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The Irish Literary Revival.

A Lecture

Delivered at the request of the Catholic Young Ladies'
Literary Association,

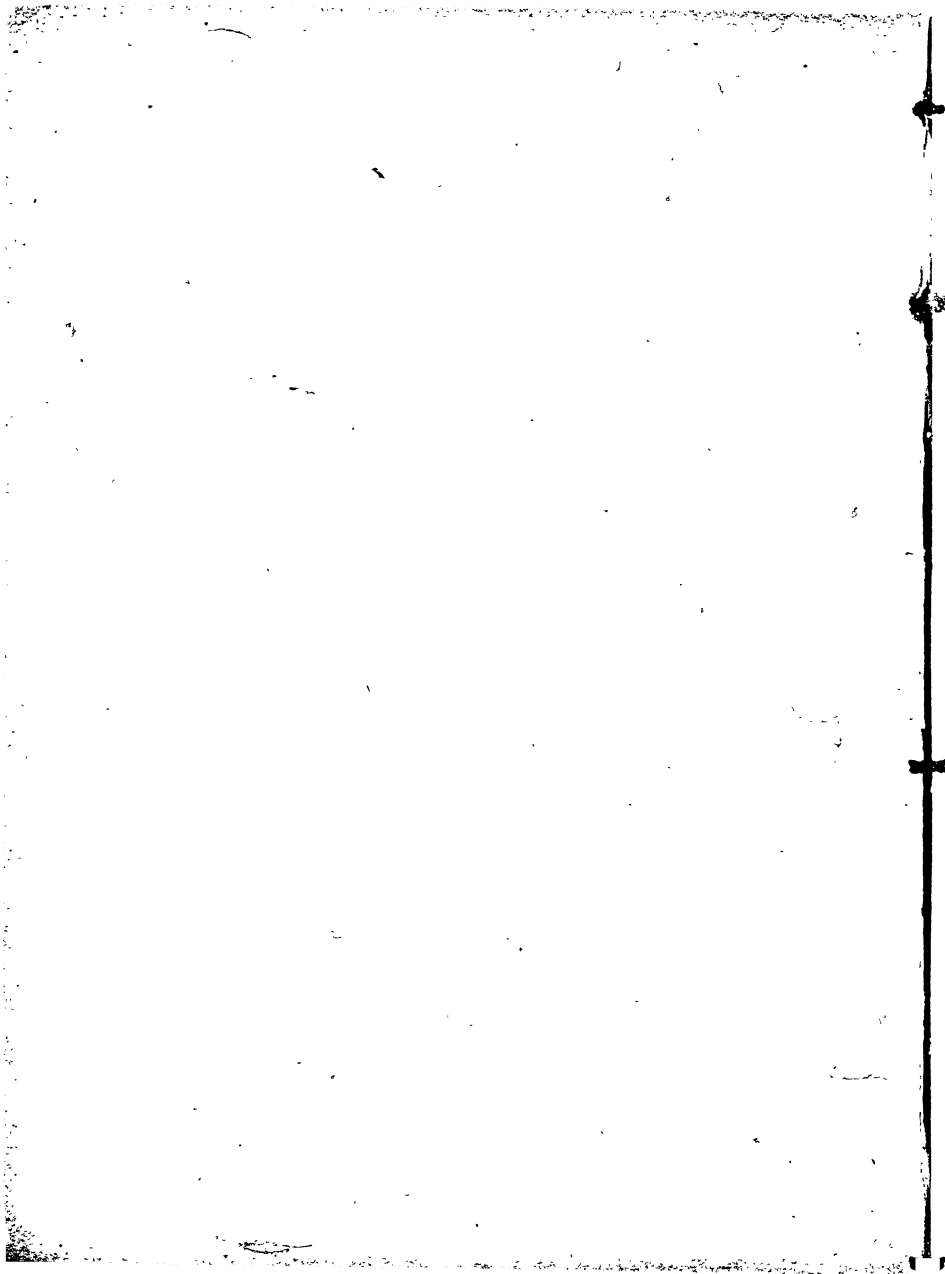
— BY —

Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen,

AT THE MASSEY HALL, TORONTO,

MAY 31, 1895.

The Most Rev. the Archbishop of Toronto in the Chair.





Isabel Aberdeen

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CATHOLIC YOUNG LADIES LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS FOR 1894-95.

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M. O'DONOGHUE AND M. O'ROURKE, B.A.

THE OBJECT OF THIS ASSOCIATION.

Shall be to furnish means for the religious, intellectual, moral and social improvement of all Catholic young ladies admitted to the Society.

Any lady may become an Honorary Member of the Association for life on payment of the fee of five dollars. Honorary Members are entitled to all the privileges of ordinary members, but shall have no voice in the management and business of the Association.

Honorary Members,

LADY THOMPSON, LADY SMITH,
MRS. EUGENE O'KEEFE, MRS. HUGH RYAN.

PROGRAMME,

Under the Special Direction of F. H. TORRINGTON, Esq., of Toronto
College of Music.

PART I.

ORGAN SOLO—"Last Rose of Summer".....*Arranged by Dudley Buck*
MASTER ALBERT D. JORDAN

SONG—"The Irish Emigrant"..... *G. Barker*
MR. J. W. CARNAHAN.

SONG—"The Dear Little Shamrock".....
MISS ELLIOTT.

"Even the miner, whilst clanking his chains, sings as he lightens his
labor with untaught music."

SONG—"Asthore".....*Trottere*
MRS. J. N. M'GANN.

PIANO SOLO—{ "Humoriskien".....*Schaskowski*
"Staccato Caprice".....*Vogrich*
MISS FANNIE SULLIVAN.

"Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice."

... LECTURE:—"The Present Irish Literary Revival." ...

BY HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

"If the crowns of all the kingdoms of the world were laid down at my feet in exchange
for my books and my love of reading, I would spurn them all."—FENELON.

PART II.

SONG—"Norman's Tower".....*Lohr*
MR. FRANK BURT.

DUO—TWO PIANOS—"Allegro Brillante".....*Mohr*
MISSES HUSBAND AND TATE.

SONG—"The Bells of Shandon".....*Rev. F. Mahony*
MISS LOUISE M'KAY.

"Music alone with sudden charm can bind
The wandering sense and calm the troubled mind."

