

MODERN ESTABLISHMENT—Some Fact About Semi-Ready New Shops
in Montreal. (From The Gazette, Montreal, 21st Feb., 1906.)

The Semi-Ready Company has been strengthened by the addition to its directorate of two well known business men, Mr. Charles H. Nelson, who was for many years head of the wholesale house of H. & A Nelson, Montreal and Toronto, has purchased a large interest in the company and is now Vice-President. Mr. Alfred Wood, the newspaper publisher, who recently disposed of the Ottawa Free Press to a group of Ottawa contractors, has also joined forces with the company, and he will be added to the directorate.

The Semi-Ready Tailoring shops in Montreal are models of the modern establishment. A new factory of five floors with a system which ensures high class workmanship is surrounded by every sanitary arrangement. The greater part of one floor is devoted to a dining room where the 350 employees may take their mid day luncheon in comfort. A kitchen and lunch counter can be managed by the co-operation of the whole working staff.

Built according to plans prepared by Mr. Beatty, the Semi-Ready tailorey is situate in Montreal far away from the noisome factory district. It is on Guy street, near Sherbrooke, on one of the plateaus from where Mount Royal begins its steep ascent.

The officers of the Semi-Ready, Limited, elected at the annual meeting held a few weeks ago, are :— President, Andrew Mercer ; vice-president, Chas. H. Nelson ; managing director, Herbert A. Beatty ; secretary treasurer, H. A. Nelson ; director, A. S. Laing.

President Mercer was for many years a successful merchant tailor in Peterboro. He was one of the first business men to recognize the possibilities of the Semi-Ready system, and how surely it must displace the cruder custom tailoring methods just as the Goodyear process revolutionized the shoemaking industry.

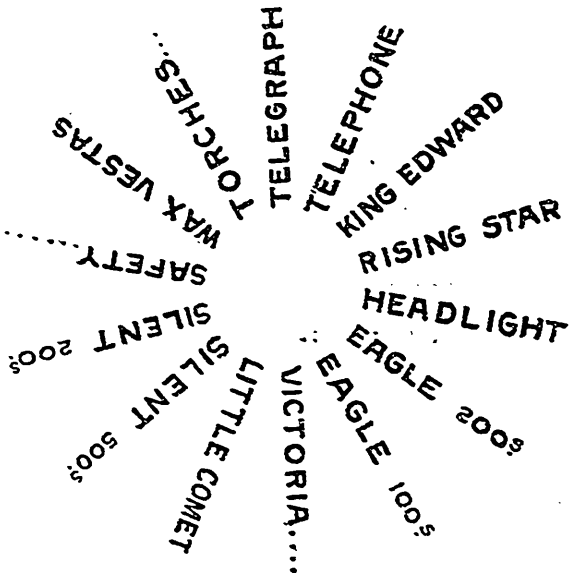
A Whirlpool

of

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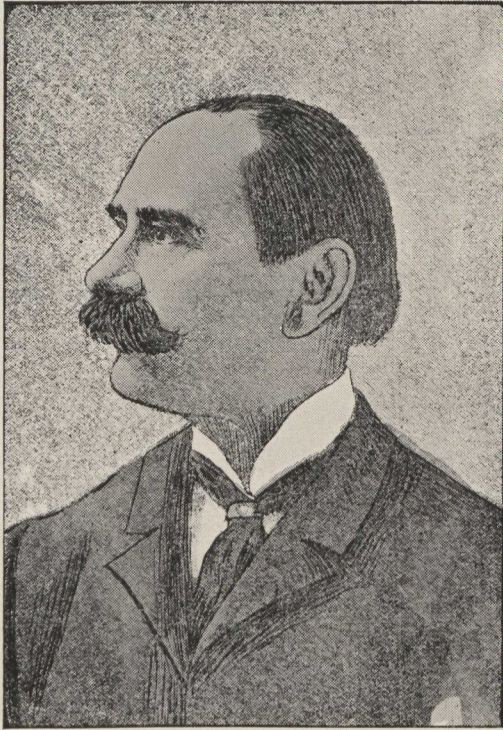
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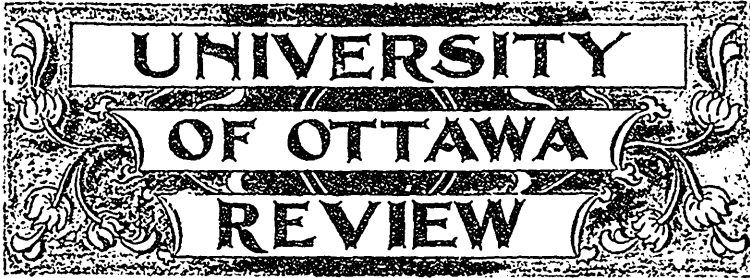
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Dr. Douglas Hyde, LL.D.

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Literary Department.

DOUGLAS HYDE.

Douglas Hyde, LL.D., M.R.I.A., was born in County Sligo, in 1860, and is a descendant of the Castle Hyde family, of County Cork. After a brilliant career in Trinity College, Dublin, he settled down to Gaelic study. He has published selections of folk tales and of poetry, has written much original poetry, and has composed dramas in the Irish tongue which are today popular throughout Ireland. In 1889 he produced his monumental literary history of Ireland, which may be reckoned as the first attempt to write a comprehensive and connected history of Gaelic literature.

Dr. Hyde is today the best known, the most influential, the greatest man in Ireland, universally admired and beloved. Mr. W. B. Yeats has said of him that this era will be known as the era of Douglas Hyde, as the middle of the last century in Ireland is known as the age of Thomas Davis. Twelve years ago he realized that the dying out of the Irish language was appalling. Yet the Irish had the most glorious race heritage of any people in Western Europe. He resolved to devote himself to the great work of de-Anglicising Ireland and to the creation and relaxation of his ideal of Ireland, creative, self-respecting, distinctive. His inspiration has been love of Ireland. In his are combined all the qualities of a great national leader—wonderful energy, devotion to the highest ideals, a burning enthusiasm, and the best genius of his race. He

has literally thrilled the country. His movement has become more than a mere language movement. He aims at a rebirth of the imaginative and aesthetic life of Ireland, the moulding anew of Irish national ideals, and the stamping out of the cheap, vulgar books and vulgarer songs that were coming to Ireland from England. There is a new intellectual life in Ireland and the fame of Douglas Hyde's great work has gone abroad and has attracted the attention of scholars and has thrilled the hearts of Irishmen in many distant lands. His devotion to his ideals has been an inspiring spectacle in an age that seems to worship only money and material success.

Possibly nothing could better express the spirit animating Dr. Hyde and his associates than the following lines of Walt Whitman:

"Will you seek afar off? You surely come back at last,
 In thingst best known to you finding the best, or as good as
 the best;
 In folks nearest to you finding the sweetest, strongest, loving-
 est;
 Happiness, knowledge not in another place but this place—not
 for another hour but this hour."

He does not believe that material progress is all a nation should strive for. He believes in a return to the best national traditions. He is a master of language. He has the eloquence, the enthusiasm, the optimism of his race, an intense and great idealism. In Ireland his voice is heard clear, strong, hopeful, inspiring. His life has been a successful life. He has saved a noble language. He has inspired a people. He has laid the foundations of a new literature and himself has written undying poetry and created a new form of Irish drama. All the charm and beauty of his native land, all that is enchanting in its past, all the best in the ideal sense that may be hoped for its future, is expressed in his ideals and the ideals of his associates. He has striven to lay broad and deep the foundations of an Irish Ireland, to realize his dream of a new and beautiful Ireland and he has succeeded beyond his fondest dreams.

Such a poet and such a leader of men is rare in the history of a nation. Such success of purpose and of achievement as has fallen to his lot is rare in the history of a race.

"Dr. Douglas Hyde is so decidedly a Force, and one of such peculiar charm and appeal—one that inspires so much affection,

striking the imagination of his own people with a sense of romance, and even magic—that fully to make clear his position and significance to the outside reader is a task of subtle difficulty. When all his distinction and achievements as scholar, poet, folklorist, and, in a very striking sense, national interpreter and leader, are recounted, there is still lacking the vital something which makes the real romance of the story.

It is best to begin at the beginning. It is, indeed, fitting and necessary. He now represents a movement, or if one may so describe it, a national frame of mind, which nobody could have foreseen in his youth; yet in his very childhood all unconsciously he prepared for it. The son of a Protestant clergyman in North Connacht, he was drawn, wonderingly, as a little boy to the fire-sides of the Catholic peasantry around him, and the songs and stories in the Irish language that shortened, as the saying is, the long Western nights. Soon he fared to firesides and storytellers farther afield, waking at once the surprise and affection of the people. They called him '*An Craoibhin Aoibhinn*' (an Kreev-cen Eev-en), 'the delightful little branch,' a designation which he afterwards adopted as his pseudonym, and by which he is affectionately known all over Ireland. At that time neither his own class nor the vast majority of Irish folk of the national persuasion, or of literary predilection, took the slightest interest in the Irish language, the literature, traditions, the lights and shadows of the 'race mind' enshrined in it. It was a 'Celtic fringe' of no particular import, most even of those who betrayed an intellectual interest in it treating it as an antiquarian study. The boy Hyde, however, came in contact with it in Roscommon and Sligo as a living reality, and the natural expression of a life whose ways and moods and character were after his own heart. When he went to Trinity College, Dublin, where he achieved high scholastic distinction, he still remained, in the imaginative order, a child of the Gaelic-speaking West. A college friend—now well known in the London political world—tells of his astonishment the day he discovered that his brilliant associate, till then identified in his mind with classic and modern culture, was addicted to 'dreaming in Irish,' and even writing poetry in that tongue for some of the Irish-American papers.

As undergraduate young Hyde gained first honors in German and French, and first prize in Celtic and Italian. He won gold medals in modern literature, in Celtic literature, in English composition, in history and in oratory. He took the degree of B. A., LL.B., and LL.D., (1887), leaving T. C. D. with a brilliant repu-

tation. In 1891 he became Interim Professor of Modern Languages in the State University of New Brunswick. But he was soon at his old work in Connacht, and virtually the whole of his career has been given to Ireland. His work as a folk-lorist had begun early. The first collection, published in Dublin in 1899, containing the Irish text of more than a dozen stories, suggests already the zest and the thoroughness of his wanderings in the West. The first story was learnt by the young savant from an old 'spealudoir' (reaper) in Roscommon. A long and racy story came from an old gamekeeper in the same county, who 'had the greatest repertoire of stories of any shanachie I ever met.' Two old women in Ballinrobe, County Mayo, were the custodians of other tales. An old man living near Feenagh, in the County of Leitrim, was responsible for another; an old horse-trainer from a spot near Galway for yet another; and so on. It is a racy and enlivening book, with some grim phases; but at the period of its publication, Ireland on the whole, took but little notice of it '*Cois na Teineadh*' (Beside the Fire) was issued a little later, and more readers and students came to realize the freshness and spirit of the work. But they had little conception of the delight and romance the ingathering had meant for Dr. Hyde. He wandered and worked with a zeal such as had characterized Asbjornsen in Norway and Lonnrot in Finland in earlier days, and though he seemed to glean and gather for a land largely indifferent, the life, the adventure, the story-telling, and the story-tellers away beyond the Shannon were their own reward.

In 1893 he became President of the Gaelic League, founded in Dublin by a few people who realized that if the Irish language were to be saved new measures must be adopted; academic ideas must be put away, the speaking of the language by those who know it insistently encouraged, a pride in it fostered, while the young students must be taught it as a living language, and they and native speakers brought as much as possible into contact. The Gaelic League attracted little notice at first. That the ancestral language had much to do with nationality or progress was not recognized or dreamed of by the many. Dr. Hyde's labors widened. The following year he published 'Love Songs of Connacht'--with an English translation--strains of love, hope, despair, joy, most of which had been familiar to him from his youth, some of which had been sung by the people for generations. As in the case of so much popular song in Irish, most of the authors were unknown. The strains were part of a tradition--passionate and melodious voices

from the past. Even the literal English renderings lacking the idiom, assonance and flavor of the originals, gave some hint of their significance. This time Dr. Hyde had something of his reward. He went his way serenely, collecting further songs and folk-lore—the 'Religious Songs of Connacht,' which ran for years in an Irish magazine; the poems of the blind singer Raftery, and such tales as those in 'An Sgeulaidhe Gaodhalach' (The Irish Story-Teller), of which there is a French translation. A wider interest came to be taken in Irish literary matters, though so far most of the main workers used English. The rise of literary societies, the work of poets like Mr. Yeats, even the trouble in the political order that followed the Parnell crisis, turned minds to serener intellectual things. More attention was directed to native Irish tradition, and the personality and work of the unassuming Douglas Hyde came to loom larger. For his part he took every opportunity of urging that if the Irish language were allowed to die the connection with the past would be broken, and what might be a great energising force in the present would disappear. All the time, by lectures and books, he helped the new idea through English as well as Irish. Thus 'The Story of Early Gaelic Literature,' and the far more comprehensive 'Literary History of Ireland' (1899), spread a stimulating knowledge of the trend of thought in many Gaelic generations. In 'Ubhla de'n Chraoibh,' or Apples from the Branch (1900), he published his own Irish poems and fancies of years. Here are lilts in many keys; songs of love, exile, social life, and many more, showing a kinship of spirit with the old country singers.

