fine as dust. All that week the priest had been in the saddle, making his rounds from sheeling to sheeling. All that day, since early dawn, he had been among the glens, and now he was tired—so tired—as he rode back to Belmoy.

Long and faithfully had he served the Lord; well had he loved his people, loved them in joy and in grief. They were a good people, a faithful, pure, affectionate people, repaying love with love--a people to serve, aye, if need be, to die for. But why had the Lord visited them thus heavily? What had they done to merit this chastisement? Had they not for him lost land and liberty and life? Had they not poured out their blood upon His altars in defence of His word? Had they not for Him become a byword among the peoples of the earth? Did not the nations clap their hands at them, hissing and wagging their heads, and saying, "Is this the city of perfect beauty, the joy of all the earth."

"O Lord!" he groaned, the tears trickling down his face, "if it be posssible let this chalice pass away. The children and sucklings faint away in the streets of the city; when they breathed out their souls in the bosoms of their mothers!"

No wonder he was tired—tired unto death—sick and sore in heart and spirit for the destruction of his people.

Rory, too, was tired—Rory, the old horse that had been the faithful companion of his ministry in all these years. There was a beautiful sympathy between man and beast. The poor brute's lot might have been cast in happier places with no weary midnight calls from warm stable and soft bed of straw, in bitter winter sleet and rain. But in its own lowly way the poor brute was doing the work of the Lord—the divine work of comfort and consolation to the sick and dying. Happier places he might have had, but kinder master never. Whip or spur had never tortured his sensitive

flanks; nothing more cruel than coaxing voice and patting hand and terms of tender endearment.

The old horse knew the glens by heart. Not a road or a *boreen*, a ford or a *togher*, but he could find in the gloom of the darkest night. Well it was for the priest he had so faithful, so tried a comrade. for presently, as he rode along, his head bobbing on his breast from sleep that he bravely tried to combat, his hand relaxed its hold, the reins slackened on Rory's neck, and the old man was fast asleep in the saddle. With wondrous instinct, lest he might awaken his master, Rory dropped from a trot to a walk and jogged on quietly in the dark, until presently he halted at a well-known door and whinnied long and loud to arouse Father Dominic.

"So we're at home at last, Rory," murmured the old man, rubbing his eyes and scrambling to his feet. "Home at last, my boy, after our long day. Bless you for a good old horse! What should I do without you?

And for eloquent answer Rory put his nose into the priest's hand.

"Come now, boy," went on the priest, lighting the lantern which lay ready to hand at his door, and leading Rory over the cobbled yard to the stable, "a bite to eat won't hurt either of us; and then, my boy, to bed. Ah, Rory *avic*, like your old master you don't get much of the bed these times, and you're tired, no doubt—tired like me. Well, well, Rory, there'll be rest for us sometime, boy. The night cometh on wherein no man can labor; and then——. Good night, my boy; you've earned your oats, and there's an extra armful of straw to keep you snug and warm."

And, having replenished the manger and littered the stall, Father Dominic took the lantern, hasped the stable door, and stumbled across the yard to his cottage.

It was a long, thatched house of one story, whitewashed and covered with ivy to the chimneys. A hall in the centre divided it into two parts, one sacred to Maurya, the priest's old housekeeper, who had grown grey in his service; the other given up to Father Dominic's sleeping room and the study that held his books and writing desk. Maurya had considerately left the teapot simmering by the hob, and a cup and saucer on the kitchen table.

With heavy eyes, blinking much at the light, the old man set the lantern on the table, tottered feebly to the hearth, poured out a cup of tea, munched a crumb of bread, and then, while the cup was yet poised in his hand, fell face forward on the table, sound asleep.

It seemed but a second to the priest till he was conscious of a prolonged knocking on the door. Like one in a dream, he heard the insistent rat-a-tat-tat, and, from a stern and long disciplined sense of duty, was promptly awake and on his feet.

"Who's there?" he called, going to the door and fumbling for the bolt.

"Me, Father Dominic," came the answer from without. "Me, Meehul Dowd. For God's sake come as quick as ever you can. Brigid is in her agony and wants you badly."

"Poor Meehul!" he moaned. "And you've walked all the way, three miles in the snow? But go, Meehul; don't wait for me, and I'll be after you at once."

"God bless your reverence; it's you that's the friend of the poor in their need. What would we do at all without you? May the heavens be yer bed this blessed night."

And Meehul strode off, his heart breaking for the wife he had left dying in Glen More!

"*Quousque, Domine?*" groaned the priest. "*Quousque?*" But even as he turned from the door, he tottered on his feet, swayed a moment unsteadily, and then sank limp and unconscious to the floor. There he lay, utterly exhausted, body and will completely conquered by overpowering sleep.

Presently he was awake again, rubbing his eyes, the rat-a-tat-tat of the iron knocker dinning in his ears.

"O God, be merciful to me a sinner!" he sobbed, as his conscience reproached him for a grave dereliction of duty. "*Miserere mei, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.* For the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

For God's sake, Father, come at once," called the voice outside. "She's goin' fast, an' you haven't a minute to lose."

"Ah, Meehul, my poor fellow," he called, "forgive an old man as I hope God will forgive me. Run ahead, my poor boy,

run ahead. Don't wait for me. "I'll be with Brigid as fast as Rory can carry me."

How tired he was to-night! Never before had he felt like this. His eyelids seemed weighted with lead, and his feet dragged heavily over the ground. But presently, lantern in hand, he was saddling Rory in the stable—poor, faithful old Rory, that rose from his straw with a whinny of welcome at the well-known voice.

He had drawn the bridle over the horse's head, adjusted the girth, and was looking to the stirrups, when he fell in the straw—fell under Rory's feet—once more overcome by the exceeding weariness that had been accumulating for a week of sleepless nights and toilsome days. Aye, the spirit indeed was willing, but the flesh was weak. Nature had at last capitulated. The virile will had succumbed.

But, at length, with imperative rest came strength, and anon he opened his eyes in the first faint glimmer of dawn. Rory was standing over him, nosing his shoulder affectionately, his breath warm in the old man's hair. Then again came conscience, stinging him with keen reproof; and now, with every sense alert, feebly gaining his feet, he led Rory from the stable, got to saddle, and was off at a gallop over the snow-muffled road to Glen More.

With a burning sense of shame he dismounted at Meehul's cabin, feeling at his pocket for the holy oils of Extreme Unction. They were safe with his stole and breviary, where they had lain for a week, save when he had replenished the oil and cotton.

A low sobbing came from within the house, the sobbing of a man made desolate. He knocked at the door, and Meehul opened it, red-eyed from weeping, his voice stifled with tears.

"Ah, then, it's welcome ye are again, Father Dominic," he said, "welcome an' welcome. But you can't do any more than you have done for my poor girl—God resht her sowl! It's kind ye wor to come an' give her the happy death."

"Am I, then, too late, Meehul?" whispered the priest, sympathetically wringing the poor man's hand and gazing at the face of the young wife, white and calm in death.

"Late is it, Father? Sure I don't undherstand ye. Ye'll pardon me, I know. Sure I hardly know what I'm sayin'. It's ramblin' I am, maybe. She was all I had in the world, my poor

little Brigideen *Bawn*," he said, kissing her cold lips. "But you worn't late, Father *avic*. Didn't ye come an hour ago an' anoint her, jusht after I wint for you the second time? Didn't I go to the door messel' and let you in whin you knocked? And didn't ye take the light out of my two eyes, ye were that bright an' shinin' and transfigured, for all the world," he said, crossing himself reverently, "as if an angel from heaven came in yer place. And my poor little girl lyin' there—oh, vo, vo!—so cowld an' still, smiled when she saw you comin', and all the little cabin was shinin' like the sun from the glory of yer face as ye stood by the bed, for all it was dark night—yes, Father, the dark, dark night for me."

And, kneeling by the bed, the poor fellow hid his tears on his dead wife's heart, calling her tenderest names of love in the tender Gaelic tongue.

"'Meehul,' she whispered to me, afther yer reverence had anointed her an' given her the Holy Communion, 'Meehul,' she said very solemn-like, 'it's an angel that came, an' not Father Dominic at all. The poor man is tired, an' God sent His angel in his place." But sure the poor cratureen was ravin' and I knew it was yoursel', Father—yoursel' and no other. But I couldn't help noticin' when you wint away that ye left no thracks in the snow; not the sign of a thrack. An' all down the Glen I could follow ye by the light that wint with ye. The hillside glistened where ye passed, and the snow on the pines sparkled like diamonds, and all the Glen was one blaze of light, for all the world as if the sun was shinin'. But priests are not like other men, so they're not; and what wondher if the glory o' God goes with them to light their way by night?"

Then was the priest mute with awe, and he left the house, glorifying God, who had sent His angel in his place. And within him was born a voice, whispering to him the message of comfort he himself had preached and taught for forty years. And the voice said "Be not disturbed. God takes the intention for the deed."

Literary Notes.

And as for me, though that I konne but lyte (little)
On books for to rede I me delyte,
And to them give I feyth and ful credence,
And in my herte have them in reverence.

—*Chaucer.*

JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

As journalist, historian and novelist, no living writer holds a prouder place in the very forefront of British writers, than the publicist and Home Rule leader, Justin McCarthy. He was born in the city of Cork, Ireland, in November, 1830. He had the advantage of an excellent education. In 1853, he went to Liverpool where he became a reporter on one of the newspapers, and preserved the connection either as a reporter or leader-writer for seven years. In the year 1860, he obtained a London engagement, being employed by the Morning Star as a member of its reporting staff. Ere long he was appointed foreign editor of the same newspaper, and in 1864 he received further well-merited recognition of his talents by being raised to the position of chief editor. In 1868 he resigned his post and went to the United States, where he occupied most of his time with lecturing, and performed the remarkable feat of visiting nearly every town in the Union. On his return to England he accepted a lucrative and important engagement as leader-writer on the Daily News—a position he still holds.

Although Mr. McCarthy spent much of his life out of Ireland, and is confessedly out of touch with Irish life, the quality of his patriotism is not stained. Having, at the general election in 1874 refused two offers to stand for Irish constituencies, he in 1879 stood for the County of Longford and was returned without opposition. At every election since then, until he retired, he has been sent to parliament by this fortunate Irish county. His long acquaintance with politics, sound and moderate judgment, and

graceful eloquence, soon found for him the place of a leader in the Home Rule party. After the last general election, finding the Irish Parliamentary party rent by faction, and several long-delayed literary engagements awaiting his attention, he resigned his seat in the House of Commons and has since devoted all his time to the production of books and leading articles.

Bookish tastes and proclivities are only indifferently compatible with the practical duties of the British parliamentarian and statesman or with public life anywhere. Lord Beaconsfield could, it is true, write novels and lead a great political party, but Lord Beaconsfield was much more than an ordinary member of Parliament. It is also true that a very exceptional man like Mr. Gladstone could cultivate literature, politics and many other things at the same time. In America, rarely-endowed men like Hamilton and Jefferson, and later on, Calhoun, Webster and Sumner, could be statesmen and men of letters. But such good fortune falls to the lot of few. Even Macaulay, though he had a political mind, probably wasted his time in Parliament, and was ultimately glad to return to his library. The modern scientific appliances have, moreover, destroyed leisure; and the statesman with a hundred letters on his table, his ear at the telephone, and deputations waiting to see him, will find less and less time to gratify his taste for the kind of reading which Lord Cartaret and Charles James Fox loved. The lesson is clear. The life of action and the life of contemplation are different; they need not be hostile, but they can rarely, if ever, be accommodated in one personality. Justin McCarthy accommodated them almost as well as Beaconsfield, and infinitely better than Macaulay. But the financial strain also weighed heavily upon him, as the British members of Parliament receive no monetary compensation. The time he took from literature, to devote to politics for the benefit of his country was not profitable. To such an extent was he a loser by his nobly patriotic conduct, that his income fell away from $15,000 a year to $3,000 a year! This statement requires no comment; it speaks for itself.

It will be seen from this sketch that Mr. McCarthy has had a sufficiently active life as a journalist and a politician, but he has found time besides to write a number of works which have made

his name familiar wherever our language is spoken. His first novel, "The Waterdale Neighbours," was published in 1867. It was followed at tolerably frequent intervals by such stories as "My Enemy's Daughter," "Dear Lady Disdain," "Miss Misanthrophe," "Donna Quixoté," "The Maid of Athens," "The Right Honorable," and numerous others. I believe I have named the most of his best novels. Another one, produced in 1873, and entitled "A Fair Saxon," deserves to be added to the list. This last tale is very remarkable, since it contains a good-tempered and lively discussion of the Irish question, and the disputants are a charming Englishwoman and her Irish lover. Mr. McCarthy's stories possess a moral tone, and their tendency is to make men more liberal, better and happier. The qualities which distinguish all his fictions are a graceful, elegant, transparent style; keen insight into character, especially female character; and a satire which, though it can occasionally be sharp, is never absolutely cruel.

In 1879, when the first volume of Mr. McCarthy's "A History of Our Own Times" appeared, it found public expectancy awaiting it on tip-toe, and it certainly gave full satisfaction. When the history was completed it was universally allowed that the author had produced the most meritorious chronicle of current events in the English language. Its most remarkable trait is that while its author was a politician and an ardent Irish patriot his work is absolutely devoid of party spirit. One might read it many times without being able so much as to guess at its author's nationality, political belief, or religious creed. It is much as if Macaulay's New Zealander had, without any sort of prejudices or predilections, already taken his seat upon London Bridge to sketch the leading events, parties, and party leaders of the time. A history that all parties can read with satisfaction almost commands success: certain it is Mr. McCarthy's work has had a most extensive sale, and the editions in which it has appeared in England and America, and on the Continent of Europe would form a very long list.

The "History of Our Own Times" has a formidable rival in "A History of the Four Georges," and when this latter work is completed it would not surprise me to see it supplant the former in the estimate of the public. In this work Mr. McCarthy deals,

to use his own words, "with history in its old—and we suppose its everlasting—fashion: that of telling what happened in the way of actual fact, telling the story of the time." Thus, the manner of writing is the old-fashioned, time-honored one, but it is very entertaining of its kind. The first volume of the "Four Georges" includes the reign of George I. taking in also that of George II. down to 1731. Volume II, finishes the reign of George II, closing with his death. The account of the remaining Two Georges is well under way and will appear shortly.

Another work, the "Epoch of Reform," presents a glowing account of a great politicai struggle, a social revolution. His "Leo XIII," and his "Modern Leaders," a series of biographical sketches, prove that Mr. McCarthy is quick to grasp the salient features of character, and sensitive to the dramatic elements in individuality. The Life of His Holiness has been highly praised by Catholics and Protestants alike. Although Mr. McCarthy is a Catholic, he does not allow his religious beliefs to blind him to the real significance of historical facts, nor to hinder in any way their truthful relation.

Style is the manner of writing. It reflects nationality and the manners of the time, and as no two individuals are alike in mental constitution, style must be above all characterized by individuality. The grand round of English literature presents us, as the reader well knows, with specimens of almost every conceivable style. To be convinced of that fact, the reader has only to contrast the style of Waller with that of Wordsworth, that of Leigh Hunt with that of Milton, that of Burke with that of Freeman, that of Carlyle with that of Mathew Arnold, that of Emerson with that of Stedman, and so on down the whole royal line of authors. But in the important quality of grace, I doubt if Justin McCarthy has been often equalled, and I am sure he has never been surpassed. He is one of those writers of a quiet, even temperament whose sentences flow gently along like a stream through a level country, that hardly disturbs the air by a sound. The one who follows this tranquil stream for any length of time may grow a trifle tired of the monotony; though the blooms on the banks boast a charming variety, he may sigh for the wild commotion of the rapids and the thunder and wreck of the waterfall. But this momentary rebellion

of the spirit apart, the stream is beautiful and satisfying, especially when one remembers that placid waters are commonly profound.

Herbert Spencer points out in his work on "Education" that, in all ages adornment has been more highly esteemed than utility. The savage is more anxious to have feathers and paint than a blanket to protect him from the cold. For the same reason the ordinary elocutionist uses too many gestures, and "saws the air," as Shakespeare says. So also the ordinary writer uses too much elaboration, forgetting that over-worded, polychromatic composition is like over-colored painting, confusing by its very richness. Brevity is strength; simplicity is natural beauty. Long words are like long pedigrees, out of keeping with the spirit of the age. Exaggeration invariably induces reaction, and linguistic exaggeration begets disgust. The style that is to please to-day must be suggestive, sharp and incisive. Mr. McCarthy's style is crisp, straightforward, vivid, and always graceful.

Grace is the quality of style which makes it pleasing. It depends chiefly upon nice discernment in the choice of words, and the suppression of the more violent passions. Though a graceful style does not, like the elevated style, reject familiar words, it refuses to use all words and images that are disgusting, or coarse, or in any way unpleasing. When, as in the productions of the author under discussion, grace is coupled with variety, it produces a most captivating effect. McCarthy seeks to express himself clearly, without affectation of any sort, and he pays ceaseless attention to the sound, to the music of the language, which is part of every style, even when the latter seems quite artless. All his writings illustrate the delicacy with which language can be handled so as to preserve by an art imperceptible to a careless reader, the level of gracefulness. The danger of the graceful style, the proneness to use an unfamiliar and Latin word instead of a familiar and English one, which may be called pedantry, has few perils for McCarthy. He seldom errs in this way, and in his histories and biographies scarcely at all.

Recently while reading the "Four Georges" for the fifth time, and being impressed by the graceful yet simple language, and the even flow of the charmingly wrought sentences, in whole pages of

which there is not the slightest jar to break the sense of continuous harmony, I asked myself, how much practice in theoretical rhetoric and in actual writing did it require to master such a style? All I know is that good writing is as much a fine art as painting or musical composition. No art can be picked out of the grass. Art is the directing of means toward an end or purpose, and the direction in literary composition requires knowledge, thought, deliberation and hard manual practice. Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius. Great effects require great preparation. But as Burke in his valuable essay on the "Beautiful and the Sublime" remarks: "Art can never give the rules that make an art." Of one thing, however, long experience may, I think, be said to have made us quite certain. Practical success in art must come from every day ambition and experiment, and as a companion for the literary toiler who seeks to discover the secret of the literary art, to tear out the heart of the mystery of effective composition, I know of few authors more serviceable than Justin McCarthy.

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Walter Lecky's Writings.

This forceful and versatile young writer chooses to give his works to the public, under the veil of a *nom-de-plume*. I have no intention of being so impertinent as to lift the mask it pleases him to wear; although it is quite true his identity is widely known. Precisely when his title pages are to be adorned with his own proper Celtic name, is a matter he must fix instead of having it fixed for him by a commentator. For my own part, I can at all times extract no little of useful guidance from what the Highlanders call the advice of the bell of Scoon: "The thing that concerns you not, meddle not with." It is as a literary worker that Walter Lecky is to be known in these pages.

An outline of his career can, however, be supplied without violating the assumed secrecy of his pen-name. He was born in Lawrence, Mass., in 1857, and attended school in that town Later a college course was followed by journalistic experience in Chicago and other American cities. He was subsequently employed at labor he found uncongenial and distasteful, and away from which he turned. His books contain more than one allusion to this bitter episode in his life. But faith in the ideal was too strong with

him for the experiences of life, however disappointing, to materially weaken, much less destroy it. A legacy falling to him, he visited Europe, and probably compared his American ideas with the ideas he found prevailing in the Old World. Returning to America, he produced two works, which received little attention, and then he, in 1896, came before the public -the Catholic reading public in particular—as the author of "Billy Buttons."

This book is made up of sketches of the people who inhabit the picturesque Adirondacks, and the tales are held together by a thread of incident common to them all. The story is told by a country doctor whose life is "the absorption of his patients' life histories, as well as attempts to cure their ills of flesh." Many of the characters are made to act parts as important as the one assigned to the guide Buttons, and there is no reason why the book could not be called "Skinny Benoit," "Cagy," or "Pere Monnier." But "Billy Buttons" is an alliterative and pert title, and alliteration and pertness in the title of a book are as "catching" as a rabbit-trap, as the author himself would probably express it.

