

# THE OWL.

VOL. X.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, MARCH, 1897.

No. 7.

## *MARY, THE SPRINGTIDE.*



AY that my soul is as a winter wood.  
O, then be thou its springtide, loveliest maid :  
The budding green of its bleak solitude ;  
Its brake of roses, and its ferny glade ;  
The golden moss around its rugged roots,  
Sprinkled with violets fair ;  
The murmurous song from all its spray that bruits  
When Night is kneeling there.  
Be thou a starlight to its silent hours  
Of dew-distilling sky,  
And a white moonlight piercing all its bowers  
Aslant and tremblingly ;  
A soul of fragrance breathing from its flowers,  
And at their hearts the golden nectary.

FRANK WATERS.

*THE FEAST OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.*

**A**S the 7th of March fell this year on the first Sunday of Lent, the celebration of the Feast of St Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor and patron of Catholic Colleges and Universities, was deferred until Thursday, the 11th instant. The prince of scholastic philosophers and theologians has always held a high place in the affections of both students and professors in Ottawa University and his principles have ever been enthusiastically accepted and enforced by them. Hence each recurring St. Thomas' day is fittingly marked by appropriate ceremonies in honor of the great Dominican Teacher. The year 1897 formed no exception to the established rule.

On Thursday morning His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, chancellor of the University, sang pontifical high mass in the College Chapel. He was assisted by the Very Revd. Rector as High Priest and by Revds. Fathers Fallon and Boisramé as Deacons of Honor. The members of the Faculty attended in their academic robes and the students filled the chapel. There was congregational singing such as is not often heard; the noble Gregorian chant being powerfully and beautifully rendered by the whole student-body.

*THE EVENING EXERCISES.*

At 8 o'clock on Thursday evening the University Hall was filled with the students of the various departments, the members of the faculty and the clergy of the city and its vicinity. The exercises took the form of a congratulatory and complimentary entertainment in honor of Rev. Dr. Lacoste, O.M.I., who has recently been named to a high dignity in being chosen one of the ten foreign members of the illustrious Roman Academy of St. Thomas, and the first member that body has had in America.

As the Most Reverend Chancellor and the Faculty filed into the hall they were greeted by a well executed piano duet by Messrs. G. Fitzgerald and J. Gookin. A discourse by Archbishop Duhamel opened the evening's programme. His Grace spoke eloquently and logically. Beginning with the divine mission of Christ's Church to preserve and defend truth and guide men through the mazes of error, he pointed out how in every age she had been faithful to her sublime trust. Despite all opposition and in the face of every obstacle she had ever struggled and striven and triumphed, as she must ever struggle and strive and triumph. Hence the unceasing vigilance of her many defenders. The present illustrious Pontiff, Leo XIII, continued His Grace, understanding thoroughly the needs of the world, had named the great Doctor, St. Thomas of Aquin, to be the patron of Catholic scholars and the chief source of their doctrine. And in order that the principles of the saint should be propagated, the same Pontiff had founded the Roman Academy of St. Thomas, composed of the most noted exponents of Thomistic philosophy and theology in the world. Of its members, only ten are chosen outside of the city of Rome itself. Hence the honor conferred on Rev. Father Lacoste was a distinguished one, both for himself and for the institution with which he is connected. His Grace concluded by congratulating Rev. Father Lacoste and the University on this latest and high mark of Papal favor and interest.

The Rev. E. Groulx, '89, then read the Diploma which made Rev. Father Lacoste a member of the Roman Academy of St. Thomas. Rev. Father Groulx begged permission, before reading the document, to express, on behalf of the former students of Father Lacoste, the great pleasure they felt in seeing their old professor so signally

honored, and the hope that the new academician might be long spared to enjoy this and higher dignities.

The following is a copy of the Diploma.

Academia romana Sti. Thomæ Aquinatis  
jussu et auspiciis Leonis xiii Pontificis  
Maximi instituta Kalendis Jan., 1880.

Diploma cooptationis academicorum.

Rdo. Henrico Lacoste è congregatione  
Obl. M. Immaculatæ.

Cum nobis singulare studium perspectum sit  
quo docte ingenioseque versaris in eâ philoso-  
phandi scientiâ quæ est à Sto. Thomâ Aquinate  
in spem immortalitatis tradita. Te per has  
litteras libenter cooptamus in exterorum  
Academiæ nostræ decemvirale collegium, ut  
junctis nobiscum viribus, operam tuam ad  
illustrandam et latius diffundendam tanti  
Doctoris sapientiam sedulo conferas.

Quâ autem ratione sis ipse propositum  
assecuturus, Litteræ declarant Leonis xiii  
Pont. Max. ad V. E. Antoninum De Luca  
Cardinalem quæ præcipiunt: "Ut cætus  
academicus in Urbe Roma instituatur, qui S.  
Thomæ Aquinatis nomine et patronatu insignis,  
eo studia industriamque convertat, ut  
ejus opera explanet, illustret; placita ex-  
ponat, et cum aliorum philosophorum sive  
veterum sive recentium placitis conferat;  
vim sententiarum earumque rationes demon-  
stret; salutarem doctrinam propagare, et ad  
grassantium errorum refutationem, recensque  
inventorum illustrationem adhibere contenda-  
t." Id nobis de industriâ doctrinâque tuâ  
ipsi pollicemur. Vale.

Datum Romæ die 26 Decembris, 1896

C. CARD. MAZZELLA PRÆSES

Salvator Talamo a secretis.

(Translation.)

Roman Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas  
founded by order and under the patronage of  
the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII, the 1st day  
of January, 1880.

Diploma of aggregation to the Academy  
of St. Thomas, granted to Reverend Father  
Henry Lacoste, O.M.I.

We have had abundant proofs of the  
singular ardor wherewith you pursue the  
philosophical studies of which St. Thomas  
has traced the rules for us, and which point  
out to us the surer way towards our  
immortal destiny. Wherefore we are happy

to proclaim you one of the ten foreign  
members of our Academy. Henceforth you  
will then unite your efforts to ours, in order  
that we may develop and propagate afar  
the wise teachings of so great a Doctor.  
As to the method which you must follow to  
reach the end in view, it is plainly indicated  
in a letter of Leo XIII to Cardinal de Luca,  
wherein we read these words:—We desire  
to establish in Rome an academic College,  
which, in the name of St. Thomas Aquinas  
and under his glorious auspices will strive by  
all means to bring to light his wonderful  
works, explain his doctrine by comparing it  
with that of other philosophers, whether  
ancient or modern, so as to show its clear-  
ness and power. In short, you must apply  
yourself constantly to spread around you  
sound doctrine, in order to stem the invasion  
of growing errors, and to guide the march of  
new sciences." This is what we expect from  
your zeal, your activity and your learning.

Given at Rome, the 26th December, 1896.

CARD. MAZZELLA, *President.*

SALVATOR TALAMO, *Secretary.*

After His Grace had handed the  
diploma of membership to the new  
academician, the audience was favored  
with a quartette, "Canada, Land of  
the Maple," by Messrs. L. Payment,  
J. Gookin, G. Fitzgerald and A.  
Mackie.

Next followed the presentation of  
addresses. First came the address  
from the students of theology. It  
was to have been read by Rev. A.  
Newman, '93, but illness prevented  
him, and at the last moment he was  
replaced by Rev. L. Raymond, '93.  
The following is the text of the Latin  
address:—

Reverendissimo necnon Clarissimo Doctori  
J. Henrico Lacoste. Theologiæ Dogmaticæ  
Lectori, ad Academiam Sancti Thomæ  
Aquinatis nuper electo.

Reverendissime Pater et Doctor.

Quum hisce diebus amici tui congaudeant  
scientes te inter socios Academiæ Romanæ  
Sancti Thomæ Aquinatis adscitum fuisse, nos  
sane discipulos tuos in hocce Seminario  
Ottaviensi educatos, haud mediocris affectu  
lætitiâ, quod alta et tuta doctrina magistri  
nostri, excellens hoc testimonium laudabile-  
que præmium obtinuerit. Equidem nos

gloriari licet Seminarium nostrum, quamadmodum recens vere magnorum parentem virorum existere: jam enim huic nobilissimæ civitat: Ottaviensi Archiepiscopo dedit, præsumere pietate et doctrina insignem; postea Sedi Sati Bonifacii rectorem suum in Archiepiscopum concessit, qui, plaudente Ecclesia, laborat sicut bonus miles Christi Jesu: ac demum videt unum e magistris suis laurea et titulo Sti. Thomæ Aquinatis academiæ hodie insignitum. Hinc jam propria gloria fulget, nec, ut prius, omnino subumbratum viget ob præcellens decus hujus almi collegii, nuperrime ad dignitatem Catholicæ Universitatis erecti ob præclara merita in institutione christianæ juventutis. Universitas enim Ottaviensis, ut pia mater incunabilis Seminarii sedulo invigilabat, cunctaque ipsi quasi pannis involuto infanti necessaria ad vitam cultumque subministrabat. Nunc autem, maxime per te, Reverende Pater, amplissimis honoribus decoratum, hoc ipsum, quod heri infans adhuc stabat, hodie in lucem sese prodit ut vir fortissimus ac paratus ad acerrime propugnandum jura veritatis, necnon ad majestatem christianæ scientiæ pro viribus vindicandam.

Jam pridem certe apud Seminarium nostrum, instar reginæ summo prætio habebatur doctrina Angelici Doctoris, ejusque, ut recte aiebat Romanus Pontifex, sapientia aurea dux et quasi stella studiorum nostrorum tenebatur. Ita quidem bonum opus operatum est et boni operis mercedem est consecutum. Insuper, ob eandem causam, te ipsum hodie, Doctor Reverendissime, maximis honoribus cumulatum contemplamur; ex quo enim tempore in Cathedra theologiæ dogmaticæ magister sedisti, id totis viribus egisti ut doctrina Divi Thomæ magis magisque apud nos floreret, fructusque in alumnorum tuorum profectum uberiores in dies produceret. Quod quidem gaudium nostrum, hoc tam fausto tempore, necnon grati erga te sensus, vocibus nostris quodammodo proloquuntur.

Nec id tacere volumus quod profecto meritum tuum auget multoque plus confert dignitatis: nos docebas altissima et tutissima scientiæ christianæ principia eo ipso tempore quo hæc a permultis catholicis sive ex ignorantia sive ex malitiâ—Deus scit—audacissimè negantur. Quid enim conspicimus undique diebus nostris, nisi

auctoritatem Sanctæ Matris Ecclesiæ, quando jure docet in rebus etiam politicis quæ fortasse materiam ad fidem moresque contingant, ab ingratis filiis in quæstionem vocatam, imo superbe despectam? Nos autem tuis consiliis edocti omnes intelligimus Episcopos, “quos Spiritus Sanctus posuit regere Ecclesiam Dei” in his aliisve consimilibus rebus, maxime quando agitur de juventute christiana bonis moribus et sanis doctrinis imbuenda, submissa mente esse audiendos. Et hoc obtinisti, Reverendissime Doctor; nosque omnes probe cognoscimus quod nulli parcebas labori quo hunc finem optatum consequeris, nihilque prætermitterbas quoadusque opus bonum tibi creditum in majus concresceret.

Tuorum igitur meritum nos memores, alumni tui omnes, tum, qui fuerunt sub tua disciplina, tum qui adhuc versantur, tibi ob summum honorem collatum hodie ex corde congratulamur, ac Deum Omnipotentem ardentissime rogamus ut tibi, Reverendissime Magister et Doctor, valetudinis dona, robor et solatium tribuere dignetur, ut inter omnes hujus vitæ varietates suo semper munimine te protegat ac demum te felicem ad portum salutis æternæ perducat.

Mr. Geo. Fitzgerald, '97, then read the following address on behalf of the English speaking students of the University:—

*To the Reverend Father Lacoste, O.M.I., D.D.*

REVEREND FATHER,—

It is with mingled feelings of pride and gladness that we, the students of the University of Ottawa, are assembled here to-night. Happy are we on this auspicious occasion to offer you our sincere congratulations, and proud are we to know that one of our professors is called upon to take a place among a body of men who have reached a high pinnacle of fame in the philosophical world of to-day.

The honor done this institution is a cause of joy to every student within its walls, and especially to those of us who are now pursuing our philosophical studies, for, in a measure, it is also a recognition of the efficiency of those under whose guidance we are placed. Many are the sterling qualities which have won for you this high and

exalted position. Your constancy and steadfastness in the narrow and arduous path of duty have made you a model for all who are desirous of proficiency in the domain of true knowledge. A glance at the busy world of the nineteenth century shows us too plainly that in life there is a regrettable tendency to refuse religion its rightful place. Such is the materialistic spirit of our age that there are not wanting men in high position in the land, who would exclude from the school-room all religious training and relegate it to the church and the fireside. We appreciate our happy lot in being directed by those whose sound principles assure us safe guidance in religious matters at the same time as they afford us encouragement and the means of advancement along the rugged road of learning.

We feel confident, Reverend Father, that you, as a member of the Roman Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas, will successfully meet the many and weighty responsibilities which such a position necessarily entails, and that your active participation in that society will strengthen the already favorable opinion held at Rome, of the exponents of scholastic philosophy that are in our midst.

As students of this University we are deeply concerned in its advancement. We are fully conscious that its prosperity will bring honor to us. We, therefore, eagerly seize this opportunity to express to you our sincere thanks and the deep sense of gratitude under which we are placed by the manner in which you have furthered the interests of our Alma Mater. This debt of gratitude it is beyond our power to repay, but be assured that we shall ever appreciate your noble endeavors in our behalf.

In conclusion, we earnestly hope that God in his goodness will grant you many years of health and happiness to continue the good work in which you have been so successful.

The address from the French students was read by Mr. A. Belanger, '97, and was as follows:—

RÉVÉREND PÈRE,

Déjà plusieurs jours se sont écoulés depuis que nos feuilles publiques ont annoncé au pays votre nomination à l'Académie Romaine de St. Thomas. Si les élèves de cette Université n'ont pas encore manifesté publi-

quement les sentiments de joie et de légitime orgueil qui doivent les animer, s'ils n'ont pas félicité l'heureux récipiendaire de cette insigne distinction, c'est qu'ils se réjouissaient en silence, prenant leur part de l'honneur qui rejaillit sur l'Université entière, tout en attendant avec impatience l'occasion favorable de donner à leurs pensées une expression solennelle.

Enfin cette occasion s'offre en ce jour et nous venons, Révérend Père, vous présenter nos plus sincères félicitations. Nous n'ignorons pas combien grande est la gloire d'être compté au nombre de ces trente immortels, gardiens fidèles des principes et des dogmes de l'École. Cette gloire est notre bien à tous, professeurs et élèves: aussi notre joie est-elle proportionnée à l'étendue de l'honneur.

Mais c'est surtout parmi les élèves de philosophie que cette nouvelle a causé une agréable émotion, puisque la distinction qui vous est conférée se trouve dans l'ordre des études philosophiques qui leur sont si chères.

Oui, nous sommes fiers de le dire: dans cette Université, l'autorité et le nom de St. Thomas brillent du plus vit éclat. Pour l'élève, une assertion du Docteur Angélique serait presque le "Magister dixit" des Pythagoriciens, s'il oubliait que la philosophie est avant tout une investigation rationnelle; néanmoins pour le professeur, c'est un phare qui le guide dans la recherche des principes vrais et solides qu'il doit inculquer à ses disciples, et pour tous, la philosophie, si puissante en ce qui concerne le progrès ou la décadence sociale, n'a de sûreté, de lumière et de féconde influence que si elle est animée des principes, éclairée par le flambeau de l'Ange de l'École.

Aussi dans ce collège a-t-on toujours suivi la direction tracée par le St. Père en son encyclique: "Æterni Patris" qui pour ainsi dire canonisa et répandit partout la philosophie thomiste: "Nous vous exhortons instamment, disait S.S. Léon XIII à toutes les universités du monde catholique, pour le bien de la société, pour le progrès de toutes les sciences, à restaurer la sagesse éminente de St. Thomas et à la propager dans tout l'univers."

De nos jours on gémit amèrement en voyant la place toujours étroite et souvent nulle que les études philosophiques occupent

dans les systèmes d'éducation, pendant que les sophismes les plus insensés envahissent si profondément les intelligences mal préparées pour la lutte. Combien de soi-disant catholiques, acceptant à la légère des principes peu conformes à notre foi, ont insensiblement perdu les vraies notions sur l'autorité et ont ainsi fait inconsciemment l'œuvre des pires ennemis de l'Eglise ! Dès lors n'est il pas d'une nécessité souveraine que notre Université soit un centre, un foyer toujours ardent, qui projette à travers tout le pays les rayons clauds et lumineux d'une philosophie pure de tout alliage avec l'erreur ? Ne faut-il pas que la génération qui grandit soit fortement aguerrie et munie de toutes les armes nécessaires au triomphe de la vérité et de la religion ?

Pour nous, guidés par la saine philosophie de St. Thomas, nous voulons être des chrétiens éclairés, défenseurs de notre foi, et, ralliés autour de nos évêques, croire tout ce que l'Eglise croit, aimer et vouloir tout ce qu'elle aime et désire, en un mot tout sacrifier à la défense de ses droits.

Maintenant, Révérend Père, laissez-nous, en terminant, vous exprimer le vœu le plus ardent de nos cœurs : Vous qui représentez désormais dans ce pays l'Académie Romaine de St. Thomas, daignez soutenir et développer notre modeste académie pour laquelle nous avons toujours manifesté le plus vif intérêt. Stimulés par votre exemple, guidés par vos leçons, nous nous livrerons avec une nouvelle ardeur à l'étude des enseignements du Docteur Angélique, ayant sans cesse devant les yeux cette belle maxime : Faites votre devoir, Dieu couronnera vos efforts.

To these three addresses, Rev. Father Lacoste replied in turn. We print below the text of his reply in Latin.

REVERENDISSIME DOMINE,  
PATRES REVERENDI,  
EXIMIJI SACERDOTES,  
HUMANISSIMI AUDITORES,

Solemnitatibus hodiernis illud speciale, ac meo quidem iudicio, notatu dignissimum accedit, quod nomine et auspiciis Thomae Aquinatis inchoatoe, Supremi Pontificis patronatu, imo ipso quasi praeside, agantur. Hoc enim diplomate quo Romanae academiae cooperatus sum Summus, Pastor suam mentem de novo non obscure manifestare videtur. Mihi

scilicet ad instar nuntii est quem audire puto eloquentissime referentem quod Sancta Mater Ecclesia, de singulis sacerdotibus, de illis vero maxime quibus docendi munus concredidit, postulavit semper et postulat, verba adhibens, Pauli ad Timotheum "Attende lectioni exhortationi et doctrinae" (I ep. IV 13). "Erit enim tempus cum sanam doctrinam non sustinebunt, sed ad sua desideria coacervabunt sibi magistros prurientes auribus; et à veritate quidem auditum avertent, ad fabulas autem convertentur.", (II ep. c. IV v. 3-4) "Spiritus autem manifeste dicit quia in novissimis temporibus discedent quidam à fide, attendentes spiritibus erroris, in hypocrisis loquentium mendaciam et cauteriatam habentes suam conscientiam, semper discentes et nunquam ad scientiam veritatis pervenientes (II ep. c. III-7).

Tu vero assecutus es meam doctrinam... permane in iis quae didicisti et credita sunt tibi, sciens, à quo didiceris (II ep. III 10-14).

Hoc caeterum fine creatum Ottaviense hocce gymnasium, hanc mente à Fundatore ac rectoribus, ab incunabulis informatum. Scilicet, omni tempore, doctrinas Ecclesiae toto animo amplecti, pro viribus defendere, propagare conati fuimus, et magis ac magis in posterum conabimur. Ille etiam maxime scopus fuit cum consequendo sedulo ad laborari, in scientiâ theologicâ per annos plures hanc in universitate tradendâ, de disciplinis nimirum Ecclesiae quae est columna ac firmamentum veritatis, ne transversum quidem unguem discedere; et hic fidenter dicere liceat, tot testes invocabo quot discipulos habui.

