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ETERNAL LOVE.

“When I shall be raised on high I will draw all things unto Myself.”



FATHER forgive, they know not what they do,
These men for whom my life-blood ebb'd away,
Remember not the rage, the taunts, the hate,
Poured out in torrents on that woful day ;
Appeased thy justice, calmed thine ire
Aroused by foul transgressions multiplied,
Father forgive and from abysmal depths,
Draw those for whom I fain again had died.

My plight-word this — all hearts to draw
Unto mine own, when from the heights
This earth-world lov'd and lost I saw.

F. F. GREY.

Ottawa, Passiontide, 1901.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF A TRULY GREAT AND GOOD SON OF ERIN.



HERE is such a wealth of treasured names to recall in connection with Ireland's great day one must stifle the desire to invoke them all, cherishing none the less each beloved claimant for a souvenir in this feast of reason and flow of soul. Let me, because the desire is irrepresible, recall the ever regretted John Boyle O'Reilly, sure that all of Ireland's dear departed are honored in him, and may the following condensed appreciation of this gifted and beloved man suffice,—it is only a fragment of the many splendid eulogies evoked by his too early death. We all are still in deep mourning for John Boyle O'Reilly, and though we do not refuse to be comforted as those who have no faith, it is safe to assert that we all want him. Men who knew him admired him for his splendid courage, his generosity, his invincible sense of honor; women admired him for his great personal beauty, his daring and his tenderness. He was a poet, too, not a long-haired mope, but a mighty six-footer who cropped his hair. He was a Fenian when he was a wild Irish boy. They arrested him, tried and sentenced him to death. He was so young that they commuted his sentence to life imprisonment, and they sent him to Australia. He escaped, with the assistance of the gaoler's daughter—God bless her!—and put to sea in an open boat. An American sailing vessel—good luck to her Stars and Stripes!—picked him up and landed him in Boston. He turned newspaper man and afterwards owned a journal. A great light went out when the fine Irishman closed his eyes. There was this inscription on a portrait of him :

Races and sects were to him profanity—
Hindoo and Negro and Celt were as one ;
Large as mankind was his splendid humanity—
Large in his record, the work he has done.

What a tribute! what a fine epitaph! Well may all the world miss this mighty Celt, miss him as they loved him. His own tribute to Robert Emmet seems the most fitting of his many poems to quote here.

THE PATRIOT'S GRAVE.

By John Boyle O'Reilly.

"I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished. I have parted with everything that is dear to me in this life for my country's cause—with the idol of my soul, the object of my affections; my race is run, the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to make at my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence! Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not ignorance or prejudice asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace! Let my memory rest in oblivion, and my tomb uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written."—*Speech of Robert Emmet in the Dock.*

I.

Tear down the crape from the column! Let the shaft stand white
and fair!

Be silent the wailing music—there is no death in the air!
We come not in plaint or sorrow—no tears may dim our sight;
We dare not weep o'er the epitaph we have not dared to write.

Come hither with glowing faces, the sire, the youth, and the child;
This grave is a shrine for reverent hearts and hands that are
undefiled:

Its ashes are inspiration: it giveth us strength to bear,
And sweepeth away dissension, and nerveth the will to dare.

In the midst of the tombs a gravestone—and written thereon no
word!

And behold! at the head of the grave, a gibbet, a torch, and a
sword!

And the people kneel by the gibbet, and pray by the nameless
stone

For the torch to be lit, and the name to be writ, and the sword's
red work to be done!

II.

With pride and not with grief
We lay this century leaf
Upon the tomb, with hearts that do not falter;
A few brief, toiling years

Since fell the nation's tears,
And lo, the patriot's gibbet is an altar !

The people that are blest
Have him they love the best
To mount the martyr's scaffold when they need him ;
And vain the chords that bind
While the nation's steadfast mind,
Like the needle to the pole, is true to freedom !

III.

Three powers there are that dominate the world—
Fraud, Force and Right—and two oppress the one ;
The bolts of Fraud and Force like twins are hurled—
Against them ever standeth Right alone.

Cyclopien strokes the brutal allies give ;
Their fetters massive and their dungeon walls ;
Beneath their yoke, weak nations cease to live,
And valiant Right itself defenceless falls !

Defaced is law, and justice slain at birth ;
Good men are broken—malefactors thrive !
But when the tyrants tower o'er the earth,
Behind their wheels strong Right is still alive !

Alive, like seed that God's own hand has sown—
Like seed that lieth in the lowly furrow,
But springs to life when wintry winds are blown ;
To-day the earth is gray—'tis green to-morrow.

The roots strike deep despite the ruler's power,
The plant grows strong with summer sun and rain,
Till autumn bursts the deep red-hearted flower,
And freedom marches to the front again !

While slept the right, and reigned the dual wrong,
Unchanged, unchecked, for half a thousand years
In tears of blood we cried, "O Lord, how long?"
And even God seemed deaf to Erin's tears.

But when she lay all weak and bruised and broken,
Her white limbs seared with cruel chain and thorn—

As bursts the clouds, the lightning word was spoken.
 God's seed took root—His crop of men was born !
 With one deep breath began the land's progression ;
 On every field the seeds of freedom fell ;
 Burke, Grattan, Flood and Curran in the session—
 Fitzgerald, Sheares and Emmet in the cell !
 Such teachers soon aroused the dormant nation—
 Such sacrifice insured the endless fight ;
 The voice of Grattan smote wrong's domination—
 The death of Emmet sealed the cause of Right !

IV.

Richest of gifts to a nation ! Death with the living crown !
 Type of ideal manhood to the people's heart brought down !
 Font of the hopes we cherish—test of the things we do ;
 Gorgon's face for the traitor—talisman for the true !
 Sweet is the love of a woman, and sweet is the kiss of a child ;
 Sweet is the tender strength, and the bravery of the mild ;
 But sweeter than all, for embracing all, is the young life's peerless
 price,
 The young heart laid on the altar, as a nation's sacrifice.
 How can the debt be cancelled ? Prayers and tears we may give—
 But how recall the anguish of hearts that have ceased to live ?
 Flushed with the pride of genius—filled with the strength of life—
 Thrilled with delicious passion for her who would be his wife.
 This was the heart he offered—the upright life he gave—
 This is the silent sermon of the patriot's nameless grave.
 Shrine of a nation's honor—stone left blank for a name—
 Light on the dark horizon to guide us clear from shame.
 Chord struck deep with the keynote, telling us what can save—
 "A nation among the nations," or forever a nameless grave.
 Such is the will of the martyr—the burden we still must bear ;
 But even from death he reaches the legacy to share.
 He teaches the secret of manhood—the watchword of those who
 aspire—
 That men must follow freedom, though it lead through blood and
 fire ;
 That sacrifice is the bitter draught which freedom still must quaff—
 That every patriotic life is the patriot's epitaph.

IRISH MISSIONARIES.

The nations have their parts assigned :
 The deaf one watches for the blind :
 The blind for him that hears not hears :
 Harmonious as the heavenly spheres,
 Despite their outward fret and jar,
 Their mutual ministrations are.

--AUBREY DE VERE.

HIS world is a stage on which each man plays a part assigned to him by an all-wise Providence. This part is called the man's vocation. Its proper fulfilment is destined to advance, however feebly, some cause. This is called the man's mission. A person becomes identified with the cause that he espouses ; so that, the nobler the cause that it is his mission to further, the nobler he becomes. The noblest of causes is the cause of religion, the cause of the one true religion, of Catholicity. He, therefore, who is called upon to do a work for the Catholic Church, has a mission that raises him above his fellow-beings.

What is true of individuals, is true of nations. And this ennobling religious mission is Ireland's mission. The philosophy of the history of Ireland that proceeds from any other hypothesis, than that the Irish people are destined, by Providence, to be the apostles, witnesses and defenders of God's Truth, will inevitably become entangled in a maze of inexplicable mysteries. Once admitted that the Irish nation has received the task, not of developing commerce, nor of perfecting agriculture, nor of conferring any such temporal benefit on mankind, but of bestowing on others that faith which they themselves so cherish, the finger of God becomes visible in every phase of the nation's existence. The Irish race is a race of missionaries.