"Billy Buttons" has been very highly praised by the press and read by many thousands. The book possesses originality, vigor, and considerable insight into character; but as a whole it lacks in narrative continuity, and the style is uneven, abrupt, slipshod and rough. The author like a malevolent musician seems to delight in hurling discords at our ears. A friendly critic, Mr. James Riley, to whom I am under obligations for the biographical facts just given, justly said that three words to a sentence would often make smooth and rhetorically correct English, but the three words are never forthcoming; and he goes on to compliment the author on this sort of diction, saying that its roughness is calculated to make an impression. Let me see. Some words are swords and war-clubs, but it requires an expert warrior to wield them. In general, words are pegs to hang ideas on, and roughness, is not a virtue in a peg. Gentle words, quiet words, are usually the most impressive. Speech may be polished and even, and convincing, compelling, and prevailing at the same time. Words are not burs, they need not be rough and hung all over with hooks to make them stick in

the memory. I do not think there is much to be achieved by citing the example of Carlyle, as Mr. Riley has done. The great thinker gave the public nuggets of gold, and no man will find fault with the shape of a golden nugget. I find myself unable to follow Mr. Riley at all. I consider the tales in "Billy Buttons" as in part dramatic, vivid and pathetic, and as in part crude, badly constructed and lamely expressed. They are essentially newspaper reporter's work; the sort of sketches we frequently find in the American Sunday newspaper; with the wide difference that in these the scenes are generally laid in crowded cities, and the characters depicted are city people, while the purpose subserved is to make readable "copy;" whereas Walter Lecky places the scenes of his sketches in the country, among some of the most beautiful natural scenery on this continent, the general tone is morally elevated, and the people that move on his stage are mountaineers, a somewhat uncommon species of humanity. Walter Lecky can certainly paint word-pictures of nature in a way of which a Greek need not have been ashamed, but he is not an Ian Maclaren, behind whose descriptions is a thoughtful mind, and "Billy Buttons" and "The Bonnie Brier Bush" are Poles apart. More than that, all the advantages of narrative and expression should, I think, be assigned to Maclaren. "Billy Buttons" would come off better in a comparison with "The Dukesbury Tales," but the late Richard Malcolm Johnson possessed a charm that the other author nowhere discovers.

The essay in fiction which the author of "Billy Buttons" recently handed to the public shows no marked improvement over its predecessor. What I have said of "Billy Buttons" I would repeat almost word for word of the second story, "Perre Monnier's Ward," were the task of adverse criticism a gracious one. It is strong in conception, striking in dramatic action and grouping, the landscape is managed with a splendid touch; but the author has not yet learned that prime requisite of great narrative, the art of telling a continuous story, and his style is as jerky as it ever was. To critical *mush* I have an unconquerable repugnance. I respectfully submit, therefore, that the critics who praise those books as models of fiction so loudly that they are in danger of bursting

their thoraxes have much to answer for at the bar of truth and justice. If Walter Lecky is not a gentleman of exceptional sound sense he is in imminent peril of having his head turned. When all is said, I would prefer his modest but charming little work, "Green Graves in Ireland," to all the fiction he has hitherto produced.

Generally it may be said that the keenest humor is always near if not to tears yet to thought. Lecky has wit in abundance and humor, but I doubt if the old merits of the novelists of our English tongue—fulness and body of narrative material—the rich substratum of thought underlying the surface rehearsal of the story—virtues apparently hereditary in the lineage of robust minds which may be traced backward without a break, from Kipling to Hawthorne, and from Hawthorne to Fielding—is not extremely rare in our novelist. Yet, one of the true tests by which fiction is tried, may be applied to these works, with a gratifying result. I mean the sense of sympathy and toleration; the power of impressing the reader with complete belief in the reality of the characters on the author's part, as though they had been lived with, observed, patiently put up with, and had sometimes vexed and irritated. All this is, perhaps, precisely what has happened between this author and his characters. If the reader desires to become acquainted with these characters, he must possess himself of the books. The thing most worthy of praise in both collections is neither their style nor subject, but their pure tone—no slight thing assuredly. And with all their faults of manner and matter they contain enough of interest to afford no little amusement. A tale is the first key to the heart of a child, the last voice that penetrates the fastness of age. Happy is he who can successfully use sensational elements, who is apt at incident, situation and narrative surprise, for moral ends, and so at a most fitting moment meet a great need and correct a vicious tendency, hardly otherwise corrigible. Art, in the largest sense of the word comprehends all the forms in which men of genius utter what is in them. Fiction is one of its finest and most far reaching manifestations. Does it not follow that the professional novelist should use all the means at his command to improve and perfect his method? Walter Lecky must appreciate the great gifts which God has bestowed upon him, and he must be ready

and willing to devote to their development all the attention he can command. He has already done enough to prove that he can do more, and I feel satisfied the time is not distant when he will enrich the literature of his country with a real model and masterpiece of constructive art and decorative detail

I had almost forgotten to mention that Walter Lecky is a realist—a Catholic realist—that is, he practices the realism that is opposed to fantasy and extravagance. In the ancient literatures the function of romance was to idealize religion, politics and patriotism, and to make heroes and demigods of men. Our modern romance has still something to say about religion, politics and patriotism, but for the demigods it has substituted plain men and women—these commonplace beings whom Lincoln said "the Lord must love them, he made so many of them." All the skill of all the ages cannot make a great picture of an unworthy subject—a flea, a sore, a wart, or an alderman, for instance. Catholic realism does not paint insects of any sort. The healthy realism of Lecky is practiced by the whole new school of American novelists—the Rev John Talbot Smith, Maurice Francis Egan, Marion Crawford, and the others—the supreme charm of whose work is naturalness, with the every-day atmosphere which surrounds it. They draw their inspiration from what they see and hear, and they discard heroics. Everywhere in their supremely human pages we come across acquaintances undisguised, and no one who is not a Boeotian dull to the beauty of art, can deny them fine initiative and creative genius. They make us realize as, perhaps, many of us never realized before, the profound philosophy of the mighty line of John Keats :

"Beauty is truth; truth beauty."

Walter Lecky has published acceptable verse. It is imaginative and carefully constructed. Some of it is really fine; being full of valuable thought conveyed in musical numbers. His essential qualities as a verse maker are rare and splendid. His poems display elegance and care of workmanship, close study of nature, felicity of phrasing, and a marked tendency to draw on religion and literary culture for subject and reference. The only fault I can find with this poetry is that I have not been given enough of it. Had we only his verse we would have ample testi-

mony to prove him a competent artist in language of the most delicate kind. One would suppose the prose and verse were produced by two very different men; yet Walter Lecky is fully aware of the importance of literary form, as the following luminous passage from his essay on the Rev. Brother Azarias conclusively proves:

> "While the author will not concede that mere literary form is the all in all that our modern masters claim, yet he would not be found in the ranks of M. de Bonniers, who declares that an author need not trouble himself about his grammar; let him have original ideas and a certain style, and the rest is of no consequence. The author of 'Phases of Thought' [Azarias] believes first in the possession of ideas, for without them an author is a sorry spectacle. He also believes that an attractive style will materially aid in the diffusion of these ideas. Many good books fall still-born from the press, for no other reasons than their slovenly style. Readers now-a-days will not plod along poor roads when a turnpike leads to the same destination. The grammar marks the parting of ways. Brother Azarias rightfully holds that good grammar is an essential part of every great writer's style. Classics are so, by correct grammar as well as by original ideas. This easy dictum of the slipshod writers- that if an idea takes you off your feet you must not trouble yourself about the grammar that wraps it, is but a specious pleading for their ignorance of what they pretend to despise."

How a writer who holds such preëminently sane principles of art should deliberately strive in article after article and book after book, to pass himself off as somebody very much resembling an humble disciple "in the ranks of M. de Bonniers," takes my understanding off its feet.

But unless I am entirely mistaken—a by no means impossible contingency—it is not as a novelist, nor a poet that Walter Lecky has, down to this, performed the most useful if not the most lasting work, it is rather as a critic. He has published two volumes of literary biography and criticism, "Down at Caxtons" and "Impressions and Opinions." Both volumes are filled with critical essays on Catholic writers, and able expositions of Catholic artistic and social ideas. By thus endeavoring discriminatingly to estimate the work of our younger Catholic writers, with a view of making it more popular, the critic has performed a noble task for the Catholic community. It is a notorious fact that general literary criticism ignores the Catholic writer. I have within reach

at this moment a manual of American literature that does not contain the name of a single Catholic author, and I could name several other similar compilations—Charles F. Richardson's "American Literature", for example—that are almost equally exclusive. By creating an effective off-set to that sort of insolent exclusion and bigoted bias, Walter Lecky is doing noble work. I have frequently availed myself of the information contained in "Down at Caxtons", as well as of the principles of criticism therein enunciated, and I take a delight in hereby briefly but heartily acknowledging the great usefulness of the volume.

Walter Lecky's contributous to periodical literature are numerous and important. His column of literary criticism in the "Catholic News" of New York, is by far the best feature of that newspaper. By studiously following this column week by week the Catholic reader finds his mental horizon irrevocably enlarged. Sometimes—too frequently for my taste—he drops books and literary affairs and takes up the cudgels of religious controversy, when his vigorous remarks generally assist the fighting vocabulary of Catholic journalists of the day. But I take the liberty to doubt if such assistance is really beneficial to the cause it is intended to advance. Cardinal Newman said: "When men understand what each other mean controversy is either superfluous or hopeless." For religious controversy, especially when carried on in newspapers, I have, whether right or wrong, no relish. According to my view, the only irresistible polemic a Christian Church can employ is the extraordinary diurnal practice of virtue by its ministers and members. The mass of men seldom learn by words however wise or powerful; events alone really teach. Virtue in practice is the real lever of Archiabedes of which an unsullied heart is the fulcrum. Considered as a moral and social dynamic virtuous living is more powerful than gunpowder, steam, or electricity. This is substantially the creed I learned early in life and which I have never yet found a reason to modify. In the *Weekly Bouquet*, Walter Lecky has now running a number of papers under the title of "Birds and Books." Those essays rank among his very best work.

If the literary criticism of Walter Lecky is not always very dignified, it is almost invariably independent, in an age when a

miserable spirit of silly adulation prevalent among us Catholics has made independent criticism of Catholic by Catholic a difficult, and, indeed, almost impossible achievement. Mutual admirationism is one of the vilest of "isms." Walter Lecky has done a great deal to diffuse that doctrine. His lusty independence is to me always attractive. Evidently he never suffers from what Walter Bagehot complained of as the most galling of yokes, "the tyranny of your next door neighbor," the obligation of thinking as he thinks. He is not only independent but original, and he sets an example which will, I sincerely hope, be universally copied. Let us Catholics write what we want to write, what our consciences urge us to write, what we feel is natural for us to write of others or of each other without fear or favor, and let us never consider that our ultimate goal is won while we have achieved anything less than the most ingenious and hearty that can be done. The great poet of our language expressed a magnificent truth when he said:

> "To thine own self be true;
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

As critic Walter Lecky possesses the stamp of a real and strong individuality. From beginning to end he is individual and sincere. While it can scarcely be denied he is a far more consummate workman in the matter than the manner of his critical works, it is nevertheless true that his paragraphs and books contain, in multitudes, passages of high emotion and ennobling sentiment, just awards of praise and blame when personal friendship does not dazzle the eye of the judge, and solid expositions of principle both social and moral. They are pervaded by a generous love of art, liberty, and the literary calling, and their atmosphere is so pure and bracing that it serves as a mental tonic. He teaches at every turn that a man may love religion and liberty at the same time.

What is rarely found in connection with much humour, he has a strong bent toward idealism if not mysticism. He has a great ability to laugh and to make laugh; he seizes any available opportunity of raising a smile on the countenance of his reader, and so, as DeMaistre says, the needle makes the thread pass. I wish I could add that the manner waits upon the matter, but I am far too close a student of Walter Lecky to utter a critical false-

hood, knowing it to be such. Here as in other walks he is unnecessarily rough, abrupt, and unpolished, to his own great undoing. It is seldom he shows that felicity of words and salience of ideas which elevates writing into literature; which weds thought to a becoming harmony of language the music of which haunts the memory like the sweet strains of an old song. His general style is an earthquake tied up in a wind storm, if I may borrow his own surprising way of using figurative language. Few can appreciate the excuse of necessary haste better than I, and when offered in behalf of newspaper and magazine writing, it is not without force. But when a writer with ability to do much better puts coarse and undigested matter in books, it must, I think, be allowed he is paying his readers a poor compliment and places himself beyond the pale of defence.

Walter Lecky generally uses the common expository method of criticism, and not the analytical method, although he gives some examples of the latter. The late highly-gifted Rev. Brother Azarias was a critic with an analytic brain. He had no apparent difficulty in surmounting that crux of critics, the inability of distinguishing between the fleeting expression of a mere vogue or popular whim, and the voicing of a genuine "cry of the human" composite, multitudinous and yet simple, the highest meaning and the most refined effluence of a civilization. A comparison of his works with these of Walter Lecky is instructive as it clearly shows how the two methods differ. Catholic literature would perhaps gain by more and capable exponents of both systems, or of any recognized system; because we Catholics have fallen into the ignoble habit of puffing one another up with a flatulent laudation.

True criticism, that is thorough discrimination between the good and the bad in literature, is doubtlessly a fecund art. The number of Catholic critics now watching over our literature is, perhaps, sufficient, after all. Criticism should never outrun creation. Consequently, if our American literature were Catholic in tone, I would welcome the appearance of an army of critics of every school, the more the merrier. But the literature of America and of the English tongue is not Catholic. Yet, our Catholic press is full of pleaders, and wherever there are pleaders there is need of the upright judge. So, the critic has his use, but the

works by Catholics in English literature are, by comparison with the works by non Catholics, few and insufficient. Our immediate need, therefore, is of creators and not commentators. In English literature we Catholics need models rather than critics.

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TWO IRISH HUMORISTS.

I have learned so much about the endless abundance of Irish humor, and, outside of the somewhat antiquated chapters of Griffin, Carleton, Lever and Lover, have met with so little of the genuine article, that I was beginning to fear Irish humor was as elusive as the precious metal in that "salted" Lagenian gold mine of which Tom Moore tells us that "sparkles of golden splendor all over the surface shine," but when they dig, "all the bright ore is gone." If the writers I have named count for anything—and with me they count for much—inherent with the soil of Ireland is its humor. They, and others, led me to believe that the Irishman had a pleasant trick of bridging over his hard lot by laughing at misery and misfortune. But I remembered how I had sat enraptured while listing to one of Justin McCarthy's lectures, wherein he told in beautiful and touching language how the awful famine of half a century ago had changed the Irish character and left the Irishman duller and more solemn than he ever was before. After I had qualified my former belief by the eloquent utterences of his grand old patriot, nothing of importance happened, until recently I awoke to the pleasant knowledge that no less than two real and rich Irish humorists had sprung into existence. But before I speak of those gentlemen let me offer for the special benefit of the younger readers a few remarks on the nature of their literary ware.

Wit and humor are the great makers of human character, which is formulated and rounded off by the attrition of sorrow and happiness. I believe it was a long time before the old Saxon term "wit," or "wits" developed from "knowledge" to "genius" from "genius" to "fancy", and from "fancy" to "wit", as subsequently understood to be a sort of acute, in contrast to chronic ability. "Wit," says LaBruyère, "is the god of moments, but genius is the god of ages." But as time went on wit became still further differentiated from its meaning and original etymology.

Wit and wisdom acknowledge a common ancestry. Wit has retained the synonyms of the possession of knowledge, ability, or intellect of a high order; while humor, being derived from a word which simply signifies moisture, points to a quality which the man who is the reverse of dry possesses. The distinction between wit and humor may be said to consist in this, that the characteristic of the latter is nature, and of the former, art. Wit is more allied to intellect, and humor to imagination. Humor is a higher, finer, and more genial thing than wit. Pure wit is often ill-natured, and has a string; but wit, sweetened by a kind, loving sympathetic expression becomes humor. Humor consists more of manner, and words are not spared in expressing it. Lord Chesterfield went so far as to say that, "genuine wit never made any man laugh since the creation of the world." The occasion of surprise is the link between wit and humor. It will be observed that there is room left for this common bond in the sharp contrast drawn by the distinguished critic, Whipple:— "Wit laughs at things, humor laughs with them. Wit lashes external appearances, or cunning exaggerates single foibles into character; humor glides into the hearts of its objects, looking lovingly at the infirmities it detects, and represents the whole man. Wit is abrupt, darting, scornful, and tosses its analogies in your face; humor is slow and shy, insinuating its fun into your heart. Wit is negative, analytical, destructive; humor is creative." Humor runs in a vein, it is not striking, but an equable and pleasing flow of wit. Carlyle says, "The essence of humor is sensibility, warm, tender feeling with all forms of existence. It is the pocket-knife closed with the blade where it can do no damage. Wit is the knife open—it may cut. Wit is the lightning flash; humor is the electric atmosphere. Humor may pervade a whole book." Everyone knows what humor is; at least they can tell when they are in good humor or when they are not. Like many other good things of life, humor is more easy to recognize than to describe. Humor, is it not the faculty of seeing or placing something that associates it with a ludicrous or ridiculous idea? The tendency to laugh is caused by the surprise at seeing the two ideas brought into sudden contact, or by the incongruity of the two being placed together at all. I have space merely to touch upon

the larger question of which humor forms a part, the ludicrous. Mr. W. S. Lilly becomes so learned in his remarks on the ludicrous that the reader will thank me for giving a quotation: "The feelings aroused by the perception of the Beautiful, the Sublime, and the Ludicrous, are referred by modern writers on psychology to the domain of what Kant has taught us to call the Æsthetic. It seems to be pretty generally allowed that the beautiful attracts without repelling, and affects us with unmingled pleasure in the free exercise of our cognitive faculties; while the feeling of the sublime is mixed of pleasure and pain; involving, as it does, fear and awe as well as admiration. Regarding the Ludicruous there is much less agreement, and few modern psychologists appear to have made it the subject of profound or far-reaching studies. A large question it is, indeed, comprehending as it does all that appeals to what I may, with sufficient accuracy for my present purposes, call the sportive side of human nature. Turning to the etymology of the word, I find that humor, being derived from a word which simply signifies moisture, points to a quality which a man who is the reverse of dry, possesses." What is this moisture? It is, I assure you, the veritable milk of human kindness. We have the rather paradoxical expression "dry humor," as applied to the product of a quality of the mind which is deficient in humidity in a physical sense, though distincly humorous. It is, to use a familiar comparison, a damped cloth, not a soked sponge.

Congreve advances a definition of humor which he takes to be, "a singular and unavoidable manner of doing or saying anything, peculiar and natural to one man only, by which his speech and actions are distinguished from those of other men." He proceeds to remark that the diversity of humor, to be noted in the human race might seem to afford endless matter for the writing of comedies. Yet it is not so, and only a very small selection of whimsical nature's really lend themselves to dramatic development. A humorist is one who has some strong peculiarity of character, which he indulges in ways that are odd or whimsical. He deals in freak, whim, caprice, fancy; all of which words are summed up in one word—humor. He is endowed with what we term, a sense of humor, a phrase so often used that it is fair to presume few know precisely what it means. A "sense of humor" is, I suppose, the

faculty underlying and implementing the sleight of turning things droll-side outward when occasion demands. "A humorist," says Mr. W. S. Lilly, "is an artist who playfully gives us his intuition of the world and of human life." This definition is, Mr. Lilly assures us, the result of a great deal of reflection, and he is at pains to add he believes it to be correct. In an essay on Carlyle, the Rev. Dr. William Barry says: "That spirit of playing with the vain world and all that therein is, familiar to Socrates, which is always more or less discernible in the highest natures"—is humor. Consequently, what we call humor is a truthful mirroring of the odd or laughter-provoking in ourselves, that is, in the human family. I hope I have been a trifle more successful in my definitions than my school-boy friend, Tommy, who was recently called upon to do some similar work. Teacher—Tommy, what is meant by "nutritious food?" Tommy—Something to eat that ain't got no taste to it!