Gaudeo itaque ob honorem non tam mihi quam seminario, imo, huic universitati inde resultantem. Scio equidem collato beneficio meritum impar semper futurum, verum voluntas minime debilis aut tarda, ac si candide loqui fas est, nova haec quâ favore Pontificis augeor dignitas, animum novo lumine, voluntatem novo robore donabit.

Interim auditores, praepiacet mihi quod nuperrime per vosmet ipsos audistis, huius nimirum scholae theologiae alumnos, hoc altum in mentibus habere atque semper habituros, Ecclesiam nempe custodem esse nunquam desituram, atque organum infallibile veritatis, hancque sive ore Supremi Doctoris loquor, sive ore episcoporum quibus animarum curam concreditam novimus, à quolibet qui catholico gloriatur nomine,

debitâ reverentiâ, debitoque obsequio esse audiendam. Et hoc à discipulis meis si fuerô consequutus, adhibitam sollicitudinem æquam imo levissimam judicabo, memor hujus Augustini sententiæ : "Credamus, fratres, quantum quisque amat Ecclesiam, tantum habet Spiritum sanctum" (In Joann. tract. 32).

Illud summi momenti propositum facile executioni mandare si velint, vestigiis inhærere non desinant nostri illius Aquinatis, qui Ecclesiæ defensor acerrimus extitit, atque versiformia errorum monstra potentissime debellavit, itâ ut tanti ingenii pondere oppressus, religionis christianæ insensissimus hostis proclamare non timuerit "Tolle Thomam, delebo Ecclesiam."

Ad quotidiana certamina vocati, immortalia S. Thomæ volumina, quotidianâ manu versent necesse est, sapientiamque hauriant ex purissimis fontibus illius, cujus teste Innocentio "doctrina præ cæteris, exceptâ canonicâ habet proprietatem verborum, modum dicendorum, veritatem sententiarum, itâ ut nunquàm qui eam tenuerint inveniantur à veritatîs tramite deviasse, et qui eam impugnaverit, semper fuerit à veritate suspectus.

Ad te nunc, Reverendissime Domine, antequam finem dicendi faciam, meam licet convertere orationem. Maxima sane exorta nobis est lætitia quod tuâ præsentia et auctoritate nostris solemnitatibus interesse, præcipuumque afferre splendorem voluisti, tu qui quondam disciplinas atque artes hîc præstantissime prosecutus, nunc pro tuo merito, dignitate pontificum ornatus incedis. Nec tui officii sollicitudines, nec ingentes quibus teneris labores, te impediunt, quin contiuis fere testimonîs, animi gratitudinem ergâ hanc tuam almam matrem, atque zelum pro scientiarum progressu palam ostendas.

Pastorem tandem et doctorem supremum, intimo cordis affectu lætantique animo salutem, Leonem dico decimum tertium, pontificem optimum maximum, hujus Universitatîs creatorem atque insignem patronum, cujus laudis præclarum imprimis testimonium est illud, quod inter gravissima reipublicæ christianæ negotia, divincæ humanæque sapientiæ profectui ac incrementis, singulari constantiâ consulens, catholicæ juventutis studia ad disciplinam angelici doctoris revocaverit, edixeritque S. Thomam oportere ducem ac magistrum sequi.

Satagendum igitur nobis omnibus est ut medias inter hujus mundi procellas Petri navem ingressi, ad optatum salutis portum, stellâ Leonis duce, tandem feliciter perveniamus.

In answer to the French address Father Lacoste spoke as follows :—

Monseigneur,

Révêrend Père Recteur,

Révêrands Pères,

Messieurs,

Mes chers amis,

Mes premiers remerciements doivent aller à Rome jusqu'à la personne auguste du Souverain Pontife qui, en approuvant ma nomination, a daigné manifester sa joie de pouvoir donner un nouveau témoignage d'affection à cette Université d'Ottawa qu'il veut bien appeler *son Université*.

A Léon XIII, fondateur et protecteur de l'académie de saint Thomas, mon premier souvenir et mon premier merci !

Delà ma pensée se porte vers mes anciens maîtres de l'Université Grégorienne. Sous la haute inspiration du pape, ils continuent, par leurs écrits et leurs savantes leçons, à propager autour d'eux et à faire aimer les enseignements de l'Ange de l'Ecole. Leur mémoire me sera toujours chère. Eux, de leur côté, ont daigné ne pas oublier qu'ils avaient ici plusieurs de leurs anciens élèves.

A Son Eminence le Cardinal Mazzella, président actuel de l'académie de saint Thomas, au R. P. De Maria, premier membre du conseil executif, hommage et reconnaissance !

A vous ensuite Monseigneur, qui avez toujours porté un si vif intérêt à cette institution qui fut votre *alma mater*. Dès le moment où la nouvelle vous est venue de Rome, vous avez témoigné votre joie de cet honneur fait à un des professeurs de cette université. Vous avez voulu présider notre fête académique. Ce diplôme, j'aime à le recevoir de vos mains, parceque comme chancelier vous représentez parmi nous l'autorité de l'Eglise. Quand vous me le transmettez c'est donc l'Eglise qui me le transmet, et cette pensée en double pour moi la valeur. A vous aussi, Monseigneur, merci !

Merci au R. P. Recteur et aux autres membres de la Faculté qui ont su comprendre que l'honneur fait à l'un était fait à tous.

Et vous, messieurs, parmi lesquels je reconnais plusieurs de mes anciens élèves, laissez-moi vous dire combien je suis flatté de vous voir réunis ici en si grand nombre. Vous avez bien voulu accepter l'invitation qui vous a été faite, venir vous ranger autour de notre archevêque, et donner ainsi une nouvelle preuve de sympathie à cette maison qui fut pour beaucoup d'entre vous le berceau de la vie sacerdotale.

A vous également, du fond du coeur, merci !

Certes, c'est là une distinction à laquelle je n'aurais jamais osé prétendre. Cependant j'en suis fier, non pas que je la regarde comme un honneur personnel, il m'est facile de reconnaître que d'autres ici en étaient autant et plus dignes que moi. Mais quoiqu'il en soit, je vois là une grande marque d'estime donnée par l'Eglise à cette jeune université et à la congrégation dont je suis l'enfant. A ce double titre, surtout j'en suis fier. C'est là sans aucun doute ce que veut dire ce diplôme, et je serais fâché si quelqu'un voyait un autre sens à ce nouveau choix que vient de faire l'Académie de St. Thomas. J'ajouterai même que si quelqu'un en avait été surpris, personne ne l'a été plus que moi.

Je remercie en particulier l'auteur de l'adresse française de l'avoir si bien compris et si bien dit. Oui, professeurs et élèves, nous ne formons ici qu'une famille tendant à un même but, au triomphe du bien et de la vérité, sous la direction de notre mère commune la sainte Eglise.

Ces paroles sont bien de mise en ce jour où l'univers catholique exalte la mémoire et chante les vertus de celui qui fut un des plus vastes génies que le monde ait vus, un des plus grands saints que la terre ait enfantés pour le ciel, surtout un des plus fermes défenseurs que Dieu ait donnés à son Eglise, de St. Thomas d'Aquin.

Depuis que la voix du Souverain Pontife s'est fait entendre comme une voix d'espérance et de résurrection, une profonde transformation s'est opérée dans les esprits ; c'est comme une nouvelle parole créatrice à laquelle a répondu un monde nouveau. La philosophie thomiste oubliée, méprisée, a brisé la pierre qui la retenait captive, et remontant vers la lumière, a repris dans l'Eglise sa place d'honneur. Et pendant que l'étoile de Léon XIII continue sa route dans le ciel,

projetant sur le monde des rayons de plus en plus éblouissants à mesure qu'elle approche de son couchant, le nom et la gloire du docteur angélique grandissent chaque jour davantage.

Qu'il me soit permis de dire ici que chacun des membres de cette université a compris la parole pontificale, et nos classes de théologie et de philosophie retentissent encore des louanges de St. Thomas d'Aquin.

Mes chers amis,

Rien assurément n'est plus conforme aux enseignements de l'angélique docteur que cette déclaration que vous venez de faire entendre dans l'adresse française ; car c'est bien une véritable déclaration que nous voyons là, une parole donnée par laquelle vous vous considérez communiés dans l'avenir. Vous serez donc des catholiques en tout et partout, catholiques des pieds jusqu'à la tête catholiques dans votre vie privée et dans votre vie publique. Et pour cela vous vous souviendrez qu'on n'est catholique qu'à la condition d'être entièrement soumis à l'Eglise. La parole de l'Eglise, de quelle manière qu'elle vienne à vous, par l'organe du Pontife Romain ou par la bouche de l'épiscopat, est la parole de Dieu, et parcequ'elle est la parole de Dieu elle porte avec elle force et lumière. Elle sera donc toujours pour vous vénérable et sacrée. Et ici, quoi qu'il arrive, vous trouverez toujours vos professeurs au premier rang. Nous nous souviendrons tous de cette belle parole de st. Cyprien, évêque de Carthage, laquelle contient en même temps une menace pour les déserteurs et les traîtres : "Celui là ne saurait avoir Dieu pour père qui ne veut pas avoir l'Eglise pour mère."

Vous m'avez fait, en finissant, une demande au nom de la classe de philosophie, et je dois y répondre. Vous n'ignorez pas quel intérêt les autorités de l'université doivent porter à tout ce qui touche vos études, dont elles savent reconnaître la hauteur et l'utilité. Par suite, soyez sûrs que l'académie locale de St. Thomas, qui a déjà rendu de si grands services dans le passé, continuera à vivre ; et si le titre que je viens de recevoir peut servir à lui donner un nouveau lustre, à élargir le champ de son action, tout mon concours vous est acquis d'avance.

Monseigneur, Rév. Père Recteur,

Rév. Pères, Messieurs, Mes chers amis, encore une fois, merci !

Mr. W. Sullivan enlivened the proceedings by a violin solo with piano accompaniment. Then the evening's programme was brought to a close by the address of the Very Rev. Rector. Owing to illness he was obliged to read his remarks, which were as follows :

Your Grace,

Reverend Fathers

and Gentlemen :—

It affords me much pleasure to address you briefly on the present occasion—the feast of St. Thomas, the glorious patron of institutions of learning; and it is especially gratifying to me to do so this evening when the distinguished honor of membership in the Roman Academy is being conferred on an Oblate Father, one of the Professors of this University. Most of you are already aware that the Roman Academy of St. Thomas was founded by Our Holy Father, Leo XIII, for the express purpose of promoting the sound principles of Christian Philosophy as taught by the Angelic Doctor. These are the principles, I am happy to state, which have been upheld and propagated in this University from its very commencement.

The Catholic Church has received from her Divine Founder the sacred mission to teach all nations, "*Euntes, docete omnes gentes.*" Christ's words have a creative power, and that God-given mandate has made the Church the greatest educational institution the world has ever seen. From the day of Pentecost till the present time, she has ever been faithful to her mission. In every succeeding generation she has devoted all her energies to teaching youth the sound principles of christian faith and morality, and to training them in the safe path of science and virtue. To realize this lofty ideal, she opened in the earliest times schools to which the children of both sexes flocked, that they might receive the bread of the Word—a christian education. But not satisfied with providing elementary instruction for the "little ones" of Christ's flock, she established schools for the higher classes of society, where they could have an opportunity of acquiring that higher knowledge which their position in the world demanded of them, aiming always, however, at that

grand ideal laid down by the founders of the first Catholic University, the Alexandrine Fathers: "Christian belief must be scientific, and science must be christian." To accomplish this noble purpose, the Catholic church with untiring activity multiplied everywhere those schools and colleges, which afterwards, at the very dawn of the middle ages, became in such large numbers illustrious Universities. In these Universities the Church grouped all the learning left by the ancients and preserved by the monks, and having purified it from those stains which it had contracted from its contact with the sensuality of paganism, she superadded to it all those natural truths which Revelation supposes or implies. Taking this body of scientific knowledge which she called forth from chaos, as the Eternal Wisdom did the visible world, and having dedicated it to God the Redeemer, she applied it to human society, and made it the strength and light of Christian peoples. Yes, it was christianity, and it only, that built those wonders which we call Gothic Cathedrals and Catholic Universities. The very mention of Paris, Pavia, Bologna, Oxford and Salamanca are alone sufficient to recall the glorious conquests that Catholic Science made in the world many hundred years ago.

One of the undisputed glories of the Catholic Church is that she successfully instructed the Christian world, in elementary, commercial, classical and university knowledge and science, many centuries before either the civil power or statesmen ever thought of establishing schools. She accomplished this grand and noble work, too, under very many and great difficulties. Just imagine for a moment a school, a college, a university without a printed book! What an immense labor does not this suppose for both professors and students. Nevertheless, go into any well furnished library and behold to-day those large folio volumes of the most profound and sublime learning on all subjects, sacred and profane, and which were written by the men of those by-gone days, long before printing was invented. You will seek in vain to find anything to compare with them in the writers of this enlightened 19th century.

It is true, that at present, the State has entered the field of education. We find

schools, colleges and universities richly endowed and thoroughly equipped from the public funds. We do not question, though we might do so in many instances, either the sincerity or the success of these efforts of the State. But what we loudly proclaim is that no matter what the State is doing or may do in future, it will never annul or invalidate the educational mission of the Church. For, undisturbed by opposition and fearless of rivalry, she will continue on her path, as heretofore, in obeying the commands of her Divine Master, and in always asserting her rights as the teacher of all nations.

These rights of the Church may be reduced to the following principles:—

1. For Catholics, the Church has the exclusive right to teach religion and whatever concerns faith and morals.

2. She has also the right, though not exclusively, to teach natural sciences and impart to youth secular instruction.

3. She has the right, even in those Schools which are not under her control or authority, but which are frequented by Catholic students, to see that nothing is done or taught in them which might be injurious to the faith or morals of Catholic youth.

4. She has the right to require that primary and secondary instruction be thoroughly religious, to condemn godless, neutral and non-sectarian schools, and to see that the teachers of Catholic children be themselves good and practical Catholics.

5. Lastly, no human authority has the right to lessen or define the limits of the Church's authority in the matter of education. She, herself, through her representatives, the Sovereign Pontiff and Bishops, can alone define her rights and limit her interference in whatever concerns education.

These are the principles that have always been professed and taught in this Institution, and we are resolved never to depart from them. It was especially on account of our adhering from the beginning to these true principles, that we received from the Sovereign Pontiff our crowning glory when He raised the College of Ottawa to the rank and dignity of a Catholic University, thus placing it on a level with the great Universities of the world.

Let me quote his own words:—

“We also know with what zeal our beloved sons, the members of the Congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, have devoted themselves since the year 1848, to the proper education of the young, having willingly bestowed on this noble work and its advancement, their possessions, as well as their zealous care, and how much the Superiors of that same Congregation have always taken it to heart, to preserve and nurture in a becoming manner, among their subjects, a devotedness towards the Holy See and the Rulers of the Church, and at the same time, to watch that philosophy and theology should be taught in accordance with the doctrines of St. Thomas Aquinas.”

Now to turn to considerations which concern us more closely this evening. A University, not to be the shadow of a great name, must embrace in its curriculum, all possible knowledge and science, at least in their generalities. Its culminating point, however, is Philosophy. Such was the understanding in the great medieval Universities; so, also, is it with us. For us, as for those illustrious seats of learning, philosophy is a queen that covers with her royal mantle all human sciences. It is a vast ocean into which all the streams and great rivers of human knowledge flow. In a word it is, among human sciences, the beacon light that absorbs all their brilliancy, to redistribute it amongst them, that all may reach the haven of security. It gives unity to physics, chemistry, astronomy and moral sciences—that unity for which all sciences are craving, and finally it reaches to the unity of all unities—God Himself.

But to complete its sublime task, Philosophy becomes the handmaid of Theology. It is Theology that crowns the gigantic work of a University—Theology which is the sacred union between Reason and Faith. Now, such a Philosophy, heightened and illumined by the bright sun of Theology, was the one that in the Middle Ages attained indisputable supremacy, and which also received from the writings and teachings of St. Thomas Aquinas its ideal and perfect form and expression.

The Scholastic Philosophy of St. Thomas has been the light and glory of this University from its earliest days. Hence we see in the honor conferred to-day on one

of our Professors, not only an acknowledgement and reward of our past efforts, but also an incitement to persevere in the noble work already begun.

I cannot conclude these few remarks without expressing my regret on beholding every year the little value so many students set on philosophical studies. Many, when they have received a smattering of science and classics and have obtained their matriculation diploma, pass directly to the professional studies of law or medicine. Christian Philosophy, besides exercising a beneficial influence on the student's intellect, sheds an ocean of light on the most intricate problems of medicine. Moreover, it has many other inestimable advantages; among which I may mention, it keeps a young man from falling into the abyss of materialism, and gives to society the priceless blessing of a Christian Physician.

The neglect of sound philosophical studies is not less to be regretted in those who adopt the study of law. Lawyers exercise an immense influence in this democratic age. But without a true philosophical

education they will never be able to understand the depths of natural law which is the foundation of civil society. They will ignore the rights of the Catholic Church and the extent of her sacred jurisdiction, and thus will not be able to comprehend or solve those difficulties which may and do arise between Church and State. Such lawyers, deprived of the true principles of Christian Philosophy, will never be able to accomplish the good they might otherwise do, but will be exposed to be the cause of much evil both to themselves and to others.

In conclusion, I would earnestly exhort all our young philosophers to study that noble science with the utmost care and diligence, and I would counsel those who are not yet so far advanced in their studies, to allow no consideration, except absolute impossibility, to prevent them from completing a full course of Philosophy.

And now permit me to sincerely thank Your Grace, the Rev. Clergy and all others present, for honoring us with their attendance this evening.



### *FEAR OF DEATH.*

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,  
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.



*THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.*

**I**N the year 1698, at three o'clock in the afternoon of September the eighteenth, St. Mars the newly appointed governor of the Bastille, the greatest state-prison of France, was seen coming from the Isle of St. Marguerite, accompanied by a prisoner richly dressed and strongly guarded, upon whose face was tightly fitted a mask of iron, or as others assert, of black velvet strengthened by bands of whalebone. The two silently entered the grim-looking fortress, and the large iron gates closed and forever deprived this prisoner of God's priceless gift of liberty, whether for the sake of justice or against its holy cause, posterity has been unable to ascertain with certainty. During the journey hither St. Mars has constantly and cautiously guarded his charge. His movements were ordered with as much precaution, and his commands given with such an air of mystery, that they vividly excited the imagination and the curiosity of the inhabitants around, and served as food for future gossip. The remembrance of this strange occurrence, together with the recollection of a similar proceeding upon the promotion of St. Mars from the governorship of the Pignerol, to a like position at the Isle of St. Marguerite, was perpetuated in the country, and the singular incidents which marked the removals were repeated by the older inhabitants to the newer generation, until, aided by the fanciful imaginations of many writers, this tradition has reached us in its most embellished form.

Five years later, on the twentieth of November, at a quarter past four in the evening, the draw-bridge of the redoubtable fortress was lowered, and a funeral procession came forth and quietly wended its way, accompanied by two subalterns of the prison,

towards the cemetery of the church of St. Paul. Upon the register of this church the dead man's name was inscribed as Marchiali. At the Bastille he was always known as "the prisoner from Provence." During his long confinement, this unfortunate man was frequently seen at the window of his cell, but always masked, and at twilight his mellow voice was often heard in sweet song floating out upon the evening's stillness, over the waters of the beautiful bay of Cannes.