By this time the Gaelic League and the movement for the preservation and extension of Irish had become a force. The work of devoted men like Dr. Hyde, Father O'Growney, and their comrades had told. Gradually hundreds of people came to see quite a romantic significance in Dr. Hyde himself. As they turned to Irish studies—long banned in regular Irish education—and gathered some sense of the stories and the lore of the past, they came to see that 'An Craoibhin Aoibhinn' himself had much of the nerve and mellowness of the older time. He seemed like a character in a pleasant saga. It would be a great mistake, however, to imagine that the movement was mainly concerned with the past. Quite the contrary. It meant an awakening of mind, imagination and energy—an insistent desire to make the most of the present, of the social, intellectual, artistic attributes of the race—of Ireland, material and spiritual.

As for him, he simply worked harder than ever. He turned his mind to Irish plays, and, through an art medium till then unfamiliar in Irish, stirred city and country audiences. Short dramas like 'An Tinneear agus an t-Sidheog' (The Tinker and the Fairy), 'An Posadh' (The Marriage), and 'An Naomb ar Iarraidh' (The Lost Saint) have real dramatic quality, and truth to Irish and human feeling, unambitious though their scope may be. Irish is direct, simple, unpretentious, but effective. Dr. Hyde takes part in his own plays, in Dublin or the country, with the gaiety and vigor of a child of nature. He is in all probability the only LL.D. who has ever acted the part of a tinker. How he has managed of late years to do so many varied things with ease and spirit is a mystery. He has the cares of his estate near Frenchpark, County Roscommon; he still collects song and story and folk-lore; he writes much in Irish, edits more, acts as literary judge in competitions at the numerous Irish literary festivals, lectures and speaks through the provinces and in Dublin—all sorts of people go miles to hear him and he maintains a correspondence with foreign Celtic scholars and with hundreds of people in Ireland—for everybody interested in Irish ideas takes pleasure in writing to him. In the inner work of the Gaelic League organization, which now stretches far and wide, he is the vigilant director and counsellor. His tact and kindliness, his genial influence over men, have done much to smooth its way, just as the other qualities he possesses have done much to quicken its energies. An intellectual Nationalist (in the wide sense), he wields an influence in his own sphere scarcely less than Parnell's. Cultured, strenuous, far-seeing, constructive in his ideals, he is also intensely sociable, companionable, and magnetic.

Nobody better understands what is called the 'folk-feeling.' But his main work is really very 'modern.' Much of his national philosophy is to be found in the thoughtful statement he made before the University Commission. Preserve the Irish language (but have as many others as you please), fit it to all the purposes of modern life nationalize Irish education, make Ireland intellectually interesting, and the resulting zest, energy, thought, and temper will react on everything in the nation, economics included. It is a question of first animating and energizing mind, then material as well as spiritual development follows. The signs are—when we make an intimate and exhaustive study of New Ireland—that he is

right. Dr. Hyde is still, comparatively speaking, a young man. Already he has deserved nobly of his race by enriching its mind, warming its imagination, deepening its inlook, widening its outlook. The lover of Ireland and humanity can only hope that his future be as fruitful as his past."—(*The G. L. Prospectus.*)

THE GAELIC LEAGUE.

An Address Delivered by Dr. Douglas Hyde, at San Francisco.

It is a great pleasure to me to be standing tonight upon the brink of the Pacific Ocean and to find myself surrounded by men of Irish blood, as great and as warm-hearted as the very best that I have met with in any quarter of America—and I have now visited some forty cities—and I desire on behalf of the Irish Ireland which I left behind to express my deepest gratitude to you all—to our chairman of this evening for his unwearied labors in our cause, to the Archbishops for their noble sympathy and support; to Mr. Phelan, patron of art and literature, whose broad culture has seen at a glance the significance of our great movement; to Father Yorke, whose speech in Ireland half a dozen years ago was a decisive factor in the turning of the Irish tide; to the men who made the funeral of my dear friend and fellow worker, Father O'Growney, one of the most striking demonstrations that ever took place in Ireland, and to you, one and all, who have come to hearten us and help us in our task of creating a new nation.

One of the most remarkable of the straws I saw borne on the Irish wind was one of our Gaelic League Feislauna or festivals held in August at a place where you know the River Bann runs into the sea, Toome Bridge, that for generations upon generations had been the battle ground of Catholic and Orangeman; and what do we find? Here was a place where for one hundred years Catholic and Protestant had fought out their battles, yet what do we find?

Under our aegis Catholic and Orangeman came into that place in a spirit of brotherhood unexampled in that part of the world ever before, and I could not tell which was the most numerous at it. They mingled from early morning until dark night, and parted without a single word being spoken in anger or a single blow struck. And what we did there we did in the glens of Antrim and in a dozen other places in the "black North." We are like the white dove of peace passing over the land and obliterating the old feuds and hatred and black bad blood in the country.

So you see that we are no clique, we are no faction, we are no party. We are above and beyond all politics, all parties and all factions; offending nobody—except the anti-Irishman—we stand immovable upon the bedrock of the doctrine self-centered, self-sufficing, self-supporting, self-reliant; an Ireland speaking its own language, thinking its own thoughts, writing its own books, singing its own songs, playing its own games, weaving its own coats, wearing its own hats, making its own hats, and going for nothing outside of the four shores of Ireland that can possibly be produced inside them.

The Gaelic League is founded not upon hatred of England, but upon love of Ireland. Hatred is a negative passion; it is powerful—oh! so powerful—for tearing down, for destroying; but upon hatred you cannot build up even the size of a thraneen—a very powerful destroyer, but it is useless for building up. Love, on the other hand, is like faith, it can remove mountains; and, faith, we have had mountains to remove, and we have removed them.

There exists there at England's very door an ancient nation whose half-deserted streets resound ever less and less to the roar of traffic; whose mills are

silent; whose factories are fallen; whose priceless harbors are deserted; whose very fields are studded only with ruined gables, memories of the past, and yet around that nation, morality of life, purity of sentiment, unswerving devotion to faith and to fatherland, have shed a halo in the eyes of Europe that is all its own. It is a halo, too, that is unstained by oppression of any man, untarnished by avarice of anything, and undimmed by murder.

Well, the characteristics of this Irish race of ours are rather lightness, brightness, wit, fluency and an artistic temperament. The characteristics of the Teutonic race are an intense business faculty, perseverance and steadiness in details; and in America you have elicited a magnificent blend of both qualities in that free and noble race, whose sons or whose adopted sons and daughters I see before me. But mark this: Neither race can, with any success whatsoever cut itself adrift from its own past and throw itself in imitation of the other into habits of life and thought and manners into which God never intended it to be thrown.

But, alas! that is the very thing which the Irish race at home and abroad, dazzled by the material prosperity of the great country to which we are tied—many of them unwillingly tied—that is, I say, the very thing the Irish race have been doing. This folly, this madness, this suicidal mania (for I cannot call it anything else) of rushing to adopt pell-mell and indiscriminately everything that is English, not because it is good, but because it is English, has been bad for all parties. It had been bad for Irish Nationalists; it has been equally bad for our own country, and it has been equally bad for the country with which we are connected. The more divergence of thought and genius, of natural aptitudes, the better; because, I tell you, there is an individuality in nationalities exactly as there is in persons—and to attempt to mold or crush everything into one particular type has invariably been fatal to the people that attempted it.

In our case, gentlemen, that attempt has been disastrous. If you take a birdseye view of Ireland today and compare it with what it was you must be struck by the fact that the nation which was at one time the most classically learned and cultured nation in Europe is now one of the least so—how a nation which was one of the most reading and literary peoples in the world is now one of the least reading and most unlettered, and how the art products of one of the quickest and most sensitive, and most artistic of all populations are now distinguished only by their hideousness!

One great cause of this ghastly failure may be summed up in a word; we have ceased to be Irish without becoming English. It is to this cause that I attribute more than to anything else our awful emigration and impoverishment. Irish men leave Ireland today because they have ceased to feel that they have a country. They will not accept England as their country, and yet in the Ireland that the Gaelic League found before it there was nothing to suggest to them anything else than an imitation England, and the public mind had become hopelessly confused and Irishmen had no standard to live by and they emigrated in their thousands.

I want to show you hard facts: I want to show you that in Anglicizing ourselves wholesale we have thrown away with a light heart the best claim, the only true claim, the only that we can make upon the world's recognition of us as a separated nationality. What did Mazzini say? What is Goldwin Smith, back there in Canada, never tired of declaring? What does the Spectator and the Saturday Review, the English Times harp upon in every issue almost? Why, that we should be content in Ireland to become a big English county, because we have the notes and marks of our nationhood, our language and our customs.

What is the answer to that? Have you any answer for it? I declare to God I see no answer to it except to take to our bosoms again the things that we

have discarded, our language and our customs, and to build up out of them an Irish nationhood upon the lines!

I cannot understand for the life of me how it is that Irish sentiment sticks in a kind of half-way house. Why does it continue to say it hates the English and at the same time continue to imitate them? Why does it clamor for recognition, noisily clamor for recognition as a separate nationality, when at the same time it throws away with both hands the only things that would make it so? Why, if Irishmen only went a little further, they would become very good Englishmen in sentiment also. And yet, whether we regret it or not—some of us regret it, others don't—but whether we regret it or not, the fact remains that the very people that adopt English habits and copy the English in every way—the people who would blush if overheard talking a word of Irish, who send their boys to English schools and their girls to English convents, to learn to talk with a nice English accent, don't you know, who call their sons Ferdinand Aloysius and their daughters Victoria Amelia, and who have not an Irish book in their house—nevertheless still continue to talk of their oppressed country and to sing "Paddies Evermore" and "The Green Above the Red," and if I were to plant a Union Jack over their houses they would brain me with a stone.

And, strange as it may appear, I see no signs at all of their thinking any way differently, and it is perfectly certain to my mind—whether we like it or don't like it—that so long as Englishmen refuse Irishmen the right to govern themselves, so long they will continue to dislike her, and movements like Young Irelandism and Fenianism and Land Leagueism and Parliamentary obstruction—all those things which crop up time and again, will gain their adhesion and support, at least so far as the ballot box is concerned. And that is why I say, since they won't become proper Englishmen, then let them become proper Irishmen; and since they won't become the one thing, Englishmen in sentiment, then, in God's name, let them become the other thing—let them come in with us and build up an Irish Ireland!

Now, if you say that Ireland has not prospered under English rule, why it is only a truism. All the world admits it. England itself does not deny it. But, of course, the English retort is ready: "You did not come in like the Scotch and form part of the empire."

"Twenty years of good grandfatherly government," said a late well-known Prime Minister, "will solve the Irish question." Well, I think the gentleman made the time a little too short. But suppose now, with me today, suppose—a thing that is impossible—that a series of Oliver Cromwells were to arise in England—not for a space of twenty years but for a space of one hundred years—able administrators of the empire, careful rulers of Ireland, developing to the utmost our national resources, while they unremittingly stamped out every spark of the national feeling, leaving Ireland a land of wealth and factories; leaving us after a hundred years of good government, fat, wealthy, populous, prosperous, but with all our characteristics gone; with every external that differentiated us from them lost or dropped.

Our Irish names of people and places changed into English ones; the Irish language completely extinct; the O's and the Mac's dropped; our Irish intonation changed by English schoolmasters into something English; the names of our martyrs blotted out; our battlefields and traditions forgotten; the fact that we were not of Anglo-Saxon origin dropped out of mind and memory—and now let me put the question to you: How many Irishmen are there who would accept material prosperity at such a price as that?

It is exactly such a question and the answer that you gave me to it that mark the difference between the two races, a difference as wide as the grave; for I believe that nine Englishmen out of ten would jump to accept it, and I equally believe that nine Irishmen out of ten would indignantly refuse it.

Well, that Anglicization that I pictured to you had everywhere eaten like a

disease through Ireland. Nobody noticed it; nobody was told of it; but when Irishmen know, then Irish sentiment becomes a power in the land and refuses indignantly to relinquish its birthright. Ah, but the Irish had forgotten the fact that they had a birthright at all. That is the truth of the matter. They had the Middle Ages held aloft the torch of learning and of plenty unto every race men who for three centuries amid the horror and the darkness and confusion of names—those are the descendants of the Western Europe, the descendants of the Mac's and the O's and those who should have Mac's and O's before their forgotten that they were Irishmen in any sense of the word. The old race, the of mankind.

They are the men who now, for the first time since the battle of the Boyne, have been appealed to through their Milesian instincts, and people marveled that it brought about this great change in Ireland; but I tell you it is because the men who were crushed at the battle of the Boyne have been appealed to through their racial instincts by the Gaelic League, and you see the old Irish race rising on its feet to accept the new doctrines over new and over old.

Those are the men of whom our farmers and our artisans and our shop keepers consist, and in whose hands is today the making or the marring of the Irish nation. But they are just on the point of recovering the possession of their own land, and their sons and daughters, please God, will have it after them, and it is now more necessary than at any time before for these men to decide what they will be. On this side, an Irish nation built up again as it is being built up within our own recollection; on the other side, an imitation England.

When the Gaelic League started up we found that these men were losing everything that connected them with the Christianizers of Europe, that connected them with the era of Cuchullain and Oisín; that connected them with Brian Boru and the heroes of Clontarf; that connected them with the O'Neills and the O'Donnells; that: that connected them with Rory O'More and the Wild Geese; aye and that connected them ever with the men of 1798. They had lost all that those others had, language, traditions, music, genius and ideas; and now, just at the moment when we are becoming masters again of our own land, we find ourselves despoiled and robbed of the old bricks of our nationality, and we must set to work to make new bricks, out of new clay, in a new brick kiln, to build a new nation with.