Mr. Bain, in his "English Composition and Rhetoric," observes that humor is reached by combining the effects of wit and poetic beauty with the ludicrous. He adds that jesting at our own expense is humorous. In essentially the same terms, Mr. Walter Pater defines it as, "the laughter which blends with tears, and even with the subtleties of the imagination, and which, in its most exquisite motives, is one with pity—the laughter of the comedies of Shakespeare, hardly less expressive than his moods of seriousness, or solemnity, of that deeply-stirred soul in him, as flowing from both tears and laughter, are alike genuine and contagious." It is true that humor is generally united with sadness. It has been well said by that great wit and humorist Thomas Hood himself, that

> "There's not a string attuned to mirth
> But has its chord in melancholy."

Perhaps that explains why if all the world loves a lover it also loves a humorist not much less.

Now, a few words about our two Irish humorists.

"It is only three years since James Mac-Manus has been before the public, says the *Chicago Chronicle*," yet in that short space of time he has taken his place as a great humorist, giving to the public books which, in the language of the reviewers,

"bubble and sparkle with almost intoxicating wit." His first work, "The Leadin' Road to Donegal," is a rich treasure-house of genuine Irish humor. Reviewers have said that it surpasses the works of Samuel Lover and is quite equal to anything in Lever. Great things were foretold for the anonymous author. His succeedings books, as might be expected, surpassed the first, and have had a phenomenally rapid sale and gave him at once the place he merited, that of the greatest living Irish humorist living or dead, for he has not get giving to light a single story that any of his thousands of admirers would willingly spare. "Mac's" stories have hitherto dealt entirely with the Irish character in its humorous side. He views his characters with a quaint and twinkling eye, and has brought to perfection the art of presenting them to the reader in the drollest, but at the same time most sympathetic aspect, for sympathy with his fellow-countrymen, it must be noted, is the key of "Mac's" writings — a sympathy to which he never fails to make his readers respond. "Mac" loves his characters and compells his readers to love them too. With the one possible exception of Carleton, no Irish novelist ever had the same close acquaintance with Irish peasant life."

On the same authority I learn that Mr. Jas. MacManus was born at Mount Charles and has since resided in the mountains of Donegal, the picturesque Irish county that can claim as a worthy son our own great Irish-Canadian humorist, Dr. W. H. Drummond, of Montreal. As a boy he absorbed unconsciously the uncommon life around him. He was an apt student of the Irish professional story-teller, the shanachy, and quickly became the best story retailer of his district. When he grew up he became master of the little school where he had imbibed his knowledge, and just as he had done with his teacher, and as another great Irish humorist, Oliver Goldsmith, had done with his, no doubt the pupils of MacManus puzzled their little brains while he expounded, as

> "the wonder grew
> How one small head could carry all he knew."

He appeared first in print as a poet. He writes verse, humorous, pathetic and patriotic. Most of his verse—as is also the case with his prose—is written in dialect, at which he is, as may be expected, an expert. The peculiar speech of Donegal, the

ways of the people, the use often of the Gaelic, all make his books rich, racy Irish reading. Besides the justly famous "Humors of Donegal," two other volumes, "'Twas in Droll Donegal," and "The Leadin' Road to Donegal," owe their origin to the laugh-provoking pen of Mr. James MacManus. The humorist is described as being tall, and fair-haired, distinctly Celtic looking, and possessed of as rich a North of Ireland "burr" as any of his characters. I have had a glance or two at "The Humors of Donegal," and if there is anything in these paragraphs which is not as "dull as dyke water," as the author of the "Humors" would express it, to him and not to me may the reader offer thanks.

The other Irish humorist who has, within a very short time, advanced to the front rank of his profession is Mr. Finley Peter Dunne, the sagacious "Mr. Dooley" of the famous "Dooley's Monologues." He is a journalist of Chicago, of great experience, and at present fills the position of managing editor of the Chicago *Journal*. As a newspaper reporter he showed decided talent, and made his first hit by humorous accounts of baseball games. Let the contributor of *The Critic*, of New York, to whom I am indebted for this slight history, tell how "Mr. Dooley" came by his name:

> "Well, in those days newspaper men, especially those on the *Tribune*, did a good deal of 'rallying' in the saloon of one James McGarry. It was next door to the *Tribune* office, and the 'boys' considered it a part of the newspaper premises. Many a bit of 'copy' was frantically scribbled off on McGarry's bar, and what 'mine host' did not know, or believe he knew, of prominent men and prominent events was not worth knowing. He was a 'philosopizer,' but passes for the same with many persons, and his rich, rolling brogue, his deliberate manner, and his willingness to deliver his opinions for the benefit of his patrons, made him the hero of many a funny story in Newspaper Row. It was when Jay Gould died, and McGarry read the account of his funeral, that Peter Dunne happened to be by when the oracle delivered himself of remarks so deliciously humorous that Mr. Dunne, on returning to his desk in the 'Post' city room, and finding himself possessed of a little leisure, wrote out the Irishman's observations, and, rather amused with the result, turned in the stuff, which was accepted and published forthwith. The substitution of an N for a G in the name of Mr. Dunne's philosopher made but a thin disguise, so unmistakable was the portrait of McGarry, and of

course, the 'boys' twitted him about it. Meanwhile, the McNarry 'story' had met with interested readers, and Mr Dunne, being a capable interviewer, found it possible to write another without the necessity of bothering the irritated original for a fresh deliverance of opinion. The more 'fictitious' the papers became, the more irate became McGarry, until, discretion being the better part of valor, and the editor having been appealed to by the offended saloon-keeper, Mr. Dunne changed the name of his philosopher to 'Mr. Dooley,' and proceeded without debt of any sort to Mr McGarry."

When the war broke out there came a rich crop of topics, and when Mr. Dooley's "Cousin George" took Manila, and Mr. Dooley expressed his opinion of "the same," the little squibs of a busy reporter and editorial writer jumped forthwith from a local celebrity to a widespread fame. From thence the Dooley war articles have been far from the least famous of the time, but so little did their writer think of them, that he did not even preserve the papers containing them, and when publishers began to make offers to him for the book rights of "Mr Dooley," and he finally consented to collect the papers as best he could, it was an admirer of Mr. Dooley, unknown to "Mr. Dooley's" author but known to some of his friends, who came forward with a complete file, or nearly complete, and made the book possible.

The resulting volume—"Mr. Dooley in Peace and War"—has been a pronounced success in every way. It deserves its good fortune. The Irish humor is rich and natural, not the wretched imitation that is so often printed in newspapers and spouted on the stage. Although Mr. Dunne was never in Ireland, he knows the Irish people thoroughly. The dialect of Mr. Dooley, it may interest some to know, is the dialect of the County Roscommon, and the natives of that historical Irish district enthusiastically approve this reproduction of their language.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT THE UNIVERSITY

AMONG the feasts of the year none is more eagerly anticipated or more fittingly celebrated by the students of Ottawa University than that of the glorious Apostle of Ireland. For many years past it has been customary for the Irish students of the University to hold a grand banquet on that day, and the success which has invariably attended the festivity in the past is ample justification for its perpetuation.

The banquet given on the last 17th., was a decided improvement on all its predecessors and speaks eloquently for those who had the management of it. Shortly after noon the students and guests repaired to the recreation hall of the senior students, which was handsomely decorated with evergreens, with red, white, blue and green streamers, appropriate mottoes, and portraits; and where a sumptuous feast was spread. Mr. James Barrett's orchestra was in attendance and furnished excellent music. Among the invited guests present were Mayor Payment, Very Rev. H. A. Constantineau, O.M.I., rector, Rev. N. Nilles, O.M.I., vice-rector, Rev. M. F. Fallon, O.M.I., pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Rev. Fathers Poli, Corneli, Newman, Cavanagh, and Duffy, Rev. Brothers McKenna, Kirwin, McGurty and Fortier, Messrs. J. P. Clarke, Geo. D Prudhomme, '97, Geo. Fitzgerald, '97, E. Murphy and Chas. McGee. Letters of regret were received from a number who were unable to attend.

After the inner man had been duly attended to, Toastmaster O'Meara, '99, arose and proposed the first toast,

"THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF,"

in the following terms:—

"Being children of a people whose distinguishing characteristic has ever been its unwavering Catholicity from the time it received the faith from its great apostle, it is most becoming, gentlemen, that on an occasion like the present, we should give precedence to a toast in honor of the illustrious Leo XIII., a name dear not only to the heart of every true Irishman, but to every faithful son of Holy Church throughout the world. Grand and glorious has been his pontificate, extending over 20 years, and

marking a golden epoch in the history of the Catholic church ; a pontificate that will live in the mind, and command the admiration of man while a love of truth shall animate the human soul, while freedom shall be treasured, and while true Christian Charity shall find a place in the human heart. Long may this noble and saintly sovereign sit on the throne of Peter, long may his brilliant intellect continue to dispel the clouds of error and to illumine the world with the light of Truth and of Faith. It is with extreme pleasure then, gentlemen, that I propose a toast to Leo XIII, Our Sovereign Pontiff ; and with it I couple the name of Mr J. E. Doyle."

Mr Doyle, '99, responded in the following eloquent words :—

" Mr. Toastmaster, Your Worship, Reverend Fathers, and Gentlemen : There are two reasons why, on an occasion like the present, we should toast the health and long life of our Sovereign Pontiff. In the first place, we should drink to him as the trusty helmsman who with a steady hand is steering the bark of Peter over the turbulent waters of the present age ; but more especially should we drink to him as the personification of that faith which St. Patrick brought to the green shores of Erin, and implanted so firmly into the hearts of Irishmen, that centuries of direst adversity and most cruel persecution have been unable to uproot it, of that faith which is the distinctive mark of Erin's sons wherever they may be found, and the richest jewel in the crown of their inheritance. When the news, gentlemen, that the illustrious Pius IX. was no more, fell like a thunderbolt on the ears of the Christian world, the enemies of the Church rejoiced ; for then did it seem to them that the long-wished-for moment had at length arrived,—the moment which was to mark the downfall of the world's most ancient institution,—the Papacy. And, indeed, gentlemen, everything seemed to point that way. The temporal power of the Popes which had so long been the cause of their recognition at the courts of earthly kings was a thing of the past. They were no longer monarchs but simply subjects of the impious despoiler in the Quirinal, and the sun of a new era had arisen—of an era of independence and free thought—which seemed to portend the speedy downfall of conservative Rome. The Papacy was on trial in the world as never before since the days of the catacombs.

"But, gentlemen, then as in no time previous did the Church manifest her divine origin. Truly the Spirit of Wisdom was sitting in the midst of the Sacred College when they appointed Cardinal Pecci to sit in the vacant chair of Peter. A man was needed who would be not only a spiritual director, but a statesman of ability, able to deal with all the intricate questions and to eradicate the fatal errors of the new age. Such a man has the glorious Leo XIII. proven himself. During no period of its former history did the Papacy wield such a mighty influence as it does today. No such great triumphs have immortalized the reign of any previous pontiff. Robberies, persecutions and the attacks have served but to manifest its strength, have served but to show that the edifice built on the solid rock of Peter was adapted to all ages and destined to be for all time. Leo has raised the Papacy to the position it had held long before, as the spiritual and religious teacher of all mankind. The loss of temporal power which was looked upon as the precursor of its final overthrow, was to him simply an opportunity to put into bold relief his immense powers of thought and action. The great triumphs of the Church during the last twenty years are due solely to the inherent force of the Papacy and to Leo XIII.

"The new age mistrusted the Church because she was antagonistic to many of its principles. But Leo well knew the age. He accepted its good points and rejected the bad. Though not yielding any point of her divine teaching, he has known how to adjust the Church to suit the times. He has known where to draw the line between ultra-conservatism and ultra-liberalism, and has proven that the intention of Christ was to found a Church whose doctrines should be suited to past, present and future.

"Perhaps, gentlemen, the greatest evidences of Leo's surpassing genius are to be found in his encyclicals. In ages to come, when he shall be numbered among the dead, his spirit will live still in them. Never before has there emanated from the Vatican such a number of profoundly dogmatic and yet practical letters. Leo sees Religion's important role in the regeneration of society. His mission is to purify the social atmosphere of the world, and he allows no opportunity to slip by without accomplishing something to that end. The tiny acorn which he planted in the early days of his

pontificate, has since grown into a sturdy and spreading oak. Infidelity and atheism, socialism and anarchy, have had their day. They are fast disappearing from the face of the earth.

"Beware that vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself," cries Leo to the workingman. Equal distribution of this world's goods is impossible, for the gifts of mind and body through which these possessions are acquired can never be equal in man. The rights of property are based on natural law, itself dependent on the eternal will of the Creator, and therefore inviolable. Nor is the State supreme in this matter, for man is older than the State, and private ownership is nature's own institution. But on the other hand, the workingman as a man and a Christian is the equal of his employer and not his slave. He is no mere machine to be used till worn out and then discarded. True it is that the employer and employee have entered into an agreement, but there is a law of nature far superior to any human contract. The workingman has the right to remuneration sufficient to support himself and his family in comfort, and the State must protect this right.

"Take care lest you advance too far," cries Leo to the multitude who are clamoring for the free exercise of all political rights. Society is no mere human institution. God is the principle of authority, and earthly rulers in their capacity as rulers represent that authority on earth. Communism, socialism and the like tend to the disruption of society and violate the law of the Omnipotent. But on the other hand, civil government, says Leo, is for the people and of the people and they alone have the right to determine as to what form it shall take.

"As the last few years of this enlightened Nineteenth Century slip by, slavery, that most degraded of degrading evils still exists. Leo XIII stands brilliantly forth as the leader of that strong phalanx of philanthropists who fight boldly to exterminate it. Years ago his pitying eyes were turned toward darkest Africa and great was his grief to witness the ravages of the slave trade in the land of the poor benighted negro. And we all know gentlemen, how ceaslessly he labored with the late, lamented Cardinal Lavigerie to arouse Europe to suppress the nefarous traffic. "Slavery" he proclamed, "is contrary to religion and to the dignity of man,

and no occasion is passed over by us of rebuking publicly and condemning this detestable evil.

"Pope Leo is also the Apostle of Peace. And why should he not be, gentlemen, for is he not the representative of the King of Peace? He longs and prays for concord between the nations of the world, and has used every means in his power toward the consummation of this end. Kings and emperors have left the settlement of their disputes to him, and oftentimes his friendly offices have been sought to bring about more cordial relations. Even now the eyes of the world are turned toward the Vatican intent on viewing its attitude with regard to the great Peace Congress to be held in St. Petersburg. Everyone feels that Leo's voice should be heard in that assembly. The strained relations, however, between the Vatican and the Italian Government will hardly permit of his sending a delegate; for, gentlemen, the Pope's being represented there would be on his part to recognize the usurping claims of the Italian king, which the Sovereign Pontiff can not and will not do.

"Finally, the present Pope is the friend and strong ally of material progress. He fears none of the new and wonderful discoveries of science; for he knows that science and religion can never be opposed, since both are based on principles of truth.

"Leo is the Pontiff of the age. 'He lives in his age and for his age. Serious dangers confront the age, dangers all the more serious because of the loftiness of its ambitions and the ardor of its energies. The supreme need of the age is a wise and prudent leader, who, while giving reign to all its forces, would steadily guide and control them to the achievement of their one grand purpose—the elevation of humanity.' Such a leader is Pope Leo XIII."

The Glee Club then rendered "Come Back to Erin," at the conclusion of which the toast-master introduced the toast—

"THE DAY WE CELEBRATE,"

in these appropriate words: "What feelings of joy and happiness fill the heart of every Irishman wherever he may be, as he opens his eyes once more to the light of day on this glorious anniversary of the feast of Ireland's patron saint. And why these feelings? Because this day brings to his mind the fact that many

centuries ago, the great saint whose memory is honored to-day, spread the holy light of faith throughout dear old Erin, the land of his fathers, and his heart swells with true Christian pride in the knowledge that, though long dark ages of persecution have since intervened, yet the cherished sun of spiritual light still continues to illumine the souls of Erin's children with the same fervor and brilliancy as it did of old. Gentlemen these are the thoughts that enrapture his whole being, and these are the thoughts, I am sure. that to-day spring to the mind of everyone of us who has Irish blood in his veins. Must not the good St. Patrick himself look down with tender care, from his high throne in heaven, upon the millions of his faithful children scattered over the face of the earth, yet united by the bonds of Christian faith in holy unity. And, gentlemen, as long as this unity shall continue to exist, as long as the gospel preached by St. Patrick shall be the standard of the Irish people, so long shall St. Patrick's Day be a day of rejoicing to every child of sweet Erin. Gentlemen, I invite you to join me in a toast—The Day we Celebrate."

Mr. W. P. Egleson, 'oo, replied as follows:

"We are here assembled for the purpose of celebrating in an humble, yet patriotic manner the feast of Erin's patron saint—the great St. Patrick. To-day the world over may be seen the sons of the Green Isle, congregated around the altar of the Almighty to pay Him their homage and to return thanks for the inestimable gift of faith—the heritage of St. Patrick. To-day the breast of every true Gael is bedecked with the modest yet sublimely emblematic shamrock and his heart rises and swells within him with a quickened and mysterious motion. To-day he travels in spirit to that dear old land across the sea—the home of his forefathers. And what thoughts agitate his mind and what emotional sentiments are stirred up in his soul at the sweet sound of the harp and at the rehearsal of the glorious achievements of the nation to which he is proud to belong. Truly, gentlemen, there are moments in life when man is lost to his immediate surroundings and rises far above this transitory sphere and is wrapt in ecstasy and contemplation in realms beyond.

"Even a cursory glance at the history of our race is sufficient to account for our feelings on this joyous occasion and may well

serve to dispel what at first sight may seem in us to be an excessive admiration for the land of our forefathers and a somewhat too exaggerated and unmeasured exaltation of the great apostle of the faith whose anniversary feast we celebrate to-day.

" At the coming of Christ Rome had accomplished her mission. The world was at peace. Almost the whole of the then known earth was under her yoke. All nations bowed down at the command of Cæsar, the imperial standards were respected by every tribe and all sought the friendship and alliance of mighty Rome. Ireland however was still a land 'on which proconsul never set foot and which never knew either the orgies or the exactions of Rome.'

" But alas ! it was still a pagan nation. Although free and independent, great and courted in commerce, rich and prolific in natural resources, matchless in beauty of scenery and peopled by a sturdy and noble race, the standard of the cross was yet unplanted on her shores. It is unquestionably true that an attempt was made to evangelize and convert this land by St. Palladius in the year 431, but his labours were only partially successful and of short duration and those who had embraced Christianity practiced their belief in secrecy and continual terror.

" But a bright and happy day was in store for Ireland. The hour when the glad tidings of the Gospel were to be carried to her people and accepted by them was fast approaching and ere long the gross and superstitious practices of paganism and idolatry were to vanish from her shores for ever, and on the ruins of the profane idols and Druidic altars was to be constructed the noble and imperishable edifice of the Church of Christ ; and from that land of heathen darkness was soon to beam forth the illuminating rays of Christianity while her sons were to become the most valiant and faithful soldiers of the Faith.

" It was for St. Patrick that God had reserved this great and sublime mission. It was he who first kindled the paschal fire on the Hill of Slane and it is to his noble and unwearied efforts that Ireland is indebted for her conversion to the Gospel.

" Historians give no satisfactory account as to the exact date and birthplace of our saint, but the most probable and generally

accepted opinion is that which states that he was born in Armoric Gaul near Boulogne-sur-Mer in the year 387.

" About this time the restless and enterprising spirit of the Irish monarchs prompted them to make occasional incursions into Gaul and on one of these expeditions under king Niall was brought into captivity a great number of inhabitants, among whom was the future apostle of Ireland. The story of his servitude under Milcho, his miraculous escape, his subsequent preparation for the ecclesiastical state, his nocturnal vision of the land of his bondage, during which he heard the voice of the Irish people entreating him to return and walk amongst them, his accession and return to their midst is familiar to you all, and the wonderful success that everywhere accompanied his missionary labors is a lasting glory to Mother Church and the ancient Irish.