When God calls an individual to a high mission, He fits him for the accomplishment of the duties inherent in his mission. This principle, applied to nations, explains the high state of civilization that Ireland had attained before the arrival of her apostle St. Patrick. It is well known to antiquarians that when the inhabitants of the neighboring countries were painted savages, the

Celts of Erin were a cultured people. Their bards sang the heroes of the clans in strains rivalling those of ancient Greece; the Brehons digested a code of law equal, in its conformity to natural justice, to the ancient Roman code; but their civilization far surpassed that of either Athens or Rome in point of morals and religion. Druidism, which taught the existence of one omnipotent God, was far superior to any other ancient religion, with the exception of revealed Judaism. It had an elevating influence on the mind, in singular contrast to the debasing influence of the material polytheism of Greece, Rome and other nations of antiquity.

The Irish were therefore better prepared for Christianity than any other nation. And when St. Patrick announced the Truth to them, they embraced it with unexampled readiness. Their minds "challenged by truth, with recognizing voice cried out, 'Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone!' and cleaved thereto." They were better prepared than others to understand the teachings of Christianity. They grasped them more firmly. Hence, Erin became a land of saints and scholars, with a celerity that seems miraculous, when compared with the tardy success that crowned the strenuous efforts which Christianity in other lands put forth in raising up to its own high level the degraded adepts of polytheism. St. Patrick himself was surprised at the ardor that his spiritual children manifested in consecrating themselves to the service of God in the highest form of Christian life, the practice of the evangelical counsels. This ardor went on increasing until the island became one vast monastery, the centre of learning and piety for all Europe.

A glance at the Roman Empire, that is, at the civilized world outside of Ireland, for the terms were then synonymous, will reveal the place that this wonderful development of Christianity in Ireland occupied in the designs of Providence. It would be hard even to imagine greater enervation and corruption than that of Roman society, before the fall of the Empire. Christianity had not succeeded in infusing new life into the decrepid form. "Christianity," says Montalambert, "had accepted that abject condition, as it accepts all, with the supernatural confidence of aiding what was good in it, and of lessening the evil. But

despite her divine force and origin—despite the humble and zealous devotion of the Fathers and pontiffs to the decrepid majesty of the Cæsars—despite her men of genius and her saints—Christianity had not succeeded in transforming the ancient world. Had she succeeded in taking full possession, with the elements which then constituted it, she could only have made a kind of Christian China." The corrupt refinement that has been called civilization, had to be swept away in a deluge of blood. God sent this avenging deluge, and history calls it the invasion of the barbarians. The hardy and manly Huns, Goths, Vandals and Quadi replaced the enervated Romans. They were ignorant and ferocious races, but they were simple-minded and energetic. They were the material of which the Church was to form the sturdy European nations. The work of their regeneration was long and tedious, but the Church at last triumphed over their ignorance and barbarity.

The part that Ireland took in the holy work, remains to this day her brightest glory. During all this troubled period, Erin, that vast monastery which Providence had erected at the extremity of Europe, poured out over all lands, from England to Austria, a constant stream of learned scholars and zealous missionaries, apostolic men, who displayed surprising energy in their efforts to convert pagan nations, to rekindle the light of faith in minds in which it had become extinct, to extirpate abuses, to raise the drooping courage of the persecuted, to bring back the degenerate to their primitive fervor. Their passage was marked by the erection of monasteries, centres of faith, piety and knowledge, that perfected and perpetuated the work begun. Irish monks founded 13 monasteries in Scotland, 12 in England, 7 in France, 12 in Brittany, 7 in Lorraine, 10 in Alsace, 16 in Bavaria, 15 in Switzerland, many in Thuringia and along the left bank of the Lower Rhine, and 6 in Italy. A short sketch of their labors, will suffice to show to what extent Europe is indebted to the Island of Saints and Scholars, for its reception of christianity and its consequent civilization. Saint Columbanus and his numerous followers evangelized the ancient kingdoms Neustria, Austrasia and Burgundy, which occupied the part of France that is contained between Brittany and Germany, north and east of the river Loire,

nearly half of the present Republic. The christian religion already existed in these regions ; but there were also many pagan tribes, as the Salian Franks around Amiens, and the Celetes of Normandy; and the Christians, owing to the fury of their continual wars and the negligence of their bishops, were Christians only in name. St. Columbanus revived Christian virtue and ecclesiastical discipline, by means of the monasteries that he founded. The monastery of Luxeuil, which he built in the primeval forests of Sesquania, now Franche-Comté, became the monastic and educational metropolis of all France. Monasteries chose the abbots among the monks of Luxeuil. Dioceses vied with one another in their efforts to obtain, for bishops, men trained in ecclesiastical sciences, and in the ways of the spiritual life, by the sons of St. Columbanus. The nobles of the south as well as of the north of France, considered it a distinction, to have their children educated at so famous a school of wisdom and sanctity. The principal cities of France, Autun, Lyons, Strasbourg and Langres, sent their sons in crowds to be educated at Luxeuil. The influence that St. Columbanus exerted through this monastery, and through the numerous monasteries that were founded all over the country, by colonies from Luxeuil, was so great that he is said to have civilized and educated France.

One of the most prosperous of the colonies that went out from Luxeuil was that which was established in Sithin, now St. Omer, in Belgium, by four Alamanni, St. Bertin, St. Omer, Mommolin and Ebertrammus. The country was inhabited by the Atrabates and Morins, who had already received the light of the Gospel, but who had returned to paganism. The work of their conversion, which had never been complete, was begun over again ; and the monks of Sithin took a glorious part in the accomplishment of the task.

From France, St. Columbanus passed into Germany, where he preached to the Sueves and Alamanni, along the Rhine. But these tribes would not receive the Gospel ; and Columbanus crossed the Alps to combat Arianism, which was predominant in Lombardy. He founded the monastery of Bobbio, which became for the north of Italy what Luxeuil was for France. He died at Bobbio in 615.

In Germany and Switzerland St. Columbanus left disciples, who were more successful than he had been. St. Gall converted Switzerland, of which he is still venerated as the apostle. St. Gall and his companions, Magnoald and Trudbert, converted the Alamanni. St. Kilian, St. Totnan and St. Colonat preached the Gospel in Bavaria. To show to what measure Germany has received the benefit of Irish missionary zeal it is sufficient to state that the catalogue of the saints of Germany contains the names of 150 Irishmen, whom the gratitude and admiration of the people evangelized by them have placed on the altars.

Scotland is another country to which the bright light of Erin's Faith was carried by her faithful sons. Caledonia, as the country was then called, was inhabited by the Picts and the Scots. The Scots occupied the western islands and part of the western shore. They were a colony that had left Ireland, shortly after the conversion of the island, and had probably remained Christians, at least in name. The rest of the country was inhabited by Picts. The Picts of the south had already been evangelized by Roman missionaries, Ninian and Palladius, but no traces of Christianity remained among them. No missionary had ever ventured among the ferocious Picts of the north. St. Columbkil, a voluntary exile from the Emerald Isle that he loved so well, established a monastery of Irish monks, on the rocky island of Iona. Thence, he and his companions made numerous voyages over all Caledonia, preaching to both Picts and Scots. St. Columbkil spent the last thirty-four years of his life in this work. He built more than a hundred churches and monasteries, remains of fifty-four of which are still found in Scotland. He had the happiness of seeing the Christian faith spread over all Caledonia before his death.