BALLAD—"Father O'Flynn".....*Stamford*
MR. CARNAHAN.

SONG—"The Minstrel Boy".....
MISS SUSIE HERSON.

"The thrilling music thralls the fevered throng."

ORGAN SOLO—"Offertoire Eo".....*Wely*
MASTER ALBERT D. JORDAN.

"Music bears the same relation to the other arts that religion does to the Church."

DUET VOCAL—"I Feel Thy Angel Spirit".....*Grahen-Hoffman*
MISS M'KAY AND MR. CARNAHAN.

"Music, poetry and love,
Blended, like the graces move."

"And so farewell; from out the mists
Another day is born,
Through words of parting we must smile,
And bid the new, Good morn."

ALL VOCAL NUMBERS SELECTED BY HER EXCELLENCY

INTRODUCTION BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen has graciously consented, at the request of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Society of Toronto, to the publication of the very interesting and able lecture she delivered, under the auspices and at the request of the aforesaid Society, in the Massey Hall, Toronto, on the 31st May last. The great audience that assembled on that occasion were well rewarded for their attendance by a rare intellectual treat on the subject of the Irish Literary Revival. They were interested and instructed by the stores of information and the great erudition brought to bear on the subject of the lecture, and were charmed and delighted by the graceful and pleasing manner of its delivery.

The published lecture will, we are sure, be read with avidity by those who had the pleasure of listening to her Excellency on that occasion; and it will entertain, interest and instruct many who had not that good fortune. Her Ladyship showed a mastery over her subject which laborious research, extensive reading, and patient study could alone enable her to do; whilst by her power of condensation, her mental grasp, and her tender sympathy with her theme, she succeeded in exhibiting to her audience the most beautiful kaleidoscopic views of the literary history of Ireland. We forbear any further comments, but will let the lecture speak for itself.

As her Ladyship, in her introductory remarks, alludes in a deprecatory tone to words we then spoke, we deem it our duty to repeat them here:

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCIES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

"I have come this evening in compliance with a formality usual on such occasions, to introduce to this audience her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen. As a matter of fact, her Excellency needs no introduction to this or to any other audience in this Dominion, for her great gifts of head and heart, and her noble works of charity have made her name a household word in all the homes of Canada, and have spread her fame through the length and breadth of the British Empire.

"But she has endeared herself in a special manner to the Irish race at home and abroad. Her love for our people, her tender sympathy with their sufferings and sorrows, her far-reaching charity and her unwearied labours for the betterment of their lot, have won the undying love and affection of Irish hearts, and have placed our people under a debt to her

which they can never hope to pay. What time and care and labor did she not devote to the creation, organization and work of the Irish Village at the World's Fair at Chicago! What unwearied efforts did she not put forward there to bring Irish manufacture and Irish industrial works to the knowledge of the civilized world! But not alone there, but especially and chiefly at home in the dear old land, has she toiled to ameliorate the condition of the Irish laboring classes. Not by doling out alms that would pauperise and degrade them, but by stirring up within them a spirit of self-respect and self-reliance, and by bringing within their reach the means of earning an honest livelihood, has she striven to improve the condition of the poorer classes. In the glens and on the mountain sides of Donegal and Monaghan, in the desolate and famine-haunted districts of Connemara, and along the bleak coasts of Cork and Kerry, she has encouraged lace work, wool-weaving and similar industries, suited to the capacity of the laboring classes, and in this way she has enabled numbers of them, especially young women, to earn an honest livelihood, and has brought hope, light and comfort into many a remote shieling, into many a poor cabin, that else were desolate and cheerless indeed.

"For these blessed works of practical benevolence, for the sacrifices of time and leisure and money she has made for the uplifting of the condition of our poor people, for her tender sympathy with their sufferings and sorrows, she is endeared to the Irish heart for ever, and her name is in benediction in Irish homes.

"God forbid that I should on this occasion indulge in the language of flattery. I have too much respect for myself, and too much respect also for the exalted personages who honor us by their presence, to do so. A mere statement of plain facts is the best panegyric that can be spoken of her Excellency.

"I am sure, therefore, that I give but feeble expression to the feelings and sentiments of this great audience, as well as of the Irish citizens of Toronto, when, in the sweet language of the Gael, I bid her Excellency a '*Cead Mille Faoilte*'—a hundred thousand welcomes."

These words are true, and it was felt on the occasion to be a duty to speak them, even though her Excellency would have preferred they had not been spoken.

JOHN WALSH,

Archbishop of Toronto

ORONTO, October 20th, 1895.

THE PRESENT IRISH LITERARY REVIVAL.

Before commencing the lecture, which your Society has kindly invited me to give, allow me to say that I have looked forward to this occasion with peculiar pleasure, and that this pleasure is now greatly enhanced to me by the fact that His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto has been able to be present and to take the chair.

We have many things for which we have to thank His Grace, but this week it is but natural that the subject of the National Council of Women of Canada should be uppermost in our thoughts, and towards that Council the Archbishop has ever proved himself a most true friend. When at the outset there was some doubt as to whether this movement would be successful, His Grace was amongst the first to come forward with encouragement and counsel, and ever since he has never failed to give assistance whenever needed, and to advise the societies and institutions under his direction to federate with the Local Council in Toronto; and last Tuesday, when prevented by indisposition from being present himself at the public meeting held at the Pavilion, he sent his blessing and a living message of good cheer in the person of Father Ryan, who delivered so eloquent and beautiful a speech on that occasion.

I should also like to tender the thanks of the Women's National Council to the Young Ladies' Catholic Literary Association for the hospitality and kindness which they have shown to those of our delegates whom they have entertained this week.

As for all the kind words His Grace has spoken regarding myself and any work His Excellency and I have been able to attempt for Ireland, I must remind the audience that the Archbishop is an Irishman, and that His Excellency and I are obliged to admit one failing on the part of Irish people all the world over, and that is that they will persist in putting on rose-colored spectacles whenever they have anything to do with us.

I make no apology for the subject which I have chosen for the address which you have done me the honor to ask me to deliver under the auspices of your Society to-night, and I wish at the outset to relieve any apprehensions as to any even distant allusions to controversial matters, whether religious or political. Happily this is a subject round which all lovers of their country can meet, however much divided they may be in their opinions; and it is a subject which has special claims on many of us here who can claim connection either by birth or by parentage with that Green Isle whose royal and magic sway over her children, even to a remote generation, only once more proves that the greatest thing in the world is Love.