"After the death of St. Patrick, Ireland continued faithful to the teachings she had received. The fame of her sanctity and learning rapidly spread abroad and merited for her the distinguished appellation of '*Isle of Saints and Scholars.*' Students from all parts of Europe, particularly from France, Germany and Switzerland were attracted to her shores and after having studied in her schools returned to their native countries to impart to their countrymen the knowledge they had acquired. Nor did the saints and sages confine their attention and labours to Ireland alone. Her missionaries were soon found in every land, and many of the principal and most celebrated institutions of learning on the continent were founded by Irish ecclesiastics.

"And is the memory of such events not calculated to arouse within us feelings of unbounded enthusiasm for the land of our sires and grandsires, and fill us with grateful remembrances of the great and illustrious benefactor of our race?

" But, gentlemen, there is another reflection that fills us with joy and pride to-day. Almost 1500 years have rolled their course since the advent of St. Patrick into the land of the shamrock, and during this period Ireland's faith has been long and most sorely tried. Towards the close of the eighth century began the Danish invasion, followed by a series of fierce and bloody wars which lasted 300 years. The ravages committed by these insolent invaders are almost incredible. Death and destruction traced the

course of their march throughout the length and breadth of the land. Neither monk nor cloister was spared, the monasteries were sacked and valuable libraries destroyed, with the resulting almost complete destruction of the arduous labors of centuries. But the Danish struggle for supremacy in the island was only of temporary duration, and in 1014 they were completely overthrown at the battle of Clontarf by the celebrated Brian Boru, and thus ended one of Erin's periods of trial and suffering. But other tribulations were to follow. Again was her loyalty to faith and country to be tested in the alembic of affliction. Once more her wounds were to be opened and her sorrows and tears renewed. The sad state of Ireland, and the miseries and sufferings she endured during the sixteenth and the centuries that followed will form the theme for eloquent oration to-day in this assembly and in every banquet hall throughout the world wherever the transplanted Gaels gather to commemorate this happy day. But Erin, in spite of the most cruel oppression, the greatest injustice and most barbarous and inhuman persecutions, has ever remained true to the principles and teachings inculcated into her sons by her ever-revered Apostle St. Patrick. Well and proudly then may we celebrate this blessed day, and as our eyes lovingly revert across the broad and majestic waters of the Atlantic to that dear old land we love so well, the words of an illustrious author come spontaneously to our lips: 'Fortunate Ireland! cherished, protected land! in ancient days known to Christendom as an Island of Saints: in this our day, recognized throughout the same Christendom as a nation heroic in their attachment to the faith, invincible in their moral power to preserve it, favored with a hierarchy pious as it is learned, firm as it is apostolical, and blessed with the possession of a Church which no human power has been able to upset and which now flourishes bright, fair and vigorous like the never fading green with which the lovely valleys of the country itself are so highly embellished."

Then followed a vocal trio, "The Land of the Maple Leaf," by Rev. Bros. Fortier and McGurty, and Mr. Chas. McCormac, '05.

At this point of the proceedings, the toast-master, having notified the assembly that matters of importance demanded the presence of His Worship the Mayor, elsewhere, called upon Mr. Payment for a few words. His Worship in his impromptu

address, declared that the Irishman wherever found has many good qualities indeed, but among them stands preeminent Fidelity—fidelity to faith, fidelity to everything he believes to be good and true and right, fidelity to his friends. He would not dwell on the first two points: impartial History's testimony in their proof, is unimpeachable. He would speak only of the third—Irishmen's fidelity to friends—because here he had the testimony of personal experience. Whatever success he had achieved in commercial life, was due largely to the constant patronage and assistance of Irishmen; and if to-day he occupied the proud position which is his, to the faithful, loyal support of Irishmen, did he owe it. In conclusion, the Mayor made a strong plea for closer union between the Irish and French races in Canada. His Worship was several times interrupted by prolonged applause, and as he was about to depart, he was honored with a rousing V-A-R-S-I-T-Y, given with that peculiar vim characteristic of College-men's cheer for one that has won their sympathy and respect.

At this juncture, Very Rev. Father Constantineau was summoned away; but before leaving, he entertained the banqueters with some most interesting reminiscences of his visit to Ireland last summer.

Then was proposed the toast,—

"Our Own Canadian Home."

On behalf of English Speaking Canadians, Mr. J. A. Meehan, '00, spoke as follows:—

"The wording of this toast naturally recalls that good old song, that song that will live forever: 'Home, sweet home, there is no place like home.' Canada is my home, and though I know there are here many from foreign lands who cannot agree with me, yet I feel that no one will blame me, when I say that I am perfectly convinced there is no place like Canada—with the exception of Ireland, which I consider as the most blessed land on all this earth. You will admit, therefore, that I possess at least, some of the qualifications of a patriot, though indeed I am sadly lacking in the essentials of an orator. It was extremely gratifying to me, as I feel it must have been to all present, to witness the burst of applause with which this toast to 'Our Own Canadian

Home,' has been received, not only by the Canadian students, but also by our companions from across the border, who thereby show that during their short residence among us, they have not been slow to disabuse their minds of the false impressions that so many foreigners have of the 'Land of the Maple Leaf.' It is unnecessary for me to say, that the kindly feeling shown for us by the United States is fully reciprocated; this was clearly proven during the late war; but it is worthy of note, that though sympathy for the Americans was the general feeling throughout Canada, it was among the Irish portion of the population that it was most pronounced. This, of course, was only natural, for no true Irishman could be indifferent to a land in which so many of his fellow-countrymen have made their home, and in whose defence so many sturdy sons of Ireland had willingly shed their blood. Here then, gentlemen, we have that generous reciprocity of good-feeling, which should exist between the sons of Erin, all over the world, and the fact shows that we who are gathered together to-day, to show our undying love for the land of our ancestors, and to honor her patron saint, still adhere to the old traditions and still retain our national character.

"On St. Patrick's Day it is indeed most fitting that we should sound the praises of 'Our Own Canadian Home,' where so many of Ireland's most illustrious sons have found that freedom and happiness which was denied them at home; in which so many of her saintly priests and prelates have toiled, and are still toiling, in the glorious cause of Christianity; and in whose interest so many eminent Irish statesmen have successfully labored. We would indeed be indifferent Irishmen should we on this occasion fail to recall the names of the great Archbishops, Cleary and Walsh, who did so much for the advancement of Catholic interests in the Dominion; of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who was one of the framers of the Canadian constitution; of Hon. Edward Blake, who has rendered such important services, not only to Canada, but to the Empire at large; of Sir John Thompson, who but a few years ago was honored with the highest office in the gift of the Canadian people.

"As a nation Canada is as yet only in her infancy, it being not more than thirty-two years since she assumed her present

name, the Dominion of Canada. In 1867 the various provinces were united under one common government and consolidated into one grand Dominion. Previous to that date the existing civil strife, the antagonism between the different nationalities and the imperfect form of government, all combined to render the advancement of the country impossible ; but the extraordinary progress which she has made during the short time that has elapsed can leave no doubt that all these evils were effectually remedied by the British North America Act. Our present form of government could hardly be improved on. In principle, it is essentially similar to that of the United States, and at present the opinion seems to prevail that the Federal Government is superior to any other form of political organization, and that sooner or later the federal idea in co-operation with responsible or representative government will be everywhere accepted. The change that has taken place since confederation is emphasized by the fact that at present a French-Canadian and a Catholic holds the office of Prime Minister, while only a few decades back the most fruitful cause of dispute and dissension was that the positions of trust were refused to the descendants of old France, and that Catholics were persecuted by unjust and iniquitous laws. Nor is Sir Wilfrid Laurier the first Catholic Premier we have had. The late Sir John Thompson was a convert to the faith, a zealous Catholic, a true Irishman and an honor alike to his country and his Church. These facts are, gentlemen, significant, inasmuch as they furnish undeniable proofs that bigotry and prejudice, those two great enemies of freedom and happiness, are already banished from Canadian politics ; that the different nationalities have the true interest of their country at heart, and are first, last and above all, Canadians ; that there exists among us that *esprit de corps* so essential to the welfare of every nation.

"From present indications it would appear as if a new era in the history of the country had dawned. The opening up of the Klondyke region has poured an immense amount of wealth into the Dominion, and besides has furnished a much-needed stimulus for the further development of the inexhaustible mineral deposits to be found in other parts of the country. Our forests are almost illimitable while our agricultural lands are unrivalled in richness,

and fertility. Our resources in almost every line are enormous, and are, only now, beginning to be appreciated. The revenue is steadily increasing, while the system of taxation is everywhere reasonable and just. Of our educational system little need be said. That its efficiency is recognized in the United States, and the other counties of America is proven by the large number of foreign students at present attending our Canadian Colleges and Universities. Lastly, the present generation in Canada can glory in the possession of those priceless blessings without which all wealth and greatness are but myths—internal peace and harmony, with nothing to fear from without, perfect freedom and an absence of everything that savours of tyranny or injustice.

"Nor have we less reason to be proud of our statesmen—great men, and broad-minded politicians, every one. This they have made manifest by their conduct at the recent international conference. Nothing could be more dignified and at the same time more consistent with fair-dealing, than the stand they took in this matter; they deserve the highest praise for their diplomatic good-temper, and their becoming self-respect. They showed our American friends that we are just as independent as they are and that Canada did not plead as a pauper through her commissioners. On the other hand we have no reason to find fault with our neighbours, for we know that they made every concession, consistent with their national policy.

There is every indication of a bright and glorious future for Canada. The present rush northward in search of the yellow metal, and the yearly increasing immigration insure the speedy colonization and permanent settlement of the great North West Territory. The immense benefit that this will prove to our people cannot be over-estimated, but certainly the greatest, of all the many beneficial results that will arise from it, is that it will greatly increase our influence in the vast empire of which Canada is already such an important part. Admiral Dewey has recently said that the British Empire is the most potent factor that exists to-day in the civilization of the world. Canada, gentlemen, is the right arm of that great Empire, and the hope of its future. In fact England is almost as dependent on us as we are on her.

"The mutual inter-dependence is evidently on the increase, and certainly, it bespeaks a glorious future for Canada, for out of it will grow that unity, which is such an important factor in the growth of nations—unity in the consciousness of our own greatness, and unity in the belief that our future is indissolubly bound up in that of Great Britain. With mingled feelings, then, of pride and exultation do I ask you, gentlemen, to drink with me to our own dear Canadian Home."

Mr. Lafond, '00, in the name of the French Canadian students, gave expression to the following sentiments:—

"The applause with which you have greeted the toast to Canada fills me with hope and shows that I am here among friends.

"It is really a great honor for me to respond to the toast given to our Canadian Home and the honor is greatly augmented by the solemnity and grandeur of the feast we celebrate to-day. I say *we*, because you may rest assured that the French Canadians of Ottawa University unite heart and soul, with their Irish fellow-students in celebrating the festival of the great St. Patrick. And why should we not? Are we not the humble children of the France that claims St. Patrick as one of her noblest children, of the France that once was glad and fortunate enough to open her doors to the Irish exiles.

"And as to us French Canadians, have not our forefathers granted to the Irish immigrants a hearty welcome to the shores of the St. Lawrence? Nay have we not ministered in charity to the fever-stricken exiles of Erin in the awful plague-cursed years in the last 40's? In fine, are not we, Irish and French, of kindred race? On this happy day, then, of union and concord between the two great Celtic races, be my theme: Canada my Home—Canada the colony discovered and planted by the French and built up largely by the French and Irish.

"Interesting as it would be to follow step by step the career of Champlain and the colony under him and to share in the enthusiasm of Chomedy de Maisonneuve and his pious company as with holy rites they laid the foundations of Montreal, I can only cast a momentary glance at the trials and triumphs of that critical period of our history. Rapid indeed under those brave explorers

of the 17th century was the march of conquest. Once the foundations of the colony were fairly laid they shrank from no difficulty, from no hardship, from no danger. Missionary zeal, laudable ambition, commercial enterprise enlightened curiosity and love of adventure—all combined to make their success rarely paralleled in boldness, range and utility.

"Some may blame Champlain for his wars with the Indians and yet but for Indian hostillity to one another, to civilization and to Christianity, Canada would be deprived of some of the most glorious instances of heroic courage and heroic meekness which the annals of war and martyrdom can furnish. A people that have inherited the heroic virtues of Brebœuf and Lallemand, of Dollard des Ormeaux and Madeleine de Verchères cannot be without qualities that command veneration, and that lead to greatness.

Marquette, Hennepin, LaSalle and LeMoyne d'Iberville and scores of lesser names illustrate the story of North American discovery. But all this success under such great men was unfortunately retarded by the war between France and England and our country was the scene of wars for many years till King Louis XV ceded to England this beautiful country which our ancesters had watered with their tears and their blood, the red, white and blue flag went back across the seas and the Union Jack unfurled its triumphant folds to the tearful eyes of our forefathers.

"It was at this period that an era of misery and persecution began for the French in Canada. Canadians were deprived of their political rights and persecuted for their faith. All this was contrary to the terms of capitulation, but our forefathers were at the mercy of a conqueror, and they could not expect anything else from the English who were of alien race and of alien faith. It was a continual struggle against a conqueror whose sole ambition was to exterminate the French race in Canada. Happily, in 1774 the Quebec Act granted to the Canadians a part of their political liberties, without however giving full justice. During the long strife that the French-Canadians maintained for their rights they obtained good help from Blake, Merritt, Price and Drummond, who knew better than their compatriots that we should have full and ample justice.

"For a period of over fifty years after, the French-Canadian had to bear the heavy yoke of tyrants till 1837, when the rebellion broke out under the leadership of Louis J. Papineau and Dr. W. Nelson, and had as the result the union of the Upper and Lower Canadas. Under this new form of government each province was naturally increasing in population and wealth, and one government was not sufficient for the two provinces. So that after long parliamentary debates the Confederation of 1867, granting equal liberty to the two nationalities was given to Canada. It may be interesting to say that a few years before the Confederation there seemed to grow a kind of friendship between the two races, for the erection of the monument commemorating the battle of St. Foye was made in presence of the French Consul and the Governor-General. The bleached bones of the braves who fell on the field were buried together in a common grave without distinction of origin and with them rests, let us hope, the famous *hache-de-guerre* which had so long and so often been raised between the two nationalities.

"Gentlemen, since 1867 we have progressed, both French and English, and you all know the remarkable advancement Canada has made in the last forty years. It is unnecessary for me, therefore, to enter into details. All is summed up in the one consideration that the insignificant colony of Champlain is to-day the greatest, wealthiest and most powerful colony of the greatest, wealthiest and most powerful empire that perhaps the world has ever seen.

"Let me add, in conclusion, that we live under a government that accords us full liberty. We love peace, but should we be called again to suffer and struggle for our rights we are ready to do so; for we have to-day before us an example unsurpassed in the history of nations—I mean the heroic struggle of persecuted Ireland.

"But I really believe that now we can face the future without fear and continue to develop our industries and to progress in this country of freedom under the shadow of the banner on which we read the excellent device which will fortify us in our struggles as it has supported us in our trials, *Dieu et mon droit*—God and my right."

When the applause following the song "Sweet Inniscara," by Mr. M. O'Connell, '00, had subsided the toast,

"THE ISLE OF SAINTS AND SCHOLARS"

was proposed in the following terms:—

"History tells us that when St. Patrick landed in Ireland he found a people entirely pagan. When St. Patrick died he left a people thoroughly Christianized, having an established priesthood and a well organized system of ecclesiastical government, and while chaos reigned on the continent, which was being overrun by the Goths, Visigoths and Huns, Ireland in the security of her isolation, advanced in the culture of all that was elevating and noble, in all the arts and sciences, and soon became known as the school room of the world, the resort of students from all the civilized nations beyond the seas. From her shores went forth that galaxy of learned and holy men who spread the Gospel of Christ, among the pagan peoples of the continent, so that to-day we find many of the European countries doing honor to the name of Irish saints as their apostles. And the same devotion and attachment to the ancient faith, and the same love and zeal for knowledge that characterized Erin's children of old, and won for their bright little insular nation the proud distinction of "Isle of Saints and Scholars," still live with undiminished fervor in the Irish heart. Gentlemen, it is with pleasure then, that I propose to you the toast: "Isle of Saints and Scholars," coupled with the name of Mr. Galvin."

Mr. P. J. Galvin, '00, responded in the following strain:—

"This is Ireland's day. To-day the hearts of Irishmen the world over beat in unison. Enmities in a way are forgotten, private feuds are allowed to lie dormant when St. Patrick's Day comes round, and the sons of the Emerald Isle, one and all, sport proudly on their breasts the glorious emblem of the land of their birth. Native-born Irishmen and their descendants, planted in the most remote corners of the earth, turn longingly, wistfully, towards their dear home, as St. Columba did of old from his place of voluntary exile on the barren coast of Scotland. In halls men unite to sound the praises of Ireland, and to speak freely of the

glories unfolded by the history of the last fifteen hundred years of her existence.

"But among all the themes proposed to the orator on this day, none is calculated to shed greater lustre on the glorious history of Ireland, or will better explain the wonderful vitality which displays itself under the crushing weight that has been imposed upon her for centuries, than a consideration of her age of saints and scholars. There must truly be a galaxy of bright souls before the throne of God interceding for this persecuted land, else she must long since have succumbed to the cruel tyrant's blows. We are almost forced to admit some such supernatural intercession and divine assistance to account for Ireland's vigor and even her existence at the present day. But history reveals the tale without any speculation on the question. Ireland was a land of saints and scholars. Some there are who would scout the idea of learning and piety being at any age applied to this land, and who would as readily accede to the statement that Ireland was drifting oceanward from England as countenance the words of this toast.

"Let us turn over the pages of history. St. Patrick introduced Christianity into Ireland in the year 432. Till well nigh the close of the century he labored assiduously.

> 'From realm to realm had Patrick trod the isle;
> And evermore God's work beneath his hand,
> Since God had blessed that hand, ran out full-sphered,
> And brighter than a new-created star.'

God truly had blessed his hand, and when he passed out of this world in the year 493 he left Ireland Christianized and educated. In sixty years what a revolution! All Ireland converted! To the monastic institutions which St. Patrick established in the country is due in great measure this wonderful success. He early recognized that to convert a nation two things were most necessary, a gratuitous education of the people, and a clergy estranged to the things of this world and zealous only for the good of others. Thus we find in the early days of the Church in Ireland a preponderance of the monastic element, a characteristic which it retained for many long years.

"The dawn of the sixth century presented a bright picture. Druidism was overthrown and prostrate, monasteries dotted the

and, and under the constitution given to Ireland by its glorious Apostle the people had begun to live happily and contentedly. What a sad contrast is presented by the rest of Europe! The barbarian tribes had overrun the continent and left it desolate. Nearly the whole of Europe had yielded to their sway, and already Christianity had been supplanted by their hideous customs. A reign of darkness had set in. But, an Irishman says, a fire had been kindled by St. Patrick. It had been seen at Tara, and had extended its rays throughout the whole of Ireland. Freely it was allowed to burn. Gradually it became intense, and before long its rays had pierced the gloom without.

"The fame of Ireland's monks soon spread far and wide. The great schools of Clonfert, Bangor, and Clonard attracted to them students from all parts of Europe. Rapidly their numbers increased, and as years went by new seats of learning sprang up, until by the close of the century Ireland was one vast school-room.

"But now a new field was opened up for the industrious monks. They had learned of the sad ravages of barbarism on the continent, and had longed to go on a mission of love to dispel the darkness. St. Columba and St. Columbanus were among the first of that glorious army which in a few years was to make Ireland so famous. The former after having founded a large number of monasteries in Ireland turned towards Scotland. On a barren island off the coast of that country, he and a number of followers established themselves. Through their untiring efforts, seconded by one of the greatest examples of self-sacrifice which history records, the Scottish nation was almost entirely converted. For years after Scotland remembered its great apostle, and many of its kings and nobles gloried in the name of Malcolm, thereby acknowledging themselves the servants of *Colm*. St. Columbanus exerted a much wider influence. There was scarcely a country in Europe in which he did not leave the marks of his zeal. When expelled from Gaul by the cruel Theodoric he passed successively through Austrasia, Italy, and the regions of the Suevi and of many other tribes that have since been incorporated into the principal nations of the continent.