The monastery of Iona continued to flourish after the death of its founder, and its monks carried the Faith into England. St. Augustine, a Roman missionary, sent out by St. Gregory the Great, is the apostle of England. But it must not be supposed that he was to England what St. Patrick has been to Ireland. St. Augustine, and the Italian missionaries that accompanied him, succeeded in converting two of the seven kingdoms that formed the Heptarchy, Kent and Essex. Though Ethelbert, king of Kent,

was baptized by St. Augustine, all his subjects did not follow his example. Among those that remained pagans was his own son, Eadbald, who succeeded him on the throne, and brought nearly the whole people back to idolatry. In Essex, the Christian king, Sebert, was succeeded by his three pagan sons; and the people hastened to conform their religious persuasions to those of their sovereigns. Mellitus, the bishop of London, was expelled from Essex and took refuge in France. So that, in 645, forty-eight years after the landing of St. Augustine on the shore of Kent, all that remained of Christianity in England was a small community of Christians in Kent, grouped around the church and the monastery of Canterbury. In this year a Saxon prince, Oswald, who had been baptized whilst an exile among the Celts of Caledonia, whither the invasion of his country by the Britons had driven him, became king of Northumbria, after having expelled the invader. Oswald was a fervent Christian, and his first care was to call missionaries from the land of his exile to convert his countrymen. St. Aidan was sent over from Iona, with several of his brethren. He established a monastery on a small and almost barren island in the North Sea, near the coast of Northumbria. Lindisfarne, as it was called, became "the Iona of the Anglo-Saxons." From Northumbria Christianity gradually spread over the seven kingdoms. Sussex offered the longest resistance to the Gospel, but it was finally converted in 681 by St. Wilfrid, a Saxon monk, educated at Lindisfarne. So, thirty-six years after Oswald's appeal to the Irish monks of Iona, all England was Christian. She remained true to the Faith which she had received from Ireland until she was robbed of it by Henry VIII.

Though the countries already mentioned occupy no small part of Europe, Irish missionary enterprise was not limited to them. There is hardly a spot in Europe that has not witnessed the arder of the divine charity which prompted Irishmen to communicate to other lands the blessings of religion and of learning, in which their own dear isle of the ocean was so rich. Contemporary writers speak of them as "swarms of learned men," an "inundation" that swept over all Europe.

And whilst Irish missionaries were working prodigies of zeal in foreign countries, a not less apostolic work was being carried

on in Ireland. The Emerald Isle was the university of Europe, to which the youth that aspired to excellence in either sacred or profane science, instinctively directed his steps. The same schools that sent forth legions of missionaries, opened their doors to Cymbrians, Britons, Angles, Franks, Saxons, and Scots. In the monastic cities that were called the schools of Bangor, Clonard, Clonfert, Armagh and Louth, thousands of strangers, from all countries, received a gratuitous education; not only instruction, but books, lodging, food and even clothing being furnished them free from remuneration of any kind. The schools were supported by the princely donations of the chieftains and the continually in-pouring gifts of the clansmen. The Irish had, and have always had, a sort of veneration for the scholar, that made them consider it an act of religion to aid in his education. The clansman's humble gift, as well as the chieftain's lordly donation, was indeed an act of religion; for by it he was taking part in the fulfilment of Ireland's grand mission. He was helping to diffuse, throughout Europe the wealth of Ireland's Christian faith, Christian learning and Christian civilization. These schools gave England her Alfred the Great, and France her Dagobert. Louth alone educated more than a hundred European prelates.

Thus was Ireland the "lamp of the north when half the world was night." God gave her a sublime mission, part of which was to raise up civilized Christian nations from the hordes of barbarian invaders, that He, in His justice, had sent to wreak vengeance on the crumbling sin-cankered Roman Empire. Nobly and generously did she accomplish this part of her mission.

A. MADDEN, O. M. I., '98.

ROBIN THE COMFORTER.

POOOR little lonely wanderer
Singing at close of day,
A song that breathes of sorrow,
A weary mournful lay ;
You have struck a chord familiar
That echoes in my breast,
The song of a tired spirit,
A plea for love and rest.

We are kindred, robin red-breast,
And your song is sweet to me,
Though it tells the old, old story,
Of things that ne'er can be.
A story told so often,
That none will pause to hear,
For the great world must be working
While we linger, idle, here. •

So we'll mourn together, red-breast,
Till the sun has hung its head,
And the dying blush of twilight
From the dark'ning sky has fled
And I shall call thee comforter
For the blood-red sign of old,
For the mark that Calv'ry gave thee,
In the sacred legend told.

For 'tis said that thou, O red-breast,
Saw the bleeding Saviour die,
Saw His sacred life blood gushing,
Heard his last despairing cry.
In that one supremest moment,
When a God gave up his will,
Thou whisperedst soft a requiem
And nestled closer still.

It is growing darker, red-breast ;
It is dark within my heart ;
There will be no light, O robin,
Till in life I've played my part.
But still I call thee comforter,
For the promise thou hast brought,
For the glimpse of rest eternal,
For the lesson thou hast taught

T. F. M.

Passion-tide, 1901.



"IRLANDA! IRLANDA! SEMPRE FIDELE."

TWO grand organizations lead men to their final end. The State is organized to look after man's well-being in the present life. It is his servant commissioned to keep order around his dwelling, that he may not be disturbed from the great affair of his life. Unutterably nobler is the mission of the Church; for to her—and to her alone—has Christ entrusted the heavenly work of safeguarding God's rights on earth, of preaching His infinite mercies to mankind, of ministering to the wants of souls that hunger and thirst and of bringing them home to the arms of their fond Father.

Truly a momentous truth is this that the State and the Church lead us to our last end. From it in fact, as from their source, spring the duties the exact performance of which entitles a man to be called Christian, to be called Catholic. The Catholic loves his country, the Catholic love his church, but he loves his church more than his country. No right has he to the glorious title of Catholic who fails in rendering these duties; whose love for the Church manifests itself in sweet edifying words that lose their sweetness when contrasted with his actions; or whose life is marked by a love of preference for the State. But what is here laid down as the criterion for judging whether an individual is a genuine Christian, applies not less certainly to the body of individuals called the nation. Any nation on the one hand, across the page of whose history is written the tale of frequent violation of the authority of Jesus Christ in the person of his Vicar on earth, that has sanctioned, tacitly, if not outspokenly, a system of iniquitous laws framed to cripple the action of the Church by imposing outrageous restrictions upon her clerics, or that has not blushed to stand by rulers whose lives have been or are an avowed conspiracy against the Catholic religion, that nation surely cannot reasonably say that her history is preëminently Christian; while on the other hand, the nation that throughout the course of ages that separate us from the day of her baptism, has shown herself jealous of the rights of the Holy Father, that has been ever on the alert to ward off danger from her priests, that has abandoned rulers who be-

trayed the cause of the Catholic faith, is it not with truth and justice that such a nation glories in her essentially Christian character? With justice then and with truth can the Irish people glory in their past, for their past is essentially Catholic and without a parallel in the history of the world.

Of loyalty and love to country, to its laws and customs, which are the distinctive marks of patriotism, what nation has shown more lasting proof than the Irish? Feudalism confronted Europe—feudalism which vested in the king alone all rights to the land and left to the lower classes no choice but to be slaves—and asked to be admitted. For a while France would not hear of it but growing weary of the conflict submitted. Germany and England, Italy and Belgium likewise bowed down before it. Ireland alone of all the European nations refused to become a slave of this system. The Normans had imposed it upon France, they had imposed it upon England and in 1169 they landed in Ireland, there to try a similar experiment. They built their castles, they claimed the land, they filled the island at times with troops to force the population to be serfs. But did they succeed? After four hundred years of ceaseless war they had to admit that they could not succeed. The king of England had the title of Sovereign Lord of Ireland and no more. "The Irish Lords," wrote Sir John Davies, "governed their people by the Brehon law; they appointed their own magistrates and officers; . . . they made war and peace one with another, without control; and this they did not only during the reign of Henry II., but afterward in all times, even until the reign of Queen Elizabeth." But remarkable indeed! not only did the Irish not submit to the English laws but in the words of the same Sir John Davies "the state of things was so turned about, that the English, who hoped to make a perfect conquest of the Irish, were by them perfectly and absolutely conquered, because *Victi victoribus leges dedere.*" The ever famous "Statutes of Kilkenny," the terms "Hibernis hiberniores," the name "English rebels" are but so many proofs of this triumph of Celtic patriotism.

The Irish had likewise been true to their country when the fierce children of the north in the ninth, tenth and eleventh centuries swooped down upon lovely Erin to rob her of her faith and freedom. Far greater courage did they show than any of European countries

where the same intrepid warriors landed their hosts, for France gave up Normandy, England gave her entire kingdom, Italy ceded part of her territory, while Ireland gave to these brave Norsemen for their inheritance a briny ocean grave. Truly Irishmen have proved by these deeds alone, that they loved their country with an all-sacrificing love.