Do you believe in burning new bricks of new clay for the old Irish house? I do not believe in it. I believe in going here and there throughout the entire island and gathering together carefully, carefully every relic and atom of the past upon which we can lay our hands and gathering them together into one great whole, and building them course after course and tier after tier into the temple that shall be raised to the godhead of Irish nationhood.

The rise of O'Connell and the establishment of Maynooth—Maynooth is now, you will be glad to hear, the most Irish spot in Ireland, the rise of O'Connell and the establishment of Maynooth synchronized with the decay of Irish Ireland. The Irish race, the fathers of the present race of Irish Americans, really lived in the closest contact with the traditions of the past and the national life of nearly eighteen hundred years, until the beginning of the nineteenth century. Not only so, but during the whole of the dark penal times they produced among themselves a most vigorous literary development.

Thomas Davis and the young Irishmen came just at the parting of the ways, when the nation was, as it were, still in a state of flux and capable of being turned either to one side or the other.

Thomas Davis—that Irishman without fear and without reproach, whose name shall live forever in the grateful hearts of his countrymen—and the Young Irishmen generally, produced a new literature throughout the country. It was a literature in which they strove to compete with England herself upon Eng-

land's own lines. The effect was enormous for a time, but it cannot be said to have been enduring. The fact is that the bark had been so recently stripped off the stem of the Irish tree that this attempt to replace it by a new bark, stuck on, as it were, with English gum, and glue and stick-fast, failed to incorporate itself with the ancient stem, and finally fell off from it, as it were, in flakes.

I tell you that English gum and glue and stickfast are no substitute and never can be a substitute for Irish sap. Fifty years of bitter experience have taught us that the Young Ireland heroes did not arrest, and to my thinking could not arrest, the denationalisation of Ireland by a literature which, rousing and admirable as it was, was still only a literature written in the English language and largely founded upon English models. Remember, I am not saying one word in disparagement of the young Ireland movement or of the splendid men who created it. If we had been in their place, God knows we might have pursued exactly the same tactics. But I claim that our fifty years of experience should now be made us of and that we go a step farther than they went, and allow the natural bark, the Gaelic bark, thin though it may be at first and slender though it may be, to grow with the growth of nature upon the trunk of the Irish elm.

The greatest misfortune that has ever befallen Ireland has been the loss of her language. I often heard people thank God that if England gave us nothing else, she gave us at least her language. Well, in that way people put a happy face upon it, and have pretended that the Irish language is worth nothing, has no literature. If the Irish language is worth nothing, why have I met professor after professor from Denmark, from France, from Germany, studying in the mountains of Connacht in order to learn the language that is there banned by the people themselves? And it does possess a literature, or why would a German have calculated that books produced in Irish from the tenth to the seventeenth century and still extant, would fill a thousand octavo volumes?

Now, do not think please, that I am exaggerating in any way what I say that Ireland was threatened with national extinction if the Gaelic League had not stepped into the breach. I will tell you some instances which first drew my attention to the appalling state of public opinion in the Irish-speaking country. I remember the first thing that opened my eyes was one day that as I was going from the Fair of Paun, I was selling cattle there. I am not ashamed of it; all Irishmen sell cattle when they have them to sell; and very glad to have them. I overtook a young man driving a cow before him and I spoke to the young man in Irish, and as I was speaking in Irish he was answering in English, and at last I said to him: "Don't you speak Irish?" and what was his answer? "Well I declare to God, sir, that neither my father nor my mother has one word of English and still I can't speak and I won't speak Irish."

And I who had just left Professor George Dottin, of Brittany, France, and Professor Holger Pedersen, of Copenhagen, in Denmark, and Kuno Meyer, of Germany, living on the mountain sides, in the houses of peasantry to learn to speak the language that this reptile whose father and mother spoke nothing else was discarding—well, I am sorry to say I lost my temper. I lost my temper and I stood out from him, and to tell you the honest truth, I hit him one kick, and, mind you, it just shows you what the loss of the native language does for you. The poor, unfortunate devil, he didn't have courage enough to turn around and knock me down.

I remember another day, I was about six miles from my own house passing along the road, when the children came trooping out of what is commonly called a National school, and there was a little "gossoon" that I was talking Irish to. I had some questions to ask about people in the neighborhood, and as I talked to him in Irish he answered me in English. At last I said to him in Gaelic: "Don't you speak Irish?" What was the answer? "And isn't it

Irish I am speaking?" "No a chuisle," said I, "it is not Irish you are speaking." "Then this is how I spoke it ever," says he. That meant that our children, in my opinion, the brightest and most intelligent in the world perhaps, were being so miseducated and stunted as far as the government schools could do it that they did not know that I was speaking to them in one language and they were answering me in another. That is what passed for government education in Ireland; but it won't pass in future for government education. We have killed it.

I remember another day, in the County of Sligo—the first of these instances happened in Galway, the second in Mayo and this in Sligo. I went into a house to wait for a train, and there was a pretty little girl at the fireside, and I sat down on a stool and began to talk to her, and after her first shyness she began talking Irish very nicely to me and we were having a pleasant conversation when a brother stuck in his nose out of a door and he cocked his nose at her and said (imitating): "Now, Mary, and isn't that a great credit for you to be speaking Irish to the gentleman?" And not a word could I get out of Mary from that time on. You laugh, gentlemen, and God forgive me, I laughed, too; but when I went home and thought over it I swear to you that I cried, because I saw in that little incident, which I knew so well would be repeating itself at every fireside in the country—I saw, I say, the tragedy of a nation in a nutshell.

Now, look what you gain by snuffing out the Irish language. I passed through the County of Galway a few months ago and I came across a man who could neither read nor write nor speak English. An ordinary English tourist would put that man down as a mere brute. But what a mind that man had! What a memory! What a wealth of song! What a fund of story! What a variety of information! I wrote down from him at one sitting an Ossianic poem of four hundred lines never before printed or heard of! He had a marvelous fund of folktale, remainders of Ossianic lays, of religious poems, of songs, aphorisms, proverbs—in a word he had everything that could go to enrich the mind and the moral nature; and all that must die with him! And what were we going to replace it with the Third Reading Book of the national schools, and I would as soon have a lump of ashes choked down my throat as the Third Reading Book of the national schools.

Now, the Gaelic League is engaged on a grand reconstructive policy, the policy of creating a new nation upon the old lines, and before we can build up it is necessary for us to place our fingers on the blots.

Well, first, there is the language question, of which I have spoken. But a number of other things hang upon that language question. And first, strangely enough, comes the question of our own names. It has always seemed to me that a man's own name is part and parcel of himself. I am quite sure that if you changed my name tomorrow I would feel that I was changed myself; I would not understand it. And yet within the last sixty or seventy years Irishmen, undergoing this awful process of national extinction, have been greedy to change their honorable, ancient, proud Milesian names into some abominable monosyllable because it sounded like something English. The O'Connors (they were the kings of Connacht) were becoming Conyers; the McCarthys (kings of Munster), Carters; the O'Donnells (princes of Tir-Connell), called themselves Daniels; the O'Sullivans (lords of the south), called themselves Sylvanus, but not, I think, in America, for I have met more O'Sullivans since I came out here than ever I met at home.

I remember Daniel O'Connell once at a great mass meeting. He spoke against an opponent of his, Lord Chancellor Sugden. "Why," said O'Connell, in his best O'Connellite manner, "you wouldn't call a decent pig Sugden," and yet he never uttered one word of remonstrance when he saw the O'Leahiffs, the O'Brallahans and the McKorys changing their names before his very eyes

to Guthriss, Bradleys and Rogers. And the melancholy part of it all was that not one single word of warning was ever addressed to the Irish race by their public men, or by their papers to put a stop to this colossal attempt at vulgarity and degradation until we arose today at the eleventh hour.

Look at our Christian names. I would have thought the names that were good enough for my grandfather and great-grandfather before me should be good enough for me. Where are our magnificent names of men and boys, Cathair and Domhnall and Angus and Fergus and Cormac and Diarmuid and so forth. Where do you meet those names now? The man that you call Diarmuid when you speak Irish, an anti-Irish degrading custom, begot by slavery, propagated by cringing and fostered by slunkeyism, forces you to call Jeremiah, Jer-am-inh. Where are our beautiful female names, Nora and Una and Eibhlin and Moirin, Mere, Sheela, Eify and the rest? Where are they?

A woman said to me not long ago: "God forbid," said she, poor thing, "God forbid that I should handicap my child in life by calling her Bridget!" She was wrong! She did handicap the child in life, but it was when she taught her to be ashamed of the patron saint of her own country. There are ten, twenty thousand honest Irish girls whose mothers christened them Bridget at home, who, the moment they touch American soil, will tell you that their names are Bride and Birdie and Delia and Bedelia. The Irish are today wealthy enough, powerful enough and respectable enough to restore the name Bridget and make it creditable again if they wish to. I only convey a stigma because the wealthy Irish boycott it. The spirit of Irish nationality as it speaks through the Gaelic League will never be appeased so long as our boys are called Daniel and Jeremiah instead of Domhnall and Diarmuid, and our girls Helen and Julia instead of Eibhlin and Sidhle.

Take our music. After all, the bagpipes, though you may not love its sound, was an artistic instrument; no man but an artist could play upon it. The violin is an artistic instrument; no man without a soft touch, a fine ear and artistic feeling can play upon the violin. The violin and the bagpipes were in every parish when I was young. Where are they today? What grand artistic instruments have taken the place of the bagpipes and the violin? Here they are (imitates the playing of the accordion and concertina), or, if it isn't that, then this has taken its place (imitates the motion of playing the hand organ.) That is called, I suppose an Irish nation. Ah! where is the venerable custodian of Ireland's song and music, the man I knew when I was young—the man who always commanded a welcome at the fireside as he trudged through bogs and over the mountains and through the woods of the country? He sleeps with his green bag beside him under the green sward.

In his place have come upon the village stage that quintessence of all vulgarity and abomination known throughout the world as "the stage Irishman." Gentleman, your action in dealing with that monster in San Francisco, in Butte the other day, and in other places, gave as a greater gratification and impressed upon me the imperishability of Irish character, and the possibility of welding our race together, more than any other thing I remember reading in the American papers.

There is no royal road to the recovery of our nationality. It is a difficult, it is an arduous task, and it demands self-sacrifice. If we are in earnest and have behind us the moral support and the good wishes of America we must succeed. If we are only playing at being in earnest—and that is a game Irishman are very good at—then we shall fail and the whole world will deride us and the historian will take his tablet, and write the words "Finis Hiberniae"—the end of Ireland.—(*The Irish World*.)

Dr. Hyde's American tour is being marked by a series of ovations hitherto accorded to no representative of the race. California alone pledges \$20,000 to the League.

St. Thomas Aquinas.

THE thirteenth century was a time of extraordinary intellectual activity, which was not without its dangers. In the enthusiastic pursuit of learning students flocked by thousands to the great Universities, which, unhappily, were as often schools of infidelity as of faith. The philosophers of that age owned but one master and he was the heathen Aristotle. Unfortunately enough, Greek philosophy and the gospel did not always agree, and many, entering on an unexplored sea of thought without a guide made a hopeless ship-wreck of their faith. The great professors who were the oracles of the day were not always proof against the seductions of vanity and sometimes tried to make themselves a name by striking out bold theories in matters where original speculation is seldom friendly to faith.

It was amidst the confusion of these new opinions that St. Thomas Aquinas was given to the world to mark out the limits of Christian philosophy and to form the separate materials of dogmatic, moral and speculative theology into one grand and finished structure, whilst at the same time he enriched the church's liturgy with some of the most beautiful of its formularies, and displayed in his life and character all the virtues and winning graces of a saint.

Picturesquely situated in southern Italy on the top of a rugged cliff planking a spur of the Apennines and overlooking the rushing waters of the Melfi, there stood in mediæval times the fortress of Rocca-Secca. Here St. Thomas was born in 1225 and to the neighboring little town of Aquino he owed his surname Aquinas. He was of noble birth, his father being a nephew of Emperor Fred Barbo-rossa and his mother was descended from the Norman Barons who conquered Sicily two centuries before. The future vocation and sanctity of little Thomas was foretold to his mother by a holy monk.

The words, *Ave Maria*, were the first which his baby lips were heard to utter. Long before he could read, a book was discovered to be an unfailing means of drying his tears in all his childish woes; he would delight in handling it, turning over the leaves with infantine gravity.

When only five years old, his education was begun by the monks of the celebrated Benedictine Abbey of Monk Cassino, which was only a few miles distant from Rocca Secca. The monks found that their new pupil was a grave and quiet child who loved to spend much of his time in church, and was never without a book in his hand. He cared little for the sports of childhood in which he seldom took part. One day when the rest of his companions were playing in the woods, Thomas was standing apart in silent thought; the monk in charge of the boys enquired the subject of his reflections. The child raised his head and said: "Tell me, master, what is God (Dice, magister, quid sit Deus). This was his oft repeated question, and it showed that the whole bent of his mind and heart was already directed heavenward.