"With such men abroad Ireland's name no doubt was honored. Men of all tongues uttered it with respect. What a picture they must have drawn of the land whence emanated such piety and wisdom, so much self-sacrificing zeal and undaunted energy. Well might they term her a land of Saints and Scholars, and small wonder is it that they emigrated in hundreds to her shores.

"During the seventh and eighth centuries the progress of learning and religion was even more marked than in previous years. The celebrated schools were counted by hundreds, and the students in some of them often numbered thousands. A beautiful scene from the monastic life of this period is drawn for us very succinctly by one of Ireland's historians. 'To the students,' he says, 'the evening star gave the signal for retirement, and the morning sun for awaking. When at the sound of the early bell, two or three thousand of them poured into the silent streets and made their way towards the lighted church, to join in the service of the matins, mingling, as they went or returned, the tongues of the Gael, the Cimbri, the Pict, the Saxon, and the Frank, or hailing and answering each other in the universal language of the Roman Church, the angels in heaven must have loved to contemplate the union of so much perseverance with so much piety.'

"A heavenly picture all this! For three centuries Ireland was foremost among the nations in learning. She had furnished the whole of Europe with missionaries and teachers; and within her own boundaries the pious monks by their industry taught the people industry, by their charity won their affections, and by their teaching implanted so deeply in their souls the true doctrines of the Christian faith that centuries of persecution have failed to uproot them.

"But a sad reverse was in store for Ireland. True, saintly in her attachment to the faith of Christ has she ever remained. But, alas! a merciless storm of political oppression and religious persecution swept away schools and scholars. The cruel Dane, succeeded by the worse than savage Englishman, did this diabolical work of destruction. The land of Saints and Scholars Ireland continued to be long years after the advent of her oppressors, and it was only when a valiant struggle proved fruitless that

she relinquished the title. The Danes were nobly beaten back from her shores, and she had just begun to recover from the blows received when hostile Englishmen landed on her shores. A bloody war of conquest was waged for centuries. A still bloodier war of extermination succeeded. Ireland's schools were suppressed, her churches demolished, her sons forced to fly the land. And all this from a people of whom Ireland had reason to expect better things. She had received Englishmen with open arms into her monasteries; she had aided largely in the conversion of their country. But such considerations had little weight with these cruel invaders. All England thought as Cromwell when he beheld the noble rock of Cashel surmounted by the majestic remains of an ancient cathedral: 'Ireland is a country worth fighting for.' As such they fought for her, and because success has visited their arms they feel justified in loading her with chains.

"Ireland was a prosperous country while she preserved her independence. It was her very prosperity that invited the invaders, the very beauty of the land, which everywhere bore the traces of the labors of the monks. Yet, some historians say, she was distracted by civil feuds; abuses had crept into her monasteries and reft them of their former splendor. But into what hands do they commit the improvement of her condition? England, they tell us, undertook the task. Englishmen undertook to quell Ireland's civil disturbances, and to introduce a reign of peace into the country! Sowers of discord, instigators of rebellion, merciless oppressors they have ever been in Ireland, and now we see them calmly dubbed pacifiers. What a perversion of terms, and how blind to all plain facts must such historians be. To Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and Cromwell, these same writers entrust the task of reforming ecclesiastical abuses. What saints to employ on such a holy mission, and what noble souls compared with those Irishmen who educated and converted Englishmen! Yet by such as they has Ireland been trampled upon. Into the hands of such masters did God permit Ireland to fall. But let us trust that her term of probation will soon be over. Let us pray that God may soon grant her the reward due to sufferings borne so patiently as hers have been, that the smiling beauty of her land and the matchless tranquillity of her lakes may again be reflected in the glad

hearts and joyous countenances of her people, that once more she may claim the proud title—Resort of Scholars, Home of Saints."

The Glee Club sang, amidst applause, "The Star Spangled Banner," on the conclusion of which Mr. M. A. Foley, '00, rose to respond to the toast of

"THE STARS AND STRIPES."

He said :—

"The cordial reception which you have tendered the toast of 'The Star Spangled Banner,' so eloquently proposed by our worthy toastmaster, bids me hope that I may fittingly and worthily respond.

"It is indeed most cheering and consoling to think that wherever an Irishman may roam, whatever flag may float over him there is always reserved in his heart of hearts a most affectionate filial love for dear old Erin. Well, then, may we Irish Canadians and Irish Americans grasp each other's hands, well may we join our hearts and blend our voices in one grand song of praise and thanksgiving to him who first brought the unquenchable flame of the true faith to the Irish people, on this his festal day. To you who proudly claim the land of St. Louis as the birthplace of your forefathers we also extend our hands in friendship. Full well do we remember the gallant Lafayette and Rochambeau leading their brave troops, while above floated the *fleur-de-lis* of France and our own beautiful emblem. Deep in our hearts we cherish their names and their country.

"What a sacred thing is a country's flag! What joy fills the breast of the patriot as he sees it waving in the breeze; what sorrow depresses his whole being should it trail in the dust of defeat! To him as with uncovered head he watches it majestically floating, are brought vividly back the sufferings deep and lasting of his country's fathers. To him it is the emblem of all that is true, of all that is noble, all that is just, all that is beautiful, all that is magnificent in his fatherland's history. It is the strength of the powerful, the support of the weak.

"Little wonder is it, then, that we Americans love our Star Spangled Banner Little wonder is it that wherever we see its stars and stripes, we offer up a fervent prayer to the Great Ruler above to preserve it in all its glory, without spot or stain. It tells

us a most beautiful story—sometimes sad, sometimes joyous, but always glorious. It tells us of those long years of tyranny and oppression preceding the Revolution. It tells us of the sacrifices made, of the sufferings endured by those noble heroes of Seventy-Six. It tells us, better than words can express, of their final triumph, of our dearly bought liberty, of our institutions; it tells us of our marvelous growth in wealth and power, of our rapid advance in arts and science. It tells us that Columbia is the home of freedom, not the freedom of the mob, but freedom conformed to the laws of God and right reason. To the world it is the starry banner of a nation called into existence by God to prove that man could be free, could govern himself and be not merely the subject of, but the participant in a government. To the world and us it tells of Bunker Hill, of Gettysburg and of Santiago. It tells both of the triumphs of war and the glories of peace.

"These are joys but there is intermingled sorrow. Shall we then, unmindful of those who gave their life's blood to gain for us the priceless blessings we now enjoy, or of those who died to save the Union, or of those who suffered to bring that union and those blessings to others? Oh! no. That were too base even to be thought of. True, faithful, were they. Let Columbia forget not her dead. On each succeeding Memorial Day let her lay the garland on the mound, let her place the tiny flag, so well loved in life, to mark the last bivouac of the soldier; let her sing their praises and mourn their loss. Little enough can she do for them who sacrificed their all for her.

"Why then should we not love our flag? We whose fathers have felt the cruel hand of the tyrant; we whose fathers were driven from their own dear little Emerald Isle because of fidelity to their country and fidelity to their faith? Yes, great should be the love of Irish Americans for the Star Spangled Banner. To them it waved a kind welcome; over them it spread its protecting ægis; to them and their children it gave the most precious gift of all, the free exercise of their holy religion.

"And well have Irishmen requited Columbia's generosity. Throughout the years of her existence the breasts of Irishmen have formed a living bulwark to repel the invaders' attacks. Irish generals at the head of Irish troops have wrested victory when

defeat seemed certain. Irish blood has reddened many a field. What names are more cherished than those of Sullivan, Wayne, Barry, Jackson, Meagher and Sheridan? But not only on the field of battle, but in the halls of state, the temples of arts and sciences. in the priesthood of God, the names of Irishmen form a most precious heritage to be handed down to future generations. Need I speak of Hughes, Carroll, Gibbons, Corcoran, O'Reilly or Ireland? Their names, I am sure, are familiar to you all and require no more than a mere mention on my part. A recent proof of my assertion, though it needs none, is to be found in the personnel of the 9th Massachusetts and the 69th New York. These were two regiments of volunteers who severed all ties of home and family and went forth to do battle in the cause of humanity, in the cause of liberty. The bit of green, the sprig of shamrock, fluttering on their breasts tell too plainly their nationality.

"What noble examples have been given us! We who proudly claim our Irish Catholic parentage should never let it be said to our everlasting disgrace that we have forgotten our fathers. Never, never, let it be said that their sufferings, their labors, their sacrifices have not borne fruit. We now enjoy the privileges, the institutions purchased for us by our forefathers. They are ours to enjoy, but they are ours to preserve, and ours also to transmit. Future generations cry out to us that those rights and privileges must be preserved cost what it may. That liberty must never be lost. No, no. It was purchased at too dear a price. That flag must never be furled. The glory of those stars must never be dimned, those stripes must never be erased. When the sun of peace shines refulgent let that flag be our guide onward and upward; when the dark clouds of war and trouble overshadow our sky, to its defence let each and every one pledge himself. And then when victory shall crown our efforts, when once more the storm clouds are dispelled, then with one loud exultant shout may we proclaim

'That our flag is still there.'

Yes, my fellow Irish Americans, let patriotism be your watch word. Guard your liberty as you do your honor. Be true to your race, your country, your God. And as we lift our eyes to the Star Spangled Banner, loved at home, honored abroad, let us thank

Him from whom all blessings flow; and pray that the American people may ever be true to their ideals and their mission. And our flag: 'Let it rise, let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and the parting day linger and play on its summit.'"

A piano solo, "Killarney," by Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald, '97, was followed by the proposal of the toast to

"IRELAND MARTYR"

The toastmaster in proposing the toast, said :—

"And now, gentlemen, from the contemplation of Ireland happy, free, and prosperous, of Ireland basking in the sunshine of faith and science, let us turn our thoughts for a few minutes upon those dark and sad pages of her history—and God knows they are many—but none the less glorious because dark, none the less consoling because sad. For over 700 years Ireland has been the scene of rapine, confiscation, martyrdom, and of all the hellish abominations that the depraved mind of tyranny could conceive; and all because she stood firm to the true faith. But, the machinations of the devil have availed nothing, for to-day we behold her emerging from the dark clouds by which she was enveloped, with the light of that Faith still shining as brilliantly as ever. True, gentlemen, we can not point to a country the most powerful among nations, one whose military preëminence overshadows all those around her, but we can point with just pride, to a land that never used her might in the oppression of the weak, that never shed the blood of the innocent, and that never engaged in an unholy cause. Ireland produced no Luther, no Henry VIII, no Calvin, Wesley or Knox, no national apostate to the teachings of Christ. No nation on God's earth has been put to the crucial test to which Ireland has been subjected for the faith that was in her, and no nation has preserved that faith so pure and immaculate. To Ireland Martyr, gentlemen, do I ask you to join me in a toast; and with it I couple the name of Mr. McGlade."

Mr. J. E McGlade, '01, made the following eloquent response :—

"In replying to this toast I hope I feel the responsibility that attaches to it. Some of the speakers who have preceded me have

had occasion to refer to the glories of Ireland—to her saints, to her scholars, and to the periods, however remote and however short, during which Ireland shone in all her splendor, the brightest gem of the ocean. To me, however, has been allotted the sadder duty of referring to the sufferings, the griefs, and the sorrows of our forefathers. Unworthy as I am to do justice to such a sorrowful theme I nevertheless accept the task and in doing so I will first ask you to remember that though the brightest pages of Ireland history tell us of the great learning and the great sanctity of her children, still its darkest pages, reddened as they are with the blood of Irish martyrs, shine if possible with a greater lustre and a greater glory. Suffer, gentlemen, Ireland did ; martyred, Ireland was ; but there is not an instant in her whole history since the day she embraced the Christian religion, to which any honest historian can refer, that brings discredit, dishonor, or disgrace upon her bright escutcheon.

"The martyrdom of Ireland I might say dates almost from the Danish invasion of the eighth century to the present day. But that period of Ireland's history immediately subsequent to the Reformation in England saw the Irish people persecuted, saw them exiled, and saw thousands of them die, simply because they remained fondly attached and undyingly devoted to St. Patrick's religion. I shall only deal therefore with that period of her history when Ireland suffered mainly on account of her religion.

"The three hundred years strife with her Saxon foes previous to the accession of Henry VIII. to the throne had rendered Ireland practically prepared to acknowledge the English King as Lord of their country and this followed after a short struggle lasting the first twenty years of Henry's reign. This scrupulous king, however, after his trouble with the Pope, thought he would compel Ireland as he had England to acknowledge him as head of the church. The success that attended his efforts, though it entailed one of thorns, nevertheless placed a crown glory around the brow of dearn old Ireland. Ireland acknowledge anyone but the Pope of Rome as head of the church? Sooner will a true child renounce the mother that give it birth. No, to her everlasting honor, Ireland scorned Henry, scorned his proposal and remained

faithful to the holy religion her glorious patron had given her a thousand years before.

"Then came the struggle as I have said that gives Ireland her truest claim to the name of martyr. Then followed the efforts of Henry VIII., of Elizabeth, of James I, of Cromwell, of William of Orange and of the other English sovereigns to exterminate the Irish race.

"Henry VIII. found Ireland a Catholic country enjoying the exercise of the Catholic religion, whatever else she might be suffering; but he resolved to deprive her of that and failing, to exterminate the race. When the persecutions of his reign commenced there were two thousand priests of different religious Orders in Ireland. When Elizabeth came to the throne of England only four of those holy men could be found. Some of them no doubt had been compelled to flee for their lives or had been driven into exile, but the most of them were sleeping their last long and silent sleep in martyr graves beneath the green sod of their beloved Erin. If Ireland's clergy suffered to such an extent what must have been the mortality among the faithful lay children of the Church?

"Elizabeth followed soon after Henry VIII. and in resisting her efforts to make them adopt the Protestant religion the Irish people suffered as many martyrdoms as they had in the years just preceding. Time seems to have rendered these events incapable of a full comprehension and it is perhaps well that such is the case. It must be admitted that it is difficult to appreciate the pains and sufferings of Ireland and it is just as difficult to conceive in all its baseness the horrible brutality of the English sovereigns towards the Irish people.

"Nearly fifty years of continued suffering followed the saintly Elizabeth's departure from this terrestial sphere before Oliver Cromwell took up the unfinished work of his predecessors and attempted the total extinction of Irish and their faith. In a mesure he succeded fairly well. He sent eighty thousand of Ireland's best and truest sons as slaves to the Barbadoes, accompanied by six thousand of her choicest youths. Of six hundred priests on the Island when he landed there were only one hundred and fifty left when he departed; and at the siege of Drogheda, after having

promised the inhabitants mercy if they would surrender, he treacherously allowed every man, woman and child of that town to be massacred by his cruel soldiers after the surrender had been made and the Irish garrison had laid down their arms. For five days the streets of Drogheda flowed with the blood of these martyrs and not satisfied with this awful slaughter he also allowed the thousand who had taken refuge in their church to be likewise cruelly butchered. Ah, gentleman, let us pass on. In the words of Edmund Burke, for God's sake let us pass on—this is too horrible, too cruel, too merciless for man to dwell upon.

"A few years and now William of Orange is in the ascendant. Need I speak of the treacherous violations of the Treaty of Limerick? Need I refer to the exile of the noble Irish Brigade most of whom were forced with breaking hearts to leave their wives and children behind them to the mercy of William's agents? Alas, you know all this too well.

"Such, gentlemen, to some extent are the sufferings that have made Ireland a martyr. I have not mentioned the different revolting forms that persecutions took nor the different occasions on which by unjust confiscations the Irish people were deprived of their homes and their lands—as for instance when Cromwell invited them to go to Connaught or to Hell. I have not referred to the penal laws nor attempted to explain why so many Irishmen form such an important factor in the political and religious sphere in every corner of the earth. I have not paid any tribute, either, to the sufferings of the noble Irish women—Ireland's womanhood, whose goodness and virtue was and is equalled only by its piety and devotion—I have not paid any tribute to the sufferings of those good and pure women for their country and their religion. All, all this persecution for no other reason than that of Ireland through all these centuries of trials and persecutions remained as faithful to the Catholic religion as she was on the day she refused to acknowledge Henry VIII. as head of the Church.

"A few words and I have finished this mournful story. In what I have said it has been my endeavor to refrain from offering offence to any man, and I trust I have not. I am as willing as was persecuted Ireland to forgive those who have wronged her,

and I think every fair-minded man will admit that Ireland has been foully wronged. The facts of history will bear me out in every assertion I have made, and no one regrets more than I, or more than every true Irishman regrets, to have to allude to the sufferings of Ireland for her Nationality and her Faith.

"Again, let me remind you, gentlemen, that Ireland's sufferings shed as much glory around the Emerald Isle as do her sanctity and her learning. Not to speak of the saintly and priestly heroes whose martyred remains have long since mingled with the dust of Irish soil, Ireland's sufferings have brought fotrh such noble representatives as Owen Roe O'Neill, Hugh O'Neill, Lord Clare, Patrick Sarsfield, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Emmet, Grattan, and Curran, and, in our own times, Daniel O'Connell and many others whose names, names of Irishmen as they are, could reflect nothing but honor upon any nation.

"Yes, gentlemen, Ireland martyr, though sad to contemplate, affords us consolations of a high order, for does she not seem to have suffered martyrdom in accordance with the holy will of Him who chastises those he loves? And, gentlemen, through all her reverses Ireland has retained her nationality and her national spirit to such an extent that our great empire than which a vaster has never been, is not the empire of Great Britain alone but the empire of Great Britain and Ireland. And how well does Ireland merit that other proud title which is inseparably linked with Ireland martyr; that other proud title her martyrdom has won her and which she seems destined to wear until the lamp of this world will be extinguished; that other proud title which is the greatest consolation of Erin's sons in the martyrdom *of their beloved country*! *How nobly, how honorably, does* Ireland Martyr wear that other proud title—Ireland, the Fairest Daughter of the Catholic Church!"

M. J. P. Clarke was given a rousing reception as he rose to sing in his own beautiful voice, the song entitled, "The faster you pluck them, the thicker they grow." Mr. Clarke by round after round of applause was obliged to respond to an *encore*.

Mr. T. Stuart Albin, 'oo, then arose to respond to the popular toast, V-A-R-S-I-T-Y. Dr. Albin said :—

"The enviable gift of post prandial eloquence has not been given me by Dame Nature, as it has been given to others more fortunate, who have pleased your attentive ears with graceful and eloquent words in responding to their respective toasts ; so it is with extreme diffidence that I rise to respond to this very important toast with which my name is coupled—'Varsity. 'Varsity, for the true student, is a home of learning, a home of pleasant associations, of agreeable pastimes and of pleasant associations. It is in this home that young men lay the foundation of their future, by a physical, intellectual and moral training. Catholic truth, Catholic doctrine is the basis of the instruction given in this institution, which has the distinguished privilege of being one of the great Catholic Universities of America—a distinction well merited by its founders and by their successors, and the noble and exemplary mission, it is fulfilling. It is a distinction which should infuse into every student, past and present, a spark of just pride for being so favored by happy circumstances as to be able to say, that he is or was a student of 'Ottawa 'Varsity.'

"The past history of our University is certainly one to be proud of—of the present we have every right to boast. Here we have a course of studies second to none on the Continent of America—a course after the ideal of Catholic education ; a proper admixture of Arts and Sciences, nothing lacking, nothing superflous, all converging towards the queen of studies, Philosophy. Here, too, we enjoy the grand opportunities afforded by the many thoroughly-organized societies instituted for the promotion of our physical, intellectual and moral welfare. The O. U. A. A. is one of the most flourishing associations of its kind in America. Ever since its inception, it has proved to be a school of champion athletes. No similar union, I venture to say, in the whole Dominion, has produced an equal number of first-class sports, whether in football, hockey or lacrosse. Its football history for the past fifteen years is indeed a magnificent record, and the story of its success in the last year is in keeping with its glorious past, in witness whereof stands before us the beautiful Q. R. U. trophy, now ours forever, thanks to the pluck, energy and skill of the gallant wearers of the garnet and grey during the fall of '98.