Notwithstanding their intense love for Erin, the children of St. Patrick have never forgotten the sacred duty of loving the Church more than country. Of this they gave a grand proof at the time of the so-called Reformation. Ireland was then disunited and had been so for four hundred years. Kings disputed with one another the supreme rule in the isle, chief warred upon chief. National unity seemed gone forever, since not even the danger from enemies without could inspire the chieftains with wiser counsels. But no, not yet. What love for country could not do, love for religion was quickly to accomplish. Henry VIII. and Elizabeth were to be the saviors of Ireland's nationality. They had abandoned the Catholic faith—the faith to which their ancestors had clung for a thousand years—they had even invented a religion of their own, and having had it accepted by their countrymen, they tried to force it upon the people of Ireland. The result was wonderful. At once, by a common impulse the barriers of the clan were thrown down, petty quarrels were forgotten and the entire nation rallied to the standard of the cross, around which they have stood to this day.

The Irish have loved their Church with an unparalled love. Since Patrick taught the nation the Truth Divine more than 1400 years ago, never has this race elect rejected one iota of the Church's teaching, nor adhered to doctrines that have fallen under the Church's censure. Heresy appeared but once in the island, and even then it was fostered not by Irish but by Anglo-Normans. "It is a remarkable fact," says Father Thébaud, S.J., in his "Irish Race," "that at the beginning of the fourteenth century the name of heresy is mentioned for the first and last time; the new doctrines bearing a close resemblance to some of the errors of the Albigenses, and their chief propagators being all lords of the Pale." He further adds that "the number of the sectarians was so small as to become almost insignificant;

the English of the Pale were always few in comparison with the natives, and heresy had been adopted by only a small body." To stamp it out "the sentence of the bishop, the decree of excommunication pronounced from the foot of the altar, was all that was required." Thus it is Erin's glory never to have produced an heresiarch. Can the same be said of any other nation? At an early period the eastern countries were ravaged by heresies. Persia, Asia Minor, Syria, Africa, were all in succession invaded by frightful heresies which were soon—too soon, alas! to make such rapid strides in the countries of Western Europe. France, from the year 1148 to 1228 was the stronghold of the Albigenses, a sect so powerful and so vigorous that Pope Innocent III. enjoined upon the faithful to take up arms to crush it. The heresy of Jansenius found in France some of its most ardent supporters. Spain and Italy, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Poland, history tells us, at some time or other found themselves ravaged by heretical teachings, whilst heresy became the State religion of England, Sweden, Denmark, and some provinces of Germany. Am I claiming too much when I assert that Ireland's fidelity to the Catholic Church is unparalled in the history of the world?

The Irish race has ever shown a love of preference for the Church. The priest has ever held first place in the affections of Irish people. As Father Thébaud beautifully says "from the first preaching of Christianity among them, all earthly dignities have paled before the heavenly honors of the priesthood." To have their son a priest offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has ever been the greatest happiness of Irish mothers—a happiness for which they would refuse no sacrifice. And it was their best son, their most gifted son, whom they set apart for the service of God. This setting of the Church's claims above those of the State is characteristic of the race. In the twelfth century McMurrrough, king of Leinster, was expelled from his kingdom by his subjects whose feelings of morality his scandalous elopement had glaringly outraged. In the sixteenth century Henry VIII conferred patents of nobility on the Irish chieftains O'Neill, O'Donnell, O'Brian, Burke and Fitzpatrick, and bestowed upon them lands of which he had robbed the Dominican and Franciscan Friars in Ireland. Now came the test of Ireland's Catholicity. What would she do? Her

chiefs were honored by the king of England with brilliant titles on the one hand and they loved their chieftains; on the other their chieftains had accepted the abbey lands belonging by right to the ministers of religion and the nation loved its priests. Yet there was no hesitation. Instead of loud acclamation and welcome greetings the false Irish chieftains found on their return that the people had cast them off and gathered around new chieftains. They all died miserably for having violated the religious feelings of the people. And still the race stands jealous of its religion. Parnell was high in the people's love and veneration, and great hopes were built on his Home Rule policy. Had he not the whole of Ireland at his back, and yet, when he was about to reap the fruits of his long labor, when he was about to confer an inestimable boon upon Ireland, the nation would not accept it from his hands, but turned away from him as it had turned away from O'Neill of old. He had outraged the moral feelings of the nation.

This has been Ireland's way of acting towards her priests and her religion. Is there a nation in Europe that could not learn something from these examples? The French people especially would do well to have imitated and to imitate Ireland. Their history is conspicuous for the frequency with which they allowed their kings to encroach upon the rights of the Catholic religion. In fact Louis XIV. had the whole French clergy, and of course the people, from 1682 to 1692 upholding him in opposition to the See of Rome. Previous to that time the nation had been the cause of the famous Western Schism, for this schism in the words of Darras "*se perpetua sous l'influence de la politique française.*" A hundred years ago France not so much as protested against the indignities heaped upon Pius VII. by Napoleon Bonaparte. To-day France and Italy are governed by Socialists and Freemasons vowed to destroy the Church. Surely the land of St. Louis could learn a valuable lesson from Irish history. What love can a people have for their priesthood when they consent to laws which force seminarians to take their place in the rank and file and spend a year of military service?

At the beginning of the last century (1813) the Irish gave to the world a remarkable proof of their jealousy of State interference

in Church affairs. Three centuries of gloom had visited the island, all which time the strength of the British empire and the ingenuity of crafty legislators were called into play to put an end to Ireland's faith. Hundreds of thousands of Irishmen had been slaughtered or exiled, hundreds, nay thousands, of priests had been killed, education had been proscribed, the land had been taken away from the people, but the Faith lived on. At length the spirit of tolerance awoke and John Bull growing ashamed of his inhumanity and bigotry resolved to repair the wrong he had done. Canning drew up a bill of Emancipation giving back to Catholics the rights of which they had been robbed, asking only in return that England should have power to "veto" the nomination to bishoprics. The Premier of England was, no doubt, sanguine of success. Ireland had been suffering so long and so terribly that she would welcome any measure tending to emancipation, even conditional. Moreover, had he not seen Catholic France in the person of her emperor Napoleon Bonaparte force upon Pius VII. the memorable "Concordat," a measure which gave to the State far more power than did the "veto." Besides Cardinal Quarantotti, who managed affairs in Rome—the Pope was in a French prison—thought the measure a great boon for those stormy times and wrote to Bishop Poynter of London advising him to accept it. English Catholics, lay and clerical, welcomed the measure, and a few so-called "respectable" Catholics of Ireland were fully in favor of it. But Ireland on that question would take no condition from the state. Bold, inflexible, fearless, the nation would not hear of the English government interfering in the appointment of bishops. They rose to a man under immortal O'Connell, and never stopped till in 1829 they wrested from the English parliament and King full unconditional independence for the Catholic Church.

Ireland is then a nation which has always preferred the rights of the Church to those of the State. Would that this truth were more universally recognized as this essay attempts to make it, would that students of history comprehended it more fully, would that writers of history would tear from their eyes the scales that blind them to this fact. Our gloriously reigning pontiff, Leo XIII., has on two different occasions distinctly recognized this truth so glorious for Ireland. The first occasion was four or five years

ago when Very Rev. Prior Glynn conducted an Irish pilgrimage to the Eternal City. Here are the beautiful words uttered by His Holiness: "My children, I welcome you from my heart. I am the Father of the Faithful, and you are the best beloved of my children. You come to me from the most Catholic country in the world—a country that has suffered fearlessly, cheerfully, persecution, imprisonment and death for the Faith's sake. Yours is a peculiar faith. This faith that was planted in your country by the blessed Apostle St. Patrick it is impossible to eradicate." What he said in Father Glynn's time he confirmed last year when Rev. Father Ring, O.M.I., conducted the Irish pilgrims to the shrine of St. Peter. It was then the Pontiff uttered those glorious words which begin this essay and by which it here ends: "Irlanda! Irlanda! Sempre fidele."