But even outside that charmed circle, are there not many who in their heart of hearts feel a thrill of tenderness for those old far away times of heroic deeds chronicled for us by the wandering bards who upheld amongst those wild warrior tribes the ideals of justice and honor and purity and love? And so well did they uphold these ideals that a prepared and fruitful soil was found by the great Apostle for the Divine Message which was to make Ireland the Isle of Saints, and which would enable her to win

truer laurels than those to be gained in warfare, in the fields of learning and art and music and architecture and missionary labors.

Does our tenderness for these traditions proceed from a half-acknowledged belief that these tales are but traditions, surrounded with merely the halo of charm with which we associate the fairy tales of the nursery?

If that be indeed the attitude of any here towards this lore of the early centuries of Ireland's history and fame, they lose much, much—for the spirit which is revealed in these tales of romance and chivalry and heroism largely moulded the character of the people, not only then, but for future times; the estimation in which music and literature and art was held, the justice and mercy which distinguished the Brehon laws of those old pagans should be a source of veritable pride to all who can boast of Celtic blood; and the instinct for constitutional government ruling through the will of the people expressed at these tribal and national gatherings which were so central a feature in the life of the times is one which may well claim the attention and admiration of the present generation, who are sometimes tempted to believe that to them belongs the discovery of political freedom.

There could be little scope for tyranny where it was a deep-seated custom that no action could be taken by family or tribe or people without an assembly. If the king or sub-king wanted any special work done by his vassals he called a Mithal Flatha, or "meeting of nobles," to lay it before them. If the head of a tribe wished his followers to join in some

movement he called a Mithal Tuatha, or "meeting of the freeholders" of the tribe to take counsel with them; if a yet greater chief—the "chief of kindred," or Aire-Fine—wished to have the support of the householders of his kindred for measures of defence, for the consideration of certain acts of the king or decisions of the court, he would summon an important assembly called the Mathluagh. Again, there was the Dal, or assembly of all the "Flaith," or heads of septs, without whose consent no taxation could be carried out, and finally there was the great Aenach, or Fair, held every three years at Tara, or Teltown, in Meath; at Carman, in Wexford; at Aileach or Armagh, in Ulster, summoned and presided over by Ard-Righ or High King, King of all Ireland. There the High King and lesser kings, the nobles, judges, poets and scholars met to discuss national affairs.

In Mrs. Bryant's charming volume on "Celtic Ireland" she describes one of these Assemblies in a vivid way:

"All new laws were promulgated at the fair in the hearing of the people, while also old laws were rehearsed, proclamations made, genealogies recited, the people being thus kept acquainted with the institutions and traditions under which they lived. This was the political side of the Aenach; but it was also an occasion of literary, artistic and social enjoyment, and an opportunity for the selling and buying of wares. Recitation of poetry, music, dancing, feats at arms, horse-racing, athletic sports—all these took place; and prizes were awarded by the king, who had charge of the fair, to the best competitor in each accomplishment. The bards came to the Aenach, and used it, not only as a literary stimulus, but also as an occasion for the interchange and comparison of

ideas, thus helping to keep the historic traditions pure by the test of agreement. The smiths and skilful artificers, the weavers of woollen goods and others, came to show their wares and sell. The young people came to see and hear, and to enjoy one another's society; it was a time for marrying and giving in marriage. The serious came to hear the latest politics. All came to enjoy the music and poetry, the sports and the competitions. And so important a feature in the national life was the Ænach, that it was regulated by the strictest bye-laws, the breach of some of which was even punishable by death.

“The only fragment of the Ænach left is in the selling and buying of wares, and the social enjoyment of an Irish fair: but, with the exception, curiously enough, of this fragment, the whole non-political part of the institution is preserved in its main idea as the National Eisteddfod of Wales. That the custom was a general Celtic custom, and indeed not unknown to the Germanic peoples is certain. But there is, nevertheless, evidence to show that its revival in Wales in 1180, by Griffith ap Conan, was directly due to his observation of the practice in the neighboring country of Ireland, and thus that the Eisteddfod of Wales is historically continuous with the Irish Fair.”

It must be remembered that the bards who are so prominent in these assemblies were recognised as being practically the schoolmasters and historians of the nation as well as its poets. They could only attain the dignity of their position by years of hard study; there were seven different degrees amongst them, each of which had to be reached by means corresponding to the modern examination. To attain the highest it was necessary to know by heart seven times fifty stories. They travelled about the country from north to south and east to west, followed by their pupils, and everywhere they were received with

honor and suitably entertained, whilst in return they would sing or relate the stories of love and heroism which were so dear to the hearts of their hearers, the reciting of which in all parts of the country made the different tribes to know about one another, to value one another's prowess and in some degree to realize the whole nation. The fact that there was so much love for literature prevailing in the land, that there was a considerable number of these bards in the country travelling about, that they met from time to time to compete with one another and to confer as to the correctness of the tales, many of which they mutually told, and the love of literature that prevailed in the land, all tend to make us believe that the chronicles which were thus handed down from mouth to mouth and finally gathered together and written down, contain much that is true, and represents in a very real way the life and character of the early Irish.

The historian class of poet sat in the courts with the judges, to quote historical precedent and custom, thus to guide the administration of the laws, and of the enlightened character of those laws we can have two great proofs. One is the position which they gave to women, which is always a certain sign of the position of a nation. This is shown both in their marriage and their property laws, by which very full privileges were maintained for them in the way of enjoying their individual property. If a wife, too, were made a subject of ridicule by her husband, or if she were not given her full rights in social and domestic matters, she could separate from her husband, taking her own property and her husband's

bridal gift with her. One cannot help thinking that women must have been very reasonable in those days! "Every woman must have her free will," is an axiom laid down in the Brehon laws as a principle. Women's names are found amongst those of the judges, and even of the warriors, and we are told of various learned women or druidesses. When the Fianna, or Irish militia of the third century, were established by the great King Cormac, there were various conditions necessary to be observed by candidates desiring to join it, showing both intellectual gift as well as military skill, but the two first injunctions which were laid upon every soldier were :

1st. Never to seek a portion with a wife, but to choose her for good manners and virtue.

2nd. Never to offer violence to a woman.