"The recently reorganized Scientific Society has already accomplished much in arousing increased interest in matters of science. The Debating Societies and the Dramatic Club have been of incalculable benefit in the cultivation of the literary and histrionic talent amongst us and of the accomplishments necessary for every man that desires to appear before public assemblies. Moreover, as an aid to our literary development, as an exponent of our thought, as a chronicler of our doings in and out of class, as a bond of union between students and alumni, we are fortunate in possessing such an efficient organ as THE REVIEW, which has already made a most favorable impression in the world of letters. Its steadily increasing circulation and the flattering notices it has received from the pens of eminent critics, bespeak volumes in its behalf.

"The present enrolment of students on the University Register, speaks far more eloquently than any words of mine in praise of the high standing of the Commercial, Collegiate and University Courses. The University of Ottawa is widely and favorably known in Europe and throughout America. We have here amongst us some that claim the Empire of Germany as their Fatherland; some that have come to us from La Belle France, from Merry England, from Bonnie Scotland or from the Emerald Isle. There are amongst us whose thoughts of home roam amidst the fragrant groves of Central America, while others come to us from the various states of the American Union and from the several Provinces of this broad Dominion. There are, therefore, young men of different nationalities attending this Institution, but mutual forbearance and mutual respect characterize their intercommunion —all are united in the sacred bonds of brotherly love as becomes children of the same *Alma Mater*, a fact well verified to-day by the co-operation of all in one grand effort to honor Ireland's Patron Saint. Thus with a past to be proud of, with a present to boast of, our University may be permitted by anticipation to be proudly boastful of her future. And indeed, a new era of progress and prosperity has certainly dawned for 'Varsity. A large Scientific Building, which will afford better facilities for the study of science and for scientific research, is now in course of erection; and it is but a question of time, when new departments in law, medicine

and engineering will be opened. It is earnestly to be hoped that each succeeding year will bring a large increase in the number of students attending the University courses of lectures.

"And so, Mr. Toastmaster, Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen, to those that are in charge of this University permit me to wish the most signal success in carrying on the work entrusted to their care; to the societies of the University, beneficial results in their respective spheres; to the REVIEW and its Editors, an ever-increasing circulation and an ever-widening influence; to the whole Students body, *God-speed* on the rugged way of learning; to the class of '99 in particular success, happiness in the vocation to which each may feel himself called and a far-reaching and profound influence for good. In a word, gentlemen, that 'in one fair bumper we may toast them all,' drink with me to—V-A-R-S-I-T-Y."

Mr. C. Bertrand here sang a bass solo, "Killarney," which was enthusiastically applauded; then Mr. M. O'Connell, '00, rose to respond to the toast—

"ERIN'S DESTINY."

The following are Mr O'Connell's words :—

"A fitting subject indeed for consideration, on this day we celebrate, are the pages of Ireland's past history; pages that tell of sufferings and persecutions greater than which it has been the lot of no nation to undergo. Rightly indeed do the sons of Old Ireland pause in the celebration of her great Saint, her first Apostle, to consider for a moment her present condition, her present standing among the nations of the world.

"The past glories, the sufferings of a nation that for centuries has borne with cheerful submission all the humiliation and persecutions an unjust country could heap upon her, that she might still keep unstained the heritage which her Apostle St. Patrick left her have been ably set before you by previous speakers and eloquently has her present condition been pictured, yet however eloquently the past history of Ireland might be set before you, however picturesque might be the portrayal of her present condition, were we to stop at this, we might well say that we had failed in fittingly celebrating the feast of one of the greatest Saints in the Catholic

Church ; for show me the Irishman that, after considering the past and present of Erin, will not for a moment attempt to picture to himself the future of his country and I will show to you one in whose veins the pure Irish blood has ceased to flow freely

" Wisely then, gentlemen, have you acted in selecting as one of your toasts, ' Erin's Future ;' yet I fear you have not displayed such wisdom in your selection of a person to respond to it.

" Would that I could, for the moment, draw aside the curtain which veils the unspent years of future time and read the yet unwritten pages of future history and view Ireland as she is to be ; whether she is to be a nation ' great, glorious and free, first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea,' or whether she will be then as now, found wearing the crown of thorns and preaching to the nations, who have fallen from their God, the light of true faith ; but since this power is not given to mortal man, I must content myself with reading by the light of Ireland's past the history of her future, since it is by years gone by we are enabled to form an idea of years to come.

" Doubtless you would expect me to picture Ireland in the near future receiving as a reward of her sufferings a crown of Freedom and ranking among the greatest nations of the world. Gladly would I picture her thus, but I see her in the future as she has been in the past, persecuted and oppressed—the Christ among the nations, still bearing " the cross of expiation up the hill of national trials," still wearing that most precious of all crowns, the crown of thorns.

" That a nation gain it's freedom it is necessary that her people be as one in the cause of their liberty ; but, strange as it may seem, though the Irish people have alway been found one in defence of their faith, they have never been united in the battles for their liberty. From this fact I would infer that it is the will of Divine Providence that Erin should gain her freedom, not by the force of arms, but by a holier weapon, the Cross of Christ, that when she has drawn all nations from the darkness of unbelief, her Crown of Thorns will be emblematic also of her true freedom.

" To all nations as to every man God assigns a mission and together with it, he gives them the means of its accomplishment. To some he gives political power that they may spread abroad the

principles of justice and equality ; while those whose mission is more sacred he draws closer to Himself and strengthens them in their faith, by means of suffering, that they may be the better able accomplish His designs. To Ireland has been assigned the most of sacred all missions ; she has been chosen to keep forever burning the lamp of faith, to be to other nations a light in their darkness, to evangelise them, and to show to all men that the vain pomp and glories of this world are fleeting, but that the gift of Divine Faith is indestructible.

"That Ireland should have remained true to the teachings of her apostle during so many years of trials and bitter sufferings, is but a fulfilment of a promise which, according to legend, was made to St. Patrick who, after he converted her to the true Faith and seeing the enemies with which she would have to contend, departed unto Mt. Cruachan and there, in prayer, asked God to grant that, though all other nations should desert the true faith, his Ireland, "his priestly-house, should stand faith-firm beside the cross like John who stood beside Christ's mother." Fittingly has Ireland's poet versed the answer to that prayer, and worthy indeed of quotation is it on this occasion as it embodies a picture of Ireland's mission in future years.

" Many a race
Shrivelling in sunshine of its prosperous years
Shall cease from faith, and shamed though shameless, sink
Back to its native clay ; but over thine
God shall extend the shadow of His hand,
And through the night of centuries teach her
In woe that song which when the nations wake
Shall sound their glad deliverance : nor alone
This nation . . . . . .
. . . . . shall to God stand true
But nations far in undiscovered seas,
Shall wear the kingly ermine of her Faith
For ever : lands remote shall raise to God
Her fanes ; and eagle-nurturing isles hold fast
Her hermit cells ; thy nation shall not walk
Accordant with the Gentiles of this world,
But as a race elect sustain the Crown
Or bear the Cross.'

"But, gentlemen, whatever the future has in store for her, whether she be persecuted and oppressed, or whether she be in the near future a grand and free country, let it be the prayer of every true Irishman that future history will show her as she has been shown in the past—true to her Faith. But I am sure that every true Irishman will agree with me that should political success cause Ireland to become "recreant to creed and Christ," should it cause her to 'flee the Sacred Scandal of the cross through pride,' then were it better that she should remain unto the past—a spectacle unto men and angels; then were it better she should forever

'Walk on, hope on, love on, and suffering cry
Give me more suffering Lord, or let me die.'"

The Glee Club again delighted the banqueters by one of its choruses, "The Harp that once trough Tara's Halls;" then the toastmaster proposed the toast,

"SOGGARTH AROON."

To the delight of all, Rev. M. F. Fallon, O.M.I., accepted the congenial task of responding to this toast, but to the great regret of all he was summoned away on duty before he had time to speak. Rev. Father Cornell, O.M.I., was then called upon to say a few words. On rising to reply, Father Cornell said:

"All of you, I am sure, share my sentiments of keenest regret that the inspiring theme, 'Soggarth Aroon,' is not after all to be amplified by the lips of perhaps the greatest Canadian orator of the day, by the lips of one of the most distinguished Irish Canadians of the day, of one of Canada's greatest *Soggarths*—Rev. Father Fallon. To all of you, I know, his sudden call to duty a moment ago brought a deep sense of disappointment, and to none did it bring a deeper sense of disappointment than to me who have thus suddenly been called upon to undertake the impossible task of properly and worthily filling his place." Then in a brief but eloquent response to the toast, Rev. Father Cornell drew from history, especially from the lives of O'Connell and Parnell, proofs to demonstrate that a natural consequence of Ireland's unparalleled attachment to the Faith, is her unparalleled reverence and love for her priests, her unexampled devotion and obedience to the "Soggarth Aroon."

"Our Guests"

was responded to by Rev. Father Duffy, Rev. Brothers McKenna, Kirwan and McGurty, and by Rev. Mr. G. Fitzgerald, '97.

The last toast having been drunk, the whole assembly blended their voices with the strains of the orchestra in singing the grand old anthem, "God Save Ireland."

The Banquet Committee is to be congratulated on the decided success of the celebration. Special praise is due to Mr. R. A. O'Meara, '99, for the able manner in which he acquitted himself of his difficult charge. It is the general verdict that the position of toastmaster was never more worthily filled.

W. P. Egleson, '99.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE AGE

This century, like every preceding century, has witnessed great victories and great defeats, great reverses and great triumphs. In this age, as in all ages, great issues have been at stake; great principles have been formulated, attacked and sustained. The clash of arms, too, has resounded throughout the long series of the past hundred years, and from beginning to close has the path of the century been embordered by wondrous military achievements. But the Nineteenth Century has been called upon to witness one defeat and one victory that stand preeminent—the galling defeat of England's frenzied efforts to proselytize Ireland and the thrice-glorious, heaven-awarded triumph of Ireland's Faith.

Of all the gifts that God to His bounty has bestowed upon the nations that of Divine faith is undoubtedly the greatest. That grace by which the individual or the nation is given the faculty of rightly comprehending Him, and thus meetly returning love, is, of a certainty, one of His most signal blessings. According to the divine ordinance this gift has been offered to all peoples and nations; some have received it willingly, others reluctantly; some have adhered to it for several centuries and then fallen away, others though they may not have entirely renounced it, have allowed their reverence for it to greatly diminish. One might ask what has become of that Catholic faith which at one time constituted the glory of northern Germany, Denmark or Scandinavia? What has become of that faith that withstood so honorably and so steadfastly the sword of the Roman Emperors? It is a story of the past: yet this story tells of the perversion of peoples, the perversion of nations. But where to-day is that Catholic faith that St. Patrick some fifteen hundred years ago preached to the people of Ireland? It is in the minds and hearts of Irishmen where ever they may be found, whether in Ireland or in that greater Ireland which is co-extensive with the world. They have grasped it and stood by it with a firmness and a fidelity unexampled among nations. One nation apostatizes for honors or riches, another on account of persecution, and still another places patriotism before her faith. Not so with the Sons of St. Patrick. Yet they more that any other race have been put to the test and

withstood the awful ordeal. They have given up honors, riches and everything held dear to the heart of man, willingly sacrificed their children and have preferred a thousand times their glorious faith to their national freedom. For more than three hundred years all the energies of England have been concentrated to 'root out' the Catholic faith from Ireland. The constitutional and systematic means she has adopted for the accomplishment of this diabolical design—the forcing of new fangled notions of the so-called Reformation upon Irishman at the point of the bayonet—stand without parallel in the pages of the history; and such laws as were enforced upon Ireland would disgrace the statute book of a Seljukian Turk.

Henry VIII. first menaced Ireland with rack and gibbet in order to oblige her to give up her altars and abandon her priests. But behold what the English King never suspected, and what Irishmen had failed to see before—Henry touched the mainspring of her action and at once the whole country rose in arms like one man to defend the faith. Since that time reign after reign of these tyrants has witnessed new and more dreadful torrents of blood as hero after hero rose to fight and wave after wave of persecution swept over the unhappy land. There were at this time some two thousand Franciscan and Dominican Fathers in Ireland and sixty years later towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth there were left but four—only four. The rest had been transported or shed their blood for their faith. Bishops and priests were left hanging by the wayside as a warning to their brethren. The land to the extent of two hundred and eight thousand acres was confiscated to the Crown while the Church and monastic property fared likewise. The people thus deprived of their homes and exposed to the brutality of the soldiers perished in hundreds. Such was the stark-strichen condition of the people that Sir Henry Sidney, the Protestant deputy, speaking to the Queen, exclaims: "There are not I am sure, in any region where the name of Christ is professed such a horrible spectacles as are here to be beheld; as the burning of villages, the ruin of churches—yea, the view of the bones and skulls of the dead, who, partly by murder and partly by famine, have died in the fields. It is such that hardly any Christian can with a dry eye behold." Religious worship dis-

appeared from the land and such was the extent of the desolation wrought there that James I on his succession to the throne found Ireland almost a wilderness. Thus ended in ruin and bloodshed the first attempt made by England to deprive this people of their sacred altars.

But sad and mournful as the foregoing events may appear heart-rending and sickening in their details must seem the atrocities of the English soldiers under Oliver Cromwell. This Atilla of Ireland, crossed the Irish Sea, with the avowed intention of exterminating the ancient faith of the people. The scenes of misery, carnage and massacre that followed the footsteps of the monster language fails to describe. The mere mention of the wanton slaughter of the inhabitants of Drogheda who fled to the churches for refuge makes the blood freeze in our veins; and beyond the powers of description are the scenes of horror at Wexford where women and children ran screaming for mercy and instinctively threw themselves at the foot of a great cross standing in the public square, for they thought no one would dare to commit murder under the sign of man's redemption. Oh! How vain the hope! Cromwell and his *God fearing* soldiers advanced and butchered over three hundred old men, women and children dispite their cries for mercy. To complete the climax (if indeed anything were wanted) Cromwell had some eighty thousand of the inhabitants seized and transported to the Barbadoes. The scenes at the embarkation were heart-rending. The people beside themselves with grief stood on the shore in abject despair as they watched their friends dragged away to worse than death. Husbands were separated from wives, mothers from children, youths from their parents, brothers and sisters. Such was the distress of those remaining behind that many of them died on the shores of mere grief. The eighty thousand exiles were sold into such cruel slavery in the Barbadoes that twenty years later not one was to be found alive.

But here one might enquire the reason of all this bloodshed and banishment? What was England's policy in acting thus? A mere glimpse at the matter will reveal the secret. Queen Elizabeth informed one of her Lords in Ireland that the more rebelled the better, for then there would be estates enough "for them

that want." This is a very significant remark coming as it does from the mouth of an English sovereign, The '*good*' Queen's successor, James I., repeated the same idea in different words, advising the 'rooting out' and 'extirpation' of the Irish; and similar expressions fell even from the lips of the Georges. On the plea then that Irishmen refused to renounce their Catholic faith, the English Government resolved that by fair or foul means they would exterminate in Ireland that Catholic faith and plant there in its stead the doctrines promulgated by Martin Luther and Henry VIII. Now the refinement of cruelty, employed by England to accomplish this diabolical design surpasses anything in history whether ancient or modern. Fire and sword, bribes and menaces, the rack and the gibbet have each served for the furthering of this end. The misery and desolation wrought in Ireland by such a powerful nation as England prompted by all that hatred and religious bigotry could suggest can be better imagined that described, for in speaking of English tyranny over the Irish the sober reality defies description; exaggeration is entirely out of the question.

The terrible work proceeded on two lines, as has already been said—the "rooting out" of Catholicism and the "planting" of Protestantism. Of the "rooting out" process under Elizabeth and Cromwell a little has been said. To Henry must be awarded the honor of suggesting this principle but at his time its execution was practically impossible. Under Elizabeth, however, the work progressed amazingly, so that numerous settlements of Protestants were planted in the North. Now James I. put what he thought to be a finishing touch to the affair by simply confiscating a whole province (six entire counties) in the North. These counties were settled or "planted," as they very appropriately called it, by English and Scotch Protestants, who promised not even to employ any Catholics. The latter were inhumanly cast out on the highways to die. And thus it continued: A wealthy earl or lord in Ireland would be set upon until he finally broke into rebellion, and then his estates were confiscated. Hand in hand with the confiscating of lands went the work of the Constitution—a premeditated, constitutional, and systematic plan of action to deprive Irishmen of their lands and religion, to oblige them by

reducing them to beggary and penury to renounce their faith in order to live. Now, such was the policy of England, and up to the time of Cromwell we read of the confiscation of the churches, monasteries and their lands, besides the destruction of religious worship together with the slaughter of the Bishops, priests and monks on the one hand, and on the other, the appointment of Protestant Bishops to Catholic Sees and the plantation of the entire province of Ulster by English Protestants. In fine, the hand of Cromwell had passed over Ireland with such sickening horrors that the whole Island was one field of massacre. The inhabitants were murdered indiscriminately. To add to these horrors a dreadful famine broke out in the land and carried off the inhabitants in thousands. As a proof of the implacable hostility towards Irishmen, the government passed an Act obliging all Irishmen to betake themselves beyond the Shannon, or, in the coarse phraseology of the Lord Protector, giving them the choice of "hell or Connaught." So in 1654 the inhabitants were all driven across the Shannon into Connaught. And there in the fastnesses of this wild district and shut back from the sea and river the people were left to die of famine and cold, or in any other manner that Almighty God might permit. Needless to picture the utter misery of people in such a condition. After this we are told, however, that "Ireland, in the language of the Holy Scripture, now lay void as a wilderness. Five-sixths of the people had perished. Men, women and children were found daily perishing in the ditches—starved. The bodies of many wandering orphans, whose fathers had embarked for Spain and whose mothers had died of famine, were preyed upon by the wolves."

Then indeed did it seem that the ancient faith was to disappear; the north had already been planted by Englishmen under the care of James I.; Protestant bishops filled all the Sees and Catholic worship had long been proscribed. All the Catholics, *i.e.*, one-fifth of the former population, were confined to Connaught; the rest of the provinces were "planted" with English officers and noblemen. The entire land had been drenched in blood and dug as for a graveyard, and therein were planted the seeds of Protestantism. To promote their growth every precaution was taken. Of course the greatest care lay in preventing the

growth of any weeds such as Catholicism, so laws were passed accordingly. Now, indeed, the country had been reduced to a howling wilderness, and the wolves feeding on the bodies of men and beasts became so numerous as to venture up to the very gates of Dublin. Two beasts were hunted at this time : the wolves and the Catholic priests—five pounds a head for each. A Bishop or a Jesuit, however, commanded ten pounds. This terrible profession of priest-hunting became so profitable that Jews came all the way from Spain to engage in the awful traffic. With such vigor and success was this work carried on that not a priest in the land could say Mass. Yes, indeed, the hand of Cromwell had passed over the land. The entire island lay in smoking ruins; five-sixths of the people had perished in the awful ordeal, and the remainder were driven from their homes to wander and die in the wilds of Connaught. At last England had accomplished her cruel design—Irishmen owned scarcely a foot of their native soil and not a public vestige of Catholic worship remained in the land. Nothing now was there to retard the growth of Protestantism.