W. F. McCULLOUGH, C.M.I., '01.



IRISH LOVE-WORDS.



LONG years have passed, since when a child, I heard it
 The Irish tongue, so full of melody ;
 Yet memory oft, like strains of sweetest music,
 Recalls my mother's fond "Agra machree."
 When pain or grief oppressed me, how caressing,
 Her soft "Alanna"; as she stroked my hair ;
 What other tongue hath term of fond endearment,
 That can with these in tenderness compare ?
 Acushla ! sure the hurt were past all healing.
 That was not soothed when that fond term was heard ;
 Asthore! the pulses of my heart, receding,
 Would thrill responsive to that loving word.
 Mavourneen ! time and place and distance vanish ;
 A child once more beside my mother's knee,
 I hear her gently calling me, "Mavourneen"!
 And in her eyes the tender love-light see.
 What matter whether dark my hair, or golden,
 She greeted me her "colleen bawn" most fair,
 To other eyes I might be all unlovely ;
 I was her "colleen dhas" beyond compare.
 Long years have passed, alas, since last I heard it,
 That sweetest music to my listening ear,
 My mother's voice, perchance, when life is ended,
 "Cead m'ille Failthe!" once again I'll hear,

CATHARINE HIGGINS,

In The Gael.

A TOAST FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY.



HERE'S to the gladsome day so long wished for, prayed for, fought for, died for, of Ireland's readjustment! Back to the days when Malachi wore the collar of gold? Oh, no! Nor back to the days of the four kingdoms spoiled by a McDermott? No, no. Back to the days of good Queen Bess? Ye powers forbid! Back to the ungrateful times of Stuart defection? Never. Forward is the cry, not backward; forward to perfectly understood *Home Rule*, and to all that the wisest and best expect from nobly administered Home Rule! May the saint whose name brings each year a new glow to Irish hopes make his power felt. May he impart to us the true spirit for a national holiday. May we never lose the spirit of faith that has been Ireland's glory through all years of sorest test; above all things, may St. Patrick's day be ever for us a commemoration of the triumphs of faith. May the soul joys of this day prevail wherever the blessed bells are heard, wherever the bright tapers shine in his honor. May no Irish heart to-day fail to return thanks for the good done through Irish faith and hope and love! And while we, here, in the farther west look wistfully toward that once beauteous land, may we be granted the vision of the restored beauty; may we see plainly, through the shadows, the sunburst beginning to gleam upon its hills and dales; may we never lose the true spirit of this day! Erin's sorrows are still felt, but this day is and always must be a glad day. The sons of Erin, wherever their lot be cast, are strong to serve; God bless them! The history of Ireland may be a sore puzzle to our believing hearts, but there is a just God, and all justice-loving people in God's fair world will bring about at last the revelation of the "glory of the sum of things;" and the mystery of the long-suffering nation will be cleared, the sighs of Erin's children will be heard no more; her exiles will return home, her enemies will be enlightened, and Patrick's land will once more be the "fairest gem of earth." So here's to old Ireland and to new Ireland—from the Canadian Irish who pray—

God's blessing and His holy smile
 Rest on our dear old Erin's Isle,
 And her immortal shamrock!
 From fresh hills though far away,
 While through these western lands we stray,
 From those dear hills there come bright rays
 Of the golden light of other days,
 So here's to the maple leaf and shamrock!

Ottawa, 17th March, 1901.

WILL L. STONE.

THE ANNUAL ST. PATRICK'S DAY BANQUET.

"For every land their life
Has flowed profuse, their piercing genius planned
And swelled the pomp of peace their faithful toil.
As from their own clear-north, in radiant streams,
Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal morn."

JUST sixteen years have elapsed since the Irish students of Ottawa University introduced the custom of celebrating their national holiday with a grand banquet. We may well surmise that that patriotic entertainment did not attract much attention: however it was a step in the right direction and was destined to be far-reaching in its effects. If its promoters were actuated by the belief that from "low beginnings rise oftentimes the works of greatness," as we have no doubt they were, their most sanguine hopes have, long since, been realized; for their example has been emulated ever since, and each succeeding year, with increased facilities and greater experience, some new feature has been added, until the St. Patrick's Day banquet has come to be recognized as an event of annual occurrence, and St. Patrick's Day the most important fixture in the College calendar.

This year, owing to unfortunate circumstances over which the students could have no control, it was feared that the time-honored practise would have to be abandoned. Up to Thursday, the 14th instant, it was generally thought that there would be no banquet, but on that day came the glad announcement that all difficulties had been smoothed over and that no departure from the usual manner of keeping the anniversary of Erin's patron saint would be necessary. With only three days left to prepare, the energetic committee set about their difficult task; but it was a labor of love, and the gratifying results show that the obstacles to be surmounted only served to ensure the achievement of a more splendid success; for so well were their efforts rewarded that the banquet of 1901 is unanimously pronounced to be in every way equal, and in many respects superior, to any similar festivity in the history of the institution.

As the 17th fell on Sunday, the celebration was deferred to the following day. At 12.30 p.m. the doors of the senior recreation hall were thrown open, and the spacious apartment was soon filled by an enthusiastic crowd of students, whose merry, laughing faces betokened universal good feeling and general rejoicing. Next were ushered in the guests, foremost among whom were His Excellency Mgr. Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to Canada ; Very Rev. Fr. Jodoin, Provincial of the Oblates ; Rev. Dr. Fallon, Hon. John Costigan, Mr. F. A. Anglin, '85, and Mr. D'Arcy Scott. The other places around the guests' table were filled by Rev. N. Nilles, O.M.I., vice-rector ; Rev. Fr. Corbett, V. G. Cornwall, Ont. ; Rev. Fathers Lambert, Lajeunesse and Fallon, jr. ; Rev. Brothers Kirwin, Ouimet and Fortier ; Mr. G. E. Fitzgerald, '97 ; Mr. G. D. Prudhomme, '97 ; Mr. E. P. Stanton, Prof. Horrigan, Mr. T. F. Clancy, '98 ; Mr. Jos. Fahey, Mr. W. Ralph, Mr. J. A. Meehan, '00, and Mr. Bob. Cameron.

Difficult indeed would it be to give anything like an adequate idea of the magnificent sight that met the gaze of the assembled throng. Suffice it to say, that while nothing more could be desired in the form of edibles, the beauty of the decorations surpassed all previous efforts. McGillicuddy's orchestra was in attendance, and entertained the company with choicest Irish music ; the selections rendered being well-timed and appropriate, contributed largely to the genuine enjoyment of all. When the hundred and fifty enthusiastic admirers of Ireland's great apostle had taken their places around the festive board, and the dulcet ring of St. Patrick's Day had ceased, His Excellency pronounced the grace. That was the signal for the commencement of hostilities, and forthwith everyone fell to with a will. While the good things so lavishly provided are disappearing, we may be permitted to make a clipping from the menu card. The intellectual feast in store comprised eight courses, as follows :

TOASTS.

1. The See of Peter—

Response by J. R. O'Gorman, '01.

2. The Day—

" Fusion of hearts and confusion of colors,
Is an Irisman's toast on St. Patrick's Day."

J. E. McGlade, '01.

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3. Our Fair Dominion— M. E. Conway, '01.
 4. Ireland's Glories—
 " This land is Eire, no nation lives like her."
 W. A. Martin, '02.
 5. The Land of Washington— J. P. Gookin, '02.
 6. Ireland's Sorrows—
 " O weep those days, the penal days,
 When Godless persecution reigned."
 J. T. Warnock, '01.
 7. Alma Mater— E. E. Gallagher, '02.
 8. Soggarth Arcon— Rev. E. J. Cornell, O.M.I., '95.

Add to this that toastmaster A. P. Donnelly, '01, who united in his person the concentrated essences of every known literary relish, seasoned every dish, and you may form an idea of how thoroughly this part of the programme was enjoyed. After the material part of the good things had been treated as they deserved, and smoke began to rise serenely from the ruins, the toastmaster also arose, to the announcement of the speech-making. Letters of regret were read from the Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, Solicitor General, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, and Rev. Fathers Murphy and Antoine, all of whom were unable to attend, owing to previous engagements. Mr. Donnelly then proceeded to open the literary part of the entertainment with a few appropriate remarks relating to the object of the banquet.