At University of Naples Thomas was admitted to the (Dominican) Order, and, whilst yet almost a boy, he was publicly clothed with the white habit of St. Dominic. The news soon reached the Countess Theodora, his mother, who hastened to Naples to congratulate her son for she recognized in the event the fulfilment of a holy hermit's prophecy. Thomas, and the brethren, however, who were ignorant of her dispositions, were much alarmed at the idea of the impending visit; and in compliance with his own earnest entreaties the novice was hurried off to the convent of Santa Sabina in Rome. Thither his mother followed him but she was unable to induce him to consent to an interview. The General of the Order, John the German, was on the point of starting for Paris and resolved to take Thomas and three other companions with him, and they accordingly left Rome together. When the mother found herself thus foiled and distrusted she became furious against the friars, and sent orders to her other two sons who were serving in the Italian army to capture Thomas and bring him back home.

This was done, and the parents of the young novice were now determined that he would never become a Dominican. Tears, threats and entreaties proved powerless to shake the Saint's resolution; he was imprisoned in one of the castle towers where he had to suffer cold, hunger and every sort of privation. Through the instrumentality of his sisters, Thomas was enabled to obtain books and clothes from his brethren at Naples. During his captivity, which lasted considerably over a year he managed to commit to memory the entire

Bible and the books of the "Sentences", the theological text book of the time. His earliest writings are also said to belong to this period.

The Saint's brothers also attempted to influence Thomas in an evil way, but taking a brand from the fire he drove them from his cell. With the same brand he traced a cross upon the wall; and, casting himself on his knees before it, he besought of God to grant him the gift of perpetual chastity. As he prayed two angels appeared to him and girded him with a miraculous cord saying "We are come to invest thee with the girdle of perpetual chastity; and that which human frailty can never merit, is ensured by the irrevocable gift of God." St. Thomas never revealed his secret until just before his death, where he said that from the time of the apparition the spirit of darkness had never been allowed to approach him.

By this time his family had discovered that his firmness could not be overcome by persecution. Though unwilling to acknowledge themselves beaten, they connived at his escape, and, like St. Pall, he was let down from the tower in a basket to the friars who by appointment were waiting below. They carried of their treasure to Naples where he was immediately admitted to profession.

To put him beyond farther molestation the General of the Dominican Order took St. Thomas to Cologne where he became the disciple of Blessed Albert the Great the renowned Dominican professor of the day. The Saint's humility enabled him to conceal his vast powers of mind and his silence at all scholastic deputations won for him the name of "the dumb ox of Sicily." Blessed Albert knew the worth of his student and used to say to the assembled novices: "We call Brother Thomas 'the dumb ox,' but I tell you he will one day make his bellowing heard to the utmost parts of the earth."

In 1248 St. Thomas went to Paris where he met St. Bonaventure a young Franciscan, to whom he became knit in the bonds of closest friendship; they, who in after ages were to be honored as the Seraphic and Angelic Doctors were dear to each other on earth as Jonathan and David. Together they were raised to the degree of Bachelor of Theology in 1248.

In obedience to the command of his superiors he taught at Rome, Bologna, Viterbo, Perugia and finally at Naples. In all his labors St. Thomas was prompted by a two-fold objet: 1. To defend

truth against the attacks of its enemies; and 2. To build up a system of Philosophy and Theology. That he succeeded in both of these nobody is slow to admit even his greatest enemies. The most famous of his works is his "Summa of Theology" at which he labored, in the intervals of teaching and preaching, for the last nine years of his life.

Of this work, Pope John XXII is reported to have said that St. Thomas had worked as many miracles as it contained articles; and its value is perhaps best attested by the hatred with which it has ever been regarded by heretics. In 1520, Luther caused it to be burned in the public square of Wittenberg, and another so-called reformer, Martin Bucer, exclaimed "Suppress Thomas and I will destroy the Church." "A vain wish," remarks Leo XIII, "but not a vain testimony." The Summa of Theology was the one book of reference at The Council of Trent.

Besides his Summa of Theology, he wrote the *Catena Aurea*, The Summa against the Gentiles, a philosophical work, and many other works too numerous to mention here. To St. Thomas we are indebted for the hymns: *Verbum Supernum, Pange Lingua, O Salutaris, Tantum Ergo, Lauda Sion and Adoro Te*. St. Thomas is responsible for the institution of the feast of "Corpus Christi" and when he had completed the office for that day Our Lord spoke to him from a Crucifix saying "Bene scripsisti e me, Thoma! Quid præmium vis? His answer was "Nihil nisi Te."

The Saint's manners were singularly winning and graceful; and his prodigious powers of mind were accompanied by a child-like simplicity of character, which, no less than the purity of his doctrine, gained for him the title "Angel of the Schools."

Humility was his chief virtue, and in fact so humble was he that no influence could be brought to bear upon him to forsake the life of a simple religious, for although Archbishoprics and Cardinalships were more than once offered to him he declined the honor, maintaining that he could serve God better in his cloister.

Of his wonderful abstraction of mind many interesting tales are told.

Saint Thomas continued in his good work, until the morning of December 6, 1273, when he was celebrating Mass, he received a revelation which so changed him that from that time onward he

could neither write nor dictate. Shortly afterwards in answer to pressing entreaties he said: "The end of my labors is come. All that I have written appears to me as so much straw, after the things that have been revealed to me. I hope that the end of my life may soon follow the end of my labors."

His hope was soon realized, for on January 28, 1274, he received an order from the Pope to attend the General Council convoked at Lyons for the reunion of the Greek and Latin Churches. The Saint started out in obedience to the command but he never reached his destination for he fell sick on the way and died in the Cistercian Monastery of Fossa Nuova on March 7, 1274.

St. Thomas was canonized by Pope John XII at Avignon in 1323, and Leo XIII by a brief dated August 4, 1880 instituted him Patron of all Catholic Universities, Academies, Colleges and Schools.

So, from the life of such a man as St. Thomas, we can readily conclude that if the Catholic Church of to-day boast of the very high excellence of its educational system, of its teachers, and of the sound and rational principles upon which its instruction is based, it can thank of the Angelic Doctor for the greater part of its treasure, it can boast in a special manner for having for the patron of its schools, the greatest of all Saints and Scholars, St. Thomas Aquinas.

In conclusion let us hope that ere another Feast of St. Thomas arrives, we may realize the revival of that society which flourished in ante ignem days, which was known as St. Thomas Academy. Its members were philosophers only who met from time to time to time to discuss philosophical questions. Great benefits must have been derived from the existence of such a society and I feel sure that any attempt at its reorganization would meet with the hearty approval and co-operation of the students of philosophy of the University.

T. J. SLOAN, '06.



MORNING SONG.



NIGHT now is fleeting
 Hark to the greeting
 The sky-lark is bringing so blithly to you.
 Like Angelus ringing
 Its glorious singing
 With melody filling the heaven's deep blue.

Love reddening glows
 In the heart of the rose
 Drooping her head like a maiden at prayer,
 Despair with the night
 Now hath taken its flight,
 Fair hope is tingling the fresh, eager air.

Come! haste! ere you miss
 The day's morning kiss,
 Come fearless as Adam and walk with God.
 No evil's yet staining
 The fair day, or paining:
 The sweet dew yet glistens on flower and sod.

Drink the air softly moving,
 'Tis gentle and soothing,
 To pale brows all heated by night's fevered
 dreams;

Let weary eyes, waking
 The night long, be slaking
 Their beauty-thirst full in the dawn's orange
 gleam.

Think not of the morrow
 Nor yesterday's sorrow:
 Catch the full tide of the virginal day;
 Sweet past all knowing
 And strong in its flowing,
 Bearing your cares to the sea far away.

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Lo! the flowers are quaffing
The new life and laughing
For sheer joy of living, that's bright o'er the dew;
Whilst far up above,
Like a soft brooding dove,
Rests the heaven's unspeakable, infinite blue!

Baltimore, Md.

J. L.

The Mission of Bishop O'Connell to Japan

On the 25th October, 1905, Archbishop O'Connell landed at Yokohama. The governor of the province came immediately to present official greeting. The next day the distinguished visitor was at Tokio, a guest at the magnificent Imperial hotel. Baron Komura, minister of foreign affairs, had just returned from America, where he had played the role of plenipotentiary at Portsmouth. This circumstance delayed for a few days the reception of the Pope's representative by the minister. But on the 4th November, the Emperor's birthday, the baron invited the archbishop to an official reception at which were present only the plenipotentiary ambassadors to the Mikado. This meant, of course, the recognition with much emphasis of the Archbishop of Portland as ambassador of the Holy See.

The prelate met for the first time men who have loomed large in late Japanese history, both Marquis Ito, who so much helped the Mikado to open to Japan the path of modern progress and Admiral Togo, whose name is now a household word. Speaking of the admiral the archbishop says: "I could not but admire the great modesty which enhances the great merit of the man." Around these illustrious men were gathered the elite of the political and military world; the Papal representative noticed the exceptional facility with which everyone spoke at least two of the European languages.

Count Katsura, president of the Ministers' Council, extended to Archbishop O'Connell a significant welcome and as a circle formed around the two, the count went on to address to him an allocution full of courtesy and appropriate to the occasion.

THE MIKADO.

The departure of Baron Komura for China, where as Minister of Foreign Affairs he had to take charge of a delicate mission, had the effect of bringing the Archbishop into direct communication with the prime-minister. This gave a still more imposing character to his mission.

The 10th of November was appointed for reception by the Emperor. One of the gala vehicles with court attendants, came to the hotel. A landau followed for his secretary. At the sight of the Archbishop, resplendent in his episcopal insignia, carrying on his breast, the pectoral cross received from the Pope himself the day of his consecration, the passers by in the street of Tokio stopped astonished, but saluted with respect.

The Mikado received the Papal ambassador in the Hall of the Throne, uniformed as generalissimo and surrounded by his household. The Prime Minister stood by.

What the Archbishop said to the Emperor and what the Emperor answered, does not belong evidently to the public. It is however known that Mgr. O'Connell, while handing the emperor an autograph letter of the Holy Father, expressed to the Japanese sovereign, the thanks of the Pope and the Catholic world for the protection given to Christians throughout the war.

The Archbishop returned to the hotel in the same carriage, which was afterwards placed at his disposal for official visits to members of the Government.

Two days afterwards the Emperor gave an official dinner in his honor in the Schima palace, a dinner which was presided over by the Prince Fushima.

AT THE UNIVERSITY.

On the 15th of November the students of the University, and two days afterward the Imperial Council of Public Instruction added their spontaneous manifestation of sympathy to the significant reception already given in official circles.

A monster meeting was organized by the students in the largest hall in Tokio. Four thousand persons crowded in. The orators who voiced the people's welcome to Archbishop O'Connell were in the highest degree representative men. Mr. Anezaki, professor of compared religions at the university. He is not a Christian, but

has recently travelled in Europe in quest of information. Before this trip, he believed according to the current sophisms, that Catholicism was bound down to dead issues, that it meant powerlessness in the matter of renovation, that every Catholic nation was in a decadent state, that Protestantism was the religion of the future. But he returned to Japan with a conclusion quite different; Catholicism on the contrary had appeared to him to be the most powerful and robust religious organization that humanity had known, and that the orator went on to declare this conviction at the meeting. The second speaker was the most eloquent man in Japan, Mr. Shimada, who chose for his theme, "The Catholic Church and Civilization." A Protestant clergyman, Mr. Lloyd, spoke, strange to say, of the Martyrs of Japan. Lastly, immediately before the Archbishop, Mr. Maeda, the Japanese priest, assistant of Rev. Father Ligneul, a brilliant writer and a noteworthy lecturer, spoke of the Pope of Rome and the place he holds in the world.

Mr. Anezaki from the start characterized in felicitous words, Catholicism "as founded on authority, which is the secret of unity and the force of universality."

Archbishop O'Connell was thus introduced to the topic which he desired in turn to develop. Grateful as he was for the welcome he had received from the Japanese people as from its ruler—he referred these honors to him, whom he represented, the head of his religion, in fact religion itself. He pointed out in the mandate of the Saviour "Go, teach all nations," the source of unity and Catholicity; he defined clearly the intimate reason of that unity by an apt comparison taken from the cohesion of the Japanese people.

Thunders of applause greeted Mgr. O'Connell's words, the Japanese students waving their handkerchiefs cheered "Banzai for the Pope, Banzai for Mgr. O'Connell, and as the Archbishop drove off, the acclamation of the mass-meeting followed, until the murmur died away in distant echoes—the enthusiasm of the Japanese—a thing Europeans little understand.

Next day at the main building of the Imperial University, Mgr. O'Connell was received by the high dignitaries of the educational board. He found himself on most familiar terms with a number of Japanese savants who had received at Harvard an American education.

In the *Aula Magna* of the University, 2,000 people were present to hear the visitor speak, as he had promised, of education. He placed in strong relief the value of integral education, of the Catho-

lic principle which does not limit its programme to mere instruction but demands the formation of a man complete in body, mind and soul.

This discourse pronounced in Latin, was immediately translated into Japanese. The president of the university thanked the speaker, giving him a diploma of honorary membership in the Imperial University.

THE ADIEU.

On the 22nd November the prime minister gave in honor of the Pope's representative a dinner to which were invited the ministers and noteworthy public men. Near the close of the banquet M. Katsura rose and solemnly proposed a toast to the Pope. Mgr. O'Connell answered by proposing the Emperor. These two were heard standing. It was the first time in the history of Japan that the Pope and the Mikado exchanged through their representatives so cordial a greeting.