Is it much wonder then that Moore should immortalize the reverence in which the sons of Ireland have always held their women, from the earliest times, in those lines we all know so well :

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh, her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems and her snow-white wand.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, thro' this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm:
No son of Erin will offer me harm,
For, tho' they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honor and virtue more."

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle;
And blest for ever was she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

But the second proof of the high character of those Brehon laws, in which so many resemblances to the Common Law of England have been found, lies in the fact that St. Patrick, when called upon to revise them in view of the conversion of Ireland to Christianity, found but comparatively little to alter or to add. Did he and his two episcopal assistants seek to supersede them by the Roman law? No; we are told that they declared that the ancient Irish code contained "the judgments of true nature which the Holy Spirit had spoken through the mouths of the Brehons and first poets of the men of Erin," and that "the law of nature had been quite right." Consequently they only amended it so that it should not clash with the Word of God, and should take cognisance of the obligations of the faith and the harmony of the Church and people.

Some of the additions made by St. Patrick are noteworthy—there are four dignitaries of a territory who may be degraded: "A false judging king, a stumbling bishop, a fraudulent poet, an unworthy chieftain;" and there were penalties imposed for the following offences committed by anyone: "False judgment, false witness, fraudulent security, false information, false character-giving, bad story or lying in general."

We have not time, however, to linger over these details, which have been lately quoted in an interesting lecture by Dr. Sigerson on St. Patrick's Day in Dublin, although we may well wish that St. Patrick were here to rule us. But the two points to be observed are, first, the high tone which must have existed amongst these pagans, and which, in com-

pany with their ambition to do great deeds, which had been fostered by their national poets, so prepared them to embrace and to spread the religion of self-devotion of Jesus Christ.

As Mr. Standish O'Grady well says :

“ Those heroes and heroines were the ideals of our ancestors ; their conduct and character were to them a religion ; the bardic literature was their Bible.....Under its nurture, the imagination and spiritual susceptibilities of our ancestors were made capable of that tremendous outburst of religious fervour and exaltation which characterized the centuries that succeeded the fifth, and whose effect was felt throughout a great portion of Europe. It was the Irish bards and that heroic age of theirs which nourished the imagination, intellect and idealism of the country to such an issue. Patrick did not create these qualities. They may not be created. He found them and directed them into a new channel.”

It is a matter of peculiar interest for those interested in the character and achievements of Celtic races to remember that this early legal and administrative system, unlike that in any other European country, was evolved without contact with Roman or Hellenic civilisation, and yet shows great elaboration and foresight, and bears the traces of high ethical standards.

The wonderful wisdom which characterised St. Patrick's mission to Ireland is very noteworthy. Christianity was not wholly unknown in Ireland, but it had never taken hold of the people before. He made himself all things to all men ; he sought to win the people through their own customs and traditions ; he first sought to put the truth before the kings and chieftains and gained their adherence, and then

inspired them to bring about the conversion of their followers, which method would predispose them to the new faith. He took their pagan feasts and converted them into Christian festivals, and largely used their tribal system in introducing church organisation. He discovered intuitively that there has ever been one way to the Irish heart, and that is by sympathy. It is *sympathy* far more than benefits that they value, and St. Patrick so identified himself with his adopted country, to the country where he was first taken as a slave, that it is hard even now to remember always that he was a Scotchman. And yet that Scotland should have given to Ireland her St. Patrick, and that Ireland should have given to Scotland her St. Columba, surely explains much of the mutual understanding and amity existing between the two countries which have so much in common.

But the attractive personality of St. Patrick must not make us forget that our chief concern to-night is Irish Literature, and so we must consider him from the point of view of what he did in regard to that. And we can easily see that the attitude which he took up of identifying himself with his converts and their laws, by speaking and writing and preaching in their language, and by his enthusiastic support of their poets, and their lore, must have done a great deal towards preserving all the stores of Gaelic literature now at our disposal scattered in various libraries and museums and monasteries. It is related that he feared giving overmuch time to the wonderful histories of the country he loved, and he consulted his guardian angels. Their approving answer was given, and they bade him have the remnant of the stories

inscribed so that they might be on record for the nobles of Erin in future time.

It must not either be forgotten that his own autobiography is the earliest literary monument of the Celtic Church, and it is touching to note how this great man at the end of his grand life begins by apologising for any errors of style which it may contain, and says he blushes for his "want of skill to render in clear and concise words what my spirit conceives."

Let me read to you an extract of this Confession as given to us by Aubrey De Vere, whose poetical works I would commend to all who are not acquainted with them :

Therefore, a youth of sixteen years or less,
Withothers of my land, by pirates seized,
I stood on Erin's shore. Our bonds were just ;
Our God we had forsaken, and His Law,
And mocked His priests. "Tending a stern man's swine
I trod those Dalaraida hills that look
Eastward to Alba. Six long years went by ;
But—sent from God—Memory, and Faith and Fear
Moved on my spirit as winds upon the sea,
And the Spirit of Prayer came down. Full many a day
Climbing upon the mountain tops one hundred times
I flung upon the storm my cry to God.
Nor frost, nor rain might harm me, for His love
Burned in my heart. Through love I made my fast ;
And, in my fasts, one night I heard this voice—
"Thou fastest well: soon shalt thou see thy Land."
Later, once more thus spake it: "Southward fly,
Thy ship awaits thee." Many a day I fled,
And found the black ship dropping down the tide,
And entered with those Gentiles, by Thy Grace
Vanquished, though first they spurned me, and was free.

It was Thy leading, Lord ; the Hand was Thine !
For now when, perils past, I walked secure,
Kind greetings round me, and the Christian Rite,
There rose a clamorous yearning in my heart,
And memories of that land so far, so fair,

And lost in such a gloom. And through that gloom
 The eyes of little children shone on me,
 So ready to believe ! Such children oft
 Ran by me naked in and out the waves,
 Or danced in circles upon Erin's shores,
 Like creatures never fallen ! Thought of such
 Passed into thought of others. From my youth
 Both men and women, maidens most, to me
 As children seemed : and oh the pity then
 To mark how oft they wept, how seldom knew
 Whence came the wound that galled them ! As I walked,
 Each wind that passed me whispered, " Lo, that race
 Which trod thee down ! Requite with good their ill !
 Thou know'st their tongue : old man to thee, and youth,
 For counsel came, and lambs would lick thy foot ;
 And now the whole land is a sheep astray
 That bleats to God."