Such is the mysterious personage, who, forsaken and languishing in the obscurity of a prison during the latter part of his existence, became a few years after his death, so famous throughout the entire world, and whose romantic history has for more than a century awakened the general imagination, attracted universal attention, and exercised, though to no purpose, the patience and the speculations of many of our best writers and historians. He has been made the hero of one of the most noted legends, and has had the rare privilege of inflaming public curiosity, without satisfying or even mitigating it, and that, too, among all classes, not alone in France, but in Italy, Germany and England.

Numerous are the theories brought forward for the identification of this celebrated prisoner with some important personage of the courts of Europe, all of them supported by vague and feeble argument. But as often as they have been proposed, they have been destroyed by strong and solid objections, and consequently rejected. A century of controversy has not yet dissipated the mysterious cloud in which the prisoner of Saint Mars is enveloped, and we have good reasons for agreeing with M. Michelet, the author of "Histoire de France" that the "History of the Iron Mask

will probably ever remain unknown."

One thing only is certain, and it is the only point on which all agree—it is that between the years 1662 and 1703 there was a prisoner of great distinction, immured at first in the Pignerol, then removed to the Island of St. Marguerite, and at last stationed in the Bastille. During this period he was always under the surveillance of the same strict gaoler, St. Mars.

Speculation has long been rife among French historians, regarding the elucidation of the mystery connected with this unfortunate man. By some it has been conjectured that he was a twin-brother of Louis XIV, thus cruelly sacrificed to make his senior safe upon the throne; others held him to be a son of Oliver Cromwell; others, the English Duke of Monmouth; many with apparently more reason, inclined to think him a state-prisoner of France, such as the Duke de Beaufort or the Count de Vermandois; a few recognize in him the noble-hearted Fouquet, Superintendent of the Finances of France in the early part of the reign of Louis XIV.

The hypothesis which seems the most satisfactory and which has received the most encouragement has also the merit of possessing a greater degree of probability than any of the others. According to this opinion the Man in the Iron Mask was Count Anthony Matthioli, Secretary of State to Charles III, Duke of Mantua, and afterwards to his son Ferdinand.

To briefly consider this hypothesis on account of its close relation to what is certain in history will be our first endeavour, and then we will expose the theory which makes The Man in the Iron Mask a twin-brother of Louis, on account of the interest and romance attached to it, as well as having furnished the ground-work of the tragedy entitled "Man in the Iron Mask," so ably presented by the students of our University Dramatic Association, during the course of last year.

When Ferdinand, Duke of Mantua, came to the throne, upon the death of his father, he found his possessions in a prosperous condition. He was naturally a profligate prince, and giving himself up to all sorts of amusements and debaucheries, he quickly laid the finances of his dominions in a low state. Matthioli, as Secretary of State, readily agreed that, under such pressing circumstances, that Ferdinand should accept a bribe from Louis XIV and give France in return, permission to place an army of occupation within his territory, with the intention of establishing French influence in Italy. Matthioli, as negotiator in the plot, set out for Paris, and there he privately interviewed the French King, who presented him with a large sum of money. When the time drew near for the carrying out of the intrigue, Matthioli placed difficulties and obstructions in the way of France, and at the same time negotiated for a larger bribe from Spain. The French ambassador was seized at Milaness and the court of France found their diplomacy betrayed and liable to exposure. This deception aroused the anger of Louis, and he resolved to take most signal vengeance upon Matthioli, in satisfaction for his wounded pride and baffled ambition. The unsuspecting Secretary was enticed into a secret interview on the frontier, and there kidnapped and carried to the French garrison at the Pignerol, and afterwards to the fortress of Exiles, when St. Mars was appointed governor of the Island of St. Marguerite. He was incarcerated in this fortress eleven years, and subsequently was removed to the Bastille in the manner we have above described, and confined therein till his death.

Facts taken from the archives of France and documentary records of an apparently conclusive character, published by Lord Dover, in 1825, show that this mysterious prisoner was Matthioli, and that he was twenty-

four years in this rigorous confinement, and sixty-three years old when he died within the gloomy walls of his dungeon. During this long term of imprisonment the King never relented or showed any mercy towards his captive.

That Louis should oblige him to wear a mask of iron or any other material continually is not to be wondered at, when we consider the outrageous breach of the law of nations that had been perpetrated by the arrest of Matthioli. At the time of his forcible capture this nobleman was actually the plenipotentiary of the Duke of Mantua, and was entrusted with the carrying out of a treaty with the King of France. For the French sovereign to order his seizure and imprisonment was one of the most glaring acts of violence that could be committed, and one which, if discovered, would forever raise distrust in the breasts of other sovereigns, and prevent them from opening up any negotiations whatever, with Louis. This is one of the blackest stains on the character of Louis XIV. Many Frenchmen who are jealously proud of their country, and especially of the glorious reign of Louis, reject with scorn this charge against the lofty-minded King of France, but while we admit with them that the policy of this sovereign was in general, above such disgraceful tricks, and that as a King, he showed some zeal for the cause of religion and much for the material advancement of France, nevertheless, he was not blameless, and facts in this particular incident, apparently prove him guilty of gross inhospitality and injustice.

A French writer, Montesquieu, has said that there are things that everyone says because they have once been said. This is true, and those things are always of an extraordinary and marvellous nature. Such was the saying of Voltaire when he proclaimed to the world that the Man in the Iron Mask was a twin-brother of Louis XIV. This belief has taken

such deep roots in the public mind, that it would be useless to attempt to entirely eradicate it, and it still has innumerable partisans at the present day. It is an opinion altogether devoid of proofs and probability, first insinuated by Voltaire in his "Siecle de Louis XIV," and afterwards developed in his philosophical Dictionary. Here, after describing the different translations of the prisoner under St. Mars as they actually took place, he proceeds to draw from his imagination a very exact resemblance in features, form and voice, between this famous prisoner and the King, and this similarity he brings forward as a proof of their common origin.

In youth, this twin-brother was brought up in complete ignorance of his high rank and station in life. By accident he discovered his parentage, and thenceforth labored to have his rights recognized in the face of the whole world, but foiled at every turn and overpowered, he was finally condemned to wear an Iron Mask and pass the remainder of his life in the most solitary confinement of the French prisons.

Lucas, in his tragedy the "Man in the Iron Mask," almost makes us feel the agony suffered by this unfortunate individual during his long imprisonment. On being told that assassins seek his life, the poor prisoner replies:—

"My life! The flame of life has long been extinguished within me. What you behold is not a living man, but a corpse mouldering away in an iron tomb. Formerly this mask compressed and bruised my features; but now my sunken, hollow countenance shrinks from its touch; beneath this cold and motionless image my face has contracted by long suffering. I have tried to pray through the dark, silent nights of thought and anguish, but in vain, the bitterness that amassed itself in my heart found vent only in curses."

But of this prisoner, be he whom he may, we know with certainty that his

fate was a hard, cruel and melancholy one, and that those who imposed such punishment upon a fellow-creature deserve the scorn and reproach of posterity. His history we shall never know conclusively, for the secret died with his gaolers, and there is no

reason to believe that the hidden records of his past will ever open their pages and allow future generations to settle definitely who really was "The Man in the Iron Mask."

GEO. FITZGERALD, '97.



Live for to-day ! To-morrow's light  
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight.



## POINTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

## THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.

**I**N no chapter of the world's history do we read of any nation escaping unscathed from an attempt to enrich or reimburse itself by the arbitrary taxation of a dependency. And indeed, in the last century, England herself was taught a very severe lesson, and paid the penalty with the loss of the American colonies. She claimed the right as mother-country, to levy both internal and external taxes upon the young and struggling colonies.

The result is well known. After a few years of fruitless remonstrance and patient endurance the American settlers broke the ties of filial love: and in the words of Daniel Webster "poured out their blood and their treasures like water in a contest in opposition to an assertion, which those less sagacious and not so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty would have regarded as barren phraseology or mere parade of words."

The term "arbitrary taxation" has been used in the opening lines, and it is this very term from which sprang the little sapling that afterwards grew into the vigorous oak of the Revolution. The colonists saw in it a "seminal principle of mischief, the germ of an unjust power," because by it the English Parliament asserted an absolute and undeniable right to tax the colonies in all things, without allowing them to have American representatives in the English halls of state. This was manifestly unjust, illogical, and illegal. What right had England to levy imposts upon the colonies, without allowing them to have a voice in those matters? What right had England to quarter troops upon the colonists in time of peace? What right had England to restrict the foreign trade of the colonies to herself? No right at all.

Some may maintain that a mother has absolute control over her offspring; therefore England as mother had full control over the American colonies, her children. But any mother who would so ill-treat her offspring as England did America, should lose that sweetest, most venerable of all titles--mother. Or again this argument may be brought forward viz: During the recent war with France, the armies of England had saved the colonies from the power of the French. But history tells us that it was due mainly to the valiant and untiring efforts of the raw American troops that the flag of England was saved from being trailed through the dust in defeat and dishonor. Besides the colonies paid towards the war-debt the sum of \$16,000,000, of which but \$5,000,000 was ever repaid them by England. To meet this demand upon their resources the colonies issued much paper money, which depreciated greatly in value, and at the conclusion of the treaty of peace the colonies were depressed and exhausted.

The idea of English statesmen that the union of America to Great Britain would be strengthened by a cement of arbitrary taxation, seems to be very strange, "a strange infatuation," and stranger still does it appear since it came from men who boasted that an attempt to deprive them of the liberties granted by King John had cost one ruler his head, and another his throne. Indeed a nobleman arose in the House of Lords and asserted that England had tenderly nourished America. To this startling statement Pitt made a brief but caustic reply when he said "if a child asks bread of its mother, does she give it a stone?" This reply is an exact word picture of the relations between England and America. The Englishman in America asked

the bread of free trade; the Englishman in England gave his American brother the stone of taxation.

Another fact is this: the colonists did not offer any objections to their taxation by England, but they did object to the position that Great Britain took in taxing them, while unrepresented. Common sense alone should have been sufficient to warn England that any attempt to saddle taxes upon the colonies would meet with stern opposition. Nevertheless blinded by prejudice and jealousy the ministry adopted and promulgated the Navigation Act; Billeting Act; Writ of Assistance; Stamp Act; and finally, the straw that broke the camel's back, the tax on glass, paper, and tea. The Americans made vigorous resistance to these laws, so vigorous that, aided by an eloquent Burke, a fiery Barre and a calm discriminating Pitt, all were repealed except the tea tax. This would also have been repealed if it were not for George III, who said that one tax should be imposed, so as to maintain the right of taxation.

This duty was but three pence upon each pound; so that duty and cost included, tea was cheaper in America than in England. But unfortunately, the ministry forgot that our forefathers were not combating the mere duty, they were resisting the very principle. At the head of the government was Lord North, a fair-minded man, but the obedient servant of King George. Of this statesman Bancroft says: "He was the most celebrated statesman who has left nothing but errors to account for his fame." We may say he is the man who lost America to England. It is nothing at which to be surprised, to find that the tea tax was maintained despite the efforts of Conway, Burke, Barre and Pitt, since North was but a tool in the hands of the King.

This duty, as has been said, was three pence on each pound imported. But small as the tax was, Parliament still maintained by it a just right to

limit trade and impose duties on American imports and exports. As a consequence, the colonists led by Otis, Franklin, Adams and Henry, banded together, and united in a final, lingering appeal to the King. But their petition was unavailing. Indeed, instead of appeasing, it vexed the King and ministry a great deal more; and they determined at once to force the colonies to submit. Therefore, the patriots firmly resolved to drink no more tea until the hateful tax should be repealed; moreover, the American merchants would not purchase any merchandise from the East India Company.

Consequently, this company obtained a rebate of the export duty in England, and at once dispatched vessels laden with cargoes of tea to Boston, Charlestown, New York and Philadelphia. Since the American merchants would not consent to receive or store this tea, the King named several prominent persons in each of the above-named cities to act as consignees or "tea commissioners." This report flashed throughout the colonies, and the scheme of the Company to excite the cupidity of the colonists by the cheapness of the commodity was laid bare. Great indignation was felt in all the principal cities, but especially in Boston, where all the appointed consignees were staunch royalists. These commissioners were requested to resign several times, but steadily refused. Thus matters continued until November 17, 1773, a vessel, just arrived, brought word that tea ships were on their way, and might be expected daily. Another mass-meeting was instantly held, and the resignations of the consignees were again asked for. As before, this request met with a flat refusal.

On Sunday, November the twenty-eighth, the "Dartmouth," commanded by Captain Hall, and laden with one hundred and fourteen chests of tea, cast anchor in Boston harbor. Shortly after, the "Eleanor" and the "Beaver"

arrived and were moored near the Dartmouth. Though it was Sunday, a public meeting was held, and resolutions were adopted to the effect that no tea should be landed, and that, if necessary, "tea should mingle with salt water." The town committee had obtained a promise from the owners of the vessels to return the tea to England, but the revenue laws made this impossible. Moreover, Governor Hutchinson declared that no ship should depart without a direct permit from him. This decided the Bostonians. They gathered in the "Old South" and "Faneuil Hall," two meeting houses which were the cradles of liberty. The townsfolk declared emphatically that no tea should be entered, and Rowe, Otis and Adams delivered determined, but cool and patriotic speeches on the question.

Hutchinson, secure in his castle, penned an official letter premtorily demanding that the meeting be broken up, and firmly refusing to allow the tea ships to weigh anchor until unloaded. As soon as this letter was read, "a war whoop resounded, and a band of forty or fifty men, disguised as Indians, rushed by the door, and hurried down towards the harbor," at which place the scene of the Boston Tea Party is laid.

The columns of our newspapers fairly teem with accounts of society's doings. Everything is described with scrupulous exactness and minuteness. But no social event was ever of such momentous importance: no social event was ever held under such circumstances. Instead of the grand apartments of ball rooms gaily bedecked with flowers, we have the broad, dark expanse of the Atlantic, with the star-studded sky as a ceiling. And describing this tea party in the language of society, we might say that the future Miss Columbia was the organizer, the "Mohawks" poured the tea, and the Boston harbor served the ices. The number of chests thrown overboard was three hundred and forty-two, and indeed it may be

said that the "Boston harbor ran black with unexpected tea."

The colonists conducted themselves as law-abiding citizens, and all historians unite in saying, that beyond the destruction of the tea, no other damage was done. There were no riots, no lives lost, but everything was conducted in a most business-like manner. The "Mohawks," and noble red men they were, represented the most prominent and influential families of Boston and the surrounding villages. This fact alone would be sufficient to account for the tranquility that reigned in the avenues and streets of Boston before and after the Tea Party. *It is a regrettable fact that no record of the names of these men has been found, but the tales told by the people of the Revolution, show that they were of the best blood in the colonies.*

Messengers were immediately dispatched to all the sea-ports, bearing the news. The effect was magical; the blow had been struck; the deed was done; rejoicing was general; and no one repented. As in the colonies, the effect was immediately felt in England. The King, ministry and people were alike effected. Cœrcion was to be the measure adopted, and the King in a message to Parliament, accused the Americans of trying to destroy English commerce, and to subvert England's constitution. He was determined to maintain Parliamentary prerogatives, even at the risk of losing the colonies. Lord North introduced the Boston Port Bill, and though unconstitutional, it was passed by the Commons and Lords and signed by the King. Close upon this statute, the Regulation Acts followed. But despite their rigor and severity, they were powerless to accomplish the end contemplated by the ministry. For as the colonists had successfully resisted the Stamp Act and the Tea Tax, they were not the men now passively to endure a much more galling tyranny.

Urged on by these laws, a Com-

mittee of Safety met and declared, and rightly too, that any sovereign who had so broken his compact with his subjects as had George, should forfeit their allegiance. They advocated a continental congress, but they did not demand absolute independence, unless their wrongs should remain unredressed. That was another brilliant gem in America's crown of loyalty. They gloried in the name of Englishmen, and dearly loved their mother-country. But when matters came to such a crisis that they would either have to renounce the name of Englishmen, or become slaves, they valiantly chose the former. And who can blame them?

This final resistance shown by Americans to taxation without representation caused the Government to tremble, lest Canada should side with the colonists. Consequently, they passed the Quebec Statute, a law by which the Catholics were to have the free exercise of their religion. This was indeed a great blessing, and one for which all Catholics in this grand Dominion should justly be

thankful. So a nation that had refused to grant Ireland religious emancipation, bestowed it upon another because it feared that Canada might aid the Americans.

The Boston Tea Party was the clarion note of liberty's bugle; patriots flocked to the standard of freedom, and with a unanimity, fought, bled, died and won. What conclusion can we draw from this? It can be no other, save that England was wrong. The colonists looked upon liberty as their birth-right, and sprang to the call of their leader who asked them to

"Let no sword be sheathed,  
Until their land from cliff to lake was free,  
Free as their torrents are that leap their rocks,  
Oras their peaks that wear their caps of snow  
In very presence of the regal sun."

This they did, and to-day their country stands amongst the foremost nations of the world; happiness reigns within her boundaries, and freedom flourishes under the folds of the "Star Spangled Banner."

M. A. FOLEY, '00.



## SHANAGOLDEN.



DATHETIC memories cluster, round  
 That name melodious and precious ;  
 Its soil to me is sacred ground,  
 My heart lies in its shamrock meshes.  
 When life was like a fairy tale  
 To music set of elf-harps olden,  
 Was passed in the enchanted vale,  
 Beloved Shanagolden.

The angels of the saintly isle  
 Played with me there in life's sweet morning ;  
 Hands without stain, hearts without guile,  
 All sin and selfish sorrow scorning :  
 The black bird in some hawthorn brake  
 Sang not more blithely, when, beholden  
 To thee, he sang for they love's sake,  
 Delightful Shanagolden.

The thrushes yet lilt merrily  
 Where Deel thro' glen and grove meanders ;  
 The mother says "*avic machree*" ;  
 The lover with his *colleen* wanders ;  
 The neighbors *cosh*, kind and true ;—  
 But in a far land and a cold one  
 I sit and sing laments for you,  
 Mavourneen Shanagolden.

E. C. M. T.



## AN EARLY IRISH MISSIONARY.

“**G**O ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature” was the command by which the Apostles were sent to the conquest of a pagan and idolatrous world. It is in virtue of the same divine order that the hundreds of thousands go forth at all times to evangelize those sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death. Missionary work has always been and ever will be one of the bright ornaments of the Catholic Church, because as Fr. Burke once said “the spirit of the Catholic Church is sacrifice and the highest sacrifice is the sacrifice that gives a man entirely to God in the service of his fellow-man.” Hence missionaries have ever been found giving up wealth, kindred and even their lives for the spiritual benefit of their fellowmen.

The different Catholic nations have always taken a more or less conspicuous part in this holy work; but it is a fact which deserves to be more widely known that for several centuries following the introduction of christianity into Ireland, her sons held the foremost place as missionaries, and formed the corps d'élite of the Catholic church.

Ireland was converted early in the 5th century, and so heartily did the whole nation “enter into the spirit of the Gospel, that she became a nation of monks and nuns almost on the day she became a nation of Christians.” These monks readily obeyed the Divine precept of “preaching the gospel to every creature.” From the 6th to the 11th century Irish missionaries were to be found throughout Europe. During that period the *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum* gave to the European Calendar of Saints some of its brightest names. Germany honors no less than 150 Irish saints, many of whom laid down their lives for the doctrines they taught. France has over 40, Belgium 30, Italy 14, while the northern countries of Europe such as Norway, the

Hebrides and even Iceland have each a fair proportion of Irish saints in their calendar.

Let us follow the footsteps of only one of those Irish pioneers of the Gospel, one whose name is connected with the celebrated monasteries of Luxeuil and Bobbio, and who is honoured at the present time in the north of Italy under the musical name of San Columbano.