Two other toasts followed, one from Count Katsura, to thank the Archbishop for the tact with which he had fulfilled his important mission; the other from Mgr. O'Connell to thank the ministers and all concerned.

On the 23rd the representative of the Holy See left Tokio, leaving at the station the prime-minister, the aide-de-camp of the Mikado, and the diplomatic corps.

During his stay Mgr. O'Connell was invited to the home of a rich Buddhist. When he took his place before this person clothed in rich silken vestments, the Archbishop perceived that he was in the presence of the chief Japanese bonze, or high-priest. The bonze spoke as follows: "I have been very desirous of meeting you. How I should like to visit Rome, the see of the successor of Peter. Since this is now impossible for me, I ask you to present in my name to the Sovereign Pontiff, the expression of my sentiments of profound respect."

Now this same Buddhist priest is the donor of a magnificent site for a Catholic cathedral. (*B. Sienna in La Croix.*)

Note.—We are living over again the days when the Papacy sent her ambassadors to the tribes of the Caucasians to form them to civilization and virtue. What a confirmation of Mr. Anezaki's conviction that the Catholic church is very much alive, this the sending of a hierarch of the young and vigorous American church to the land of the rising sun, to forge a bond of fealty to the ancient primacy of Rome. Truly her tents are expanding to gather in all the sons of Sem, Ham Japhet.—Editor.

For Lent.

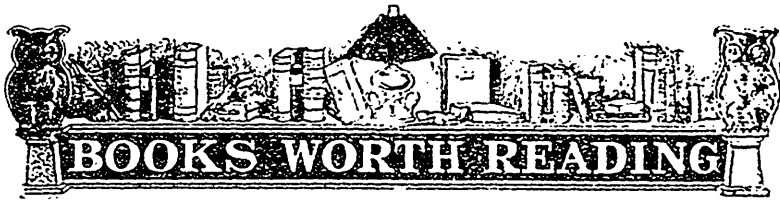
"FOR God so loved the world that He gave
 His only Son to suffer and to save."
 O beautiful world ! to merit love like this ;
 O happy world ! thine was perfect bliss.
 That day He bowed the heavens and came down,
 A note of rapture through the world was blown ;
 The glad winds harped it in the lofty pine,
 The stream beneath laughed sweet ; the tale divine
 Was sung by birds ecstatic, and the sea
 Gave its grand music to the harmony :
 But, man, to favored man the Angels sung
 The royal message in the heavenly tongue.

 O beautiful world ! so dear, so dear to Christ !
 Why are thy valleys veiled in mournful mist ?
 Why moans the sea through all its mighty deeps ?
 O'er all the earth they hear the sighs that He,
 Expiring, breathed on fatal Calvary.

 O man, thrice blest ! the wondering Angels droop
 Their wings of flame as they before thee stoop.
 Greater than this no love hath e'er been known
 On heaven or earth ; man, the beloved, alone,
 Drew down that sacred fire unquenchable ;
 Drew down a God on earth for aye to dwell.

 O ransomed man ! didst count the heavy cost ?
 Didst share the forty days in prayer and fast ?
 Didst fast with Christ in dark Gethsemane ?
 Didst help to bear the cross He bore for thee ?
 Or didst forsake Him when He stood forlorn—
 O Christ, with mournful brows pierced through with thorn !
 More cruel than the nails, or lance, or rood
 To Thee, is reckless man's ingratitude.
 The great deep of Thy Heart's love calls for love.
 And they, with generous hearts, who will to prove
 Them worthy, drink with Thee the gall, and deem
 It sweet, for love makes all things heavenly seem.

E. C. M. T.



Book Review.



Lyrics of Life and Love, by William Stanley Braithwaite. Herbert B. Turner and Co., Boston, Mass., \$1.00.

This small volume is not just fresh from the press; it has been shaking off the odor of the press and machinery oil and printer's ink since some time last spring. There's that in the songs of this minstrel that defies the mechanical blights and goes straight to a straight heart, even if the singer be a negro; perhaps it is because of his race that he is so pathetic, but his pathos is not depressing nor common place. Hear him sing a song of gladness:

"I am glad day long for the gift of song,
For time and change and sorrow;
For the sunset wings and the world-end things
Which hang on the edge of to-morrow.

I am glad for my heart, whose gates apart,
Are the entrance place of wonders;
Where dreams come in from the rush and din,
Like sheep from the rains and thunder."

There are many songs in this volume, proofs that he is a maker of sweet verses; he seems to have the true poetic fire. This almost unknown singer appeals to those who can forego their color prejudice, as one who has the right of way wherever poets gather; we cannot but regret that praise should be so grudgingly given a man

simply because he is a negro. Does it make any difference what the color of a man be who has the soul to say of the rose:

“ Heart of the soft, wild rose,
 Hid in the forest close,
 Far from the world away,
 Sweet for a night and a day.
 Rose, is it good to be sweet,
 Sun and the dews to greet ?

Life that is mine to keep
 In travail, pain and sleep,
 Firm on a tossing ball,
 Drilled to march at a call;
 Work, love, death—these three—
 Life, is there more for me ?”

When one recalls what the negro's lot was in “darkest Africa,” in the “sunny South” before the war, there still after the war, one can feel at least in part, the pathos of that query: “ Life is there more for me?” In answer to that appeal lies the root of the begrudging praise. Braithwaite seems to find the world fair as he looks upon it: he looks at himself and asks, what life contains:

“ Over the seas tonight, love,
 Over the darksome deeps,
 Over the seas tonight love
 Slowly my vessel creeps.

Over the seas tonight, love,
 Waking the sleeping foam—
 Sailing away from thee, love,
 Sailing from thee and home.

Over the seas tonight love,
 Dreaming beneath the spars—
 Till in my dreams you shine, love,
 Bright as the listening stars.”

Isn't this as good a sea song as many that have rocked the dreamers in the cradle of the deep? It comes with the breath of the sea; it brings the color of the life of the seafarer, and is it not a love that can stand the test of all times and climes that sings thus? Here is not a Carman, but surely here is one to whom Bliss Carman would gladly extend the hand of fellowship and rejoice to see him crowned with the bays all poets have the right to wear. Carman and all our Canadian poets, we are sure, would like to be the author of—

“ Out of the sunset's red,
 Into the blushing sea,
 The winds of day drop dead
 And dreams come home to me:
 The sea is still, and apart,
 Is a stillness in my heart.

The night comes up the beach
 The dark steals over all,
 Though silence has no speech,
 I hear the sea-dreams call
 To my heart, and in reply,
 It answers with a sigh.”

Admitting an occasional blur or roughness we like such a song, the roughness is touch in with the swell of the wind and the wild coloring of the sunset, one more bit of this beauty, then get the whole collection and sing them in the gloaming or in the glad morning :

“ Faint is the speech of the tired heart
 To the call of dreams replying,
 When hope wends home across the fields
 When the rose of the year is dying.

O weary head and heart and hands,
 Look up where the sun is dying,
 Love leads you home across the fields
 To the call of dreams replying.”

Would it not be well to begin to look upon the negro as Peter Claver saw him — as Booker Washington sees him? There's no use despairing of the lifting up of the race that so far has "been down." God's gifts of genius and sense of beauty are not so measured as some of us seem inclined to believe. S. N.

* * *

The Married Life of La Reine Malheureuse. The Life of Henrietta Maria. — By L. A. Taylor. E. P. Dutton & Co.

This Reine Malheureuse has always been of a fascinating even if tragical interest, the pretty, merry daughter of Henri-Quatre, the devoted and brave wife of the "Martyr King," has been made familiar to us through Agnes Strickland's careful study of the English Queens. This new work rests on the memoirs of both the French and the English contemporaries, notably her firm adherence to her religion must be deemed, from the stern point of view of her English subjects, as "unwise," but Charles himself, even it he must have resented her refusal to be crowned by non-Catholic ecclesiastics or with Protestant rites, loved her truly; the religious dissensions did not last long. He soon ceased to send "bitter complaints" to his mother-in-law about his dear Henrietta's strong will in religious matters, "the sole dispute now between us," he says, after a little while, "being which shall vanquish the other by affection, each deeming the victory is gained when the wishes of the other are discovered and followed." Charles found that Henrietta's "unwisdom" was not serious as his meddling advisers tried to show and he declares that he regrets she cannot accompany him in council. "But what would these people say were a woman to busy herself in matters of government?" Wonderment guesses if Charles would have been more subject to her advice in council than he was to the few honest helpers there who did attempt sometimes to modify his conception of the divine right of things. The tragical chapters of this thrilling story are told with careful detail and the Queen's life in France—after the execution—shows this woman of great sorrows to have been a tower of strength to her doomed husband, all through the civil war. She collected money and arms for him on the continent, on English soil she rode with the troops, striving to keep up Charles' spirits and her own. She was a worthy daughter of the

brave and cheery Henri Quatre. Her courage and her health failed her only after the battle of Marston Moor. She was hurried away to France, "the most worn and pitiful creature in the world," said the Cornish men who saw her sail away. She was never to see the King again, the reading of her great suffering in body and soul and heart, her poverty and anguish never seems like a tale that has been told, the saddest day of all being the awful February day when she sat anxiously waiting for the messenger sent for news to Saint Germain; no one knew how to tell her the news of the King's execution.

As ordinary conversation was carried on, the Queen's uneasiness at the delay of her messenger grew. Why was he so long coming? she questioned. Jermyn answered, making use of the opportunity to prepare her for what was to follow. The gentleman sent, he said, was so faithful and so prompt that had the news been favorable he would not have failed to reach her sooner.

"What, then, is it?" asked the Queen. "I perceive plainly that you know."

Jermyn did know. Not even now at once, but gradually, he made the necessary announcement. All hope was over; the King was dead.

The shock was overwhelming. Strange though it may seem, in the Capuchin's word, Henrietta "had not expected anything of the kind," and the blow found her—as blows commonly do—wholly unprepared. For long she sat silent, motionless, "like a statue," deaf to what was said, insensible to the efforts made to rouse her. It was only when night was falling that her sister-in-law, the Duchesse de Vendome, herself in tears, succeeded in awakening her from the stupor in which she was wrapped.

Darby O'Gill. Herminie Templeton. McClure, Chicago.

Whatever may be thought of Herminie as a Gaelic name, there is no doubt about Darby and all his kith and kin, and Father Cassidy and Brian Connors. This delightful recreation reading after a wearisome campaign of cold reason, hard facts and common sense, this new green book is fresh and sweet as the sod beneath which Brian and all his good people live and have their Brownie days.

S. N.

University of Ottawa Review.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

THE OTTAWA UNIVERSITY REVIEW is the organ of the students. 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 to their Alma Mater the students of the past and the present.

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Our Students are requested to patronize our Advertisers.

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No. VI

EDITORIAL.

SPRING.

Spring is with us, also mud; summer is due soon, also examinations. Let us stick in neither mud or examinations. This, brothers, is a word in season.

THE BANQUET.

The St. Patrick's day banquet was a success unequalled in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The oratory was snappy and to the point, and the table, well it fairly groaned.

THE SABBATH.

It is an edifying spectacle indeed this united effort of Catholics and Protestants to secure legislation for the safe-keeping of the Lord's day. The bill before the house is what a well-known front bencher of the opposition would call "a distinctly *releegious* question," but 'tis one on which Canadians are sensible. The seventh-day people, however, are quoting Scripture, and our Protestant friends are somewhat at a loss to find the origin and justification of the 'first day' innovation.

ANGLO-CELTIC.

When Lord Grey, at the Pilgrims' banquet, rang the changes on the Anglo-Saxon brotherhood, why did not some one rise up to remark that there is as much of the early Britain Celt in the ordinary Englishman as there is of Angie, Jute or Saxon; also and moreover that the Celtic fringe Ireland, Scotland, Wales and Cornwall, constitutes a large fraction of the population of the United Kingdom. Dooley has long since solved the Anglo-Saxon census problem in the United States. Why not use the term "Anglo-Celtic."

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA.

The Rev. John J. Wynne, has not resigned from the Board of Editors of The Catholic Encyclopaedia, and has not thought of doing so. Some months ago he resigned as Associate Editor of the Encyclopedia Americana, and took occasion to warn Catholics against the use of his name by the agents of that work. Many persons who did not know of Father Wynne's connection with the Americana, erroneously concluded that he had ceased to be an editor of The Catholic Encyclopedia. He considers it necessary to correct this error and to say that on the contrary, one of his motives in retiring from the Americana, was to be free to devote his time and labor exclusively to The Catholic Encyclopedia.

OBITUARY.



On the night of Friday, March the 16th, Most Rev. Cornelius O'Brien, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax, passed to his eternal reward. Apoplexy was the immediate cause of his death; although the call was sudden there was time for the administration of the last consoling rites of the Church he served so well. The Archbishop was born near New Glasgow, P.E.I., on May 4th, 1843. His father and mother both came from the County of Wexford, Ireland. After his primary schooling he entered a mercantile establishment as clerk, and left at 19 for St.