Alone one night I mused,
 Burthened with thought of that vocation vast,
 O'er-spent I sank asleep. In visions then,
 Satan my soul plagued with temptations dire.
 Methought, beneath a cliff I lay, and lo !
 Thick-legged demons o'er me dragged a rock,
 That falling, seemed a mountain. Near, more near,
 O'er me it blackened. Sudden from my heart
 This thought leaped forth : " Elias ! Him invoke !"
 That name invoked, vanished the rock ; and I,
 On mountains stood watching the rising sun,
 As stood Elias once on Carmel's crest,
 Gazing on heaven unbarred, and that white cloud,
 A thirsting land's salvation.

Might Divine !
 Thou taught'st me thus my weakness ; and I vowed
 To see Thy strength. I turned my face to Tours.
 There where in years gone by Thy soldier-priest
 Martin had ruled, my kinsman in the flesh ?
 Dead was the lion ; but his lair was warm :
 In it I laid me, and a conquering glow
 Rushed into mine heart.

. So passed eight years,
 Till strengthened was my heart by discipline :
 Then spake a priest, " Brother, thy will is good,
 Yet rude thou art of learning as a beast ;
 Fare thee to great Germanus of Auxerres
 Who lightens half the West !" I heard, and went,
 And to that Saint was subject fourteen years.

He from my mind removed the veil ; " Lift up,"
 He said. " thine eyes ! " and like a mountain land
 The Queenly Science stood before me plain,
 From rocky buttress up to peak of snow :
 The great Commandments first, Edicts and Laws,
 That bastion up man's life :—then high o'er these
 The forest huge of doctrine, one, yet many,
 And at the end of each, the self-same glittering star :—
 Lastly, the Life God-hidden. Day by day,
 With Him for guide, that first and second realm
 I tracked, and learned to shun the abyss flower-veiled,
 And scale heaven-threatening heights. This too he taught,
 Himself long time a ruler and a prince,
 The regimen of States from chaos won
 To order, and to Christ. Prudence I learned,
 And sagemess in the government of men,
 By me sore needed soon. O stately man,
 In all things great, in action and in thought,
 And plain as great !

There, once more,
 O God, Thine eye was on me, or my hand
 Once more had missed the prize. Temptation now
 Whispered in softness, " Wisdom's home is here :
 Here bide untroubled " Almost I had fallen ;
 But, by my side, in visions of the night,
 God's angel, Victor, stood as one that hastes,
 Or travel sped. Unnumbered missives lay
 Clasped in his hands. One stretched he forth, inscribed
 " The wail of Erin's children." As I read
 The cry of babes, from Erin's western coast
 And Fochlut's forest, and the wintry sea,
 Shrilled o'er me, clamouring, " Holy youth, return !
 Walk thou among us ! " I could read no more.

Thenceforth rose up renewed mine old desire :
 My kinsfolk mocked me. " What ! past woes too scant ! "
 Slave of four masters, and the best a churl !
 Thy Gospel they will trample under foot,
 And rend thee ! Late to them Palladius preached :
 They drave him as a leper from their shores."
 I stood in agony of staggering mind
 And warring wills. Then, lo ! at dead of night
 I heard a mystic voice, till then unheard,
 I knew not if within me, or close by,
 That swelled in passionate pleading, nor the words
 Grasped I, so great they seemed and wonderful,
 Till sank that tempest to a wisper :—" He

Who dies for thee is He that in thee groans."
 Then fell, methought, scales from mine inner eyes ?
 Then saw I—terrible that sight, yet sweet—
 Within me saw a Man that in me prayed
 With groans unutterable. That Man was girt
 For Mission far. My heart recalled that word,
 "The Spirit helpeth our infirmities :
 That which we lack we know not : but the Spirit
 Himself for us doth intercession make
 With groanings which may never be revealed."
 That hour my vow was vowed ; and He approved,
 My Master and my Guide.

That hour true life's beginning was, O Lord,
 Because the work Thou gav'st into my hands
 Prospered between them.

Yea, and from the work
 Went forth the puissance . . . Strength in me was none,
 Nor insight, till the occasion : then Thy sword
 Flamed in my grasp, and beams were in mine eyes
 That showed the way before me, and naught else.
 Thou mad'st me know Thy will. As taper's light
 Veers with a wind man knows not, o'er my heart
 Hovered thenceforth some Pentecostal flame
 That bent before that will.

Thy Truth, not mine.
 Lightened this People's mind ; Thy love inflamed
 Their hearts ; Thy Hope upbore them as on wings.
 Valiant that race, and simple, and to them
 Not hard the godlike venture of belief :
 Conscience was theirs ; tortuous too oft in life,
 Their thoughts, when passionate most, then most were true,
 Heart-true. With naked hand firmly they clasped
 The naked Truth : in them belief was Act.
 A tribe from Thy far East they called themselves :
 Their clans were Patriarch households, rude through war :
 Old Pagan Rome had known them not : their Isle
 Virgin to Christ had come.

Happy Isle !

Be true ; for God hath graved on thee His name.
 God, with a wondrous ring, hath wedded thee ;
 God on a throne divine hath 'stablished thee :—
 Light of a darkling world ! Lamp of the North !
 My race, my realm, my great inheritance,
 To lesser nations leave inferior crowns ;
 Speak ye the thing that is ; be just, be kind ;
 Live ye God's Truth, and in its strength be free !

Béfore passing on from St. Patrick I cannot forbear calling to your remembrance that beautiful hymn he wrote in Irish. When he was on his way to preach the faith at Temur he was told that a magic spell was prepared against him whereby he and his followers would seem to the people to be a wild deer followed by fawns. His answer was to compose this hymn called the "Lorica," or "Breastplate," which has been rendered into English by several authors. I take the version by Mrs. Alexander, the wife of the eloquent Bishop of Derry :

ST. PATRICK'S BREASTPLATE.

I bind unto myself to-day
 The strong name of the Trinity,
 My invocation of the same,
 The Three in One, and One in Three,

I bind this day to me for ever,
 By pow'r of faith, Christ's incarnation ;
 His baptism in Jordan river ;
 His death on Cross for my salvation ;
 His bursting from the spiced tomb ;
 His riding up the Heav'nly way ;
 His coming at the day of doom ;
 I bind unto myself to-day.