This rival of St. Benedict, as he is called, was born in the same year in which the patriarch of Monte Casino died. Of his early boyhood little is known, but we learn that upon the advice of a holy solitary he determined to abandon all as a necessary means to salvation. Notwithstanding the great opposition he encountered from relatives and friends, he left his home in Leinster, and entered the monastery of Bangor\* on the southern shore of Belfast Lough. This celebrated monastery founded by St. Comgall counted its disciples by thousands, and was one of the most renowned religious centres, even at that time when monastic institutions of learning and holiness were innumerable in a land:—

Where the school and the cloister gave  
light to our shore

From clifted Iona to wooded Lismore.

In this “Valley of the Angels” as it is styled by St. Bernard did the young Columbanus enter to make his novitiate and prepare himself for the rude warfare he was about to wage against the powers of darkness. Incessantly hearing the voice of Him who formerly said “Go forth out of thy country. . . . and come into the land

\*Bangor was destroyed by the Danes in the beginning of the 9th century. It was glorious even in its downfall. During the space of 300 years it had sent out an army of apostles, and its Abbot together with 900 out of its 3000 students found martyrs' graves in its ruins when it was laid low by the fierce Northmen.

which I shall show thee," he left his dear solitude of Bangor and accompanied by 12 others, crossed Great Britain and entered Gaul. He was now in a country in which the Gospel had already been preached, but on account of the ceaseless wars and the consequent decline of ecclesiastical authority, parts of the country were rapidly relapsing into a state of barbarism. Here was a vast field of labour for our saint and his disciples. For several years he wandered throughout the country, preaching the gospel and giving a striking example of the doctrine he taught by the humility and charity of his life. During these wanderings he was received by Gontran, King of Burgundy, who, captivated by the saint's eloquence, made most tempting offers in order to induce the Irish Apostle to remain. Columbanus refused the riches, but accepted the old fortress of Annegray in which to found a monastery and carry on systematically the conversion of the Kingdom. There he led a life which makes our immortalized souls shudder. When not engaged in preaching or teaching the people; he often quitted his disciples, and penetrating deep into the forest, passed entire weeks there, having no other food than the roots and wild berries of the woods. At the end of a few years spent in evangelizing the people and in his own sanctification, the ever increasing number of his disciples determined him to found another monastery. From the same Gontran he obtained the old stronghold of Luxeuil. In "Ages of Faith" its foundation is ascribed to the year 590 and it is placed in the Vosgean Mountains. "Luxeuil was in Franche Comté in the diocese of Bensaçon, at the foot of the Vosges, towards Lorraine." The country for miles around, consisting of mountains and inaccessible defiles, was covered with immense forests of pine trees. This was the spot which Columbanus and his disciples were soon to change into fields of pastures and waving corn, and the old fortress was

destined to become the central house from which branch-houses were rapidly established throughout the surrounding provinces. Disciples thronged around the Irish apostle, so that in a very short time, more than 500 followers of our saint were counted in the three monasteries of Annegray, Luxeuil and Fontaines.

What a heavenly life that Irish monk and his disciples led! The Rule was practically the same as that in vigour in Ireland at the time. Obedience was rightly regarded as the foundation of the monastic and apostolic life. Upon this basis was to be erected the whole spiritual edifice consisting in love of God and charity towards their fellow men. The monks' days were divided between manual labour and prayer; following to the letter the maxim of St. Jerome "Semper te diabolus inveniat occupatum" not a moment was spent idly. Their only meal was taken about sunset, and the rule *obliged* them to eat every day in order to have the necessary strength to work. The divine offices were of a length which in our times would seem insupportable. Their shortest Matins consisted of 24 psalms, the longest of 75, and the average of 36. The long office was recited throughout the winter, and every week during spring three psalms were omitted until the Matins were reduced to 36. Besides these, during the day which was given up to teaching, preaching and manual labour, three psalms were recited every hour. Silence had to be strictly observed during their work, whether intellectual or physical. Holy Scripture and the Fathers formed, says the Benedictine Mabillon, the only theology of that time; hence Greek and Hebrew, the languages of the scriptures, were deeply studied. In addition the logic of Aristotle, the geometry and physics of that time, mathematics, music and poetry entered into the curriculum of those lazy monks. Time was also devoted to the copying of old manuscripts. Everybody knows to

what a degree of perfection the monks of Ireland had brought the art of copying and ornamentation in those days. The extant manuscripts of Luxeuil and Bobbio show that Columbanus and his Irish monks knew how to impart their knowledge to their disciples.

The physical or manual labour consisted principally in the clearing and cultivation of the land. The monks ploughed the fields, sowed, reaped and threshed the corn. Columbanus' rule had no exceptions; manual labour was obligatory on all; only in time of serious illness was the monk allowed to be absent from the threshing barn. One of the articles in his rule obliged them to work in such a manner during the day that they should fall asleep "while going to bed", and they had often to rise before having had sufficient repose for the body.

Fifteen or twenty years were passed in this holy work of their own sanctification and that of their neighbour. But after that period came a time of persecution. Gontran was dead. The young king Thierry II, encouraged by the wicked ambition of Queen Bruenhaut, was leading a most licentious life. The queen became the deadly enemy of Columbanus, on account of the admonitions which he addressed to the young king, and especially because of the saint's refusal on one occasion to bless the illegitimate sons of Thierry whom Bruenhaut had presented to him. Another grievance of the queen was that our Saint, according to the monastic rule established in Ireland, had forbidden any women, even the queen herself, to enter the monastery. Columbanus was ordered to return to Ireland and upon his refusal soldiers were sent with instructions to use violence towards the monks, if Columbanus persisted in his resolution. Wishing to protect his disciples the Saint left the monastery which he has founded, where he had lived for nigh 20 years and which he was never again to see. All his disciples wished to follow him, but a royal order allowed this privilege

to none but those of Irish origin. Bruenhaut was very anxious to get rid of those fearless Irishmen, but she was in no hurry to destroy the monastery of which Burgundy was already proud.

Columbanus with his companions passed by Besançon and Autun to Nevers, where he embarked upon the Loire for Nantes, in which place a ship was prepared to convey him to Ireland. It was not the will of God that Columbanus should return to his native country. The vessel upon which his companions had already embarked was cast high and dry on the beach. Seeing this, the terrified captain refused to have anything further to do with them, and the shipwrecked monks were left free to go where they pleased, except to return to Burgundy.

Columbanus now directed his steps towards Neustria where he was well received by king Clotaire II. Ever true to his apostolic vocation, the Irish missionary did not hesitate to charge the King with all the disorders that reigned at his court. From this place he proceeded to the palace of Theodebert, king of Austrasia, who invited him to preach to the pagan nations along the Rhine and which were then under Theodebert's sway.

Columbanus readily accepted the offer and "embarking on the Rhine at a point below Mayence" says Alzog, "he ascended that river until he reached Zurich, made a short stay at Threagan and Arbon and finally established himself at Bregentz on the Lake of Constance." He and his companions reaped an abundant harvest of souls on the shores of this beautiful Swiss lake. "His chief assistant in those missionary labours" continues the same historian "was another Irishman by the name of Gall, as daring and as resolute as Columbanus himself: well educated and eloquent and able to preach in the German as well as in the Latin language."

Upon the defeat and death of Theodebert, Columbanus resolved to

cross the Alps and extend the sphere of his usefulness to Italy. His companions continued the work which he had begun in Switzerland, and the city of Gall and the Canton of the same name, commemorate to this day the labours of these Irish missionaries.

Reaching Milan, Columbanus and his solitary companion, were received by Agilulf, the Lombard king, who bestowed upon them a territory called Bobbio, situated in a gorge of the Appenines between Genoa and Milan. While at Milan our Saint wrote his celebrated letter to Pope Boniface IV, an extract from which will show what Columbanus thought of Papal Supremacy; "For we Irish" writes the saint "are disciples of St Peter and St Paul . . . Amongst us neither Jew, heretic nor schismatic can be found, but the Catholic Faith entire and unshaken precisely as we have received it from you who are the successor of the Apostles. For as I have already said we are attached to the Chair of St Peter: and although Rome is great and renowned, yet with us it is great and distinguished only on account of that apostolic chair. Through the two Apostles of Jesus Christ ye are almost celestial, and Rome is the head of the Churches of the world."

Columbanus found ample scope for his missionary zeal in the refutation of the Arian heresy which had many followers amongst the Lombards. In the territory of Bobbio which had been given to him, there was an old church dedicated to St Peter. This he set about repairing and erected a monastery by its side which was destined to become one of the most celebrated in the middle ages. In this place he wrote his tracts against the Arians,

which unfortunately are no longer extant.

After some years, feeling his end approaching, in order to prepare himself the better for the last journey he sought out a cavern in the side of a great rock on the opposite shore of the Trebbia, and transformed it into a chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Here he spent the last days of his life in prayer and fasting:—

"Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
Uninterrupted joy, unrivalled love,  
In blissful solitude."

The Apostle of France, Burgundy, Switzerland and Lombardy died on Nov. 21st, 615.

The above is but a slight sketch of the labour of Columbanus, and will give but a faint idea of what Irish missionaries did for Europe in those days. Columbanus was but one of the many thousand Irishmen who flocked through the Continent at a time when all science and piety were threatened with extinction. Fr. Thebaud in his Irish Race thus speaks of the labours of the Irish monks in Europe. "It has been calculated that the Irish monks held from the 6th to the 9th century 13 monasteries in Scotland, 7 in France, 12 in Amoric Gaul, 7 in in Lotharingia, 11 in Burgundy, 9 in Belgium, 10 in Alsatia, 16 in Bavaria, 15 in Rhetia, Helvetia, and Suevia, besides several in Thuringia and on the left bank of the Rhine. Ireland was then not only included in, but at the head of, the European Movement," and Montalembert observes that "the exertions of the Irish monks at that time were so undeniable as to leave France, Switzerland and Belgium under a debt of everlasting gratitude."

M. M. O'Brien O.M.I.



## ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING. AND AFTERNOON.

THE seventeenth of March is always looked forward to by the students of the University with perhaps more joyful expectations than any other feast throughout the year. And why should it not be so? For all of us are either of Irish descent or sympathizers with Irishmen, and in whatever corner of the globe the son of Erin's Isle has taken up his abode his pulse beats more quickly and his bosom is animated with more convivial sentiments on the advent of St. Patrick's day.

Like true lovers of the Emerald Isle and imitators of her virtues, the students began the celebration of her national feast by assisting at solemn high mass in the University Chapel. Rev. Father Gohiet was the celebrant, while Rev. Bros. Tighe and Sullivan respectively, performed the functions of deacon and sub-deacon. Appropriate music was furnished by the choir under the direction of Rev. Father Lambert. When the time for the sermon arrived, Rev. Father Pallier ascended the pulpit and delivered an eloquent and instructive discourse on the life and labors of St. Patrick.

## THE BANQUET.

One of the most agreeable features of the celebration of this great feast is the students' banquet. The signal success attained in this line in former years has encouraged the students to perpetuate this very desirable institution, and judging from the result of their latest efforts we are justified in saying that their endeavours have again been crowned with the fullest measure of success. At 12.30 p.m. all the students assembled in the recreation hall which was most beautifully and tastefully decorated for the occasion. Among the guests were

His Worship Mayor Bingham, Rev. Fathers Pallier, Antoine, Sloan, Patton, and Duffy; Rev. Brothers, Tighe and Sullivan; Messrs A. Newman, '93 W. Cavanagh, '93, J. Gillis. '95, A. Gagnon, '95, and L. A. Nevins, '96, The Capital orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Jas. McGillicuddy was in attendance and discoursed appropriate music during the entertainment. When full justice had been done to the material part of the programme, Mr. T. D'Arcy McGee '97 who fulfilled the duties of toastmaster to the entire satisfaction of all and proved himself a worthy nephew of the late illustrious Canadian statesman, the Honourable Thomas D'Arcy McGee, arose and introduced the following toast:—

THE POPE—Lumen in Cælo.

In these fitting words:

"Of the many distinguished names of this nineteenth century none stands out more prominently, none shines with brighter lustre, and none commands more love, respect and admiration than that of Leo XIII. For twenty years he has stood at the helm of the bark of Peter, safely guiding it through all dangers and all opposition, until to-day we behold him at the ripe old age of 87, as bright as ever in intellect, "Lumen in cælo," endeavoring to place a suitable crown on that glorious edifice of peace, concord and christian unity that he has built for the world and which will be a lasting memorial of his illustrious pontificate.

It is with great pleasure then, gentlemen, that I propose to you the toast of Our Holy Father, the Pope, and with it I couple the name of Mr. G. Fitzgerald."

Mr. Fitzgerald replied as follows:—

"History tells us of many men who have used their energies and their powers for the enslavement of their

fellow-men and for purposes of injustice and persecution. This age of ours, however, has the glory of producing one man whose name is enshrined in every Catholic heart, whose memory will still be revered when all of us present here to-day will have long since passed away and been forgotten. That man is our present Pontiff, Pope Leo XIII. How grandly does he rise before our imagination now? What a magnificent figure he makes as we look back with admiration upon the glorious firmness and the more than human endurance with which Leo XIII has for nineteen years piloted the bark of Peter through the stormy sea of this world.

We all remember or have heard of that great wave of expectation that swept over the whole Catholic world when that Bishop of Rome, who alone among 250 predecessors had held the spiritual sovereignty in St. Peter's City longer than St. Peter himself, laid it down at length in the fullness of his years with the halo of persecution around him. We all know that when his eyes closed at length in the silent slumber of death, heartless spoliators had already deprived him of all earthly power, in recompense for the faith with which he had wielded and the glory which he added to the spiritual power. Each day the political relations between the Papal See and Russia, France, and Italy, became more and more strained and he whom all Catholics were accustomed to look to for over 30 years with such confidence was now gone. Truly the result of Pius IX life had been to lay a burden on his successor to which few men could be equal. "Were shall we find a successor?" was the cry of the human in us. What heroic soul will have the courage to accept his heritage, to bear his cross, to put on his crown of thorns? But the years have shown that God guides His Church, for He gave her a pontiff who has shone like a star in the firmament, *Lumen in Caelo*, to dissipate the profound darkness that enveloped Rome and the world.

In the present Pontiff we find a man the most extraordinary in some respects of all those who have succeeded to the supreme Pontificate, and specially extraordinary in the firmness of his character and in the singleness of his devotion, a man whom the bitterest enemy of the church, the most foul-mouthed infidel of the day, has to acknowledge as a faithful and true servant of the Lord, a skilful ruler of the church and from whose countenance there beam forth upon all men the sweetness and purity of his Divine Master.

The first acts of Leo XIII were strictly in accordance with the tenor of his former life. A man whose mental and spiritual renown is not like that of so many of his contemporaries—is not one of conversions and surprises, he seems with his advance in life to have enlarged merely the scope of his operations and not to have changed any of the motives or methods which had guided him from his youth up. What the boy and the student, the nunçio and the archbishop had been, that the Pope continued to be. A man of orderly development and not of impulse, he has all his past to strengthen and support him, and the future can unfold nothing to daunt him.

To-day it is true he is a prisoner in his own palace, but from that same prison-home he issues decrees which are received from one end of the earth to the other with ready obedience, with delight and with gratitude. These decrees embrace the whole field of faith and practical action; they show the relation that should exist between the spiritual and the civil powers in every nation; they exhibit the conditions of that sacrament, without which any natural society would totter to ruins. The war which the Revolution wages attacks alike thrones and governments. It utilizes to the utmost the regrettable division between the spiritual and the temporal powers. It labours in every land to destroy the indissoluble character of the marriage contract, won

for civilization by the church through ages of conflict. It encourages that great assault which is shaking society to its very foundations—the denial of the right of private property. It weakens christian faith in the multitude, especially in those who live by manual labor ; it has made the earth appear to many the only arena for their hopes and aspirations, and those who, in the terrible struggle for existence, are devoid of supernatural hope, look back upon the present condition of affairs as the cause of their distress. Hence arises the fear of a war, the most terrible for all civilized peoples - the war of the poor against the rich. Again, in every land a struggle of the governed against authority has sprung up. It would seem that the ruler, being no longer regarded as a delegate of God, has lost the willing obedience of those who should be ruled. Each in his heart says "I have made you and I can unmake you." Loyalty is a matter of expediency. Lastly, all these errors are strengthened by a false philosophy, which destroys at one blow all the superstructure of religion raised in the ages of the past.

Now, regarding all these errors, Leo XIII has throughout his Pontificate spoken strongly and clearly. In a series of Encyclical letters, the like of which, for number and beauty and depth of thought, I suppose cannot be shown in any preceding papal reign, he has exhibited both true doctrine and sound philosophy.

Though to-day a King without a Kingdom, with not a soldier to defend him in the midst of a generation to which might is right, yet a master of legions has not hesitated to entrust to the Head of the Catholic Faith the mediation in a temporal matter between himself, sovereign of an empire not Catholic, and the government of "The most Catholic King". What was this but to recognize emphatically that he who sits in the chair of Peter is the "Teacher of Justice"?

Is there any conquest won by pre-

decessors of Leo XIII greater than this? As Constantine in the hour of his trial discerned the Labarum in the Heavens, so a non-Catholic sovereign sees it to-day resting upon the head of a Pope whom an unbelieving world has stripped to very nakedness, while governments unable to rule their own subjects are fain to look for aid to him whom they have repudiated for ages. As the foes are new, the conquest is new. But since they are no less destructive than the hordes of Attila, perhaps Divine Providence has in store for them a vision such as checked that barbarian's course, for they cannot but see in Leo XIII a guiding light of the nineteenth century, an augury of the salvation preparing for the future."

The toast-master next proposed the following sentiment in appropriate terms.

#### THE DAY WE CELEBRATE

"St. Patrick's praise we gaily sing  
As he comes smiling linked with spring."  
Response by T. F. Clancey, '98.

The Glee Club rendered "The Harp that once through Tara's Hall," in four parts, and Mr. Clancy rose to make the following reply:—

"As an Irishman, I feel that in rising to respond to this toast, I have assumed a heavy responsibility, for I assure you, gentlemen, that it is far beyond my power to do it anything like justice. I was quite willing to surrender any claims which, as a son of the old sod, I might be thought to possess on this day; but the toast committee was obdurate, and I was obliged to submit. However, I feel somewhat consoled by the knowledge that the very grandeur of my subject will be the best excuse for my humble effort.

Gentlemen—that great statesman and patriot, Daniel Webster, in proposing a toast to the memory of George Washington, made use of the following memorable words:—"The recurrence of anniversaries or of periods of time naturally freshens the recollection and deepens the im-

pression of events with which they are historically connected. No American can pass by the fields of Bunker Hill, or Monmouth or Camden as if they were ordinary spots on the earth's surface. Whoever visits them feels the sentiments of love of country kindling anew, as if the spirits which belonged to the transactions that have rendered those places distinguished, hovered round with power to move and excite all who, in future time may chance to approach them." Surely, with much greater reason does the recurring of St. Patrick's Day deepen the affection of Irishmen for their native land and add fresh fuel to the fire of their devotion for its Patron Saint. For, while Webster could see in Washington, the father of his country, "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen," and could at the same time praise him as a christian statesman, Irishmen can see in St. Patrick, not only a patriot, but the devout champion of their religion which is infinitely more sublime in its end than any of the material qualities that purchase recognition here below. Every true man loves his country. And with good reason. It is the place of his birth, the land of his fathers, the tender nurse of his youth, the chosen home of his mature age, the spot where he hopes to die.

Oliver Goldsmith, an Irish poet, has beautifully expressed the universality of this feeling.

"But where to find that happiest spot below,  
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?  
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone  
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;  
Extols the treasures of the stormy seas  
And his long nights of revelry and ease;  
The naked negro, panting at the line  
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,  
Basks in the glare or stems the tepid wave,  
And thanks his gods for all the goods they gave  
Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,  
His first, best country, ever is at home."

This is a general sentiment; this love of country is common to all classes and to all races of men.