Dunstan's College, Charlottetown, to study for the priesthood. After two years he went to the College of the Propaganda, Rome, where he succeeded in carrying off nineteen medals out of a possible twenty-one. He was ordained on April 18th, 1871, and returning to P.E.I. acted as professor and prefect of studies in St. Dunstan's College for two years. He was then named archpriest at the Cathedral and shortly after appointed to the parish of Indian River. Eight years after, in 1880, he accompanied Bishop McIntyre to Rome as secretary and the next year accompanied Bishop Hannan in the same function. On the death of the latter Dr. O'Brien succeeded him as fourth bishop of Halifax, his consecration taking place in St. Mary's Cathedral, Jan. 21st, 1883.

His Grace was a church builder, a provider of schools and hospitals, and a friend in need to many a struggling family. He was deeply interested in literary and historical pursuits and was an author of note. In 1896 we find him elected president of the Royal Society

of Canada. Besides many fugitive contributions to the periodical press, he has left behind him works of merit such as "Philosophy of the Bible Vindicated" (1876), "Mater Admirabilis" (1882), "After Weary Years" (a novel), "St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr" (1887), "Aminta, a Modern Life-drama" (1890) and "Memoirs of Bishop Burke" (1894). His chiefest work however is the page he has written in the development of the Church of God in the maritime provinces.
—R I.P.

St. Patrick's Day Banquet.

OF the many St. Patrick's Day banquets held by the students of the University of Ottawa, that of 1906 will go down in the annals of the institution as the peer of any. It was held in the recreation hall of the new Arts building, and as it was the first one held in the University buildings since the memorable fire, the committee in charge put forth their best endeavors to make it a record one. It is gratifying to know that their efforts were crowned with unqualified success. Everything went smoothly, and the whole proceedings were characterized by a delightful informality that went a long way to ensure enjoyment. From beginning to end not a hitch occurred.

The decorations of the hall were much admired—the papal colors, the emerald flag of Erin, the Union Jack, the Stars and Stripes, and the flags of Canada, France and other nationalities, being combined to form a most artistic effect. The menu cards, emblazoned with Gaelic mottoes, and with the harp and shamrocks, were admirably executed. The dinner itself was a splendid one; but one of the most remarkable features of the whole affair was the excellence of the speeches made after dinner. In this regard special mention must be made of the speech of Mr. Thomas J. Sloan in response to the toast to Alma Mater. That it was the best effort of the afternoon, and that it was fully appreciated by those present, was evidenced by the prolonged applause and rousing V-A-R which followed it.

Mr. W. R. Derham acted as toastmaster, and by the efficient manner in which he presided, merited a vote of thanks, proposed by

Hon. L. Power and seconded by Dr. Freeland. The first toast was that to Pius X. In his response, Mr. W. F. Cavanagh paid an eloquent tribute to the venerable head of the Catholic Church, and recalled the undying attachment of Ireland and her sons throughout the world to that faith—an attachment that “has weathered the persecutions of centuries, and shall endure to the end of time.” Mr. G. W. O’Toole, replying to the toast “St. Patrick’s Day,” spoke eloquently of the Irish apostle’s career and the missionary spirit he bequeathed to the children of the Gael. The toast to Ireland was enthusiastically honored by the whole gathering. Mr. T. J. Tobin, secretary of the Ottawa branch of the Gaelic League, replying to the toast, recalled with truly Celtic fervor, the glories of the Green Isle in the past and the present. He eulogized the Gaelic revival which, he claimed, is revolutionizing the very soul of Ireland. “Erin’s Saints and Scholars” brought Mr. J. N. George to his feet with a glowing tribute to the great names that were the glories of Ireland during a period of history when all Europe flocked to her schools, and she held the torch of learning aloft, a shining light amid the chaos of barbarism into which continental Europe fell after the destruction of the Roman Empire. “Canada,” duly honored by every loyal Canadian, as one of the toasts, found fitting upholders of her fame in Messrs. T. J. Gormley and C. A. Seguin, the latter representing the French-Canadian element among the students. On a subject so inspiring, they said all that could be said, and said it with an ability that conveyed to the audience a high impression of the oratorical training received by the students of Ottawa University.

As mentioned before, the last toast to “Alma Mater” brought forth from Mr. T. J. Sloan the most eloquent reply of the afternoon. In referring to the educational benefits to be found within her walls, he recalled the proud record of her graduates in every walk of life. In conclusion, he expressed the hope that her graduates would ever remain loyal, and that some day they would behold her with all her faculties in action — with a Science course as well as an Arts course, with a Law course as well as a Theological course, and with a Medical course as well as a Business course. The applause which greeted his remarks showed that his hearers were fully alive to the



Saint Patrick's Day Banquet.

exigencies of modern life, and the necessity of meeting them with an educational equipment suited to the times.

"The Stars and Stripes" were toasted with fervent loyalty by the American students, and respectful sympathy by their Canadian friends. Mr. F. C. Hatch responded in a very able manner, fully sustaining the reputation made at the Washington Club Banquet.

Rev. Dr. O'Boyle was enthusiastically applauded as he rose to reply to the toast, "Soggarth Aroon," a term of endearment applied by the poetic Gaelic speech to the clergy of Ireland, who did so much for their race and religion during the penal times. No more appropriate subject and speaker could have been found. He treated the close and tender relations as a spiritual adviser and a friend, which have always existed between the Irish priest and his parishioners. Concluding, he said, that he was proud to see the students honoring the day in the manner in which they had done, and expressed the hope that these annual celebrations should never cease while the institution bore the name of the Catholic University of Ottawa, and requested the students of successive years not to minimise the value of a celebration the district note of which was religious.

The last toast was that to "Our Guests" to which His Excellency, Mgr. Sbarretti, Rev. Father J. P. Fallon, Rev. Fr. O'Donahue, of Boston, Dr. Freeland, J. McC. Clarke, L. J. Kehoe, and Hon. Senator Power, responded. His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, rising to speak, was greeted with vociferous cheers. His words breathed the energy and fire befitting the representative of Him who said "Non veni pacem mittere sed gladium." "I am a man of peace," he said, "but sometimes have to fight as I have had to on some occasions." (Laughter.) And I hope that every student here present will fight when his rights are threatened. Peace and harmony are very desirable, but he who sacrifices truth and right for anything is a moral coward and an unreliable citizen." His Excellency closed by expressing his interest in the welfare of the students. Senator Power, in opposition to the gentleman who spoke on behalf the United States, stated that he was satisfied that Catholics enjoyed more liberty under the British Flag than under any other in the world. He also laid stress on the important role which science was to play in the twentieth century.

He advised those present to bear that in mind when deciding on their future career.

During the intervals the following selections were rendered, all in splendid voice: "Mavourneen," by N. Golden; "The Harp that Once," by T. J. Sloan; "The Minstrel Boy," by P. C. Harris; "The Maple Leaf," by A. B. Cote; "Honor Old Varsity," C. Bresnahan; "The Star Spangled Banner," by W. McCarthy; "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old," by N. Veilleux; while Barrett's orchestra rendered the soul-stirring Irish Melodies to the satisfaction of all present.

Besides the Rector, and the members of the different faculties, those invited were: Mgr. Sbarretti, Archbishop Duhamel, Rev. M. F. Fallon — both of whom were unavoidably absent — Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, Hon. John Costigan, Hon. F. Latchford, Hon. N. A. Belcourt, M. P., Hon. Senator Power, Hon. W. J. McDougall, M. P.P., Dennis Murphy, ex-M.P.P., Chas. Marcil, M.P., D'Arcy Scott, E. P. Stanton, J. J. McGee, Chas. Murphy, Dr. Freeland, J. McC. Clarke, T. F. Clancy, M. P. Gleeson, L. J. Kehoe, Rev. Cannon Sloan, Rev. Father Fitzgerald, Rev. Father Whelan, Rev. Father Donahue, B. Slattery, and others.

J. E. McNEILL, '07.

The Exile's Devotion.

I'd rather turn one simple verse,
True to the Gaelic ear,
Than classic odes I might rehearse
With Senates list'ning near.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

Chosen Bits of Oratory.

THE POPE, *by W. F. Cavanagh, '06.*

“Never once has Ireland’s fidelity to the See of Saint Peter been questioned. Our holy religion has been the well-spring of our glory, borne far and wide, and preserved in untainted purity through more than fourteen hundred years by our faithful clergy, ever the real leaders of our people. If we revere the memory of St. Patrick, first Primate of Armagh, it is because he gave to us this gift than which none could have been greater, because he lighted on our shores a fire which has never been extinguished, and which, by the grace of God, never shall be extinguished. For it our martyr priests have sanctified with their life-blood every mountain and every valley of our land. For it our fathers have died on many a hard-fought battle-field, in many a dungeon, on many a scaffold; for it they have perished of famine and pestilence, and for it they have gone forth in thousands, nay in millions, as exiles to every foreign land. And for it ’tis our sacred duty to live, even as they have done—to carry on, both as clergymen and as Catholic laymen throughout English-speaking countries in particular, that great work for which we seem to have been destined by Providence. We shall heap coals of fire upon our enemies’ heads by bringing them also into submission to the royal Pope.

“Once more, gentlemen, we celebrate the feast of Saint Patrick, and the warm Keltic blood goes bounding through Irish veins as we proudly wear our own immortal green upon our hearts and proclaim to the world a national vigor as undying as that faith in which it lives and in which it cannot fail. Our crucifixion has been long, and dark, and terrible, but our resurrection will be glorious. Our religion is the soul of our national life, and our course triumph. Even now the golden dawn seems brightening upon our horizon and we entertain the fond hope that yet, perhaps in our own time, perhaps within a few years, the green and gold will float fair and free over an independent Irish nation, the bulwark of the Church of God. Till then, then also, and afterwards, we are ever, we hope, the servants of our holy Father the Pope.”

THE DAY, *by G. W. O'Toole, '06*

"There were some who say that the Irish people are disunited, that they cannot be united, that they are unfit to govern themselves. This calumny is an old one and has been repeated time and again. It originated with the 19th century invaders of Ireland. It was made capital of for purposes of conquest, by Henry VIII and Elizabeth. These monarchs of great and glorious memory, defenders of the faith, blessed peace makers, stirred up quarrels, engendered strife among the Irish clans in order that the innocent victims of their plot might fall a prey to their rapacity. And then to cover up their evil designs and their greed, they exaggerated beyond all proportion the trivial defects in the almost guileless people they were crushing. And such, sir, is the power of evil that the good are often deceived and led astray. The contagion of errors concerning the Irish people and Irish ideals increased and spread as the centuries passed by until finally it extended into the ranks of those who, by birth or descent, were Irish. The latter, blinded by false statements so often reiterated or caught in that current of 19th century broad-mindedness and enlightenment (?) were prepared to cast aside the sentiments of patriotism and devotion to the land of their forefathers. Yes, some went even so far as to join the ranks of scoffers who ridiculed everything Irish.

"But a better future was in store for Ireland. For in the darkest hour, when all hope for regeneration had been abandoned, when the fondest dreams and visions of the most enthusiastic patriot had vanished, when the people had grown apathetic to their own interests, when national decay seemed inevitable, a miraculous change took place. A kind Providence interferred. He in his justice would not permit so to perish the race that fourteen hundred years ago so eagerly grasped the faith which St. Patrick brought to it, and so tenaciously clung to it ever since despite the greatest adversities. A great revival in Irish affairs has taken place. The world to day looks towards Ireland. Her children everywhere love her more than ever. Her ancient enemies stand apart and would feign applaud when they behold the old time individuality, energy, vigour and enthusiasm of the race "so oft doomed to death though fated not to die."

CANADA, *by O. Seguin, '06*

"Mark, Gentlemen! *We* shall be the moulders of our own fortune. Canada will become a country rivalling the great republic south of us on condition that we live united for the common weal. With us Canadians racial and religious strife should be things of the past. Of course, Gentlemen, union does not necessarily imply assimilation; in fact we do not even think of assimilating our English speaking country-men and much the less do we believe that it is their desire to assimilate us.

"Our duty, I deem it, is to develop side by side those characteristics handed down by our forefathers so that our ideals may leave a potent and abiding influence on the future of our common country. How could the French Canadians ever lose the remembrance of their origin and their tongue when every page of Canadian history, nay, when every liberty the citizens of Canada now enjoy, recalls the name of some of our glorious ancestors? Therefore it is that I appreciate the meaning of a celebration such as this which evokes from time to time traditions of the past to serve for present and future inspiration. It is a sign of true nobility in a people and of self respect to revere one's origin and national identity.

"To hope to eliminate inherent racial dissimilarity is only a dream created by men who in their enthusiasm for the happiness of humanity lose sight of the essential and lasting characteristics of mankind so disposed by a wise Creator. We must learn rather to get along better by means of those differences, profiting by an enlightened and tolerant emulation to accomplish more in the way of real, permanent and united progress based directly on the mutual respect of our qualities and mutual compensation of our respective deficiencies.

"Other nations, Belgium and Switzerland, for example, have prospered with a diversity of races. Why should we not flourish under better conditions? We have resources beyond calculation, we have opportunity with us, we have the best sons of Western civilization, we have the informing spirit of patriotism, true to what is best in each of us."