Yet, some thirty-five years later, these indomitable Irishmen had, in spite of everything, crept out of Connaught and so many of them had secured lands during the reign of Charles II. and James II., that when William of Orange obtained the throne, they espoused the cause of the worthless Stuarts and fought with such furious desperation that they wrested from their oppressors by the Treaty of Limerick a solemn ratification of all their former rights. Little did they think of the awful perfidy of their enemies. No sooner had the Irish veterans embarked to seek service in France than the Treaty was broken, and over 200,000 acres which were reclaimed by Catholics were confiscated, and persecuting efforts were redoubled. The penal code became more and more barbarous until the machinery of penal iniquity might almost be pronounced perfect. The steady persistence with which Irishmen clung to their faith under such trying circumstances can never fail to excite admiration, while these disgraceful laws must ever remain a stain upon England's statute-book. Among the first of these laws one read something like this : "That all Popish Archbishops, Bishops, Vicars-General, Deans, Jesuits, Monks, Friars and all other regular Popish clergy, and all Papists exercising any ecclesiastical

jurisdiction, shall depart out of this Kingdom before the first day of May, 1698." Such as returned were hanged, drawn and quartered. One would now imagine that Catholics had attained the lowest stage of unhappiness and misery; "a people robbed, persecuted, slain until only a miserable remnant of them remained; without a voice in the nation's councils,—without a vote, even at the humblest board that sat to transact the meanest parochial business." No doubts could now be entertained concerning the success of the new religion. Yet what does history tell us? In 1702 Queen Anne succeded to the crown of William. Parliament met and one of its first steps was to pass an Act "to prevent the growth of Popery." What a desperate plant this Popery must be! Here for two centuries they had striven by means of fire and sword to destroy it. They had cut it down repeatedly, lopped off its branches and confined its existence to one barren province. Yet year after year they found it necessary to enact laws "to prevent the *growth* of Popery." Behold the systematic and constitutional way they set about it. In this reign of Queen Anne, who, like "Bess," has been facetiously termed "good," one precious document required that magistrates "demolish all crosses, pictures and inscriptions that are anywhere publicly set up, and are the occasions of Popish superstitions." Yes, such things as statues of Our Blessed Lady, the cross, the crucifix, all these "emblems of superstition" were torn down and destroyed. A second clause in this act to prevent the growth of Popery, read somewhat after this fashion: "Upon the conversion of the child of any Catholic, the Chancellor was to compel the father to discover upon oath the full value of his estate, real and personal, and thereupon make an order for the independent support of such conforming child, and for securing to him after his father's death, such share of the property as to the court should seem fit; also to secure jointures to Popish wives who should desert their husbands' faith." It might be well here to say that the court generally saw fit to award the entire property of the gray haired father to his apostate son. What could be better adapted to poison the sacred happiness of the domestic fireside? An informer discovering an archbishop, bishop, vicar-general, etc., was to receive fifty pounds; for a monk or clergyman, ten pounds. These were the days of the priest-hunters. Full well did these

consummate villains know how to torture their victims! While the persecution consisted in merely destroying churches, property and such like, the people bore up comparatively patiently, but when the blow fell upon the priest, friar, the monk—the men whom everyone reverenced—the men to whom all in the hours of their dire affliction looked up to for advice and a blessing—it brought sadness, and sorrow and affliction to every town, to every parish, —to every man, woman and child in Ireland.

During the reigns of the Georges the laws against Roman Catholics were enforced with great ferocity—chapels closed, priests dragged from their places of concealment, and sometimes from the very altar, and hanged or banished. Such a person as a Roman Catholic was not presumed to be in existence. Lord Chancellor Bowes presents a pretty fair specimen of the English judge. He declared from his place on the bench "that the law does not suppose any such person to exist as an Irish Roman Catholic." Seeing that a Catholic was *by law* forbidden to inherit property, to hold real estate, to vote, educate his children, or send them elsewhere to be educated, that the *law* shut him out from the bar, the professions, from every office civil or military--in a word from gaining a livelihood--it would appear that Lord Bowes' remark was pretty much to the point. The effect of those laws upon the people has been ably pointed out by Scully in his *Statement of the Penal Laws*. "On the other hand," says he, after speaking of the advantages given to Protestants, "how stands the Catholic gentleman or trader? For his own person, no office, no power no emolument; for his children, brothers kindred, or friends, no promotion, ecclesiastical or civil, naval or military. Except from his private fortune he has no means of advancing a child, of making a single friend, or of showing any one good quality; he has nothing to offer but harsh refusal, pitiful excuse, or despondent representation."

Such were the terrible penal laws. No wonder that Dr. Samuel Johnson should consider them more dire in their effects than the ten general persecutions of the Christians, or that the illustrious Edmund Burke should term these diabolical laws "a machine of wise and deliberate contrivance as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the

debasement in them of human nature itself as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." The candid Protestant historian, Dr. Smiles, says that, "The records of religious persecutions in all countries have nothing more hideous to offer to our notice, than the Protestant persecutions of the Irish Catholics. On them all the devices of cruelty were exhausted. Ingenuity was taxed to devise new plans of persecution, till the machinery of penal iniquity might almost be pronounced perfect." Truly the annals of no country in the world can produce any thing half so cruel or so atrocious as that which presents itself in the persecution of the Irish Catholics by the English Government since the period of the Reformation; the simple facts almost stagger belief.

Thus was the new religion introduced to Irish soil, but whether the land be adverse alike to reptile and false faith or whether they both flee from the curse of St. Patrick, probably Englishmen alone can tell; at any rate the seeds of Protestantism never germinated there. The faith of the venerable Saint on the other hand appears to be indigenous. Yes; to the credit of Ireland and Irishmen be it said that after three hundred years of injustice, misery and persecution, that ancient faith stands in Ireland resplendent in all its original beauty; while three centuries of penal code and bloodshed, though they have brought miseries and afflictions such as no other people have undergone, have only endeared more and more to the people their ancient beliefs. Peoples of all ages and climes have been called upon to make sacrifices for their belief but no other race in the wide world has ever been called upon to make such sweeping, disastrous sacrifices as the Irish, and has made them with the unanimous spirit of Irishmen. Irishmen have renounced everything —country, wealth, land, the necessaries of life—aye, life itself, rather than be false to their religious convictions. This is the dreadful price at which they have preserved their glorious faith. Little wonder it should be dear to them.

And thus, praise be to God, bribery and coercion, and transportation and starvation and massacre, have failed of their object; for throughout all, the Irish have so well preserved the faith bequeathed to them by St. Patrick that to-day the illustrious Leo XIII. feels himself justified in pointing them out as a model for all races, in their attachment to the one true Church of Christ Verily the triumph of Ireland's Faith is the Triumph of the Age.

P. J. McGuire, '02.

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LESSONS FROM LEO'S LETTER.

Leo XIII has spoken and the intellectual war over *Heckerism* has come to an end. There are, however, some lasting lessons to be learned from the Sovereign Pontiff's Letter to the American hierarchy. The first thing to be gleaned from the Holy Father's words is that there *is* something wrong in the United States of America, since the letter was intended "to call attention to some things to be avoided and *corrected*." The second lesson, it were well to call attention to, is that in the view of Christ's Vicar, *Americanism* and *Heckerism* are by no means synonymous terms. The third lesson is that several of the opinions attributed to Father Hecker are altogether untenable. Leo XIII, with his accustomed penetration, goes right to the root of these erroneous doctrines at the very outset:

> "The underlying principle of these new opinions is that, in order to more easily attract those who differ from her, the Church should shape her teachings more in accord with the spirit of the age and relax some of her ancient severity and make some concessions to new opinions. Many think that these concessions should be made not

only in regard to ways of living, but even in regard to doctrines which belong to the deposit of the faith. They contend that it would be opportune, in order to gain those who differ from us, to omit certain points of her teaching which are of lesser importance, and to tone down the meaning which the Church has always attached to them. It does not need many words to prove the falsity of these ideas if the nature and origin of the doctrine which the Church proposes are recalled to mind. The Vatican Council says concerning this point: "For the doctrine of faith which God has revealed has not been proposed, like a philosophical invention, to be perfected by human ingenuity, but has been delivered as a divine deposit to the Spouse of Christ, to be faithfully kept and infallibly declared. Hence that meaning of the sacred dogmas is perpetually to be retained which our Holy Mother, the Church, has once declared, nor is that meaning ever to be departed from under the pretence or pretext of a deeper comprehension of them."—Constitutio de Fie Catholica, chapter iv.

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"But in this present matter of which we are speaking there is even a greater danger and a more manifest opposition to Catholic doctrine and discipline in that opinion of the lovers of novelty, according to which they hold such liberty should be allowed in the Church that, her supervision and watchfulness being in some sense lessened, allowance be granted the faithful, each one to follow out more freely the leading of his own mind and the trend of his own proper activity. They are of opinion that such liberty has its counterpart in the newly given civil freedom which is now the right and the foundation of almost every secular state."

From these condemnable principles the Holy Father descends to the equally condemnable conclusions naturally deduced from them. And first he censures those who would set aside "all external guidance for those souls who are striving after Christian perfection as being superfluous, or, indeed, not useful in any sense—the contention being that the Holy Spirit pours richer and more abundant graces than formerly upon the souls of the faithful, so that without human intervention He teaches and guides them by some hidden instinct of His own." Secondly, he condemns (and we think herein is to be found the great lesson of the Letter) the ultra-exaltation of the natural virtues, the giving of "an unwarranted importance to the natural virtues, as though they better responded to the customs and necessities of the times and that having these as his outfit man becomes more

ready to act and more strenuous in action,"—in a word, the "preferring of natural to supernatural virtues and the attributing to them of a greater efficiency and fruitfulness." He condemns, too, the logical conclusion of "this over-esteem of natural virtue"—the absurd division of virtues into *active* and *passive* and its accompanying allegation that "whereas passive virtue found better place in past times, our age is to be characterized by the active." Having pointed out the absurdity of such a thing as *passive* virtue, the Letter continues:

> "He alone could wish that some Christian virtues be adapted to certain times and different ones for other times who is unmindful of the Apostle's words: 'That those whom He foreknew He predestined to be made conformable to the image of His Son.'—Romans, viii., 29. Christ is the teacher and the exemplar of all sanctity, and to his standard must all those conform who wish for eternal life. Nor does Christ know any change as the ages pass, 'for He is yesterday and to-day and the same forever.'—Hebrews, xiii., 8. To the men of all ages was the precept given: 'Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart.'—Mtt., xi., 29.
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> "To every age has He been made manifest to us as obedient even unto death; in every age the Apostle's dictum has its force: 'Those who are Christ's have crucified their flesh with its vices and concupiscences.' Would to God that more nowadays practiced these virtues in the degree of the saints of past times, who in humility, obedience and self-restraint were powerful 'in word and in deed'—to the great advantage not only of religion, but the state and the public welfare."

We might add that he who maintains "that some Christian virtues are adapted to certain times and different ones for other times," betrays a wofully erroneous conception of that great characteristic of the one true Church—her Sanctity. The Church is holy because in Her are reflected *all* the virtues of Jesus Christ, because she reproduces *all* the virtues of the God-man. At any given point of time the Church must be found reproducing *all* these virtues of Christ, must be found holy. She is *semper eadem* in this as in all things essential, and must of necessity be so since Christ, "the teacher and Exemplar of all Sanctity knows no change as the ages pass, 'for he is yesterday and to-day and the same forever.'" And so in all ages the Church must number among her children some given up to the contemplative

life as well as others devoted to an active ministry. In this age therefore, as in all preceding ages, *all* the virtues of the God-man must find their reproduction—there must be contemplatives as well as apostles—the Church must be holy as her Founder and Exemplar was holy.

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With congratulations do we congratulate the members of the St. Patrick's Day Banquet Committee. The unqualified success of the Banquet proves to demonstration that they spared no effort to surpass the results attained by similar committees in former years. That their ambition did not "o'erleap itself" is quite evident from the sequel; for it is the universal verdict that the Banquet of '99, proved to be the most successful ever held by Ottawa Students in honor of Ireland's Patron Saint.

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There were two features of the St. Patrick's Day Banquet that are worthy of more than passing notice, First, it afforded striking testimony to the prejudice-eradicating influence of the education given in this Institution. Students of English, Scotch, French, and German parentage joined with their fellow-students of Irish origin to honor in a becoming manner the great Apostle of Ireland; and truly is it meet and fitting that all should thus unite on such an occasion, for not only France and Scotland dispute the claim to the land of St. Patrick's birth, but moreover the Irish Sons of St. Patrick in the Faith of Christ bore to England and Scotland and France and Germany and to other Continental lands, the kindred lights of Christianity, and of Science, Sanctity and Learning.

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Secondly, the speeches were free from all taint of national superciliousness. None of the speakers betrayed even the slightest inclination to have his own country shine out against the background of the blackened reputation of other lands, to place in greater evidence the glory and grandeur of his own nation by depreciating the glories of other races. Each seemed to concede, as beyond question, the greatness of other lands than his, but simply to claim his own as the greatest among the great. Each,

in a word, claimed for himself and granted freely unto others the right to boast the "patriot's boast" that

"A man's first best country ever is at home."

And thus there was breathed not one word calculated to wound the national susceptibilities of anyone. True, some of the orators of the day were obliged to deal hard blows at the diabolical policy of the successive English rulers and Governments in their dealings with Ireland. Particularly was this the case with the speaker upon whom devolved the task of responding to the toast of "Ireland Martyr." It were else to falsify history; for England *has* martyred Ireland, and until she expiate such awful deed she must support the ignominy of it.

"England! six hundred tyrannous years and more,
Trampling a prostrate realm, that strength out-trod
Which twenty years availed not to restore.
Thou *wert* thy brother's keeper—from the sod
His life-blood crieth. Expiate thou that crime
Or bear a branded brow throughout all time."

England indeed has "plagued Ireland with gibbet, scourge and brand." She has dealt out to Ireland an overflowing measure of political and religious injustice. Yet the young speakers did not as youthful Irish orators are naturally inclined to do. deal in "jingoism." Their speeches were not of the dynamite order. All showed by their utterances that they fully recognized that our quarrel is not so much with the English people, as with the unscrupulous rulers and Governments that abused the power entrusted to them in order to accomplish their own nefarious designs. And this, it seems to us, is the right temper in which to view the question of English injustice to Ireland. We yield to none in our hatred for the England of Cromwell and William of Orange, of Pitt and of Major Sirr. Yet our hearts go out in admiration and love to the England, the Grand Old England, of Bede and Alcuin, of Alfred the Great and Edward the Confessor, of Thomas à Beckett and Stephen Langton, of Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton, of Dryden and Pope and Wordsworth, of Dickens and Elliot and Thackeray, of Newman and Faber and Manning and Gladstone.

Editorial Notes.

Rev. Father Fallon, O.M.I., pastor of St. Joseph's Church, has won golden opinions for himself in connection with the mission which he recently preached in St. Mary's Church, Winnipeg. The attendance was very large and the fruits of his labor we are assured are abundant. The *Northwest Review*, of the 7th inst., commenting on the success of his efforts, pays the following eloquent compliment to the distinguished preacher: "The parishioners of St. Mary's Church will not readily forget those instructive and eloquent sermons, equally full of light and warmth, with which Father Fallon held their undivided attention for eight memorable days. While thanking the learned and fascinating Oblate, for his devotion to their best interests, the Catholics of Winnipeg trust that his career, already so brilliant, though he has barely turned thirty, may be one of long and ever increasing usefulness for the glory of God."

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Mary Gwendolen Caldwell, Marquise de Merinville, is the latest recipient of the Lætare medal, which the University of Notre Dame, Ind, awards annually to some American lay person, in recognition of distinguished services to religion or education. The Marquise is the third woman upon whom this honor has been conferred. Her generous gift of $300,000 to the Catholic University at Washington has aided greatly in the founding of that celebrated institution. The former recipients of the Lætare medal are John Gilmary Shea, LL.D., the historian and archæologist; Patrick Healey, the architect of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City; Eliza Allen Starr; General Newton, famous for the great work of clearing the rocks at Hell Gate in New York harbour; P. V Hickey, at one time editor of the New York *Catholic Review*; Anna Hanson Dorsey, the novelist; William J. Onahan, the publicist; Daniel Dougherty, the distinguished orator; Major Henry T. Brownson, son of Orestes A. Brownson, the great publicist and philosopher; Patrick Donahoe, editor; Augustine Daly; General Rosecrans, a hero of the civil war; Thomas Addis Emmet, a prominent physician, and Timothy E. Howard, a judge of the Supreme Court of Indiana. In 1887 the

person chosen for the honor, declined through modesty, and at his own request his name has never been made public.

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The Very Rev. Father Azzopardi, O.P., has a very interesting article, "The Rosary and the Holy Land," in a recent issue of the *Rosary Magazine*. The paper gives an excellent description of Jerusalem at the present day. He places the population of that renowned and hallowed city at 73,000, of whom 35,000 are Jews, 7,500 Moslems, 5,000 Schismatics, 3,500 Catholics, and 500 Protestants. The writer also mentions that desperate but futile efforts are being made by the German and English Protestants to spread their creed throughout the Holy Land. Schismatic Russians have also appeared on the scene, but are making little or no progress. The Orders of Catholic priests to be found in that country at present are the Franciscans, the White Fathers, the Fathers of Sion, Pére Ratisbonne's Congregation, the Dominicans, and the Augustinians.

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In a recent lecture before the Royal Geological Society of Brussells, an account of which is given in the Boston *Republic* of the 18th instant, M. Brunetière, the celebrated French critic, spoke of the impressions which he had received of the United States during a recent visit to that country. On the question of American Catholicity he said :

> "One hundred years ago the Catholics in the United States were 40,000 ; they are now 10,000,000, while the two most numerous Protestant sects, the Methodist and Baptist, number 6,000,000 and 4,000,000. This prodigious progress of Catholicism cannot be attributed to Irish immigration. From 1840 to 1890 the latter was 3,600,000, but it was counterbalanced by an immigration two-thirds Protestant—4,500,000 Germans, 2,000,000 Anglo-Saxon and 1,100,000 Scandinavian. Therefore, we must seek another reason for the progress of the Roman Catholic Church in America."

M. Brunetière says that the three reasons which account for this astonishing progress are, unity of faith, social excellence in anti-individualistic charity and the remarkable aptitude of the clergy in dealing with economic problems.

Events of the Month.

By D. McTighe.

Deposition of Gomez.

It has often been said that a man is without honor in his own country. To this might be added that he is also often without reward. The Cuban Assembly, the provisional legislature of the new republic, has forcibly impressed this truism upon all thinking people by its recent act of deposing General Gomez from the patriot army. General Gomez is one of the foremost factors in the state of independence enjoyed by Cuba at the present time, in its inception, its progress, and its accomplishment. He has led the native army for years, has stood by it through all its vicissitudes, and has persevered long enough to see it triumph in the cause it fought for. Then, after all, it is his fate to be thrown out of his command, branded as a traitor. We would not judge this severe treatment too much for any man if he could be proven guilty of treason, but we do not think that in the case of Gomez the basis of that charge is sufficient to constitute it. He is alleged to be a traitor because he is favoring the policy of the United States in Cuba, and because he has accepted the offer of $3,000,000 by that nation to pay off the Cuban soldiers, in preference to the attempt of the Assembly to raise the money on its own account. In doing this, it seems to us that General Gomez is doing right. He is doing what is best for the soldiers and best for his country, because the paying off of the soldiers at present will enable the volunteer army to be mustered out, instead of keeping it organized and waiting for its pay, and because it will save the young republic from the embarassment of being plunged into an enormous debt at the outset of its career. That General Gomez has shown more farsightedness in his course than the members of the Assembly, is proven by the failure of the latter's recent effort to raise money. The veteran leader has nothing to fear from his deposition, since the mistake that brought it about is apparently not on his side.

The Joint Commission's Work.

The adjournment of the Joint High Commission between Canada and the United States without any agreement on a definite policy, is a disappointing result of the conference. It was hoped that some terms

would be reached which could be presented to Parliament during the present session, but from what can be learned of the doings of the commissioners, it appears that very little has been accomplished. There has been a great deal of anxiety felt on account of the frequent rumors in regard to the alleged sacrifice of Canadian interests. But nothing has as yet been made public that would in any degree go to prove that these charges are grounded on truth. It is undeniable that the delay is exasperating to business interests throughout the Dominion, but if delay is the only result of the conference, it may well be attributed to the fact pointed out by Sir Richard Cartwright in the House of Commons the other day, that the trade relations with seventy million people is of too vast importance to be lightly considered or hastily passed upon. We may still hope that the commerce between the two countries will be improved, as the negotiations are not yet ended. However, when the commissioners meet again next fall, Canada will be deprived of the services of an able advocate, Lord Herschell, who died in Washington on March 1st. The learned English jurist had a wide knowledge of international affairs, and his long experience in treaty—making rendered him one of the leading figures among the commissioners.

The Partition of China.