But Irishmen have a much stronger, a much more sacred reason to be attached to the Green Isle. Beyond and above all narrow national considerations, stands the glorious fact that Ireland is the land of their faith and their religion, and that her perseverance against all odds has been the crowning characteristic of her people, and has won for them the respect and admiration of the civilized world.

Gentlemen, this is not only a patriotic holiday, a day on which we are to rejoice over the glories of our country; but it is a religious holiday as well, a day on which we are to celebrate the successful entrance of the gospel into Ireland, and commemorate the victories of St. Patrick over paganism and unbelief. These are the thoughts which should fill every Irish heart on St. Patrick's day. The person who takes advantage of this day to plunge into feasting and revelry imagining that he is fittingly celebrating it, makes a serious mistake. Everyone should remember that this is the feast of a great Saint, one of God's chosen lights, and he should celebrate it in a manner which will be pleasing to him. For although it is many centuries since St. Patrick illumined this earth with the light of his holy presence, yet be it ever borne in mind that he now occupies a high position in heaven and is bearing witness at this moment, to the actions of each and every one of his followers. Let every Irishman, therefore, act in a manner which becomes an Irishman and a christian. If the day be celebrated in this manner, rest assured that St. Patrick will look down on the Irish race with a heavenly smile and be justified in saying—"these are the young soldiers to whose fathers I first preached the gospel and in whose native land I first planted the cross of Christ." Yes, Gentlemen, although multitudes of the Irish people have long since been driven from their native land, although they are scattered through all countries.

yet to-day they will pay a visit in spirit to that dear little Isle of the ocean and deplore the cruelty and oppression which drove them hence. They will recount over and over again the hardships of their ancestors and they will bitterly lament that greatest of all sorrows—the one which forced their forefathers to become exiles forever. I would try in vain to express in adequate terms the trials and tribulations of the Irish people. The bitterness of their sorrows shall never be fitly told by tongue or pen, shall never be known to mortals until it be revealed in glory on God's great judgment day. Although her history has been dimmed and her prosperity blighted, yet she holds a favor from heaven which would be the pride of the most powerful nation on earth—this inestimable gift is the joy and consolation which is identical with the faith and religion of St. Patrick. It was her only hope in persecution, her consolation in adversity and now it is her pride and her boast in foreign lands.

And as an Irishman, a descendant from Irish parents, and a native of that dear little Isle, I sincerely hope and pray that God will give to the land of my fathers, that same strong, ardent attachment to the faith of St. Patrick that she exhibited so beautifully and so successfully in the days of her persecution and suffering. And as long as it can be said that the faith of Patrick lives in the heart of the Irish race, it will be a pleasure, a joy and a privilege to join heart and hand to respond to this toast of the Day We Celebrate.

Next on the list followed the toast,

CANADA, OUR HOME.—Responses by E. P. Gleeson, '98, L. Payment, '99.

Before the replies, however, "The Land of the Maple" was well rendered by Messrs L. Payment, G. Fitzgerald and A. Mackie. The toast-master introduced the subject in the following terms:—

"Within the heart of every true Irish-Canadian, there should exist, side by side with love for Erin, a

patriotic ardor for the land of the Maple Leaf. For a twofold reason is this our Canada endeared to us. When, forced from their native land by the cruel ravages of famine, many of the Irish race braved the dangers of exile and faced the perils of a new existence, they found a home and a refuge in our young colony. With open arms were they received. And shall we love our Canada less for this act of kindness? Again Canada is endeared to us by being the land of our birth, and we have reason to be proud of our country. A century ago we were a small colony struggling for existence. A little over a quarter of a century back the Fathers of Confederation laid the foundation of what to-day has proven to be one of the most promising countries of the world. I am sure that those who are to reply to this toast will offer sufficient proofs of the present prosperity and rapid advancement of our fair Dominion. Gentlemen, I propose to you "Canada our Home."

On behalf of the English-speaking Canadians, Mr. Gleeson delivered the following speech:—

"It is not unusual, to hear persons called upon to speak on an occasion like the present, acknowledging their utter inability to do proper justice to their subject. Well, this is, indeed, a very important toast, to which I have the honor of responding; but at the same time I must candidly admit—I hope without any immoderate pretensions—that, if there is not, at least there should be within me, certain qualities that might warrant me in attempting, with considerable probability of success, any task howsoever difficult, for Gentlemen, I lay claim like many of yourselves, to being an Irishman and a Canadian. If, however, even with those qualifications, I fail to satisfy the requirement of this occasion—and I have no doubt that I shall—believe me, the fault lies, not in the fact that I possess *too much* of the Canadian, but because I have in me *too little* of the Irishman.

I can assure you I experience considerable pride and satisfaction in hearing my name coupled with this toast, for I feel it an honor to be called upon to say a word of commendation for a country, which, if it have not the overflowing population of other nations, is one that has already made its mark in history, and that I trust, will continue its onward march until it eventually takes its place among the greatest powers of the world.

In saying this, Gentlemen, I express no wild or extravagant wish. In Canada we have a country, which for the beauty of its landscape, its agricultural wealth and the abundance of its natural productions, is unsurpassed in either hemisphere. Washed by three oceans, its area is vaster than the great republic south of us, and sufficiently large to include several of the greatest European countries. One hundred millions of people can settle comfortably upon its lands, and still leave room for extensive colonization. Its lordly mountains, awful in their sublimity, at times piercing the clouds and again descending into verdant and smiling valleys are beds of incalculable treasures, that rest there, waiting only for the industry of man to dislodge them from their enclosures. Between picturesque banks, majestic rivers "wind this way and now that their devious course," bearing on their bosoms the leviathan servants of commerce, while fragrant breezes waft to other lands, the superfluous offerings of a generous soil. Our country has often slightly been called "a land of ice and snow." True it is that we have not the temperate climate of more southern latitudes. True it is that there are times in the year, when we can not take a noon-day nap in zephyr-whispering groves. But, the gem is formed amidst unpleasant surroundings; gold is imbedded in rough rocks. In formation, both have probably been subject to intense temperatures, and it will be found that the Canadian climate by its varying phases, is just

such as is best calculated to quicken, foster and develop the hardiest and noblest qualities in man. Such, Gentlemen, is the country to which we belong; such, some of the blessings we enjoy. If our country will not some day rise to an eminent distinction among the nations, we shall not be able to say, it is because nature has not nobly done her share; no, but because we have not properly done ours. So much for the country itself; but how now about the inhabitants of this vast domain. Gentlemen, Canada has no ordinary children. Her earlier sons from whom our present generation has sprung, had for their ancestors, men who belonged to two of the most powerful nations in Europe. They came to us from the vine-clad hills of sunny France and the white shores of merry England. This union in itself was good; its character was immensely improved by a happy commingling of the suffering sons of saintly Ireland. Our population now combines in laudable proportions the thrift of the Scotchman, the pluck of the Englishman, the vivacity of the Frenchman, the frugality of the German, the honesty, virtue and fidelity of the Irishman. These, along with others, were the precious ingredients which formed that one homogeneous mass, constituting the Canadian people—a people hardy, industrious, hospitable to strangers at home; generous to sufferers abroad. When funds are wanting for the Irish cause, we contribute in proportion to our numbers twice as much as our American brethren. When an appeal is made for the famine-stricken sufferers in India, we respond even more liberally than England, herself. Those are the qualities of the Canadian people—qualities which heaven always rewards, yes, often by raising tottering nations from obscure bondage and penury to the exalted elevations of freedom and opulence. Gentlemen, unless heaven's designs can be sadly frustrated, Canada's reward will surely come.

So far we have lived together in as peaceable a manner as could be expected from a people made up of so many different nationalities, and so many widely diverging religious denominations. We have lived under the worthy protection of a noble constitution, aided by the powerful arm of mighty England. We reverence the first; we respect the second. We wish to live in strict accordance with that; in pleasant harmony with this. The former, we hope will soon afford us an effective remedy for our grievances, making partial satisfaction complete. As to the latter, thus far she has shown us justice, and we thank her for it. Never, yet has England's attitude towards us, been such as to make sinisterly ridiculous the tender appellation "mother." But, gentlemen, we are not by nature, men who will ignobly bend our shoulders to the lash. Proudly conscious of our strength and worth, we do not beg, but demand justice. And justice we must have at any cost; for should England adopt towards us, the same inhuman attitude which for centuries she held towards Ireland, there is not a true Canadian who would hesitate to fight and to die for the liberty of his home and his country.

However, such a calamity is not yet threatening, and may heaven ever avert it. Let us hope that the parent and the child may continue to walk together in the paths of peace and progress; one affording the grave advice and protection of full maturity; the other the affection and vigorous support of youth. Thus may we expect to enjoy mutual advantages and obtain most satisfactory results.

And now, gentlemen, if we look forward, Canada has bright prospects of a brilliant future. Her present advance is slow but sure, and none the less sure because slow. For, it is not the boy who shoots up with a weed-like growth, that is going to reach the hardest and most perfect manhood; on the contrary, it is he whose bones

and muscles grow gradually by proper nourishment and exercise, into that strength and symmetry which best form him to meet the toils and troubles to which manhood is exposed. It is the misfortune of some countries that they live too fast. We have known cases in history, where nations have run up the hill of greatness with such eager rapidity that their "vaulting ambition," incapable of steadying them at the dizzy summit, pressed them forward to a more precipitous descent on the other side. Such was the history of nations in the past. Conquests abroad only left an opportunity for dissensions at home. All of them took eagle flights towards the stars, regarding only the object of their pursuit, but like Icarus of old, when they had reached a certain height, the burning sun melted their waxen wings, and they fell, some crippled, others never to rise again.

Canada, too, aspires to a higher level, and there is nothing to prevent her from reaching it. But, let her continue to live and grow according to the laws of nature and under heaven's direction. Let her look back into history and guide herself by those lessons which sad experience has taught to others. Let her be true to herself; tolerant and just to her neighbors. Let her above all act in such a way as to be an honor to those mighty races from which her children have descended, and then—depend on it—when she reaches those heights of greatness to which heaven has destined her, she will rest tranquilly there, contented with her position, and a shining example to other nations. May this be the happy lot of "Canada—our Home."

Mr. Payment, the French Canadian representative, then addressed the banquetters. He said:—

"In rising to respond to this toast on behalf of the race to which I have the honor to belong, I am at no loss for material upon which to address you; rather am I encumbered by its superabundance. I speak on behalf of

the French Canadian race and in the presence of those whose hearts are with us; and in order to show that we are perhaps not unworthy of the friendship of our Celtic brothers I shall remind them of a few of the noble deeds performed by our great ancestors.

The beautiful St Lawrence beheld the white men for the first time when, in 1535 Jacques Cartier sailed up the limpid waters of that majestic stream to where the commercial metropolis of Canada now stands on the island of Montreal. Settlements were soon planted on its shores, and Canada rose to be an important colony.

It has been said that Spain came to Canada to seek for gold; England to enlarge her possessions, and France, to spread the knowledge of the Gospel. From the first the French monarchs manifested the greatest anxiety for the conversion of the aborigines and all the charters granted to trading companies contained stipulations concerning the bringing out to this country of priests to attend to the spiritual welfare of the colonists and to bring the natives under the gentle influence of the christian doctrine.

Canada was then under the direct rule of the King of France, who governed it through his representative. Among the vice-roys sent here were men of the noblest blood of France, men whose names are sufficient to remind us of the glorious days of ancient chivalry. The name of Frontenac alone recalls all that is gallant and great in warrior and statesman.

Another name of undying fame is that of Samuel de Champlain. He was the first great Canadian explorer, the first European to behold our vast inland seas, Lakes Ontario and Huron, and the beautiful lake that bears his name.

I come now to the great Montcalm. When we consider how the home government failed to help him, we are astonished that he found the means to offer such strenuous and

long-continued resistance to his ever-increasing enemies. But like Lally, Baron of Tolendal, the great soldier of Irish descent who was the most famous general the French ever had in India, Montcalm accomplished wonders. Lally with a force of only seven hundred men at the siege of Pondichery, resisted, during the space of five months, twenty thousand disciplined English troops; and while he was performing these prodigies in India, Montcalm with only three thousand six hundred men on the battle-field of Carillon routed an English force of sixteen thousand. But Hannibal had his Zama, Napoleon his Waterloo. So Lally had his Pondichery, and Montcalm his Plains of Abraham. The English had conquered Quebec but DeLevis yet lived, and while he was in the field the country still belonged to France.

He prepared to make a last gallant stand for the Fleur de Lis, but having only three thousand five hundred ill-fed, poorly-clad, and worse-armed troops to oppose a large English army backed by a detachment of the British navy, he was compelled to capitulate.

This closed French rule in Canada—"a rule remarkable throughout for noble deeds worthy of the gallant nation whose sons performed them."

Many French families decided to return to the land of their fathers, preferring their own sunny skies and French government to our ruder climate and English rule. Those who remained have become loyal British subjects, and consider that under the broad canopy of heaven there is no land like the land of the Maple Leaf.

Passing over the period of military rule which succeeded the Treaty of Paris; passing also over that period which led up to the Quebec Act, we come to the heroic deeds performed by French Canadlans in the defence of their country against invasion from the South. Who is he with French blood in his veins that can forget Chateaugay, where De Salabery with

only three hundred of our fathers withstood for four hours and finally routed a force of seven thousand invaders under General Hampton.

Dark days, however, were in store for these brave defenders of our soil. Bad government and its attendant evils oppressed them till in 1837, exasperated beyond measure, they rose under the leadership of Louis Papineau to force a redress of their grievances. The rebellion was unsuccessful in its immediate results but obtained the real object in view, the establishment of responsible government for the colony.

I wish to refer in a special manner to the Act of Union of 1840 to emphasize the fact that there has always been a fixed determination on our part to retain the language of our ancestors, to remain a distinct element in Canada while contributing all in our power to the general welfare of the nation. The illustrious Lord Dufferin recognized the advantage which Canada derives from this element when he said: "The French race is necessary to America, and the civilization of the new world would be incomplete without that element."

The Act of Union was a piece of unjust legislation and militated against us by giving to the fifteen thousand English of Upper Canada the same number of representatives in parliament that it accorded to the one hundred and fifty-three thousand French Canadians of Lower Canada. In the contest that followed we owe the triumphant defence of our rights to Lafontaine, Caron, Morin, Chauveau, and our great George-Etienne Cartier.

Finally, the Act of Confederation gave to the French Canadians of Quebec the right to govern themselves. They have kept up to the tide of progress, notwithstanding the assertions of their enemies to the contrary; and in some respects they are leading the country. I say *leading*, when I refer to literature, the standard by which, in the future, the relative

progress of each of the Provinces will be judged. In 1891, when the Rev. Principal Grant made an attack on the whole French Canadian race, before a vast assembly of American teachers gathered in Toronto, because of certain mismanagement in one of the Departments of the Federal Government, presided over by a French Canadian, the Rev. E. I. Rexford, Supt. of the Protestant Board of Education for the Province of Quebec answered him in these words: "I stand here as the representative of the Frenchmen in a province almost wholly French, which has manifested a marvellous power of the people to stick together, surrounded as they are wholly by English influence, cut off from their native land, ruled and governed by the English people. They have preserved their language and their institutions, and Principal Grant would be the first to admit that under the greatest difficulties and disadvantages they have built up in that province a literature which stands easily first in the Dominion to-day. The literature of the Province of Quebec is far ahead of the literature of other parts of the Dominion. Not only so, Mr. Chairman," he continued, "but they have developed in the Province of Quebec, under peculiar circumstances, institutions that command our admiration."

I may also notice that the Rev. Principal of Queen's made a satirical remark as to the politeness of our race. When we consider that a man at the head of a great institution of learning depreciates this trait which is a sign of the highest civilization, we can easily divine the motives that inspired his words and judge of his influence on our young country. In the same class I shall mention a certain Rev. Mr. Sutherland of Toronto who referred to the people of Quebec as "one million five hundred thousand barbarians." Of course, when taken to task, he denied having used that phrase, but it was nevertheless a remarkable coincidence that several of

the reporters had that identical classical appellation for us in their reports of this *sermon*. Gentlemen, such utterances deserve the strongest condemnation. These ministers of peace who proclaim liberty, union, harmony, and the whole gamut of national virtues, permit themselves to insult even a whole race, a race that has furnished Canada with some of her greatest men in every walk of life from the artisan to the statesman.

A point of present interest to us is the Manitoba school question. I shall not go into any details concerning it, as you are all sufficiently versed in that nefarious legislation to understand it. All the great educators have dwelt on the importance of the early training of children, and concede that the influences then brought to bear upon them have their effects for the remainder of their lives. They have emphasized the unbounded influence of the lessons learned at the mother's knee. They understood what is accomplished in the child-mind during the tender years of school-life. Gentlemen, the fight which is waging for the Separate School is a fight to keep our children from the fatal effects of the religious uncertainties existing outside the pale of the Catholic Church; it is a fight to withdraw them from the pernicious influence of text-books which calumniate catholic institutions, misrepresent catholic countries, slander catholic heroes, falsify the history of catholic times, and misinterpret catholic doctrine. These text-books, expounded by teachers antagonistic to our faith, become the most formidable enemy against which we have to cope. The pulpit addresses itself to men who can disprove its assertions; but the child is a helpless being, who looks upon the teacher as an oracle, and, in his innocence, believes his every assertion. Let us French-Canadians understand our duty, and like our fathers let us not flinch in the defence of our rights, our schools, and our religion.

As to our language, Gentlemen, we have preserved it and I say it boldly, we will preserve it. It is, however, our imperative duty to learn the English language also. We shall thus be armed with a double weapon for the warfare of life. I repeat it, we shall preserve the beautiful language of our sires; it is the safeguard of our identity, of our religion; and to those who would destroy it we oppose a solid front, swearing by all that is dear to us to hold it as a sacred trust, a precious heritage left us by our forefathers. And while remaining loyal to this and to our institutions, we shall still be true Canadians joining with our noble Etienne Pascal Taché in saying that "the last gun fired for British supremacy on this continent will be fired by a French Canadian."

The students felt highly honored by the presence of Mayor Bingham, the first Irish Catholic mayor in this city for the past twenty years. A toast being proposed to His Worship, he was greeted by an enthusiastic "he's a jolly good fellow." In reply Mayor Bingham thanked the students for the kind invitation extended to him to attend their banquet. When he found himself in the midst of so many young and cheerful faces he was reminded of the happy days of his boyhood, the happiest days of his life. His Worship then entertained the students with some remarks on municipal matters and concluded by a few golden words of advice, dwelling especially on the necessity of honesty and sobriety for success in after life.

Then followed the toast

#### IRELAND'S FAITH

"God on a throne divine hath 'stablished thee;  
Light of a darkling world! Lamp of the North."

Response by J. Hanley, '98.

proposed in the following terms:

"Every nation has its striking characteristic and Ireland has proven no exception to this rule, for she has afforded the world the grand, the noble and the sublime example of a nation preserving through weal and woe the True Faith which she had

received at the hands of her glorious apostle. When St. Patrick reached Ireland in the 5th. century so great was his zeal that it brought the Irish people to embrace the True Faith, which gained ground so rapidly that with the "sudden ripeness of a northern Summer it at once covered a whole land." To the glory and permanency of Ireland's Faith, then Gentlemen, do I ask you to join me in a toast."

Mr. Ross Murphy sang "The Dear Little Shamrock," after which Mr. Hanley delivered his reply.

"We are here assembled to-day" he said, "to do honor to the memory of the patron saint of Erin. It is, therefore, most highly fitting that the toast to which I have been called upon to respond, should have found a place on our list; and those of us who are of Irish descent have raised our glasses with more than ordinary enthusiasm to drink to the glories of Ireland's Faith. For dead, indeed, is the soul of any man with a single drop of Irish blood coursing through his veins, who is not filled with sentiments of the most exultant admiration by the mere mention of the faith of his forefathers, and who does not wish for the eloquence of a Demosthenes that he might thunder forth to the admiring world, the wondrous praises due to the sons of Erin's Isle, for having so long, so faithfully and so arduously clung to the beautiful and ennobling creed preached to them by Patrick. Ireland's faith is certainly a subject worthy of the clearest mind and most gifted tongue that ever graced this world of ours.