Hon. John Costigan was the first speaker. The honorable gentleman regretted very much that he was not at liberty to spend the whole afternoon with the students, but duty called him elsewhere. He spoke feelingly of the pleasure it afforded him to be present at such a gathering, and especially in an institution like this where, he felt sure, the future lights of the country were being trained up; he also referred to his connection with the Coronation Oath resolution, saying that what he did, he considered his duty as a representative Catholic. In conclusion he thanked the students for their invitation.

Hereupon the first toast was duly announced; proposing "The See of Peter" Mr. Donnelly said: "You will note, gentlemen, that, true to the genius of Irish history, we toast first the

See of Peter. March 17th is Ireland's national day because it is the feast of her great apostle. It is first and above all a religious feast. Celestine sent Patrick in the fifth century to turn pagan Ireland into a garden of the Catholic Church. Since that time the children of Erin have never lifted a hand against a successor of Celestine. In recent years when nations of Europe treated so rudely peaceful Pius IX. and our own illustrious Leo, from helpless Ireland the Popes received sympathy and blessings. And now when our Holy Father stands almost on the threshold of eternity, his last feeble glances ranging dolefully over the wrecks which sin and error have wrought among his family of nations, his eye lingers on that green little isle amid the waves, and from millions of warm hearts flash back messages of love and loyalty to cheer and support the aged pontiff in his Vatican prison. It is to do him honor by all his titles and, with the prayer that he may add years and lustre to his already long and glorious pontificate, that I ask you, as Catholics and as Irishmen, to drink with me a toast which I propose to the See of Peter."

Mr. J. R. O'Gorman, '01 responded ; which is equal to saying that this inspiring theme was ably, and worthily treated. For beauty of thought and style this address could hardly be excelled. It is as follows :—

Mr. Toastmaster, Your Excellency, Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen :

St. Patrick's Day is with us again. One more we are assembled to celebrate the national feast of our race, to commemorate the joys and sorrows and glories of Ireland and the Irish. To-day, the world over, the sons of the Emerald Isle unite to do honor to the great saint who brought to the dear land of our fathers "the gift of God's faith," that priceless boon whose heroic preservation has crowned with an immortal halo the name of Ireland. And when we recall that sad, sweet story, should not we of Irish blood render unto the Almighty most fervent thanks for the constancy and perseverance of our ancestors, which has been the means of endowing us with an unsullied heritage of faith? Thankfulness for our fathers' unshaken loyalty to their religion through centuries of direst sufferings, joy and pride for their glorious triumph over the heretic foe—these are the

sentiments uppermost in the Irish heart to-day. It is in this spirit of devotion to the Faith, which the blood of a martyred people has kept alive, and which to-day burns as brightly as in the lifetime of our Apostle, that we are prompted upon this annual celebration of St. Patrick's feast to turn first of all to the eternal fountain of our religion, to that Christ-built rock which has been Ireland's inspiration and support in her day of trial, the See of Peter

The bond which unites the Papacy and the Irish race has stood the crucial test. The isle of his early thralldom Patrick in turn made captive to the Roman Pontiff with the golden chain of Faith, a chain which has never been broken. No, for these links upon which the persecutor's sword wrought its power in vain were forged on Cruachan's Mount where Patrick's indomitable will gained his beloved country God's pledge of eternal fealty. Fifteen hundred years have passed away, and Rome has seen that chain withstand the repeated shocks of a tyrant's relentless hate, while less fortunate nations weakly fled "the sacred scandal of the Cross." But to Ireland as to Peter's See, Christ's covenant that against it "the gates of hell should not prevail," assured the invincible strength of that tie of Faith. Not all the powers of Satan behind the legions of the Saxon could stamp out our holy religion in the island of the shamrock.

From the day that Celestine commissioned Patrick "to win to Christ one realm the more," there has existed an uninterrupted communion between Ireland and the See of Peter. This is the peculiar glory of our nation, that of all Catholic countries, she alone has never for a moment been estranged from the Papal rule. Dangers many and great she passed through, but guarded by her Apostle's prayers and guided by some supernatural instinct, she never faltered in her allegiance. No anti-pope or heresiarch ever led Ireland astray. The Celestines and Innocents and Leos, that long glorious roll of those who have occupied the Papal chair, have been gladdened by the knowledge that one nation at least remained ever true to them.

During the first five centuries of the Christian era, Ireland was the missionary and educational centre of Europe. Then was her Church "in the full beauty of its bloom," the consolation and

hope of the Pontiffs. St. Patrick's dying words were yet fresh in the minds of the people, bidding them cleave unto the "rock of ages" with unquestioning obedience and confiding love. Every difficulty they unhesitatingly referred to the "Head of Cities." It was this unwavering filial devotion which saved Ireland in her hour of trial, as it was proud self-reliance and lukewarm affection which proved the bane of other nations.

When the trying period came, Erin was not found wanting. The heaviest because most unexpected blow came from Rome itself. Misled by false Henry's exaggerated representations of the disordered state of Ireland, the Pope granted him a Bull, approving his design to enter the country and repair the alleged abuses. To find the Holy Father for whom they entertained such a sincere regard, countenancing the invasion of their land, considering themselves as little better than heretics, this cut to the quick the sensitive Irish people. What wonder had they, then and there, lost confidence in the See of Peter and fallen away. For less than this have other people forsaken the banner of the Church, and this cruel blow would probably have sounded the death-knell of Catholicity in any other country save peerless Ireland. But, it is remarkable, never for an instant did the faithful Irish cherish a bitter feeling towards the Holy See for its unfortunate action. They seem to have realized by some divine intuition, that the motives animating the Popes were just though mistaken. Their confidence in Rome remained unshaken, their respect and reverence undiminished, even when the misused authority of the Church weighed heaviest upon them. There is no prouder page in Erin's glorious annals than this record of her patient endurance of undeserved affliction at the hands of the mother she loved.

But the time arrived when the Papal court saw its mistake. In England the Popes had leaned upon a broken reed, to learn by contrast the worth of her sister isle. To Ireland now they turned as their last hope, nor were they disappointed. The deep-rooted faith of St. Patrick's children nobly withstood the final test. Erin's days as a nation were numbered, but though vanquished she was not conquered, for the enemy could not deprive her of her faith. We need not dwell upon her sufferings during that "long

night of sorrow." They are imprinted in-undying characters upon every Irish heart. Never till the latest day shall the world forget the heaven-inspired heroism of the people which through 300 years fought, bled and endured worse than the pangs of death for Faith and Fatherland,

"The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained."

All through that long, fearful struggle Rome stood by her martyr-daughter, ever ready with material as well as moral support. More than once were expeditions fitted out at the Papal expense to aid the armies of Catholic Ireland. The former misunderstanding seemed but to have made the Irish nation doubly dear to the heart of the Supreme Pontiffs. The tie that bound them received new strength from each fresh persecution. In fact from the moment of the destruction of their national monarchy the Irish seem with one accord to have turned to the viceroys of the King of Kings, the head of their Faith, as to their rightful sovereign. 'Twas his cause for which they fought, 'twas his counsels guided them. Side by side with Erin's Sunburst of green and gold floated the yellow and white standard of the Pope-King, and "the Catholic Army" of Owen Roe emblazoned on their banner the cross and keys, proclaiming to the world that Ireland's nationality and her religion were one.