The recent demands of Italy and Belgium for concessions of territory in China are the latest plundering attempts which attract attention to the Orient. Notwithstanding that Italy's demand was refused, she is not at all dismayed, and is continuing her claims with a persistency that denotes a feverish anxiety to get a foothold in the East before all the desirable coast provinces are gobbled up. She is backed up by Great Britain and will therefore likely succeed. Austria is also looking for a concession, and lately sent a warship to China to select a choice location, with the evident intention of finally pouncing upon it. Whenever we come across reports of these encroachments in the Orient, we are prompted to ask ourselves the question, What is becoming of China? Is it not fast losing its individuality and being turned into a more or less cosmopolitan country? Its great wall formerly held back the Tartar destroyers, but it is useless in keeping back the intelligent invaders from Europe. The Europeans are getting farther into the country year after year. They

are introducing their ideas of trade and commerce, working themselves into places of authority, and are gradually gaining ascendancy over the natives. Europeans are now holding positions in all the educational institutions, and even in the Government. They are heads of large mercantile enterprises, leaders in manufacturing, and are alone in the field of developing the vast mineral resources of the country. All this bodes well for the advance of civilization, but at the same time it unquestionably indicates the ultimate downfall of the Chinese. China is fast succumbing to the inevitable march of progress, and is undergoing disintegration. The European powers at present firmly ensconced there, namely, Russia, France, Germany and Great Britain, are notoriously aggressive. They are not content any longer with small "spheres of influence" and the "open door," although England has endeavored to maintain the latter at all hazards. The door is now too wide open to suit their selfish interests, and being safely on the inside, they are not afraid to close it behind them and nail it fast. Thus they will be enabled to carry on their stealing with impunity, having no fear of Chinese protests and caring little, at any rate, for such remonstrances. China seems destined to be the field in which the land-grabbing powers of Europe will eventually come together with an unprecedented clash. The fate of the country is in their hands. Their plundering aggressions cannot long escape the jealousy of one or the other, and as soon as this becomes more pronounced a clash will be unavoidable. Already the relations between England and Russia are decidedly strained. The latter's strategical strength in Manchuria is distasteful to England, and she is leaving nothing undone to gain as much ground as her rival and to check the Czar's advance whenever possible. Russia, on the other hand, aware of her advantages and solid foundation for military incursions, with her Siberian railway and her fortified ports on the Yellow Sea, is rapidly pressing southwards. The Czar has his eye on the capital, and indeed he is well represented there already by his ministers and his instructors of the native imperial authorities. Such conditions are bound to produce friction. The Chinese Government is utterly unable to cope with the forces that are silently working to destroy it. It is in reality left out of all negotiations, though

nominally taken in, whenever there are any disputes to be settled between the Europeans, and it is largely considered in the nature of a regime that is simply serving time. The writer is of the opinion that there will be war, sooner or later, between the rival European powers in the Flowery Kingdom, and that as a result, the vast territory will be divided among them. In support of this we find something very timely in a recent issue of the London *Standard*. That paper, commenting on England's late disagreement with Russia, says :

> "It is useless to disguise the truth. Our difficulties with the Tsung-li-Yamen are mainly due to the coercion of Russia, who is engaged in what seems to be the deliberate policy of rendering herself supreme in northern China and attempting to exclude Great Britain therefrom. The real question is whether the time has not come for some definite settlement which will end this process. Russian initiative has led to that scramble for China which it was the avowed policy of Great Britain, if possible, to prevent. Partition is actually taking place under our eyes."

China is doomed to fall. It has existed for centuries, the wonder of the world, but it is now no longer able to resist the work of disintegration. The philosophy of history should teach us that its time of passing is come. It is attacked on all sides, and since it is far inferior to its foes, and is rich enough to excite every passion for conquest, it must of necessity succumb.

Of Local Interest.

By W. P. EGLESON.

"Resolved that a progressive income tax would be most equitable," formed the subject of a most interesting debate in the Senior English Debating Societs, on the 26th ult. Messrs. P. J. Galvin and T. Day supported the affirmative; Messrs. J. J. O'Reilly and E. Gallagher, the negative. The debaters proved that they had made a thorough study of the question, and their discussion proved very instructive. The judges awarded their decision in favor of the affirmative.

On March 4th, a mock trial was held in place of a regular weekly debate. Mr. F. P. Burns was charged with several offences, one civil and two criminal, and arraigned before Mr. J. E. Doyle, who acted as judge. Messrs. D. McTighe, J. R. O'Gorman and S. Nagle conducted the case for the prosecution, while the prisoner was defended by Messrs. T. Stewart Albin, W. P. Egleson and J. Shanahan. After a long and interesting trial the prisoner was acquitted of two of the charges, but found guilty of the third, which was, that during a football match he wilfully and maliciously attempted violence on Mr. Thos. Costello, one of the players of the opposing team. The prisoner was released on suspended sentence.

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The resolution for debate on March 12th was: "Resolved that Gladstone was a greater statesman than Bismarck." Messrs. F. Sims, J. Dowd and Jos. McDonald spoke for the affirmative, while the case of the Iron Chancellor was championed by Messrs. H. Herwig, A. Meindl and Thos. Costello, who succeeded in persuading the judges to decide in favor of the negative.

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The last debate of the season took place on the 19th instant. The subject discussed was: "Resolved that the condition of the negro race in the United States was better before the abolition of slavery." The speakers for the affirmative were Messrs. J. R. O'Gorman, J. Shanahan and E. McCoshan; the negative was supported by Messrs. W. P. Egleson, A. Donnelly and S. Nagle. The debate was decided in favor of the negative.

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The 7th instant, the Feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, patron of philosophers, was observed as a holiday at the University. In the morning solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Nilles, O.M.I., vice-rector. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel assisted from the throne and preached an eloquent sermon appropriate to the occasion. In the evening the class of Philosophy presented a philosophical play entitled "Philosophy in a Sea of Troubles." The following was the cast of the characters:

Philosophy .....Mr. M. A. Foley
Common Sense.....Mr. J. E. Doyle
Progress .....Mr. T. Stuart Albin
Luther .....Mr. M. O'Connell
Hegel .....Mr. W. P. Egleson
Proudhon .....Mr. L. E. O. Payment
St. Thomas Aquinas .....Mr. R. A. O'Meara
Bastiat.....Mr. J. A. Meehan
Adam Smith .....Mr. J. F. Breen
J. B. Say.....Mr. P. J. Galvin
Malthus. .....Mr. J. F. O'Malley
Ricardo.....Mr. R. Lafond
Professors of Political Economy .. { Messrs. M. T. Carrigan, A. O'Malley and J. J. Cox.

Before the entertainment began, Mr. R. A. O'Meara, '99, stepped upon the stage and in a short address pointed out that the object of the play was to set forth some of the pernicious tendencies of Socialism and Rationalism, and to oppose them by the all-conquering logic of St. Thomas. All the performers acquitted themselves very creditably. Special praise and thanks are due to Rev. Father Nilles, O.M.I., Professor of Philosophy, to whose able direction and painstaking efforts, the decided success of the play is due.

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At a meeting of the Sixth and Seventh Forms, held on the 21st ult., the Academy of St. Thomas was reorganized for another season's work. The following committee was elected :

President—Mr. J. E. Doyle, '99.
Vice President—Mr. M. Foley, '00.
Secretary—P. J. Galvin, '00.
Councillors— { Mr. J. A. Meehan, '00. Mr. R. A. O'Meara, '00.

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The evening of Friday the 24th inst., witnessed the close of another successful terms' work of the French Debating Society. In accordance with the custom of former years the members prepared a little *séance* for the occasion and to which all the

students were cordially invited. The College band lent its assistance to the entertainment and opened the programme with an overture, "Retour du Printemps," after which Mr. L. E. O. Payment, '99, president of the society, delivered a speech dealing with the aims and benefits of the organization. The remainder of the programme was as follows:

Vocal Solo — Célébrons le Seigneur — Mr. j. C. Langlois, 'oo

Prize Competition:

Declamations	Competitors
"La Belette entrée dans le grenier,"	Master A. Arcand
"Proclamation de Bonaparte à l'armée d'Italie"	" J. Boivin
"Il Miracolo,"	" J. Boutet
"Le Pater du Paysan,"	" E. Carrière
"Le Rat et le Vieux Chat,"	" R. Campeau
"L'Huître et les Plaideurs,"	" O. Dion
"Le Grand Penseur,"	" P. Ducharme
"Le Gland et la Citrouille,"	" A. Pepin

Vocal Quartette — "La Syrolienne" — Rev. Fathers Lajeunesse, Rouzeau, R. Bro. Fortier and Mr. J. C. Langlois, 'oo

Selection — "L'Echarpe Tricolore," — College Band

Declamation — "L'Obsession" — Mr. J. Deschênes

Violin Solo — Master E. Carrière

Comic Song — "Mathieu, mon vieux," — Mr. J. C. Langlois, 'oo

Comedy — "La Gifle," — Messrs J. Deschênes, J. C. Langlois, 'oo, R. Lafond, 'oo.

All the numbers of the programme were well carried out by the performers and duly appreciated by the audience. The competition among the junior students for the prize in Elocution was a novel feature and it was certainly a happy thought of the Committee to arrange such a contest. The prize consisted of a handsome volume entitled "Japon d'Aujourd'hui," which was awarded to Master A. Pepin. Master J. Boutet was a close second being only one point lower than the successful competitor. The Judges who decided the contest were Rev. Fathers Poli, Lacoste and Gervais.

The actors that took part in the comedy "La Gifle" did full justice to their *rôles* and deserve sincere congratulations.

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On the evening of the 26th inst., the Senior English Debating Society held a Mock Parliament. The Government measure introduced was a Bill providing for the immediate construction of the Ottawa and Georgian Bay Canal. The Parliament was composed as follows :

GOVERNMENT.		OPPOSITION.	
Prime Minister,	P. J. Galvin	Ex-Prime Minister,	T. Stuart Albin
Min. Railways & Canals,	D. McTighe	Ex-Min. R'ys & Canals,	M. O'Connell
" Finance,	J. J. O'Reilly	" Finance,	J. A. Meehan
" Interior,	M. E. Conway	" Interior,	A. Donnelly
" Agriculture,	Geo. Kelly	" Agriculture,	R. A. O'Meara
" Public Works,	E. Gallagher	" Public Works,	J. E. McGlade
" Marine & Fisheries,	J. F. Green	" Marine & Fisheries,	T. Morin
" Justice,	J. F. O'Malley	" Justice,	M. A. Foley
Secretary of State,	W. P. Egleson	Ex-Secretary of State,	M. T. Carrigan
Postmaster General,	T. Day	Ex-Postmaster General,	P. Murphy
Solicitor General,	P. Sims	Ex-Solicitor General,	Jos. Warnock

Speaker of the House, - - J. E. Doyle.
Clerk, - - - - - J. R. O'Gorman.
Sergt.-at-Arms - - - - Thos. Hogan.

The debate on the bill was ably conducted both by the members of the government and by the opposition. Many private bills were also introduced. After a prolonged discussion on the main bill, the debate was adjourned on motion of the Premier, seconded by the Secretary of State.

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The Scientific Society has held four regular meetings during the present month. The subjects discussed were the following :—

March 1st.—"The Propagation and Sagacity of Plants.' Lecturer, Mr. D. McTighe, '04.

March 8th.—"The Osseous System." Lecturer, Mr. M. E. Conway, '01. Mr. M. T. Carrigan, '01 delivered a short criticism of the lecture.

March 22nd.—"The Sun." Lecturer, Mr. J. E. Doyle, '99. Rev. Father Murphy added greatly to the interest of the subject by giving many lime-light views.

Obituary.

PATRICK MCDERMOTT, '04. AGED 17.

On Thursday, February 23rd, came the sad news of the demise of a much esteemed student, in the person of Mr. Patrick McDermott, '04. During the two years that he spent among us he was a general favorite, and his premature death has brought deep sorrow to all his acquaintances in the University.

The late Patrick McDermott received his primary education in the Separate and High Schools of Pembroke, Ont., and began his studies in Ottawa University at the beginning of the scholastic year of '97-98. Never being of a robust constitution, he found his strength declining with dangerous rapidity early last December, and returned home in the hope of recruiting his failing health. But it was found that he was a prey to consumption, the progress of which fell disease neither the best medical assistance nor the tender care of his father and sisters could arrest.

Deceased was in every way a most exemplary young man. Besides being a hard student he was possessed of a manly, upright disposition that would not stoop to do a mean, much less, an evil thing. We sincerely sympathize with his parents in their sad loss, and extend to them our heartfelt condolences. *Requiescat in pace.*

Among the Magazines.

By Michael E. Conway.

Readers of the March number of the *Rosary Magazine* have had a splendid literary treat in the initial article, "The Rosary and the Holy Land" from the pen of the Rev. A Azzopardi, O. P. In this comprehensive narrative the thoughtful review of many sacred places in the Holy Land and of many incidents intimately connected with our Savior's life, forms the most appropriate reading at this season of the year. As with all travellers, the city of Jerusalem was for him the centre of attraction, and accordingly the writer influenced by his environments, has given us a somewhat extended description of scenes sanctified by the presence of the Savior. Taking the other contents in the order of their importance, we might direct attention to an exceedingly interesting paper on "A Catholic Introduction to the Study of Literature" by E. Lyell Earle. The scant justice done to Catholic writers in the works of literature which are offered to students may allow us to grow up with the mistaken notion that the place of our co-religionists in literature is indeed a small one. Here the value of this course comes in, for its object is to give a correct knowledge of the Church's position in literature and the place our writers held and still hold throughout the world. The false opinion must be dispelled and a demand made for simple justice and fairness, or at least let us give to our own writers, the credit and recognition they deserve. Apart from this if the suggestions from this article are followed out, the literary activity among Catholics will be increased and an intelligent appreciation of their efforts will be secured. In "Ordinations at Montreal" there appears an article which has especial interest to many of our readers for it will awaken the memories of the happiest day of their lives. The fiction, "The Priests Confession." from the French of Jules Lemaitre is not a happy selection and is a departure from the high standard of this magazine.

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The opening pages of *Donahoe's Magazine* for March are claimed by the Rev. E. O'Growney for his excellent article entitled "Gælic Greetings and Blessings." In this scholarly contribution,

the writer impresses us by his zeal for the movement which has for its grand object the revival of the Gaelic language. The dire results of the awful proscription of that language from 1600 to 1829 are too well known to need any comment, yet, it is only by a consideration of them that we can appreciate the greatness of this movement. Though the obstacles to be overcome appear almost unsurmountable, the Gaelic League is prosecuting its work with praiseworthy zeal. The following paragraph so well expresses the aims and thoughts of this devoted writer, that I transcribe it here: "Some, perhaps, there may be who are inclined to belittle or even to despise those little salutations and blessings, or, perhaps, to deride them as 'so very Irish don't you know!' Irish they are, indeed, and intensely Catholic. They come to us from the hearts of generation after generation of our ancestors, instinct with centuries of earnest, Irish faith, tender devotion and the most steadfast hope in even the most crushing trials and persecutions. The traditions with which they are entwined and the spirit with which they are filled give the language and thought of our Irish speaking people force and strength to resist the materialism of the age, and to enable them to pursue the highest and best interests of the race." A devoted plea of one to whom we wish with all our hearts, *Go dtugaidh Dia a luach duit!* One striking figure of this issue is the conclusion of that able article on Robert Emmet, by Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson, who writes in a patriotic vein of her great hero. In drawing the curtain over the sad fate of Emmet, the writer makes a touching and pathetic reference to his betrothed Sarah Curran. The illustrations include pictures of the faithful servant, Anne Devlin, the house where Emmet was arrested, the supposed grave of Emmet in the churchyard at Glasnevin, and others which enhance the value of this article. The elaborate sketch of the life and work of Leo XIII., is certainly the most valuable contribution to this number. He, who is now the last of the three great men whom public estimate considers to be the leading statesman of the Nineteenth Century, still rules with a firm and tactful hand his world-wide realm.

Current History, 4th Quarter 1898 has reached the Editor's Table. It is a creditable volume full of interest and remarkably well edited. This magazine is of especial benefit to students for the matter is presented in a lucid and concise manner and so comprehensive that it is a whole library of periodical literature condensed into a volume of convenient size, while it preserves its literary and artistic qualities. The present issue reviews the late war from beginning to end giving a full text of the treaty and presents the expansion problem from both sides. A thoughtful sketch of the career of Pope Leo XIII with a brilliant review of all its important incidents occupys the opening pages. Other subjects treated are the "Far Eastern Situation, the "Anglo-French Crisis" the "Dreyfus Case," etc.

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The April issue of the "*Messenger of the Sacred Heart*," contains many articles of considerable interest. There is a plendid frontispiece of a celebrated statue of St. Paul, preceding that admirable article "With St. Paul in Rome." As the situation in the Philippines is still the centre of public interest, the contribution from the pen of R. V. Schuyler has a particular importance for Americans. But the legends related in this article are most unworthy of credence, and could have been omitted without detriment to the value of the article. The Papal Letter is also appears in this issue. The short story, "Through Darkness to Dawn" is certainly one of the best of the year. In fact every contribution to this number is worthy of careful reading.

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That the United States should not and will not accept any offer of English assistance in administering the affairs of Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines, is a thesis strongly defended by Rev. G. McDermott, C. S. P., in a thoughtful article entitled "English Administrators and the Ceded Possessions," in the March issue of the *Catholic World*. The writer first of all argues against allowing England any hand in the new possessions and from this he proceeds to consider the fact that "an excuse to attack a weaker neighbor has hardly ever been more than a colorable one", and gives several incidents to prove his statement. All this is in a strain of marked antipathy to England, and why

does he think that this nation is the great sinner? He should not single out John Bull in particular and disregard Russia or Germany. He is an expansionist of the mild type for he candidly tells us that if the Philippines were restored to Spain, it would be an injury to American citizens to whom something is due for the sacrifices of the war; it would be a national crime because it would fling the inhabitants into the melting pot of internecine revolutions or throw them on the gambling-table of European powers." After commenting on the possibilities of civilization, the learned Paulist gives thoughtful consideration to the dangers which will result from a godless commerce. But he is full of hope for the islands, if the church be left free to carry on the work so gloriously commenced by a devoted clergy. Under the title of "Catholic Prelates as American Diplomats," there is a clever contribution in this number which admirably shows the success of our higher ecclesiastics on diplomatic missions. If the reader desires a fair and unbiased opinion of the status of the Protestant Church, let him read the impressions of Henry C. Corrance, under the title of "The Witness of Protestantism to Catholic Truth."

In "A Century of Civilization in France," the writer clearly places before us the influences which, if unchecked, would work the ruin of France. We, in America, are forced to receive impressions of this land, which are often from prejudiced minds. Hence, it is a pleasure to read this masterly article as it is the work of one who is thoroughly acquainted with the French people. The paragraph which treats of the explanation of the fact "that although the country is overwhelmingly Catholic, the Catholic religion is ignored and despised" is particularly interesting. The principal reason is the indifference of the masses in all political affairs, and contrasted with this, is the activity of the political leaders.

"Character Studies in New York's Foreign Quarters" is a welcome contribution and one that certainly has attracted the attention of many readers.

The best of the fiction of this number is the beautiful, short sketch entitled "Sinielemen."

Athletics.

For several weeks previous to April 3rd, the approaching elections of the Athletic Association had been the sole topic of conversation in the corridors and recreation hall. It was therefore a very enthusiastic gathering to which President O'Meara addressed himself on Easter Monday as he briefly reviewed the successful work of the season under the direction of the committee of '97-98, laying particular stress on the adverse circumstances which had strewn the path of himself and Colleagues, and of the success which crowned their efforts and would continue to crown the labors of future committeesso long as the Association respected its moto *Ubi concordia ibi victoria*, Mr. O'Reilly followed with his report of the financial standing of the Association and although the accomodations provided for the games last fall were by no means conducive to "big gates" a comfortable balance still remains on hand. Mr. Galvin's report dealt with the success of the teams for the past season. It certainly left a strong impression that old Ottawa College was still very much alive. The titles champions of the Quebec Rugby Football Union and of the Ottawa Valley Base-ball league seem to say that we have not yet had a surfeit of victories.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year :—

President, ... J. J. O'Reilly.
1st Vice-President, ... T. A. Morin.
2nd Vice-President, ... M. A. Foley.
Treasurer, ... J. E. McGlade.
Corresponding Secretary, ... W. Egleson.
Recording Secretary, ... E. McGuire.
Councillors, { ..... J. Meehan.
..... R. Lafond.