Fifteen hundred years ago the glorious saint whose memory we celebrate to-day entered upon his apostolic mission. among the pagan clans which then overran the hills and dales of Ireland. How great was his success, we all know well. With high enthusiasm the noble race welcomed him to their midst, and when they heard the beautiful truths falling with

soft and simple eloquence from his inspired lips, they immediately rejected their pagan deities; warrior chiefs as well as tender maids flocked to his standard, earnestly requesting that they too should be enrolled as soldiers under the banner of that faith which they have ever since treasured through weal and woe, as something dearer than their lives. In an incredibly short time the whole island was evangelized. So burning, indeed, was the ardor with which the Irish people welcomed the religion of the true and only God, that it has been well said "It looked as if Ireland was going to cease to be a nation and become a church." Nor was this an ephemeral ardor, like a fire of paper or of straw, flashing into a momentary glow to relapse into deeper gloom. It lasted for several centuries; it was still in full flame at the time of St. Columba, more than two hundred years after Patrick; it grew into a vast conflagration in the seventh and eighth centuries, when many rushed forth from that burning island of the blest, to spread the sacred fire among the sister nations. For while Europe during the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries was in total darkness, Ireland alone basked in the light of science, whose lustre, shining in her numerous schools, attracted thither by its brightness, the youth of all nations, whom she received with an unbounded generosity. Not content with this, she sent forth her learned and holy men to spread the light abroad and dispel the thick darkness, to establish seats of religion and learning as focuses whence should radiate the light of truth on a world buried in barbarism. Is it any wonder, then, that Ireland was looked upon as a great and glorious land, and that the other countries of Europe, beholding and admiring the lustre of learning and sanctity which shone forth from the holy Isle, united in conferring upon her the proudest title ever yet given to a land or to a people—"The Island of Saints and Scholars?"

But sad to say the splendor of Ireland's sky was soon to be dimmed by the dark lowering clouds of tyranny, oppression and misrule. Early in the sixteenth century, the so-called Reformation gained ascendancy in England, and in due time carried its dire effects into the beautiful sister isle. Then opened a scene such as had never been witnessed even under the most cruel persecutions of the tyrants of old Rome. The whole strength of the British nation was brought into play to force the new religion upon Ireland. The first act of the "reformers" was to close the convents and monasteries which the people long had loved as seats of learning and holiness. Their catholic ancestors had built these religious houses, which had since been consecrated by the lives of a thousand saints within their walls; and when the pretended ministers of the new religion, backed by ferocious English troopers, began to turn out and slay their inmates, close their doors, pillage them, set them on fire, or convert them into private dwellings for an imported aristocracy, is it any wonder that the natives of the green Isle looked with suspicion on the religion thus introduced? But, above all, when they beheld how the inmates of those holy houses were treated, when they saw them cast out upon the world, penniless, persecuted, hunted down, insulted by the soldiery, arrested, cruelly beaten, bound hand and foot, and hung up either before the door of their burning monastery or even in the church itself before the altar, is it any wonder that they were unprepared to receive the new religion? Is it any wonder that when they saw the slightest chance of success, when they saw on the throne of England a man whose Catholic parentage led them to look upon him as a friend,—is it any wonder, I say, that they took up arms against so cruel an imposition? And how noble, indeed, was their cause! Hope of religious freedom is certainly the noblest sentiment that can move

the breast of man, and if there is reason for admiration in the motive which urges men to fight and die for their firesides and their families, how much more is there in that which causes them to place before all their altars and their God? Magnificent, however, as was the object for which they fought, the Irish were not destined to succeed. Outnumbered, impoverished, disappointed and deceived on every side, and shamelessly betrayed even where they trusted most, they were finally overpowered by the infamous and merciless Cromwell. Then began the real wars of Ireland. Then, and for many years afterwards, the Irish by numerous decrees of English kings and parliaments were deprived of everything which a man not guilty of crime has a right to enjoy. Land, citizenship, the right of education, of acquiring property, of living on their own soil,—everything was denied them, and death in every form was decreed in every line of the new Protestant Code, to men, women and even children, whose only crime consisted in remaining faithful to their religion. And yet they lived. True they had but one token of nationality, but that was sufficient to preserve unquenched the sacred fire of true patriotism. They had the wooden altars of their glens, of their marshes, of their mountain fastnesses, where, often before day, a multitude was to be seen kneeling in fervent prayer, and a priest standing under the canopy of heaven amid the profound silence of the holy mysteries. Though the whole island was dotted with churches built, in days gone by, by catholics, but now profaned, in ruins, or devoted to heretical worship, not one of them was allowed to serve as a place where even a fraction of the population might adore their God according to the rites approved by their conscience. There was however a means by which they could have warded off all the calamities and scourges I have described. Had they only bowed to the new dogma of the spiritual supre-

macy of the English kings, and scoffed at the authority of the pope, had they accepted the new religion, regardless of the dictates of their conscience, they would have escaped the wrath of Henry VIII, the crafty and cruel policy of Elizabeth, the barbarity of the Cromwellian era, and the ingenious atrocities of the penal laws. They would have obtained many temporal advantages, but they would have obtained them at the expense of their faith; in their opinion, and that of millions of their fellow-Catholics, they would have forfeited their right to heaven, and the Irish have always been so unreasonable as to prefer heaven to earth.

But let us turn from the contemplation of these woeful times. A brighter day has dawned upon Ireland, and now her sons, though still oppressed in many ways, are allowed the free practice of their religion. And what is the result? Their faith to-day is as strong as it was centuries ago; the intense vitality displayed by this so long down-trodden people is amazing. In the short time that has elapsed since Catholic Emancipation, the Irish nation has been living, active, working and doing wonders. Her altars, her religious houses, her asylums, everything holy that was in ruins—all has been restored. Not satisfied with working so energetically on her own soil, she has crossed over to England, where the great Catholic revival which has struck so much fear into the hearts of sectarians is in a great measure due to her. Cross the broad Atlantic and the vast Southern Ocean, contemplate Irish activity in North America, Australia, and all the English colonies, and tell me if Ireland is not making rapid strides towards the spreading of Catholic doctrine throughout the world. Considering all this, is it any wonder that we feel an honest pride in proclaiming to all nations that we, too, cling to that faith which our ancestors preserved unscathed through centuries of un-

mitigated persecution and bloodshed? Is it any wonder that we reject with indignant scorn the too prevalent idea that the Irish are a lowly, despicable race, and that we rather consider them, as they really are in the eyes of God, the truest, grandest, noblest in the world?"

The toast to the United States is always heartily received by the students of Ottawa University, so there was a royal reception given Mr. McGee when he proposed:—

THE EAGLE; Response by T. Ryan, '99.

The sentiment was honored with a rousing chorus, "The Star Spangled Banner." Mr. Ryan's response was equal to the occasion. He spoke as follows:—

Fain would I sound the praises of my native land, but only too well do I realize how unworthy I am and how noble is my theme. But I know that I am among indulgent friends, and I know that deep in the heart of everyone of you there is a warm place for your republican sister. And why should it not be thus? Are we not joint heirs to a proud heritage? Are we not joint possessors of the greater portion of North America, and have we not a common destiny?

The greatest title in the ancient world was "Civis Romanus Sum," but prouder, and greater, and better is the modern one, "I am an American citizen," for while the former signified power, might and force, the latter stands for justice, equality and right. God has given a special mission to every nation, and he called the American State into existence to solve forever upon a basis of justice and equity, the most momentous social and political problems.

The extensive fields of cereals, the cotton and sugar plantations, the delightful orange groves, the mines of gold and silver, of coal and iron, and in fact of almost every mineral, are all sources of wealth which God in His goodness has bestowed upon us, to a greater degree than upon any other

country. I will, in order to be brief, quote from Mulhall, the eminent London statistician. "If you make a survey" he says "of mankind in ancient or modern times as regards the physical, mechanical and intellectual force of nations we find nothing to compare with the United States at the present time."

And while we have all that could be desired for our material welfare, we have also all that should stir the artistic soul of the painter or the poet. True, we have no ruins, nor do we care for any just yet, but we have nature in her most gorgeous dress. The snow-capped mountains of New Hampshire studded with myriad picturesque lakes; the green hills of Vermont; the pride of America, our lovely Hudson; the mighty Niagara, whose possession we share with your fair country; the stately Mississippi; and our garden of wonders, the Yellowstone Park, are all scenes, which for beauty and grandeur are unsurpassed in the world.

Our beautiful land, ever watchful of her inheritance, keeps a jealous eye upon the least encroachment. She has given notice to her friends across the water, that this continent is not to be considered as open for future colonization. Briefly stated, the American doctrine is, "You mind your affairs and we will attend to ours." America is at all times the friend of the poor and oppressed; she extends a helping hand to poor Venezuela, with as much readiness as she would to powerful England. She is as anxious to arbitrate with the small republics of South America as with the great nations of Europe. The United States has from the very first been in favor of arbitration, and it is to be hoped that the treaty before the American Senate, will, with certain amendments, be passed, and that the other European countries will arrange similar treaties with the United States. America respects all nations; she fears none.

Irishmen and their descendants

have a special reason to feel proud of this glorious republic. For, from the earliest days, the relations between Ireland and America have been most close. In 1676, when Massachusetts was suffering from the terrible effects of King Philip's war, the generous people of Ireland sent over a contribution for our relief. Everyone knows what an important part they took in the War of Independence. One of the most striking figures in that military history is the gallant Irishman, General Anthony Wayne. The first naval encounter was by the five O'Brien brothers of Maine; the brave Barry, the founder of the American navy, was an Irishman. General Sullivan, Colonel Fitzgerald, Washington's favorite officer, and many others I might mention, contributed towards winning American liberty.

When Washington's army entered Boston, after relieving Putnam, on the 17th of March, 1776, with drums beating and colors flying, the watchword of the day was "St. Patrick." The good St. Patrick came into Boston with George Washington. And he came to stay. During the War of Independence, America always considered Ireland as her friend, as we see from the address of John Jay to the Irish people. Ireland furnished us with the great hero of New Orleans, the gallant Jackson, and the most brilliant general of the late war, General Phil. Sheridan. She has given us three of our presidents, Jackson, Arthur, and our present ruler, President McKinley, whose grandfather was one of the Irish patriots of '98.

Deep in the hearts of the young Irish-Americans is the love for their country and the sentiment of that noble, young hero O'Neil, who, when dying in defence of the Union said—  
"Let the American flag be wrapped about me, and put a fold of it under my head. Tell my mother I wish I had two lives to give for my country."

In order to obtain any permanent greatness, the founders of the Republic recognized that we must have religious liberty. No country in the world is more favorable to the growth of religion than the United States. "I would not," says Cardinal Gibbons, "if I had the privilege of modifying the constitution of the United States expunge or alter a single paragraph, a single line, or a single word of that immortal instrument." The constitution of the United States is admirably adapted to the growth and expansion of the Catholic religion, and the Catholic religion is admirably adapted to the genius of the constitution. They fit together like two links in the same chain. There are no hereditary privileges in the Republic of the United States, no titles, no class distinctions.

According to the constitution, every native-born citizen is eligible to the highest position in the gift of the people just as the highest post in the hierarchy is open to the humblest son of the Church. In Church and State fitness and availability and not pedigree are the paramount claims to office.

In order that her humblest son without regard to his race or creed may be able to fill any office in the government, the United States has generously expended enormous sums of money in the diffusion of popular instruction, always remembering the motto of Washington and Franklin that knowledge is power.

The foundation of the Catholic University of Washington supplies a long felt want. Let us hope that it may be in some measure to America what Oxford and Cambridge in the better days were to England. "a bulwark of religious enlightenment and of constitutional freedom." Let us sincerely pray that it may be a beacon light, guiding the searcher after knowledge in the path of truth and guarding him against the shoals and quicksands of error.

God having blessed the American

nation so signally will not fail to demand a strict account from the people. It is, therefore, incumbent upon the American youth to prepare himself for his future position in society. Several great questions must in the near future come up for final settlement and it behooves us to be able to meet them in a statesmanlike manner. It must be the aim of all true Americans to keep in mind the welfare of the whole country, the wants of the West must be the wants of the East, and the solution of the great racial problem is as momentous for the North as for the South.

When the fathers of the American government founded the nation, they built better than they knew, for guided and directed by Providence they laid the foundation of the ideal state, and realized the highest conception of government. It behooves the Catholic American to be loyal to his citizenship, loyal to his home the nursery of patriotism, loyal to religion which forms the character, and loyal to his fellow-countrymen. His patriotism must not be the patriotism of the lips, but the patriotism of the heart's deeds and the life's blood. But above all, we must cling firmly to the principles of our religion, for in a strict adherence to religion lies the mainstay of the republic.

Let us always remember that this glorious republic of ours is the bright beacon kindled by patriot hands in the western sky to show the sons of men everywhere the pathway to liberty, to order, and to prosperity. Let us always bear in mind that those stars on our beautiful banner are, like the stars in heaven, glittering proofs of God's abundant overflowing mercy to men. Let us always look up to our glorious flag, and may we ever see it floating triumphantly, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured. Long may our beautiful banner wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave, and may our dear country ever be worthy of her proud place among the nations of the

world. And so when in the future men may talk of a nation of the most prosperous and contented people, we will know the country of which they speak, we will know, "My country, tis of thee, sweet land of liberty."

The next toast on the list was:—  
LITERARY IRELAND.

"And fancy's flash and reason's ray  
Serve but to light the troubled way."

Response by J. Ryan, '97.

In proposing it, Mr. McGee gave a brief sketch of Irish literature. Mr. A. Mackie sang in good voice "Annie Laurie," and Mr. Ryan then replied.

He said: "The literature of Ireland dates so far into antiquity, that it were to labor in vain to attempt to trace it to its origin. Certain it is, however, that Irish saints and Irish scholars were exercising a beneficial influence on the European continent, ere yet the inhabitants of other countries had discarded the gaudy colors of savagery.

When Patrick landed in Hibernia he found a nation ignorant, it is true, of the tenets of our religion, yet not a race of illiterates; no, he beheld a people whose preeminent characteristic was then, and as it is to-day, love of learning.

Prior to that early period, Ireland had her historians, her poets and her bards, whose writings exceed in number those of the Eastern nations. Yet, pathetic and even sublime as are many of these works, they are shrouded in a dark cloud of paganism; but with the advent of the Great Apostle this cloud is dispelled, an epoch of joy begins, a cycle opens, in which prose is illumined with a ray of hope, and poetry chants a song of gratitude well-befitting a nation newly converted to christianity. As the new Faith advances, its path is marked with rising educational institutions which were soon filled with saints and scholars whose productions to-day adorn the shelves of our magnificent national libraries. Erin became the nursery of education, the great Instructress of nations. Founders of

universities sought out Irish scholars to place at the head of their institutions: and foreign countries admiring the brilliancy of her authors and the sanctity of her children united in conferring upon Ireland, the title, "Isle of Saints and Scholars."

Oh! Glorious Island, University of Europe, Teacher of Christianity, would that the peace and harmony that then betrayed the lofty aims of your happy and contented sons, were to last forever! But no, your "golden age" was envied. A few centuries pass, the scene is changed and your bright star is on the wane. Persecution and oppression have already usurped the throne of justice and equity. The Reformation, so repugnant to the "Faith of Our Fathers; the merciless rule of Queen Elizabeth, and the Cromwellian reign of blood wrought sad havoc in the field of Irish letters. Then came the Penal laws making education a crime. Need we wonder then, that Irish authors failed to make an impression on the sixteenth century. Truly Irish genius had declined; but it was not dead. No, hidden beneath thatched roofs and in humble cottages it gasped for existence, awaiting a brighter era to burst once more upon the world in all its glory. Its new day came and with its second rise, Ireland's decayed literary fame was, in a measure, restored. But the new genius was not confined within the bounds of the "Old Sod," for in lands far away her exiled sons found other fields in which to display their intellectual powers.

A long line of poets adorns the History of Irish Literature. We have Rev. Francis Mahony better known to all lovers of genuine humor, pathos and versatile genius, under the name of Father Prout; Moore, one of the most accomplished, ornate and musical lyric bards of our language, whose soul-stirring melodies—approaching so near the soft, sweet tones of an angelic chorus,—resound throughout the world to-day animating Erin's children with the deeds of her heroes; and making

the very air we breathe, Irish ; Davis, with a fire and force of expression that so attract Erin's true friends and madden her bitter enemies ; Mangan, whose obscure birth, barred him not from penning the melancholy songs of Ireland's suffering ; Goldsmith in his amusing and picturesque descriptions, tinged occasionally with a vein of sadness, and a host of others to whom pages have been devoted in praise of their productions, until finally we reach that shining light of our own day, Aubrey De Vere, the greatest living English poet. His poetry is solemn, ethereal, sublime, Catholic to the very core, too Catholic in fact to obtain its proper success among a band of scoffers, that have but scorn for the author who openly manifests his faith in saints and miracles. Looking back over the list of works with which these Irish names are linked, we may truly say with one of her gifted poets :

'Thyname lov'd Ireland shall live in thy song.'

To-day, Sir, when we think of orators, statesmen, novelists or journalists, a panorama of scenes passes before us, descriptions of which are coupled with the names of Irish authors. We see at a glance Ireland's beautiful rivers, her vine-clad hills, her limpid brooks, her blue mountains and her woods of green : We view Parliament in an uproar of excitement as Irish members pour forth their burning eloquence or succeed in overthrowing a strong "Coercion" Cabinet : Or we behold thousands sway to and fro, flags unfurl and handkerchiefs wave, as the young Irelander steps forth to address his audience, while cheer after cheer rends the air as he makes a happy hit during the course of an eloquent oration.

I know, Sir, I am expected to do justice to Erin's children, in every branch of her literature ; but when I am confronted with an almost infinite number of names, I feel how hopeless is my ability to cope with the task that has devolved upon me.

Let us content ourselves with the names of a few of Erin's children that belong to the class I have mentioned above. Swift leads the van, lighting up our lonesome hours with his wit, repartee and humor. Edmund Burke is recognized by all as the greatest statesman of modern times, while his eloquence places his name in the same rare category as that of Demosthenes. Look now on this Honor Roll ! Can you find a nation whose sons equal, much less surpass it ? There is O'Connell of Emancipation fame ; Grattan, the last father of a "College Green" legislature ; Emmet, patriot-martyr, so cutting in his satire where Ireland's wrongs are concerned, and Curran who overwhelmed hostile judges and pugnacious opponents with storms of irony and sarcasm. Following these come Sheridan and Griffin the former ranking high among dramatic authors and the latter ever teaching us lessons in morality, Lover makes Irish mirth and fun the soul of a Handy Andy or a Rory O'Moore. Carleton gives us charming tales of Irish peasantry and Lever for dashing style and incomparable wit is without a parallel. Justin McCarthy, author of the "History of Our Own Times" is one of the foremost writers of the age. Sir Charles Russell is the leading jurist of modern Britain and the first Irish or Catholic Lord Chancellor of England. And last but not the least Hon. Edward Blake, too honest for Canadian politics, who left the land of his adoption to plead a holier cause in the Imperial parliament.

In the United States, so well-named "The greater Ireland beyond the Sea," in our own happy land of the pine and maple, and in far away Australia, countries that Irishmen so nobly helped to build, the same thing is repeated. What names are more closely connected with the rise and advance of literature than those that betray Irish blood ? Who lead the vanguard in literary competition ? The History of Ireland will tell you whence they sprung. In fact everywhere, you

find that intellectual culture is inseparably linked with the names of the exiled sons of Old Innisfail.