And when her sons were forced to bid farewell to the green hills of Innisfail, Rome, the Eternal City "to which from the earliest date their hearts fondly turned," afforded a kindly refuge to the unhappy exiles. Thither the two great Earls, O'Neil and O'Donnell, as well as many another illustrious Irish chieftain, took their way, and were received with open arms by the Holy Father. It was indeed fitting that these heart-broken sons of Erin who had fought so long and valiantly for the Faith should find their last resting place in the city of the Popes, "the common asylum of all Catholics." Such a happy consummation to his labors was the wish also of the famous liberator, the greatest of Catholic laymen, Daniel O'Connell. It could not be gratified, but when with his dying breath he commended his noble soul to his Creator, and his massive frame to the sod which gave it birth, he bequeathed his heart,—that heart, great, generous and loyal to

the core, whose every throb bespoke its overflowing love for the faith of his native land—that heart he bequeathed to the Rome for which he had fought, and which he vain had seen. And if the Irish nation has no longer to fight for her religion as in penal days, yet the attachment of her sons to the Holy See has by no means grown cold. When the throne of the gentle Pius IX required defenders, many an Irishman was to be found enrolled under the Papal colors. But last year a new proof of Irish love and devotion to the See of Peter was shown in the grand jubilee pilgrimage from the Emerald Isle. What feelings of pride and happiness, what mingled memories of grief and glory must have possessed the hearts of those devout pilgrims when they knelt at the Holy Father's feet in special audience and heard him exclaim, "The dear Irish, always faithful, they never fell away." These few simple words of the saintly Leo need no comment; they speak volumes.

To him then, the grand old Prisoner of the Vatican, let me offer an humble tribute in behalf of that race which he loves so well. When the history of the latter part of the nineteenth century comes to be written the most prominent name on its page will be that of Leo XIII. It has ever been the distinguishing feature of the Papacy—that which has contributed most to its preeminent grandeur and proclaims it a divine institution—that the choice of the Sacred College has fallen upon a man who was particularly suited to the needs of the times. This characteristic of all the Popes has perhaps in none been so exemplified as in the present venerable occupant of the chair of Peter. The tendency of the age to rationalism and the disturbed state of society especially required at the helm of Peter's barque a man of rare gifts. Such undeniably is Leo. The world to-day admires not only the strength of will, the lofty courage and sagacious statesmanship which he has manifested in his intercourse with the nations, but as well his wonderfully keen judgment, his sublime wisdom and prudence in providing for the welfare of his flock and combatting the evils of the time. Truly has the thirteenth Leo been to his generation *Lumen in Cælo*.

The presence amongst us here to-day of his representative in Canada, Mgr. Falconio, is an honor which we highly appreciate,

and we wish to extend to him a hearty Irish welcome. No doubt this grand festal celebration will reassure His Excellency of the warm devotion to Mother Church which exists on this side of the Atlantic, and will be a convincing proof that the sons of the exiled Gaels are just as loyal Papists as ever were their fathers. Let us trust that such may always be the case, that neither Ireland nor the Greater Ireland beyond the seas may ever swerve in their fond allegiance to the See of Peter, and that her children may ever take pride in the glorious history of her adherence to the Faith. But we need have no fear on that score while such scenes as the present mark the loving efforts of Irish youth to "keep St. Patrick's memory green."

At this point His Excellency Mgr. Falconio was obliged to retire, but before leaving the hall he favored the company with a few words. He first took occasion to compliment the speaker who had just taken his seat ; then went on to dilate on the subject of Ireland's fidelity to the doctrines of her great apostle, paying a glowing tribute to that heroic race which was willing to give up all rather than desert the standard of the cross. It gave his Excellency pleasure to see that the Irish students of Ottawa University have lost none of the sterling qualities that ever characterized their ancestors ; in the name of the Holy Father he could wish them no greater blessing than that they might ever continue to emulate the virtues of that people who "never fell away."

The Glee Club, under the able direction of the students, untiring friend, Rev. Fr. Lambert, O.M.I., rendered "Come Back to Erin," Mr. W. A. Martia taking the solo. At its conclusion the toastmaster proposed "The Day," to which Mr. J. E. McGlade, '01, replied in the following eloquent strain :

"This toast to whici. I have the honor to respond is one that can arouse none but the most tender feelings of which the Irish heart is capable. St. Patrick's Day, it is true, is Ireland's national holiday, but first it is the greatest religious festival of the Irish people. Yesterday the millions of Irishmen scattered throughout the world made it their first duty to attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in loving and grateful remembrance of their illustrious saint and apostle. The little sprigs of shamrock that adorned

their breasts attested the undying affection of the Irish people for the faith St. Patrick brought to their shores. To-day gatherings like unto this, or of some other form, will be held in almost all lands, where fond tributes of honor, reverence and gratitude will be rendered both to the memory of Ireland's glorious apostle, and to that of the saintly heroes and martyrs who have so linked Ireland's faith with her nationality, that one cannot be conceived without the other. But particularly on St. Patrick's Day do the thoughts of those through whose veins Irish blood tingles revert to the little isle across the sea where there still remains a remnant of the dear old race, even now fighting the good fight, still keeping the faith, and still clinging to that faith and their nationality against most fearful odds. Yes, gentlemen, in all parts of the world the festival of Ireland's glorious saint and apostle is fittingly celebrated, but nowhere is it more highly or more sacredly honored than in the little Emerald Isle St. Patrick won to the Christian religion.

The story of St. Patrick's early life and later of the conversion of Ireland, and of his apostolic labours is too well known to every gentleman in this assembly to admit of any rehearsal at my hands. I am deeply sensible, too, that no poor words of mine can add to the loving esteem in which we all hold the memory of Ireland's saint. It seems fitting though, to-day, that we the sons of Irish parents should gladly wander back through the lapse of ages, and make at least a hurried review of Ireland's history, of every page of which we may be justly proud.

For what a history is that of Ireland? What varied pictures do its pages unroll ! And what a blending is there found of joy and sorrow ! Ireland, before the flame of Christianity had lighted up her hills and illumined her valleys, was the most civilized of the pagan nations. She stands out pre-eminently, the only nation that never asked her apostle to sacrifice a drop of his blood, nor even to shed a tear of sorrow in testimony of his firm and sincere belief in the truths of the faith he taught. For three hundred years Ireland is known throughout the world as the schoolroom of the nations, sending forth saintly missionaries who bore the glad tidings of the gospel to all parts of the continent, thus cancelling in a measure the debt she owed her own apostle.

For three centuries Ireland wore the proudest title ever yet bestowed upon a nation—Ireland the isle of saints and scholars. But also there is a dark side to the scroll of that history. For six long centuries following the golden era of her great sanctity and learning Ireland was in the throes of dreadful warfare. The Danish invaders had hardly been repulsed when Ireland's Saxon foes began their well-timed onslaughts on her nationality. Thus it is that the little island was almost conquered and ready, for the sake of peace, to submit even to Saxon rule, when in addition to surrendering her national rights she was called upon by Henry VIII. of saintly memory, to embrace the so-called reformed religion. Then it was, gentlemen, that Ireland's devotion and attachment to the faith of her apostle was put to the test, and to her everlasting praise be it said she was not found wanting. But I must not anticipate the toasts that are yet to come, else I might deal at greater length with this period of her history. These references remind us that the pages of Ireland's history are indeed a blending of joy and sorrow; but through that joy and sorrow there shines indeed a bright sun of glory. In all her struggles we see Ireland sometimes victorious, sometimes—alas too often—defeated, but never, gentlemen, in victory or defeat, have we seen her dishonored. And what a consolation does Irish history afford when we pass to a consideration of the personal virtues of the Irish race. Even before her conversion the standard of civilization and morality among the Irish people was looked upon as a marvel. After she entered the fold of the Catholic Church she became almost immediately a nation of priests and bishops and holy nuns, a nation of saints and scholars, and later of heroes and martyrs. The noble character of Ireland's manhood and the renowned sanctity and purity of Ireland's womanhood are, gentlemen, the gems that sparkle in the emerald crown that now surrounds her ancient brow.

Fitting, indeed, is it then that we should gather about this board to testify our admiration for the traditions of the Emerald Isle and render our tribute of love and affection and gratitude to the land of our forefathers. It did not happen to many of us to be born in Ireland, but we are the sons of those who first saw the light of day in dear old Erin, and we have imbibed our love for

everything Irish from the lips and at the knees of our Irish mothers. And to-day when we pour forth our feelings of love towards Erin, we are not unmindful of the loyalty we owe our own country. Nor are we unmindful of the noble part other nations have played in the world's history. All honor to France and Spain and Italy for the work they have done in spreading Christianity and civilization, and for the conservation of that Christianity when it seemed doomed to perish. But we claim first place for Ireland in the ranks of the nations, when we salute her by the noble title Leo XIII. has just bestowed upon her—the most faithful daughter of the Catholic Church.