ERIN'S SAINTS AND SCHOLARS, *by J. N. George, '06.*

"The seed planted by Saint Patrick took deep root, and at the beginning of the sixth century religion and education were in a most

flourishing condition. At this time Ireland was dotted with monasteries and colleges; and the people were living happily under wise laws. Such was not the case with the rest of Europe. The northern barbarians were overrunning the continent, and destroying all vestiges of civilization. Irish monks eagerly set forth to enlighten Europe and bring all the nations within the pale of the Church. Foremost amongst these missionaries were Saints Columkille and Columbanus. The former turned his attention towards Scotland. He established his headquarters on the island of Iona near the coast of that country. Through the efforts and self-sacrifice of the saint and his companions, almost the entire Scottish nation was kept in the true religion. Saint Columbanus carried the torch of faith into France. Saint Gall raised the standard of the cross in Switzerland, Saint Killian in Germany, and Saint Cataldus in Italy. There was scarcely a country in Europe in which Irish priests were not struggling against the powers of darkness. The Irish apostles followed the example of Saint Patrick by establishing monasteries in all the countries in which they were preaching. They founded 13 in Scotland, 12 in England, 36 in France, 16 in Bavaria, 15 in Switzerland, and 6 in Italy. The sanctity of Ireland's sons and daughters is evidenced by the large number of Irish saints found on the Calendars of the different countries of Europe. There are 150 on the German Calendar, 45 on the French; Belgium honors 30, Italy 13; while even Norway and Iceland claim 8. With such children abroad, it is little wonder that Ireland's name was loved and respected by men of all nations. Well might they call her "Land of Saints and Scholars."

One of the chief characteristics of the Irish people is their love for learning. Even before Ireland became Christian, Hibernia, by which name it was previously known, was famed for its bards and poets. King Cormac, who ruled the Island in the early part of the fourth century, established schools for military discipline, history and jurisprudence. With the introduction of Christianity, education received a new impetus, and schools sprang up in all parts of the land. The progress in learning and religion was most marked during the seventh and eighth centuries. The colleges were counted by hundreds and the students in some of them numbered thousands. The great schools of Clonfert, Bangor, Glasnevin, Clonard and many

others were renowned throughout the then known world. The Gael, the Scot, the Frank and the Saxon all drank from Ireland's fountains of knowledge. Before the foundations of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were laid the colleges of Ireland had long been institutions of great importance."

ALMA MATER, *by T. J. Sloan, '06.*

"Gentlemen, it is not given to us to look into the future. Were we permitted to see the things that shall come to pass in the great mysterious darkness of the speechless days that shall be, we might behold this institution flourishing in all the splendor of a full-fledged University. And it is our sincerest hope that such expansion *will* come to pass. How grand it would be if in years to come, and preferably in the near future, we could behold an Ottawa University with all its faculties in action, an Ottawa University wielding the influence it should control, an Ottawa University furnishing the necessary inducements and exerting the sufficient influence to retain its own students and to draw underneath its wings those who to-day are forced to attend other universities. But grander still would it be to see this institution a representative one and enjoying the support of all those upon whom its success must depend, the support of the Catholic clergy, the support of the Catholic laity, yes, the support of all Catholic Canada. Then and then only would we have an Ottawa University as it should be, then and then only would the good fathers be amply repaid for their work, then, and then only, could we expect great things of its departments, and, let me say it, of its 'football team.'—(Applause.)

Let us hope, then, that when we of to-day are no longer able to partake of this annual feast of Ottawa University, when others sit round this festive board to proclaim the joys and sorrows of a land whose lot has been persecution, that then we may look back from afar on an Ottawa University fully worthy of the name it bears, on an Ottawa University with a Science Course as well as an Arts Course, with a Law Course as well as a Theological Course, with a Medical Course as well as a Business Course. Let us hope that then we may see all who boast of the name of the Catholic being actuated by purely Catholic motives, realizing a sense of their duty,

and coming to the aid of a University which would be doing such great work.

Let us hope that the grand old banner of the garnet and grey may ever float high on the flag-pole of victory and that those to whose lot it may fall to defend her honor may do so with a will, that they may ever imitate the actions of those who have gone before us and then they will preserve unsullied those colors which we all hold so dear.

Finally let us hope that our love for Alma Mater may never grow cold, that it may never be said of the graduates of Ottawa University that they have turned their backs on the institution that has made him what they are, but rather, that they may stand as a redoubtable defence against all attacks directed against it."

CANADA, *by T. Gormley, '06.*

"Canada, with its vast resources, its inland water-ways, and roads of steel from Atlantic to the Pacific, Canada, with its manufacturing industries and its teeming fields of gold and grain, Canada, with its splendid cities, its growing wealth and its prosperous trade, is bound to be the favorite of the new century. She is no longer the few acres of snow despised by a French King. Hers is a people enlightened and industrious, chosen from the best of the people of Western Europe. The Celtic element, the Irish race is an important factor, in its composition, and it's ours to see that our national characteristics play a part in leavening the Canada nationality of to-morrow.

"'Tis our duty to help in the development of this new nation, to give to it the best we have inherited from our Celtic ancestry, to infuse into the national life those instincts of faith, chivalrous ideal, honor and devotion that are the badge of our race the world over. We can do this by reading in the book of our past copying the noble exemplars so numerous there. The less we forget the more we can give and giving we ourselves shall realize true citizenship, we, whose fathers were deprived that right, and our fathers' fathers, until the hunger of it, forced them to leave the shores of Erin for the West, where beyond the heaving bosom of the Atlantic, they might find that liberty, prosperity and independence, denied them at home.

“We enjoy here the boon of self-government, a boon long denied to Ireland. Signs are not wanting that the dawn of better days is breaking. When the happy time comes and Ireland shall once more take her place in the world, she will remember that in her darkest hours Irish-Canadians or in fact all Canadians thought of her, sent time and again across the sea their vote of confidence in her, sent their money to her, because they knew too well the benefits of Home Rule in their own case. Let us then drink to Canada with the hope that her success may be Ireland’s liberty.

THE STARS AND STRIPES, *by F. Hatch '06.*

“What a burst of life, of principle, of enthusiasm, the very name of Columbia introduces, that land for which generation to generation have spent their substance, their energy and their virtue. Yes, it can be truly said that Columbia contains the cream and essence of all her predecessors.

Is it any wonder then, that Emerson once said “America is but another word for opportunity.”

Columbia is rich in industry, rich in history, rich in picturesque beauty, rich in agricultural resources, rich in mineral wealth and rich in territorial extent, in fact so vastly rich, that even the American citizen himself is at a loss to comprehend its mighty possibilities.

Yet we Americans, while we are proud of our glorious country, proud of her noble sons and daughters, proud of her free institutions, proud of her flag, yet we cannot forget, no, not for a moment, what that Emerald gem of the western world has contributed toward every gift of which we are the possessors. Yes, that little green isle is largely responsible for the making of the glorious American Republic.

Oh! If “Old Glory” could like a mirror reflect for a moment, the scenes it has beheld during that long revolutionary period at the dawn of our existence or more especially in that still bloodier struggle for the maintenance of the union, what bravery, what gallantry, what valor would it not attribute to the sons of St. Patrick as each laid his life as a sacrifice on the altar of freedom in order that his adopted country should not perish.

No, not even Waterloo, can rival the undaunted courage displayed by the Irish at Fredericksburg, where the bodies of those

soldiers laid in dense masses. These masses are the best evidences of what manner of men they were, who pressed on to death with the dauntlessness of a race which has gained glory on a thousand fields and which never more richly deserved it than in that grand cause of Columbia.

"It is not only to the rank and file, who poured out their blood so lavishly on so many fields of glory that the pen of the historian is confined in dealing with the Irish influence, but we find Meade, McClellan, Sheridan, Corcoran and 'Stonewall' as evidences that North and South equally appreciated the military genius and enthusiasm of of the exiled Irish race.

"It is hardly necessary to allude to what the Irish have contributed to the ecclesiastical calling, as each and all of us are deeply impressed with the facts. Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishops Ireland, Ryan and Quigley are but a few of the exalted types of eminence and distinction, to say nothing of the Irish priests as a body. A more zealous, faithful and efficient clergy can be found in no other country on the globe than in our fair Columbia.

"Literature and art are but in their infancy among us, but in what we have, Irish wit and skill are not altogether unknown. The names of Francis Ryan, the poet priest of the south, Thomas D'Arcy McGee and Maurice Egan are but a few of the brightest stars from the glorious Irish constellation which attest that Irish origin is by no means an obstacle to the possessions of the gifts of Minerva and Apollo.

"If we want examples of generosity, where shall we look for them if not among the Irish in America, what unbounded, what unlimited liberality do not the Irish of Columbia possess? Even day laborers and servants have sent millions of dollars as aid to their friends and relatives in the "Old Country" and aside from this enormous outflow, the Irish out of their poverty have raised schools, convents, yes and cathedrals, which are not only the wonder and admiration of the American people.

"So it is, were we to dissect each of the five great phases of our national life, we would find in them, no more brilliant lights than those of Irish origin, who not only have a love for the native land of their ancestors, but who have a truer, a fonder love for the greatest, the freest Republic the world has ever known, not only are th

proud of the glorious traditions of our country, but share with us, our history, our homes, our hearts and our common citizenship, which sympathy and love constitute the wealth and the strength of America in setting forth to the world the true principles of liberty."

IRELAND, *by T. J. Tobin, ob.*

"Love of the old country and of our Catholic religion seems to be pre-eminently the characteristic of our race. The passion of Irish patriotism is blended with whatever is ennobling and divine in our being, with all that is tenderest in our associations, and most inspiring in the longings of our hearts; it dawns upon us as sweetly as the memory of the first gaze of a mother's loving eyes; it is the whispered poetry of our cradles; it is the weird voices we hear from every graveyard where our father's lie sleeping, for every Irish graveyard contains the bones of uncanonized saints and martyrs; it is the message wafted across the sea from every ruined monastery and dismantled tower which even in their decay are the most stupendous memorials of a history and a race, which as a speaker said a moment ago, are

"Doomed to death, though fated not to die."

"The galleries of history exhibit no fairer picture than that of Erin in her golden age—"The one lustrous star in a European night." Her people enjoyed all the privileges and rights possessed by the citizens of a modern republic. Their chiefs were of their own choice. A system of law prevailed so mild that the bard was the most formidable power in the community. The sounds of festivity in their halls mingled with the chant of a thousand saints in their thousand churches. The enthusiasm of learning that lighted their schools comes down to us across the gloomy gulf of ages that followed, and make us doubt whether modern civilization with all its newfangled refinements, but redoubled cares, can offer anything to compare with the simple happiness of that old race, with their sparkling wit, their mirthful hearts, the sensitive organism which could be ruled by the power of music, and the glorious enthusiasm which inspired them to bear the ideal torch of religion and learning to the uttermost ends of the darkened world.

"That sainted murder and hypocrite apostle of the gospel (Henry II) had arrived to preach the ten commandments to the Irish. Then fol-

low those seven awful centuries of torture, the national Calvary and the crucifixion of a race; the Penal laws with their makers and executors, names execrable in history—Cromwell, that sanctimonious vandal; Ireton, his son-in-law, called in history "the lieutenant of the devil" Carew, Garcia, and a horde of smell-priests and white-caps, who infested every corner of the unhappy country.

"Finding their efforts to kill the religion of the Irish by persecution unavailing, the government began an attack upon the language, appreciating to its fullest extent the now well known Irish aphorism "Anam tir an teanga" (the soul of a country is its language). Here they partially succeeded, but now, thanks to the work of the Gaelic League, their efforts promise to be as futile as in the first case.

This in brief is the Irish persecution. The marvel is not that Irish civilization after struggling manfully through three centuries of Danish barbarism should have been able to face seven centuries more of English savagery, but that a book, a man, or even a ruin of the race should survive to tell the tale, after ten centuries of unceasing battle for the bare life. Not only has the Irish race survived that black déluge, but it emerges from that long eclipse with youth renewed, with strength redoubled, with hope undimmed, and with all the mental and moral capacities of a great nation. This second youth and vigor more robust than the first, after so horrifying an abyss of years, is a phenomenon of which history gives us no other example. And this regeneration is in a large measure due to the effort of the Gaelic League, which as the parliamentarians and the agrarian agitators both admit, has reached the very soul of the people. This great organization teaches the Irishman to respect himself, to foster national industry, and to know, to love and to speak his native language with all its beautiful Catholic associations. It teaches him that there is no disgrace but, to the contrary honor and privilege, in yielding to the natural instinct which tells him that his heart throbs with holier and more tender emotions when the pulpit speaks the language of the saints, and that his winter fireside is all the purer and brighter when it is warmed with the play of the old Gaelic fancy."

The Gaelic Revival Association of Ottawa.

UACHDARAN :

The Rev. Dr. O'Boyle, O.M.I.

VICE-PRESIDENTS :

John J. McGee. E. P. Stanton.

RUNAIRE-CISTEOIR :

T. J. Tobin.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY :

J. Martin O'Gara.

The association has elected the above named officers and holds its weekly meetings regularly. It is obligatory on each member in after class work to give an address, have a paper, or read the folk lore in connection with the movement.

On Monday, Feb. 2nd. great interest was manifested when Mr. McGee consented to give an address on the Gaelic movement itself.

He went on to say after giving sketch of the inception of the Gaelic Revival movement.