I think then you will agree with me in saying that Ireland has a literature of which she may be proud, and which next only to her faith, should be the most inspiring theme of the orator on St. Patrick's Day.

Oh! "Gem of the Sea," brightest diadem in the ring of the world, Early home of learning, may God speed the day when your exiled sons will again gather under the folds of the green flag; free to utter their thoughts, free to flourish their pens, free to sing of your beautiful rivers, your green hedges and your flower carpeted valleys! Then will Ireland's lost literary name be fully restored; then will Robert Emmet's epitaph be written o'er his tomb; then may that beautiful stanza of Moore's be revised to read:

"Erin thy silent tear shall... cease  
Erin thy languid smile shall... increase  
Till like the rainbow's light  
Thy various tints unite  
And form in heaven's sight  
One arch of peace."

A toast was next proposed in eloquent words that touched a responsive chord in every breast. It was—  
IRELAND ABRQAD.

"Their graves are sever'd far and wide  
By mountain, stream and sea."

Response by J. J. Quilty, '97.

The song "Come back to Erin," by Mr. Fitzgerald, made an appropriate introduction for Mr. Quilty, who spoke as follows:—

"Another year having rolled its rapid round has brought us once more to St. Patrick's Day. Again we gather in the banquet hall, again we hear the sweet, soul-stirring strains of the Irish airs, while we renew with hearty good wishes our toasts to Erin and her far-scattered sons. Let us enter into the spirit of this day; let our feelings find expression in words, which, while tempered with courtesy to those of other nationalities, yet

demonstrate imperatively that we are not ashamed to be Irish or of Irish descent.

And why should we shrink from giving expression to our sentiments? Does not the whole world support our claim to recognition? Is there a civilized nation on the earth to-day, which has not been blessed by the deeds of Ireland's exiles in the past, and which is not profiting by the genius, the wisdom, the skill of their descendants at the present day? Gentlemen, I have only to refer you for an answer to these questions, to the history of the world for the past few centuries. I refer you to the record of the Irish in all the great European countries, in far-off Australia, in the United States and in this our own Canadian land.

France to-day recalls with fond memory the brave Irish soldiers who once fought her battles. She cannot forget Fontenoy, for with a great writer she may well repeat, "When valour becomes reproach, when patriotism is thought a prejudice, and when a soldier's sword is a sign of shame, the Irish brigade will be forgotten or despised." Indeed, the "land of the lily" has special reason to be grateful to the Irish race, for be it remembered that no less than six hundred thousand of that nationality fell fighting bravely for her and her cause. Little wonder then, that she called a McMahon to the highest dignity which it was in her power to confer.

Catholic Belgium, Spain, and Italy, fitting it was that you also should receive the aid of the most Catholic race on the earth. How much you owe to the zeal of Irish bishops, priests, and monks, cannot be estimated, for amongst you, as amidst all the other scenes of his labour, the method of the Irish missionary has been that of simple, unboasting, yet effectual toil—a toil not calculated to attract the notice or win the praise of men; yet, for that very reason, more meritorious in the sight of Him who shall unfold all, when time gives way to eternity. Forget not you Catholic

countries, those noble regiments that fought for your sake, led on by a Sarsfield; an O'Donnell, or a Hugh O'Neil. Hispania, in particular, permit me to say, had you such men to lead your armies to-day, had you other O'Sullivans and Cavanaghs in public life, perhaps you would not be confronted with such dismal failure abroad, and such pitiable distresses at home.

Australia, gem of the Southern seas, you are fast becoming a prosperous land; you are no longer the abode of England's criminal population; your lands are cultivated; your fields look fair; your towns are alive with the hum of commercial activity;—everything about you is indicative of civilization and prosperity. How came this happy change? Oh! blessed for you was the day which brought the Irish exiles to your shores. Erin's sons it is who have wrought this change, who have borne the burden and heat of the day. Obstacles they met with, indeed, at first, whether in finding homes for themselves, in the practice of their holy religion, or in the very name of their race. But brighter days have dawned and those people may now enjoy the evening of repose, undisturbed by religious intolerance, and consoled by the respect which their virtues have won. Let us hope that Australia will have such noble Irish souls in the future as she has had in the past. Let us hope that she will always have such men as Cardinal Moran and Charles Gavan Duffy to represent her in religion, statesmanship and literature, and to win for her the respect of nations.

At length we come to our own dear America, so prosperous, so mighty,—and yet, so young. Indeed, fair continent, there is danger, that dazzled by your greatness, you may forget those peoples who have wrought to make you great. Let me, then, recall the labours, the genius, the eminence of the members of one portion of your society; let me commemorate the sons of St. Patrick. Turn we our thoughts for a moment, gentlemen, to those by gone

days when persecution or famine drove hundreds of thousands of the Irish from the dear little isle of their birth; behold them gazing for the last time upon the shores of distant Ireland, as the ships which bear them across the seas gradually leave the old land behind; behold them now turning from the lost vision "bearing a life-long hunger in their hearts", yet resigned to their lot and hoping for better things on the shores of America. There they arrive at last, and the wide, free expanse of this vast continent invites their labour, and affords them a home and a place of rest.

"Where freedom dwells on every hand  
And everyone's the same."

Soon we find those exiled sons of Hibernia cultivating our fields, running our factories, building up our cities and towns, our canals and railways, whether as common laborers, artisans, or mechanics. We see noble, intelligent, fair-looking young men, sacrificing all the fond ties which bound them to home and friends, and rejecting all the allurements of an enticing world, to labour for Christ's sake among their own people, or among the aborigines of America. In war those people are among the foremost; in literature, in statesmanship, in science, they rank with the best. The United States does not forget her Henrys, her Carrolls or her Barrys; she points with pride to a John Boyle O'Reilly, to a Father Abram Ryan, and to-day, to a Gibbons, an Ireland, and a Bourke Corcoran. And we Canadians remember with gratitude our McGees and our Thompson, while we feel proud of our Blakes, and our Currans, our O'Briens, and our Walshes.

And now, dear Erin, from beyond the ocean, we send our greetings to thee to-day. True it is that many of our ancestors, many of the old stock who once trod thy soil, have lived their days and passed away.

"And their graves are sever'd far and wide  
By mountain, stream, and sea."

But we, their descendants, shall not forget the duties we owe to thee as our

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

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

#### IRELAND'S DESTINY

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

Responded to by E. BOLGER, '98.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

left behind them. I contemplate a people who have had a long night, but will have an inevitable day. I am turning my eyes towards a hundred years to come and I dimly see the Ireland I am gazing on, become the road of passage between the two hemispheres and the center of the world. I see its inhabitants rival Belgium in populousness, France in vigor, and Spain in enthusiasm." I might picture her enjoying a degree of commercial prosperity unequalled in her history and unsurpassed in the world, with her people the leaders in society and the bankers of the nation. I might dwell on the glories of some coming Irish republic, "great glorious and free, first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea," with a magnificent array of great battles fought and won for the precious inheritance of liberty. I might represent her to you in the vanguard of human progress, a light to the world, and making true the poet's lines:-

"And when the nations onward march  
To better days to be,  
The Irish flag shall float among  
The banners of the free.  
Its colors then shall speak of hope  
Like sunshine's glittering sheen.  
And all the world be better for  
The wearing of the green."

I might predict the unrivalled achievements of her sons in the realms of literature, and the consequent glory brought on the land of their birth. Still further might I depict the untiring zeal of Ireland's missionaries preaching the gospel of Christ to rude, untutored nations. Then their final conversion to the faith would be the grandest, the most imposing spectacle presented in the course of human events since Christ drew all things to himself on the cross. With regard to the consummation of all these ends I can only express my ardent hopes.

But whatever ages to come may accomplish in determining Ireland's destiny, there is one point, concerning which, I sincerely pray that Ireland's

future may be an exact reproduction of her past.

Ireland's mission is truly neither political nor military nor literary; it is first, and above all, religious.

She has been a Christ among the nations of the world. She has preached the cross and worn the crown of thorns, and though her life's blood was often well nigh spent for truth's sake, yet her faith remained intact and strong. She must hope on, work on, suffer on; her palms are not yet won. She is to be a light in darkness to evangelize pagan nations, and to bring to those who live in error's endless night, a resplendent day. She is also to show that all things earthly fade and pale with time, but that the gift of divine faith is imperishable and indestructible. To this priceless dower she has clung with such constancy, that we may well say with O'Connell, that it is Ireland's greatest privilege to be the most faithful and the oldest daughter of the Catholic church.

And may it ever be truer on each succeeding St. Patrick's day, when Irishmen, young and old, have assembled the world over, to commemorate their national feast as we do now, that they may recognize in the intimate and inseparable union of their religion and their nationality the distinctive characteristics of Ireland's true destiny."

If there is one class of Irish more intimately connected with the history and welfare of the nation than another, it is the Irish priest, the faithful Soggarth Aroon. Hence the company drank with special honors the toast—

SOGGARTH AROON: Response by Rev. A. Newman, '93.

Rev. Mr. Newman's reply was beautiful in thought and style. He spoke as follows:—

"On this glorious morning, every Irishman the wide world over sprang up to greet the first rays of the rising sun, with the sweet prayer of "God save Ireland" trembling on

his lips. The rich millionaire as he rolled forth from his palatial mansion, in his gilded chariot; the poor man as he wended his joyous way from his clean and modest cabin, had a warmer smile of welcome, a heartier hand-clasp, a kindlier word of greeting for his friend—for this was St. Patrick's Day. You who have witnessed this morning's ceremonies, who have passed a few minutes in closer communion with your God, need not be told that Irishmen celebrate this feast, not because Patrick was a booted and belted warrior bold, whose frown caused all men to quake with fear, whose iron-clad hand traced anew the map of Europe; not because he was a gifted statesman, upon whose lips listening senates hung; not because he was a silver-tongued orator whose burning, living words caused a tear of sorrow to trickle down the cheek, or who lashed men's hearts to fury; but because Patrick was the first of Ireland's Soggarths Aroon.

Ireland's first Soggarth Aroon was the only Apostle that ever found a nation entirely Pagan, and left it entirely christian. Ireland marched triumphantly into the fold of Christ, without asking her Apostle to weep a single tear of sorrow, to shed a single drop of blood. No sooner had Ireland blossomed as a rose in the garden of the church, than she stood pre-eminent among the nations for the purity of her faith and her reverence for the priesthood; her warriors, kings, and statesmen yielded first place in the hearts of the Irish people to the Soggarth Aroon.

Ireland is priest-ridden. Irishmen are fettered and manacled in the wily coils of their clergy, is the popular cry. I take up the gage of battle and fling it back in the teeth of such maligners of Ireland's priesthood; Irishmen are bound and shackled by their priests, but their chains are the sweet, silken bonds of love that unite the heart of man to that of his fellow man. And why? Pierce through the

long vista of ages and you will read the answer. The heart of the Irish Soggarth Aroon has ever beat in unison with the noblest thoughts and holiest aspirations of the Irish people. When a dense cloud of ignorance overshadowed the whole European continent, the one rift in that cloud was as it broke over the Emerald Isle. From all the corners of the earth, students flocked to the beacon-light of science erected by the Irish priests on the sacred soil of Erin. Ireland was then the school-house of the world, the hallowed abode of sanctity and learning. Ireland's Soggarth Aroon had made the holiness, the melody, the sanctity of her people; the heroic devotedness of her priesthood; the immaculate purity and wondrous beauty of her daughters, proverbial among the nations of the world. Ireland's priests had written for her a glorious history before the coronation of Charlemagne, before the Crescent waved over the rolling plains and smiling valleys of sunny Spain.

The scene is changed. A war-cloud bursts over the land. The sword brightly flashes from the scabbard, for Ireland's enemies raise the cry, "down with the altar, down with the Cross." But the Cross and the altar are up in Ireland to-day, though the less I say about the up or down location of her enemies, the better. In such a case, speech is silver; silence is golden.

Freedom, liberty, national existence were offered the Irish people if they would play the part of Judas to their faith; they spurned the offer with contempt—not that they loved Ireland less, but that they loved their martyred Soggarth Aroon, their outraged God, more.

Persecution, riches and golden store could not be made "the thirty pieces of silver" for the Irish people; they had higher hopes, nobler aspirations, holier aims taught them by their Soggarth Aroon. Even under the deadly shadow of persecution, when Ireland passed under the confiscating

hammer of royal auctioneers, the Soggarth Aroon caught up the dying strains of the Irish Harp, so that I might well say "The harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed" then sounded only in the silent depths of the lonely forest and in the inmost recesses of the hidden cave. A barbarous code—a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression of a people and the debasement in them of human nature itself as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man—stifled the voice of the Irish people and set a wolf's price upon the head of an Irish priest. The muffled groan of this crushed nation falls like a death-knell upon the ear of outraged humanity. Then the shamrock entwined itself lovingly around the protecting stem of the white lily of France; Irish priests were educated in Sister France, returned to the Isle of Saints to offer up sacrifice in mountain defiles, to sanctify Ireland with rivers of martyrs' blood.

"And for this I was true to you  
Soggarth Aroon;  
In love they'll never shake  
When for ould Ireland's sake,  
We a true part did take,  
Soggarth Aroon.

Wherever there lives a man, whose heart can be moved, thrilled, spiritualized, whose intellect can be charmed; whose memory can be delighted by the heroic deeds of men who have consecrated courage, who have nourished patriotism, who have preserved the faith of their fellow-men with their lives—there will be found an ardent admirer of the immortal Irish Soggarth.

Fellow-students, well may we unfurl the glorious, green flag, over our College home on Patrick's day. Not an act of oppression, not a drop of innocent blood, will cry out for vengeance against that grand, old banner on the last day. On the eve of battle, in the moment of strife, the Soggarth Aroon was there, the flag in one hand and the Cross in the other, to cheer on his

flock: "Men of Ireland," was his cry, struggle onward and upward. Fight bravely. Ireland expects every man to do his duty. But, first, tune the harp emblazoned on your ensign to sing the praises of your crucified Redeemer, whose image you see before you." In the hour of victory, he exclaimed: "Be merciful in your moment of triumph. Mercy droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven. It is twice blessed. It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

The red flag of communism has never been entwined with the green banner. Irishmen and the Irish Soggarth Aroon would prefer that Ireland should be a nation of slaves—heavers of wood and drawers of water—than that the sacrilegious banner of infidelity should be unfurled over the "Island of Saints." In our day, the sword has been broken; then pen and political agitation have taken its place. He is in awful ignorance of the Irish heart and the Irish nature, who fondly imagines that the Irish people and the Irish priest have been divorced. Cross in hand, the Soggarth Aroon preaches a new Crusade for the political emancipation of his native land; he purifies, sanctifies, christianizes every political movement. Catholic Emancipation and Home Rule would be dead letters in the alphabet of politics were it not for the patriotic labors of the Irish priest. Show me another nation in God's wide world, that for six hundred years has suffered confiscation, robbery, exile, martyrdom until every foot of their national domain is washed with their blood, that have kept the faith, and have converted even their oppressors. Then and then only will I admit that the Irish people is not the most Catholic and the Irish priest is not the most devoted in the world. The Irish have stood, shoulder to shoulder, with their Soggarth Aroon during centuries of oppression. It is not strange, as Lord Macauley perceived when he wrote of the Irish people and the Irish priest: "You stand by the bold tribunes that well have stood by you."

The toast to "Our Guests" was

received with a rousing "For They are Jolly Good Fellows" and met with appropriate replies from the large number of invited friends whom the students insisted on forcing to their feet.

Thus ended the St. Patrick's Day Banquet of 1897. There was only one voice regarding its success and that was to pronounce it the very best in every respect that has ever been held in the banqueting halls of Ottawa University.

The following committee had charge of affairs and are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts :

DIRECTOR..... Rev. M. F. Fallon, O.M.I.,  
 CHAIRMAN..... J. J. Quilty, '97,  
 TREASURER..... John Foley, '97,  
 SECRETARY..... John Hanley, '98,

T. D. McGee, '97,  
 G. Fitzgerald, '97,  
 J. Ryan, '97,  
 E. Bolger, '98,  
 T. Clancy, '98.  
 E. P. Gleeson, '98.



*ERIN.*

She is a rich and rare land,  
 Oh, she's a fresh and fair land,  
 She is a dear and rare land,  
 This native land of mine.



# The Owl.

PUBLISHED BY

The Students of the University of Ottawa.

TERMS: One dollar a year in advance. Single copies, 15 cents. Advertising rates on application.

THE OWL is the journal of the students of the University of Ottawa. Its object is to aid the students in their literary development, to chronicle their doings in and out of class, and to unite more closely the students of the past and present to their Alma Mater.

BOARD OF EDITORS:

J. J. QUILTY, '97.

J. RYAN, '97.

E. P. GLEESON, '98.

J. T. HANLEY, '98.

R. D. McDONALD, '98.

W. P. EGLESON, '99.

L. E. O. PAYMENT, '99.

M. A. FOLEY, '00.

P. J. GALVIN, '00.

Business Managers: { T. RYAN, '99.  
J. A. MEEHAN, '00.

Address all letters to "THE OWL," OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, OTTAWA, ONT.

Vol. X. MARCH, 1897. No. 7.

## A STRANGE OMISSION.

We had intended to make editorial reference to an article on the Church of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre, Paris, that appears in the current number of the *American Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, a magazine edited by the Jesuit Fathers. But David Creedon has forestalled us in his always excellent "Note and Comment" column in the *Antigonish Casket*. His views are so exactly our own that we leave the matter entirely in his hands and quote him in full.

"It may interest Mr. Blair of New Hampshire and certain other individuals who are in the habit of seeing Jesuits whenever they look about them," says an exchange, "to

know that the whole number of Jesuits in the world is but a trifle over 14,000, and of these, only three-sevenths are in holy orders." But after all, this misconception is largely due to the "soldiers of the company" themselves. Their marchings and counter-marchings, as they publish them to the world, are like the movements in one of those fancy drills which college cadet corps often give upon the stage. Some fifteen or twenty cadets will go through such bewildering evolutions that any one, except a "man with a military eye," would imagine that there were a hundred of them. To read the statements made by the Jesuits concerning their work, one would imagine that they must be twenty times as numerous as they really are. They publish a vast number of books and edit a large number of magazines, all written with consummate ability. The *London Month*, the *Paris Etudes*, the *Roman Civiltà Cattolica* are among the finest Catholic periodicals in the world. But if we were to confine our reading to these books and magazines we might never discover that there were any religious orders in the Church except the Society of Jesus. Perhaps it is a rule of the Society to abstain from any reference to other communities, lest there should be a temptation to make comparisons.

\* \* \*

Two little instances of this abstention have lately come under my notice. In the January number of the *Etudes* and in the April number of the *American Messenger of the Sacred Heart* there are long articles on Montmartre and the great basilica of the Sacred Heart there situated. Now it is well known that the Jesuits are the great apostles of the devotion to the Sacred Heart throughout the world. Would Mr. Blair be to blame for supposing that the priests in charge of the church of the National Vow were Jesuits? As a matter of fact they are Oblates of Mary Immaculate who, to the number of fifteen to twenty-five, have been in charge of the basilica for the last twenty-seven years, and have ministered to the spiritual wants of the countless number of pilgrims who have visited Montmartre. But neither the *Etudes* nor the *Messenger* give the slightest hint to this effect. The word Oblate is never mentioned, and the natural conclusion is that they are all Jesuits. It is this

sort of thing which magnifies the six thousand Jesuit priests scattered over the globe into hundreds of thousands before the eyes of many Protestants—and of many Catholics too. Such a misconception may be an advantage to the Society in some respects, but it may be a decided disadvantage in other respects. Still, if they want the fat they must be content to take the lean with it.