I bind unto myself to-day
 The pow'r of God to hold and lead,
 His eye to watch, His might to stay,
 His ear to hearken to my need.
 The wisdom of my God to teach,
 His hand to guide, His shield to ward ;
 The word of God to give me speech,
 His heavenly host to be my guard.

Christ be with me, Christ within me,
 Christ behind me, Christ before me,
 Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
 Christ to comfort and restore me.
 Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
 Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,
 Christ in hearts of all that love me,
 Christ in mouth of friend or stranger.

I bind unto myself the Name,
 The strong Name of the Trinity ;
 By invocation of the same,
 The Three in One, and One in Three,
 Of whom all nature hath creation ;
 Eternal Father, Spirit, Word :
 Praise to the Lord of my Salvation,
 Salvation is of Christ the Lord.

The centuries which followed St. Patrick's death are well known as centuries of glory for Ireland. St. Columba, a native of Donegal and the descendant of the great King Niall, was impelled to found his monastery in Iona, and from thence he penetrated to Inverness, preaching before the king and converting him, and then going as far as the Orkneys, laying the foundation of Pictish Christianity. From his mission branched out many others in Scotland and England, and a great many monasteries were founded. St. Columbanus, later in the same century, and a host of other missionaries crossed the seas to Europe, and have left to this day marks of the success of their devoted labors in France and Germany and Italy and even in Iceland.

An enthusiastic Irish scholar, Miss Stokes, has lately been personally examining the traces of the footsteps of the Irish Saints in Europe, and I see the announcement of a work by her on the subject which is sure to be fascinating, "The Shrines of Irish Saints." She has already preserved and reproduced for us some of these wonderful specimens of Irish art and architecture and illumination which made Irish art and Irish scholarship so famous in the ages of which we have been speaking, and when the rest of Europe was in darkness after the downfall of the Roman Empire. I am glad to know that the British

Government awarded her a pension to enable her to pursue her valuable researches.

To Ireland in those days were the young princes and nobles sent who were to receive the highest education available, and the Anglo-Saxons began to grumble at this fashion of going to Ireland for education, even as we Scotch and Irish are inclined to grumble now about the fashion of going to England for the same purpose, and from Ireland had John Scotus to be fetched by the King of France when he wanted a certain Greek work translated.

I suppose we mostly know his name in relation to the well known story which is told of the King trying to joke about his name one day at dinner when he asked the scholar what there was between "Scotus" and "Sotus?" "The table, Sire," promptly replied Scotus. But we must not forget that this same Scotus was an Irishman, and is considered the one great philosopher of the Dark Ages.

It is unnecessary to linger longer on the proofs that exist of the rich store of early Irish literature, on the value it possesses for those who would rightly understand the Ireland and the Irish of to-day, and who would awaken the present generation to understand all that this inheritance means. It is unnecessary also to speak of the centuries of war and disorder and misery that followed, when the monasteries and centres of learning were pillaged, and the people had other things to think of than the pursuit of learning and the arts which had made Ireland so famous.

We need not dwell on the authors of later times—on Swift and Sterne and Sheridan and Moore and

such like—their names can easily be gathered, along with many others, who have kept alive the fame of Ireland in other walks of life. And Miss Edgeworth, Lever, Griffin and Carleton, W. B. Yeats, A. M. and T. D. Sullivan, Thomas Davis and Boyle O'Reilly, and Sir Samuel and Lady Ferguson, Dr. Joyce, Dr. Todhunter, down to the anonymous A. E., the author of those lovely little "Songs by the Way," and to the five ladies who are now making a notable place for themselves in modern literature, Miss Jane Barlow, Miss Lawless, Miss Hopper, Mrs. Hinkson, Mrs. Bryant—do we not know and love them all?

With your permission I would like to give an example of the writings of one of these ladies, Katherine Tynan Hinckson, or Katherine Tynan (by which name she is better known), and His Excellency has kindly consented to give us at this point a reading from her "Cluster of Nuts."

(The Governor-General accordingly then read to the audience a chapter from the above-mentioned volume, after which Lady Aberdeen continued her lecture as follows.)

It is not lack of material with which we have to deal, it has been lack of organisation and a lack of realisation of the riches of Irish Literature and the desirability of cultivating it amongst Irishmen and Irishwomen.

Fifty years ago a company of young men banded themselves together to remedy this, and were busy digging up the buried relics of history to enlighten the present by a knowledge of the past. But the famine of 1847-48 came and it and its results brought the attempt to an end for the time. But within the last few years a revival has grown up which bids fair

to endure. Irish Literary Societies have been springing up everywhere, Dublin taking the lead in 1888, as was her right. The Irish Literary Society in London has been organised under the able presidency of Sir Charles Duffy, who had been one of the chief workers of the earlier movement fifty years ago, and is composed of members of all politics and of all religions, there being but one object—the fostering of *Irish Literature, both ancient and modern*. Commodious rooms have now been established in London for the use of the members, a library begun, and most interesting monthly lectures delivered. The opening addresses of Sir Charles Duffy, Mr. Stopford Brooke, Dr. Sigerson and Mr. Hyde, showing what a field of work lay before the society, both in the direction of translating the old Gaelic literature and reproducing it worthily in English, in the collection and publication of the scattered work of Irish authors, and in the education and direction of readers, have been collected in a volume and are well worthy of your attention. They present the subject as I cannot hope to be able to do, and I earnestly commend them to your perusal. But there is one piece of work which was the outcome of the formation of this society to which I wish to draw your special attention. A project very dear to Sir Charles Duffy's heart was taken up and arrangements made with Mr. Fisher Unwin, the publisher, to bring out a new Irish Library, collecting works which had hitherto been unattainable by the general public and presenting them at a cheap price. The beginning which has been made with the first six volumes shows how well worth the attempt was making. The continuance of

the Library must depend on the support given to it.

I have here the very first copy of the first book of the series printed, sent to me by the publisher as we were embarking at Liverpool. "The Patriot Parliament," a deeply interesting fragment of history by Thomas Davis, preceded by an introduction by Sir Charles Duffy, clearing up much concerning James II.'s Irish Parliament in 1689, a region sufficiently removed from present day politics to be able to be judged dispassionately.