"It is said that the 19th century was the century of the United States, and it is also said that the 20th century is the century of Canada in the prospective development of its great wheat fields of Saskatchewan and Alberta through which I travelled last summer, and was amazed at the possibilities. I say further that the 20th century will be Ireland's century with the Gaelic Revival and judging from the way events are shaping themselves since the advent of the Liberal Party in England especially when the Right Hon. Mr. Bryce said in the House of Commons "that Home Rule had no terrors for him." Many people ask in this utilitarian age of dollars and cents what's the use studying Irish. I may answer by asking what's the use of Algebra, how much do we know now of surds, fluxions, Calculus, Euclid, Conic Sections, Ingonometry and so on. The study of Irish language, like the study of Latin, Greek and other languages develops the mind by comparative philology. It promotes a love for Irish history, literature, legendary and folk-lore. All of which engenders feelings of pride, self respect and love of country. We,

here, are but a unit but every unit has its place and though the study of the language is academic and especially suited to you young gentlemen students who deserve the highest praise in giving so much voluntary time to preserve the nationality of your forefathers because that is what its effect is, we, the externs, are willing to give our moral and financial support towards the promotion of your association.

The Gaelic movement is far reaching. It wages war against intemperance and is wages war against that quintessence of vulgarity and of all abomination known throughout the world as the "Stage Irishman." Like all other movements nothing was lacking in its beginning, "the apathy of the Irish people, the disdain of the Press and even the scoffers, of whom we have some in every community, who must accompany every good work. The Gaelic Revival is the last and most stupendous movement for the welfare and elevation of Ireland and the Irish people, that ever was conceived, etc. etc."

We regret that space does not allow to publish a more extended quotation from Mr. McGee's very instructive address.

Judging by the working accomplished by the Ottawa Branch of the Gaelic League during the current year and especially during the past month we may safely prophesy a splendid future for this Society. The energy, enthusiasm and devotedness of the members so far, speaks volumes for the aims of the Society and merits of the cause for which it is striving. The meetings so far have proven very interesting, more so as the season advances, as shown by the faithful attendance of the members. The class, under the direction of Mr. E. P. Stanton, is progressing in the acquisition of the Gaelic tongue, to which task an hour is devoted at each meetings. The study of the language though of great importance, is not the only feature of each meeting, for the members are treated also to a discourse on questions which bear on Irish affairs. On the whole the Society is following in the footsteps of the parent organization in Ireland.

"IRISH FOLK LORE."

On Monday evening, February 19th, Mr. Geo. Leyden read a selection from Mr. Douglas Hyde's Work "Irish Folk Lore." This work is of great value to the student of Gaelic for it is printed in the original with an English version along side. The idioms of the two

languages may be thus compared. The selection chosen was entitled, "The Son of the King."

While it bears the character of fable we have good reason to believe that there is much of the same wisdom as that contained in ancient Greek mythology, so well interpreted by Bacon and Ruskin.

REV. FATHER HARTY.

That the end of the Gaelic League is no mere fancy but something really tangible was amply demonstrated to even to the most sceptic by the Rev. Father Thos. Harty, of Ireland, in an address delivered in Irish before the Society, on the evening of March 5th. Father Harty is himself a Gaelic Leaguer, and, although he has learned the Irish language in his prime, he spoke so fluently that the more advanced students understood him, while the beginners appreciated his sweet-flowing accents.

After his address in Irish, he spoke in the vernacular. He set forth the aims, the work and the progress of the Gaelic League in Ireland. He showed that this organization was working a marvellous change in the country and the people. He laid great stress on the point that Home Rule might be beneficial to Ireland but that something else is required to hold the people together to keep them from emigrating, to preserve the Irish individuality and national identity.

To this work the Gaelic League has bound itself and has so far met with unqualified success. The people are becoming educated, the Irish language is being taught in the schools, Irish industries are multiplying, and emigration is diminishing, all through the efforts of the Gaelic Leaguers who no longer think it a disgrace to speak Irish, but are proud of their ability to do so. They no longer look towards England for manufactured goods, but patronize their own manufactures.

The address of Rev. Father Harty was thoroughly appreciated by those present especially as it came from one who was in the best position to speak on the question. The members, as a result, realize more than ever the practical service they are rendering, by co-operating in this country, in the work carried on in the mother land.

IRISH LITERATURE AND DRAMA.

On March 12th, Mr. Anthony Power read an excellent paper on

Irish literature and drama. He treated his subject briefly yet thoroughly and illustrated it by quotations from Yeats's poems, especially "Kathleen Ny Hulihan." This name was one used by poets in troublesome times when speaking of Ireland. Mr. Power showed that although ancient Irish literature had no drama like the ancient Greek, yet the people had the dramatic instinct. The new literature with the help of the study of Irish history will evolve a distinctly Irish drama.

Dr. Freeland made a few fitting remarks on the subject. Mr. E. P. Stanton called attention to a little leaflet, secured by Mr. J. J. McGee from Mr. P. O'Daly, secretary of the League in Dublin, for the objects of the Gaelic League.

AN IRISH NIGHT.

The feast of St. Patrick's was celebrated in a most becoming manner by the Gaels, on Monday evening, March 19th. To make the event an auspicious one invitations were extended to several non-members to be present at the meeting, which for the occasion was held in the fine museum of Ottawa University. An excellent programme of speech, music and song was carried out to the satisfaction of all.

Dr. A. Freeland, one of the pioneers of the society in Ottawa, addressed the gathering. He showed the importance of studying Irish history and the Irish language as the link between the present and the past. He gave some very interesting facts concerning the antiquity of the Irish, making them contemporaneous with Noah's grandson, in 2048 B. C.

Mr. John McDonald repeated Dr. Freeland's remarks in Gaelic. The audience marked their appreciation of the sweet sounding address by rounds of applause.

"Shool Agra," a Gaelic song, was rendered by the society's Glee Club, composed of Messrs. McCarthy, Golden, Clifford and Burns, with Mr. Fred Hatch as accompanist.

"Irish Folk Lore" was the title of a paper, read by Mr. T. J. Tobin, secretary, and which was taken from Lady Gregory's work on "An Craoibhin's Plays."

Rev. Dr. O'Boyle, O.M.I., president of the Society, spoke hopefully of the union of the Orange and the Green, that is of the "Pro-

testants of the North and the Catholics of the South," in the common cause. He instanced the fact that Dr. Hyde, who is the unanimous choice of the people of Ireland, is the son of an Anglican clergyman.

Dr. White, Dr. Thorburn, Mr. Edward Devlin and Mr. Barry Hayes congratulated the Society on the good work they have in hand. Mr. Hayes donated a book entitled "Irish Ideas," by Wm. O'Brien.

Mr. T. J. Tobin rendered "Credeamh ar n'athaireach."

Mr. E. Stanton addressed the gathering, explaining the object of the class work. He gave a brief history of the growth and development of the Gaelic League and expressed great hope for the future.

Messrs. McCarthy and Golden each contributed¹ to the evening's programme by rendering "The Meeting of the Waters" and "Killarney."

The meeting closed by singing once more at the request of the audience of "Shool Agra."

The Society in the past month has almost doubled in numbers, and indications point to a considerable increase in the near future. In fact it seems that it will soon be found necessary to establish another branch in the city to accommodate those desirous of entering the League.

The Gaelic League of Ottawa will be pleased if the other Irish Societies in the city and elsewhere would co-operate with it in the work it has in hand.



Of Local Interest.

Dr. MacDougall King Lectures before the Students.

On Wednesday evening, March 7th, Dr. MacDougall King lectured before the Scientific Society of the University on "Medical and Surgical Emergencies." Besides the members of the Society, there were present about two hundred and fifty students including the Brothers from the Scholasticate. Dr. King's lecture was excellent and thoroughly interesting. He explained to the audience the various methods for resuscitating persons who are prostrated or in a faint. He illustrated the simplest ones by going through the operations with a young man chosen from the audience, and demonstrated the operations for reviving victims of drowning accidents, and gave instances of cases where a person had been brought back to consciousness after several hours of artificial respiration. He then went on to give the simplest treatment for broken limbs and wounded arteries, giving some of his experience in South Africa. He also told in a concise but thorough manner what to do in case of convulsions, burns, poisoning and many other emergencies. At the conclusion of the lecture Messrs. W. P. Derham and G. W. O'Toole, in a few well chosen remarks, expressed the appreciation and satisfaction of the Society and of those present in moving a hearty vote of thanks for the very interesting and very practical lecture given by Dr. King. This was approved of by all present. The Scientific Society Orchestra, under the direction of the Rev. Father Lajeunesse, contributed to the evening's program.

The burning question of the hour is, "Why was the fasting table abolished?" Someone says it was because P. G. didn't live up to the regulations—or rather because he didn't follow the example of the others.

Those who have sworn off setting up pins during Lent, and haven't sworn off bowling, ought to do so at once.

The Dramatic Society intends putting on "Mr. Bluebeard" in the near future with F-I-a-r-a-It as leading artist.

Our senator has, of late, developed a remarkable tendency to commercial matters. We are told that he is often seen down on By Ward market inquiring what butter is worth. Have a care, Quam! You know the *Scotchman* does business along the same lines, and is a bad man to run up against.

The Hon. T. M. C. may be found in the Parliamentary library at any hour now, supposedly preparing his debate. The debate, however, is only a bluff.

At the last meeting of the Debating Society the subject discussed was: "Resolved that an immediate measure of self-government should be granted the Russian people." Messrs. E. Byrnes, '09, and J. Corkery, '09, argued for the affirmative and Messrs. C. O'Halloran, '09, and J. Murphy, '09; for the negative. The judges awarded their decision in favor of the affirmative.

Preparations are under way for the annual prize debate to be held on the 25th of April. The subject is: "Resolved that public utilities should be owned by the municipalities." Messrs. V. G. McFadden and E. J. Byrnes will uphold the affirmative, while Messrs. T. M. Costello and G. P. McHugh will oppose them.

The students are indebted to the Glee Club for a very pleasant evening on the feast of St. Thomas, March 7th. On the programme were several vocal and instrumental selections, a clog dance by Mr. F. Gallagher, and "three tugs of war." The first one between the representatives of Quebec and those of the "wild and woolly West," resulted in a victory for the former. In the second, the Waterbury boys, who had been worsted at hockey by the Ogdensburg bunch, struggled hard to regain their lost laurels, but it was in vain that Captain "F. Edgar" exhorted his men on to the supreme effort. Under the skilful direction of Captain Golden the boys from the 'burg pulled them all around the house. Special mention must be made also of Hollis Burns. His performance on the rope as end man was the sensation of the evening. Next came the men from "up the-creek" against the representatives of the Trent Valley. In the first pull, the latter succeeded in doing the trick, but, in the final

pulls, they were obliged to yield to their opponents despite the earnest exhortations of Captain "Quam" and the heroic endeavors of J. Rufus. Mr. E. P. Gleeson acted as umpire to the utmost satisfaction of the contestants.

The principal features of the evening were, however, an account of a very vivid dream, which is given below, read—and I guess dreamt, too—by Mr. T. M. Costello, and a very interesting and comprehensive paper on the life and works of St. Thomas, by Mr. J. Thomas Sloan. After the affair, those present retired to the dining-room for lunch, at which short speeches were made by Mr. Gleeson, Fr. Lambert, Fr. Hammersly, Fr. Fortier and others.

The local column would not be complete without an account of the Philosophers—Lay Profs. hockey game. March 7th, St. Thomas' day, will long be remembered by those fortunate enough to witness the clash on College rink. It is an old custom, handed down from generation to generation, that these teams, shall settle all grievances on that day, and especial interest was manifested in the game this year as the winners were entitled to challenge for the Stanley Cup. Thus it was that when Referee Gauthier called the men to the centre of the ice to give them a word of warning, every inch of available space was occupied by interested spectators, all eager to get a glimpse of the future champions. "Bun" Slatery, the other victim selected to aid in conducting the game, now made his appearance, and the steel-shod gladiators, white-faced, but determined, took their places. It was noticed that Profs. team had undergone some sweeping changes. Logan, who had deserted and joined Wanderers, was replaced at cover by Pakenham Smith, while "Shorty" Costello guarded the nets. Philosophers had also strengthened their team by securing Callaghan, who proved to be a find. We will not attempt to describe the game in detail, how the desperate charges of Bawlf and Costello were repelled by Filiatreault and O'Neil, how "Fat" McNeill in goal, with his immense proportions, turned aside lightning shots with exasperating coolness, and how Bushy mistook his own goal posts for Derham's feet and proceeded to chop them off. Neither will space permit us to publish "Tod's protestations when ordered to the benches for accidentally breaking his stick, or "Spider" Lacey's explanation of how he kept time. And then that heart-rending scene in the second

act when "Chimmie" and "Marly" discovered that they were from the same burg, and forthwith fell on each other's necks with sobs of joy. Even hardened old philosophers wept at the sight, and the deluge of tears which fell from the bystanders threatened to flood the rink. Suffice it to say that the score was one all, when Smith, who had been putting up a great game, was disabled by falling on Sloan's stick, and without their cover point. Profs. were greatly handicapped. They suffered an additional misfortune in the loss of ones, who, while attempting a difficult Shakesperian pose, was rudely body-checked by O'Neil, and put out of action.

Profiting by his absence, Philosophers scored two more goals, both being netted by O'Neil, who skated around Bushey for the first one, and over him for the second. This ended the match, but Profs. have protested the game on the grounds that the time-keeper was bought. It is also hinted that the Lanky Prof. from Peterboro' was "doped" by the enemy.

The line up was:

Philosophers—Goal, McNeill; point, Filiatreault; cover, O'Neil; forwards, Callaghan, Sloan, George and Derham.

Lay Profs.—Goal, G. Costello; point, Bushey; cover, M. Smith; forwards, T. Costello, Bawlf, McFadden, and Jones.