---

#### AN EXCHANGE COLUMN.

From several quarters has come recently the complaint that *The Owl* lacks an exchange column, and the accompanying advice that we fill up the want as soon as possible. Our exchange column was not abolished without serious reflection and full discussion. We came to the conclusion that, so far as we were concerned, such a department, despite its undeniable advantages, required for its proper conduct, too many sacrifices on the part of the editor charged with its management. In other words we did not believe that the game was worth the candle. In that belief we still persevere, and so long as the foundations of our belief remain undisturbed, *The Owl* will remain without an exchange column.

---

#### THE LIVERPOOL "CATHOLIC TIMES."

Every lover of high-class Catholic journalism will rejoice at the latest evidence of the prosperity of this great English Catholic weekly. In the last issue that has reached us the *Catholic Times* is enlarged and improved most visibly and most acceptably. What we admire most about the *Times* is the universality of its sympathies. It is Catholic to the core, and nothing Catholic is ever foreign to its heartiest good wishes and enthusiastic support.

In this respect it offers a sharp and agreeable contrast to its prominent London Catholic contemporary, *The Tablet*. Edited with marked ability and rare success. *The Tablet* is, nevertheless, too stubbornly political and too narrowly national to be ever accepted as the great organ of English speaking Catholics. British Tory Catholics may find it to their liking, but impartial and capable critics have sometimes been heard to say—and with proof in hand—that *The Tablet* occasionally seemed to make creed slightly secondary to party and to country. In this respect it might learn a useful lesson from the *Liverpool Catholic Times*.

---

#### THE PHALEN PRIZE.

The Rev. D. V. Phalen, '89, on the occasion of his recent visit to his alma mater, set an example that might be profitably followed by others among our alumni. Understanding fully the importance of emulation as a factor in success, Father Phalen offered a valuable prize—the Essays of Agnes Repplier, the finest light essayist in America, and a Catholic—for the best literary essay by any member of the freshman or sophomore year. The subject has been already announced, the competition promises to be keen, and the results most beneficial. With the Phalen prize in the first two years of the University course, and the Warnock medal in the last two, English literature is fairly well provided with special encouragement. But there are many other branches sadly forgotten. Who will be the next alumnus to act in the matter. *The Owl* expects every man of them to do his duty.

### THE OBLATES OF MARY IMMACULATE.

(David Creedon in the *Antigonish Casket*.)

The Congregation of Oblates of Mary Immaculate recently celebrated the 81st anniversary of their foundation. A slight idea of the grand work which this community is doing may be had from a glance at their field of missionary labor. Practically the whole of the Canadian North-West is under their care, divided into the dioceses of St. Boniface, St. Albert and New Westminster, and the vicariates of Saskatchewan and Athabaska-Mackenzie. In Asia they have charge of the dioceses of Colombo and Jaffna in the island of Ceylon, while in Africa the bishops and priests of Natal, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal are Oblates of Mary. In France the Archbishop of Paris has entrusted them with the care of the great basilica of the Sacred Heart on the heights of Montmartre, the Church of the National Vow.

While the labors of other religious communities have caused them to be dubbed jocosely "Apostles of the Genteels," the Oblates of Mary have faithfully kept the spirit of their motto, "To preach the Gospel to the poor he hath sent me." They are rarely found in cities, and then in the poorest quarter, as for example, the east end of Montreal, St. Sauveur in Quebec, and Inchicore in Dublin. They are genuine pioneers. When they have laid low the monarchs of the forest, and cleared the ground for cultivation, they press on to the wilds once more, making way for other men less hardy, less courageous, less self-sacrificing.

The late North-West Rebellion might have been a much more serious affair were it not for one man, and that one an Oblate of Mary Immaculate. It is not too much to say that it was the influence of Father Lacombe which restrained the Blackfeet from putting on the war-paint, and if they had risen the consequences would have been frightful in the extreme. For they are a tribe of warriors not yet

enervated by contact with civilization. They were still for the most part pagans at the time of the Rebellion, and yet their respect and affection for the Blackrobe were so great that on his advice they refused to ally themselves with Louis Riel. Sir William Van Horne recognized what the Canadian Pacific Railway owed to Father Lacombe when he sent him a valuable oil painting and a perpetual pass over all the roads under his control.

Some years ago Father Lacombe accompanied Crowfoot and several other chiefs to a conference with the Government at Ottawa. During their stay in the city they were tendered a reception by the citizens. In reply to the address of welcome Crowfoot made a speech, Father Lacombe acting as his interpreter. But before he had finished the chief called for another interpreter, and then spoke as follows: "The Blackrobe would not wish to tell you what I am going to say now." Then he burst forth into a glowing eulogy of Father Lacombe. And this man with so delicate a sense of propriety and so great an esteem for the missionary priest was a savage and at that time still a pagan! Yet the creatures in the guise of men who protested against placing a statue to Father Marquette in the Capitol at Washington would think us violently vituperative if we told them that they stood lower in the scale of life than pagan savages.

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Catholic Church is being firmly established as one of the permanent institutions of the Island of Ceylon. The figures below show the increase, in the number of baptisms, of the year 1896 over that of 1895.

	1895	1896	Increase.
Children of Catholic parents.....	1,392	6,312	4,920
Children of non-Catholic parents.....	5	42	37
Children of heathens.....	57	397	330
Adult Protestants received.....	15	160	145
Adult Heathens baptized.....	79	995	916

Total..... 1,548 7,896 6,348

The Oblates of Mary Immaculate are in charge of the Island of Ceylon.

A letter from Bishop Hanlon, Vicar-Apostolic of the Upper Nile, dated October 9, 1896, is published in the *New York Catholic Review*. His Lordship's see is in Mengo, Uganda, he has four priests on the mission. The Bishop says: "We are as poor as poor can be, carrying on a great work with the barest essentials. In one year the number of catechumens has increased from 1000 to 4800, and 500 of these are converts from Protestantism."

THE latest item from across the border is that the Mormons wish to have a statue of Brigham Young erected in the Capitol of Washington. If they have the right to do that, and, so far as we know, they have, they might go a step farther and raise a few others in honor of the earlier apostles of bigamy and polygamy. A life size representation of Blue Beard smiling from an eminent pedestal on his too faithful children, Brigham and Henry VIII, ought to be a pleasing piece of art for our Mormon friends to gaze upon.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN, speaking at the opening of a new school-chapel in Stratford, England, gave expression to his views on the subject of secular schools. He reminded parents of the words of Our Lord, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," and their meaning, which was that children should be taught to know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him in this world. This was the reason why the clergy were striving and straining to procure for the Catholic children schools in which they receive not only a good secular education, but, what was more important, that a love of Our Lord Jesus Christ be instilled into their minds, and the object set before them be a desire to love and serve their Creator in this world, that they may enjoy eternal happiness in the next.

THERE could be no school of Christ but that which belonged to the Church of Christ. Catholics could not accept any schools whatever without religion, and that religion must be the belief

that alone satisfied the Catholic heart and soul. The whole spirit and tone of the school must be Catholic, and the principles, conduct and motives set before the children must be in accordance with the doctrines on which their education were to be based, and these must be clearly, definitely and completely Catholic, and nothing else.

These words might well be conned over and studied by many of our liberal-Catholic politicians, with regard to the so-called settlement of the Manitoba school question.

THE Manitoba minority finds an able and gifted champion in the person of Rev. H. S. Marion, P. P., of Douglas, Ont. The Reverend Father having written a severe criticism of the memorandum containing the basis of the settlement is now engaged in writing a series of letters on the different phases of the question. In his last letter he pointedly asks Solicitor-General Fitzpatrick if he is satisfied that justice has been done to the Manitoba minority by the recent "settlement". Father Marion is one of our *alumni* from back in the seventies and we know the minority's cause will suffer nothing in the hands of the able and talented Catholic priest of the neighboring Vicariate.

THE following from the *Ave Maria* is well worthy of reproduction. "Mr. Cleveland is one of the history-making Presidents of our Republic. He is a strong man, and therefore he has enemies for the time being. During his public career he has been accused of many deficiencies, but we have never heard it charged against him that he lacked either the words or the courage to say unmistakably what he means and thinks to be right. An illustration in point was afforded last week when a body of newspaper men petitioned the President for the pardon of an Indianapolis editor who published an obscene newspaper. Mr. Cleveland's answer needs no italics:

"This convict was one of the editors and proprietors, and a distributor through the mails and otherwise, of a

disgustingly vile and obscene newspaper. His conviction and sentence was an event distinctly tending to the promotion of public morals, and the protection of the sons and daughters of our land from filth and corruption at a time when indecent newspaper publications are so dangerous and common. Everybody in favor of cleanliness should encourage the punishment of such offences, and desire that it should be more frequently imposed. While I am surprised at the number of respectable people who have joined in urging clemency in this case, my duty seems so clear that I am not in the least tempted to interfere with the just and wholesome sentence of the court!"

The contrast between the robust virtue of the President and the mawkish sentimentality of his petitioners is as refreshing as the great shadow of a rock in a desert land. The newspaper men who asked for this pardon were either knaves or fools, and more probably knaves. They deserved the fine sarcasm which their folly provoked. When their spokesman assured Mr. Cleveland that the offending editor had reformed, and that he had 'a certificate from all the leading newspaper men of Indianapolis as to the decency of——'s publication as now conducted,' Mr. Cleveland replied: You say the newspaper men certify that the publication is decent? Who certifies to the decency of the newspaper men?"

THERE have been many episodes in Mr. Gladstone's public life with which we could never agree, yet we were willing to bury the hatchet in consequence of the repentance the "Grand Old Man" had shown for many acts of his past career; but when he attempts to teach Rome's Grand Old Man, what any dogma of the Catholic Church should be, or that the Pope should reverse any of his decisions on any question and accept in its stead one in accordance with his (Mr. Gladstone's) ideas, we only say that charity bids us to refrain from expressing the rebuke the venerable English statesman deserves. Before the Pope's let-

ter anent Anglican orders was published Mr. Gladstone said: "Whatever be the outcome of the inquiry by the Cardinals, I, for my part, entertain no kind of doubt as to the attitude adopted by the present Head of the Roman Church. The initiative he has taken in these matters will remain one of the last and dearest memories of my life. I shall cherish the remembrance with tender sentiments of respect, of deep gratitude, and of high esteem. \* \* \* What courage a Pope must possess—to what a height above the strife and turmoil of party must he rise—what a sincere love for all Christ's sheep, be they united with him or separated—what audacity must be his—that he dare approach this huge mass of still smouldering memories of hatred, with desires and proposals for peace! He who remembers a cup of cold water given to one of His little ones will doubtless also remember the endeavor which from the outset has been surrounded with difficulties as well as with blessings." But what a change after publication. Gladstone immediately announces his intention of issuing a reply condemning the letter. "I leave," he says, "to properly qualified persons the examination and exposure of his feeble arguments; but I offer a few comments on the strange want of forethought, courage and prudence which, while doubtless acting with good intention, he has exhibited." Evidently Mr. Gladstone has forgotten the lesson, once so admirably taught him by the late Cardinal Newman. But he may find, since he has forced himself into a comparison with Leo XIII., there is still a Newman in the See of Westminster, who can make that comparison odious to the admirers of Britain's "Grand Old Man."

---

#### OBITUARY.

REV. FRANCIS McARDLE, O. M. I.

At the early age of twenty nine years Rev. Father McArdle has ended his earthly career. He died at Philipstown, King's County, Ireland,

on the 26th of February. The news of his unexpected death came with a shock to his many friends in Ottawa University. Rev. Father McArdle was a native of Ireland and made his classical studies there. He then joined the Oblates and studied for some years in France and finally at Rome, where he obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. In 1890 he was sent to Ottawa to complete his course of theology. For three years he lived in our midst and made friends on every hand. But his health began to break up and towards the end of 1893, he returned to Ireland. It was the general impression that the change had worked him much good. But such cannot have been the case. Father McArdle left amongst us the memory of a man of great intellectual ability, kind heart, and amiable disposition. His early death is certainly a great loss in every respect. May he rest in peace.

---

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

"The carps are in the pond," explanation by *Le-bel oiseau*, "The loaves are in the oven."

Prof.— *Mr. Bourdeau*, give a sentence containing the word "without."

*Bourdeau*:—He wears his collar without a neck.

Geo. Sylvain is popularly known as *lightning*; Thos. Lauzier as *thunder*. Why? Thunder always follows lightning.

#### PROFESSIONAL CARD.

I am in my office, in the Infirmary Block, at all hours. Sunday excepted when I visit the city.

P.P.J. Pontiac, Barrister etc.

Vociferous applause greeted Garrick when he was transformed from a captain into the wheezing ghost of old man Wild; no one blistered his hands when our wizzard, Lachance, dwindled down from monosyllabic, squeaking, ancient Mrs. Plump into the garrulous young Arab of the newspaper office.

Bah! the world does not encourage youthful genius.

A romantic spectator of the "Ghost," exclaimed: "Goodness! Isn't this just too lovely and delightful? They say that the young boy with the turbaned head is the son of the Sultan of Turkey." It was only *Jean*, fresh from an encounter with an iron post in which he came out second best.

"That was a grand lift", said Capt. Jack MacCusam, as he lit on his dead in an 8 foot snow drift, at the late hockey match.

A very angry boy gave the various uses of electricity in our department, last month; Richards evidently found one more when he attempted to light a candle on Edison's glass egg.

The morning of the third flood in the dormitory, Campeau rushed to the telephone and shouted up to the power-house at the foot of Chaudière Falls: "Please cut off the water supply to Dormitory, No 4."

Billy Nooter has been ordered to get a pair of new *boots*.

The noblest in the land will soon be busily engaged in tacking down carpets; our new boarder, Allan, has been ordered to *Tack-a-berry*.

Davie seems to have a holy horror of the innocent words: "others think so too."

Bert has two hobbies "yanks" and "the limestones."

Joseph's eye flashes fire, brimstone and sundry other flaming things, when admirers of his hockey prowess call him "Cap't. Clarke." He is practising humility during the Lenten season.

"Baby" and "Papa" make a great pair. Did you ever hear them chatting?

C. F. Davie received some *sisterly* advice at the late hockey match in Rideau Rink, to the tune of "You must be a good boy and do what you

are told. He is a naughty little boy." The reader can supply the rest.

Mike McGuire has joined the "Imperial Federation" fad and will henceforth compute all accounts in L.S.D. Professors, please take notice.

John L. Bourdeau, the hero of a thousand frays, says: "I would not object to being called a Hercules, a Sampson, an elephant, but "a big baby." It makes my blood *boil*."

Macdonald offers a fancy pair of kilts and brand new bagpipes for the solution of the following problem: The Ottawa River flows past the Parliament Buildings. There are two poles stuck in the bottom of the river. Find its depth.

The long and the short of it—Lamarche and Labelle.

*Prof.*—Mr. Tremblay, mention any four races of men living in Canada.

*Tremblay.*—Men, women, children and babies.

*Prof.*—To which race do you belong?

*Tremblay.*—I always put myself, last, sir.

*Lapointe.*—Mike, you should not have hit Daly with a stick.

*Mike.*—I didn't hit him with a stick. I had nothing in my hands *but my fists*.

"United we stand, divided we fall," remarked Lachance to Bourdeau as they both let their hands and feet fly at the same moment and went tumbling into a weak mixture of snow and water.

The following held first places in their classes during the month of February:

I GRADE (A)	I GRADE (B)	II GRADE
1. P. Benoit.	1. H. St. Jacques.	1. J. Raymond.
2. O. Vallée.	2. J. Lamarche.	2. G. Legaut.
3. R. Lapointe.	3. E. Lessard.	3. G. Garand.
III GRADE	IV GRADE	
1. A. Lapointe.	1. E. Belliveau	
2. R. Derochers.	2. Jno. Slattery.	
3. J. Graham.	3. Jno. Abbot.	

Lachance offers the following excuse for his horrible failure as a hand-ball player: Friends I can hit that ball, only *par la chance*.

## ATHLETICS.

The hockey season is closed and no decision has been come to regarding the City League championship. As the teams now stand, the Maples lead in the race, with College a close second. The former have one more game to play, the losing of which would place them on a level with the College and Aberdeens. However, as the weather will not allow further play, the result will have to remain in its present unsatisfactory state. At one time in the race it appeared as if College would come out a sure winner, but an unexpected defeat from the Maples blighted our hopes. Of course our team had to suffer under the usual disadvantages of an open rink, but while the showing certainly was creditable, there are those who think the club did not make that effort usually necessary to the acquiring of a championship.

There is talk of organizing a lacrosse club in the University. The Owl has already expressed its approbation of such a move.

In response to a communication sent to Princeton, with a view to securing a meeting with them on the football campus, we received the following letter:—

J. J. QUILTY, Esq.,

Dear Sir,

In reply to yours of the 2nd, I am compelled to say that our schedule for next fall is completely filled, so that it will be impossible to arrange a game with your club this year.

Trusting you will pardon delay in answering your communication,

I remain,

HARRISON HALL,

*Manager.*

As the American football schedule has not yet been made out we hardly know in what terms to comment upon the above document. It looks much as if Princeton considers Canadian athletes as decidedly unworthy of their steel; or it may be that they are in fear of losing a much-treasured reputation.

Whatever their real reason be, the foregoing reply to our challenge does not afford, under the circumstances, any unquestionable explanation. However, this will not prevent us from testing the American kickers' calibre. We have already entered into negotiations with Yale and Harvard and expect to come to a more satisfactory agreement with them than we have with their famous rival.

AND now that we have begun to talk football, a word of advice may be in order. The winter snows have already begun to vanish before the Sun, and soon our campus will be as devoid of its present mantle, as the space following the word "opponents," usually is devoid of figures on the College score-board. In fact before another OWL will be issued, teams will be fully organized for our series of spring games. And here is where our advice comes in. No one but those who have given particular attention to our teams knows how far those spring practices have contributed in bringing the championship to the College. Each year they developed new material for the team, to fill the places of future absentees. In fact they have been absolutely indispensable. It is consequently on account of the deep interest we take in the progress of the team, that we now earnestly entreat all the students who are physically able, to take an active part in the spring games, so that besides deriving a personal benefit, they will at the same time give tangible encouragement to those appointed to conduct them.

---

### ULULATUS.

The following are a few of the questions of the Physics competition on March 18th.

1st Find the specific gravity of Ireland.

2nd How long would it take St. Patrick to live 125 years?

3rd Describe Patrick's method of determining the velocity of Irish blood.

4th Find the velocity of a descending shillalah.

5th Find the tension of bombastic gas emitted at the Banquet.

6th Find the wave lengths of bunting in terms of green and white.

7th Find co-efficient of expansion of champagne, if density of cigar smoke was 125.03; and also the number of vibrations in "God save Ireland" in terms pulse beats.

Our Douglas boy persists in calling the recent snowstorm "a drop of crystal water."

Fatty says: "Without flattery or dissimulation or fishing for encomiums, I can give the best of them a few tips with the gloves."

THE following question was ably discussed at the last meeting of the Anglo-English Disputing Society under the directorship of Fatty "Resolved that a man would die quicker from want of hunger than from want of thirst."

Good morning Pete was it not meet  
That Bob should come out best,  
I told you so long long ago  
And thus has been the test?

For Dandy Jim can't do Fitzsimm  
In twenty thousand years"  
That's right Sir Hugh de Bras for you,  
And then the table cheers.

And every night since that great fight  
Sir Hugh is heard to crow,  
And with smiling air he does declare  
I've always thought just so.

The sweet strains of "Annie Rooney," float joyously over the campus, from the throats of the re-organized Doolittle Glee Club.

O'C-n-l.—I-a-n-r is got lots of rocks now.

Gustave.—How did he get them?

O'C-n-l.—He was singing and he found a note.

Sweet Arnprior, loveliest village on the creek,  
Whose hardy son Albert is an awful freak,  
Whose sage old man Ray is always asleep,  
Whose representatives all have big feet,  
Of thee I sing, to thee I sing, by thee I sing,  
And with thee will I go to Sing-Sing.