Then comes a collection of tales of the sixteenth century presented to us in modern dress by Mr. Standish O'Grady, of which the first one, "The Bog of Stars," is a gem of beauty and pathos.

Two volumes of Irish verse are included in the series, one a collection of the poems which appeared in the *Nation* newspaper some forty years ago, and which deeply stirred the hearts of the country at the time, and the other a much needed and charmingly edited Irish song book, the words being accompanied by the airs, the whole being chosen and edited by Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, who is not only an authority on and earnest worker in matters of this kind, and the author of "Father O'Flynn," but also the secretary of the Irish Literary Society in London.

You must let me dwell for a few minutes on the subject matter of another of the volumes of this new Irish Library. It is called "A Parish Providence," by Mrs. Lynch.

Ah, would that we could find a few dozen such Parish Providences as are depicted in this book by the Mayor. This good man settles down in a desolate

village from which trade and prosperity have all departed, where the houses are in ruins and not fit for habitation, the roads impassable and the inhabitants in a state of stolid misery and indifference bred of despair. By small degrees he sets local laws in force and gets the roads repaired, new houses built, the people interested in cultivating their gardens and a market opened up for their produce, a basket making industry is started, a brick field is opened, lodgers come and take up their summer quarters in the now cosy cottages, and contentment and a desire for education and culture begin to make themselves felt.

We are seeing the same process at work in many parts of Ireland through the fostering of her home industries, and a system by which the workers are taught to produce work suitable for modern requirements. I could tell you stories about those patient hard working weavers and knitters of Donegal, and of the lace makers scattered throughout the country which would make you look with fresh interest at these goods in which many a life-history is worked. I am glad to be able to tell you that there is an increasing demand for our woollens and linens and embroideries and laces, and that here in Canada too they are becoming popular. If an Irish department is ever opened by any of the stores here, I shall look to you ladies to give it your support. A society has lately been started to help the woollen industry which exacts a promise from each of its members to buy one suit or one costume of Irish material every year. Why could we not get members for this society in Canada? The excellence and the beauty of the stuffs can be guaranteed.

Forgive me for thus wandering away from my subject—the two are, after all, not very far apart in some ways, and we of the Irish Industries Association owe a special debt to the Irish Literary Society, inasmuch as we stole from them our most earnest and enthusiastic Secretary and Managing Director, Mr. T. W. Rolleston. To him is largely due the success of both societies. Alongside of the Irish Literary Society in London and that of Dublin, others are prospering in Liverpool and Cork, Glasgow and Edinburgh and elsewhere at home and abroad. Not only can they point to definite results from their own immediate work, but they are creating an atmosphere favorable to the general revival of Irish Literature quite apart from anything that any society may accomplish. A magazine called the *New Ireland Review*, itself a proof of what I am saying, points out in the current number how many distinctly Irish volumes have been issued during the last two years outside the New Irish Library, and many of these are books which have claimed wide attention outside Ireland, although the subject matter is Ireland. Mr. Rolleston asks, What is meant by Irish Literature? and he answers this by saying that it is literature written by Irishmen under Irish influences, whether those influences be of the past or of the present, and that all this stir about Irish Literature means that the Irish imagination is endeavouring to do what is always the highest function of the imagination to do—namely, to idealize and ennoble what is near and familiar to it—idealizing those old stories of by-gone times of which we have spoken this evening, idealizing the scenes of everyday life in Ireland by giving

them historical associations, or associations such as will haunt us if we hear April in Ireland thus described by Miss Hopper :

She hath a woven garland all of the sighing sedge,
 And all her flowers are snowdrops grown on the winter's edge ;
 The golden loom of Tir-nan-Og move all the winter through,
 Her gown of mist and raindrops shot with a cloudy blue.

Those exquisite Irish idylls of Miss Jane Barlow, bringing out the pathetic beauty, the patient courage and devotion of the Irish peasantry, the fascinating though tragic story of Grania, by Miss Lawless, not to speak of her "Hurrish" and "Maelcho," and the delightful sketches of Irish character in Mrs. Tynan Hinckson's "Cluster of Nuts," are all books which should be in the hands of every Irishman and Irishwoman, though I would fain see them also in the hands of every other English-speaking man and woman. They can only make us love Ireland better and make us wish to work for her welfare in some way or another.

I must not, however, be tempted to quote more from our modern Irish writers, but merely tell you of one result of the present Irish Literary revival which may be of use to you personally.

Reading circles have been formed with a view of promoting and directing the reading of those who wish to study Irish history and Irish literature consecutively. Lists of books have been made out for certain periods and a little magazine published for the help of the readers. Those at the head undertake that no over-controversial books shall be introduced, and that the politics of none need be offended. It might be of interest to your Society to enquire into the course of reading recommended, or you at

least could recommend lists of the best Irish books to be easily obtained. It is well that every encouragement should be given to make the love of country an intelligent love. What can conduce more to this object than the study of all that is best in its literature and history, so that we also may be stirred to be worthy of those who have gone before. The pre-eminence of English literature and the love which is felt for it has been one of the great strengths of England, and remember that a true and loyal love of the country of our forefathers will but pave the way for an equal, if not greater, loyal attachment to the land of our adoption.

You, young ladies of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Society are doing a noble work in fostering this love of reading and study. Those who have never formed this habit in youth little know the riches they lose by its neglect. And if this love is to be of the highest use to us it must be trained and directed. We have reason to fear that there are many young people in our time who only use their education for the purpose of devouring the worse than empty literature with which all countries are flooded, and which can do nothing but deteriorate. If you can meet the young girls leaving school and can introduce them to the best books and encourage them in habits of self culture, of disciplined reading, you will surely be benefiting their own lives and conferring on them a source of truest happiness and blessing.

And not this only, but you will be blessing the homes of the future by widening the mental vision and strengthening the characters of our future wives

and mothers by accustoming them to live in the company of the highest and best and truest thought of the world.

Allow me, in conclusion, to express my pleasure in knowing that the Catholic Young Ladies' Society has affiliated itself to our Local Council of Women in Toronto, and let me thank the members of that Society for the kind hospitality they have shown to some of our delegates from afar.

Once more I beg to offer my good wishes for the continued usefulness and ever increasing development of your work.

BOOKS ALLUDED TO BY THE COUNTESS OF
ABERDEEN IN THE FOREGOING LECTURE.

- “Confession of St. Patrick.”
 “Celtic Ireland,” by Mrs. Sophie Bryant, D.S.
 “Ireland Before the Conquest,” by Lady Ferguson.
 “Ireland and the Celtic Church,” by Prof. G. Stokes.
 “Heroic Ireland,” “The Coming of Cuchulain,” by Standish O’Grady.
 Aubrey de Vere’s Poems: “Legend of St. Patrick.”

THE NEW IRISH LIBRARY.

Ed ted by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. Published by Fisher Unwin, at 15 each (and by P. T. Keneely, Barclay street, New York), comprising amongst other volumes :

- “The Patriot Parliament,” by Thomas Davis, with introduction by Sir Charles Duffy.
 “The Bog of Stars and other Stories,” by Standish O’Grady.
 “A Parish Providence,” by E. M. Lynch.
 “The New Spirit of the Nation,” edited by Martin MacDermott.
 “The Irish Song Book, with Original Irish Airs,” edited by Alfred Perceval Graves.

- "The Story of Early Gaelic Literature," by Douglas Hyde.
- "The Three Sorrows of Story Telling," by Douglas Hyde.
- "The Revival of Irish Literature," being three addresses by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Dr. George Sigerson and Dr. Douglas Hyde (published by Fisher Unwin, uniform with the Irish Library).

Miss Edgworth's works, especially "Castle Rackrent."

The works of Lever, Griffin and Carleton.

Moore's Melodies.

"Hurrish," "Grania," "Maelcho," by Hon. Emily Lawless.

"Irish Idylls," "Maureen's Fairing," "Strangers at Lisconnel," by Jane Barlow.

"Cluster of Nuts," "Shamrocks," "The Land of the Mountain and the Mist," "Ballads and Lyrics," by Katherine Tynan Hinkson.

Ballads in Prose, by Miss Hopper.

"Conary," "Lay of the Western Gael," "Hibernian Nights," by Sir Samuel Ferguson.

"Early Christian Art in Ireland," and other works on Irish Art, Architecture, and on the Shrines of the Irish Saints on the Continent, by Miss Margaret Stokes.

"Wanderings of Oisín," and other Books of Poems," "Fairy and Folk Lore of Ireland," "Representative Irish Tales," by W. B. Yeats.

"Statues from the Block," by J. Boyle O'Reilly.

"New Ireland," by A. M. Sullivan.

"Memoir of Thomas Davis," by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

"Old Celtic Romances," by Dr. Joyce.

"Hero Tales of Ireland," by J. Curtin.

"Homeward ; Songs by the Way," by A. E.

"The New Ireland Review." 6d. a month, published by Burns & Oates, 18 Lower Sackville street, Dublin, and by Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay st., New York.

"The Irish Home Reading Magazine," published occasionally under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society, 8 Adelphi Terrace, Strand, London, W.C., gives the names of books for Irish reading courses, and papers and information thereon.

IRISH INDUSTRIES ASSOCIATION.

PRESIDENT—HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

The Irish Industries Association is an association of ladies and gentlemen legally incorporated for the purpose of encouraging and developing the industries, especially the cottage and home industries of Ireland.

It includes among its members and governing body persons representing all political and religious sections of the people of Ireland.

Its members pay an annual subscription of not less than 5s. or a life subscription of £10.

It has Branches in Dublin, London, Cork, Limerick, Clones, Lisnakea and Lahinch.

What the Association has done.

1. It has made known the products of Irish industry and introduced them to fashionable centres.

2. It has opened depots in Dublin, London and Chicago; and in two years work, from 1892, was able to purchase Irish goods to the value of \$185,000.00.

3. It established the Irish Industrial Village at Chicago, at which \$100,000.00 of Irish goods were disposed of. Irish industry obtained a worthy and national representation.

4. It is maintaining the wholesale trade in Irish lace and crochet with London and the Continent. In the year 1894 over \$40,000.00 were paid to Irish workers through its Depot.

5. It is endeavoring to further improve and develop the designs for lace and crochet and keep them up to date both in pattern and workmanship.

6. Aided by the Congested District Board, it is working out successfully a scheme for the improvement of the Donegal Home-spun Industry.

7. It has made arrangements with agents in Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and Halifax, who will supply their customers with Irish goods.

8. It has opened a department for the manufacture of Irish ecclesiastical vestments.

Managing Director and Secretary of Association:

T. W. ROLLESTON, ESQ., 76 Grafton street, Dublin,
Who will at all times gladly furnish information.

ADDRESSES OF DEPOTS.

London Depot—20 Motcomb street, Belgrave Square.

Dublin Depot—76 Grafton street.

Chicago Depot—Now conducted as an Irish Store, under the personal responsibility of Mrs. Peter White, late manager of the Irish Village.

AGENTS IN CANADA.

Montreal—Messrs. Murphy & Co., Catherine street.

Ottawa—Messrs. Murphy & Co., Sparks street.

Toronto—Messrs. Simpon & Co., Yonge street.

Halifax—Messrs. Mahon & Co.

SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPORT OF IRISH WOOLLEN INDUSTRIES.

PRESIDENT—EARL OF MAYO.

Seeing that of late years there has been a great advance in the quality of the woollen manufactures of Ireland, and that they are now competing favorably with the fabrics of the best houses of London and the Continent, and that the demand for them is growing both in foreign and American markets, it is evidently the duty of the Irish people at large to support the efforts made by the producers, and so to help the workers. The above Society has been founded with the purpose of aiding the friends of Irish industry to give practical effect to their sympathy.

The following are some of its central rules :

1. The object of the Society shall be to aid and encourage the Irish Woollen Industries, by promoting the purchase of fabrics produced in Irish Woollen factories.

2. For this end each member shall undertake to purchase at least one suit of Irish made material every year.

3. To secure the fulfilment of this engagement each member shall send to the Secretary of the Society an invoice of these goods from the tailor or merchant from whom they have been purchased guaranteeing the goods to be of Irish manufacture.

4. Ladies shall be eligible as members, and their undertaking shall be to purchase at least one costume, woollen, poplin and silk, of Irish made material.

Ladies and gentlemen desiring to be members may send their names and subscriptions to the Secretary of the Society, 16 Lower Sackville street, Dublin.

It is suggested that Branches of this Society might be successfully inaugurated in Canada and the United States.