And now, gentlemen, in concluding let me remind you that we are celebrating the recurrence of this anniversary at a period fourteen hundred years removed from the death of Ireland's apostle. With the history of those fourteen centuries we are well acquainted, but what the future has in store for Ireland we are not permitted to know. There is a duty, however, developing upon us, the sons of Irish parents, of which the spectacle witnessed in this city yesterday afternoon in the grand procession of Irishmen that marched to St. Joseph's Church affords us a most edifying example. This magnificent banquet, too, at which we are now assisting, reads us another lesson lest we forget the love and affection we owe the land of our forefathers. It is for us, gentlemen, to take our part in helping on such fitting celebrations at every anniversary of this great festival, and I feel that it is the earnest hope of us all that as long as time shall last Ireland's scattered sons may remain true and devoted to the traditions of their country and fondly attached to the faith of their glorious apostle.

When the toastmaster next rose he had to announce that Mr. Anglin, Mr. Scott and Rev. Fr. Fallon, having business to transact in connection with the concert to be given that evening in the Russell Theatre, would not be able to remain for the conclusion of the programme. Before leaving however, each contributed somewhat to the entertainment of the banquetters. Mr. Anglin was first called upon; he spoke of the great pleasure it afforded him to revisit alma mater, particularly on such an occasion. As he was billed for an address that evening he

refrained from speaking at great length, but before resuming his seat he sang "The Minstrel Boy" in a manner that captivated all present and evoked a veritable thunder of applause. Mr. Scott and Rev. Fr. Fallon rising in turn, gave their impressions of the banquet and spoke in the most flattering terms of the able manner in which everything was conducted. Fr. Fallon laid special stress on the propriety of such a celebration.

"The Land of the Maple" was sang by Mr. R. Halligan, '04, and made a fitting prelude to the toast—"Our Fair Dominion."

Mr. M. E. Conway, '01, replied in a manner calculated to prove that the confidence reposed in him by the committee was not misplaced.

"Mr. Toastmaster, Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen: The honourable distinction which has been given to me, to respond to the toast of Our Fair Dominion involves a duty of weight and delicacy. Of weight for the utterance of tongue only feebly proclaims the words of the heart of any Irish-Canadian when to-day we unite our hearts with thousands of Irishmen throughout the world to thank God for our Irish faith and the miraculous preservation of the Irish people. Of delicacy, for under the protecting ægis of the Union Jack, Irishmen in Canada have worked out a destiny which was denied them under similar conditions in the old land. In rising then to speak for the Irish-Canadians I trust that I feel the responsibility which is attached to the task. What warrant has the Irish-Canadian for his devotion to the land of St. Patrick? Are we not the descendants of Irish patriots who sleep in Irish graves to-day? Do we not carry in our veins the blood of a race which has been prolific in martyrs, heroes, warriors, statesmen and poets? Shall we forget the land purpled with martyrs' blood? Shall we forget the centuries of ruthless persecution which the Irish people have suffered? Shall we forget the yoke of tyrannical oppression laid on our ancestors? Ah, no; while we forgive the wrongs and crimes of the Saxon we shall ever remember the greatness and glories of Erin. We shall not be unmindful of the land where Patrick's gospel was first preached and whose people, by reason of that untarnished faith suffered a persecution such as no other nation ever endured.

"To-day, we entwine the shamrock and the maple for they speak to us louder than words can convey what Irishmen have done to promote the growth and development of this great Canadian nation. Open the page of our history where you will, and look along the vista of time from that bright September morning, 1759, down to the present era, and there emblazoned in letters of gold you will find recorded the names of illustrious Irishmen who have played a remarkable part in the making of this great northern empire. The history of their achievements in the Church, in the halls of our legislatures, in the learned professions, in science, in literature and in art is told by the deeds of a Lynch, a Walsh, a Baldwin, a Blake, a Thompson, a McGee, a Sadlier, a Foran and an O'Hagan. Whenever the cause of the old land required assistance, Canada gave with a lavish hand, and with not less zeal and enthusiasm have Irishmen stood up for their rights when questions of home interest affected them. How the cold-hearted Englishman must have been startled when the Canadian Parliament came rapping at the door of the British House of Commons with the Home Rule resolutions, and again with the protest against the obnoxious declaration to the Coronation Oath! Our rights have been recognized, but they have not always been accorded us. For our worthy industry and power we deserve something better than the cheap admiration and encouragement offered by designing politicians. We protest against the unjust discrimination against Irish Catholics in the judiciary of Ontario, and against the deliberate exclusion of our people from their just share of the public offices of the nation. It is our plain and manifest duty to protest against these abuses and to endeavor by all peaceable means to promote the national welfare.

"Irishmen form too strong an element in our national life to be denied their rights. 'Tis true we were not the pioneers of this land—they came from the fields and valleys of sunny France, but at a very early date Irishmen began to lay the foundations of this fair Dominion. The great impetus to our Irish emigration was given by the terrible famine of 1847-48. They came to us at the noontide of that awful affliction, when Ireland saw her desolate sons and daughters fleeing from her shores to the new world. Canada received thousands of them and gave them a welcome, a

home, and perfect equality for all. Then with new life and vigor infused into them, they penetrated our virgin forests and began those prosperous settlements, which to-day are the pride of Ontario and Quebec. Since then, however, the tide of Irish emigration to Canada has not at all been in proportion to our advantages and to the strenuous efforts put forth by the Dominion Government and by the Irish-Canadian people themselves.

"Many reasons may be adduced to account for this failure, but one at present strikingly presents itself. It is not the shadow of the British flag that blights the aspirations of the Irish emigrant, but the fact is that they see a section of our people fast losing their nationality and willing to sink their individuality in the whirlpool of Imperialism. We behold the sad spectacle of a class of Canadians who are more English than the English themselves. Our first duty is to Canada. And yet in the face of all our prosperity, and despite the fact that the genius of our statesmen has ever labored to maintain our Federal Union, we find a miserable few who espouse every Imperial fad to wreck our constitution. Time will soon cast these degenerates into oblivion. And we on the other side cannot do better to promote the national welfare than to remember these bracing and inspiring influences which come as our birthright. That spirit of liberty, that sincere loyalty to Church and State, that generous charity which raises the lowly and despises oppression, come as our national heritage to guide the Canadian Irishmen. 'Tis true we live under a Canadian constitution, and yet are aided by the strong arm of England. The one guarantees our liberty and the other justice. The knowledge of our strength gives force to our demands, when our own vested rights are in conflict with English authority.

"Such, gentlemen, is the position of the Irishman in Canada and the part he has played in the land of the pine and the maple. Let us then, the descendants of these illustrious sons of Ireland, show to the world that we have preserved the faith of St. Patrick, that we have been true to Patrick's gospel and that the same spirit of patriotism and independence which burned within them still animates the Canadian Celt. With other nations we have

preserved all friendly relations of peace and concord, and in an especial manner with the great nation that lies to the south of us. We come of a common kindred and naught but an artificial line divides us. Let us hope that harmony and good will, social and commercial relations, and the ties of kindred religion and fraternity may ever continue to bind the people of both countries. Then can we pray for that union of hearts and say with the greatest of Irish American exiles that

“ For love of old Erin, and love of each other,
 The boards of the Gael are full to-night.
 Their millions of men have one toast and one topic—
 Their feuds laid aside and their envies removed ;
 From the pines of the Pole to the palms of the Tropic
 They drink : ‘ The dear land we have prayed for and loved ! ’
 They are One by the bond of a time-honored fashion ;
 Though strangers may see but the lights of their feast,
 Beneath lies the symbol of faith and of passion
 Alike of the Pagan and Christian priest ! ”

An Irish medley having been rendered in pleasing style by the orchestra, Mr. Donnelly rose and proposed

“ IRELAND’S GLORIES ”

in the following suitable terms :

“ Gentlemen: If the measure of a country’s glories is the pride of her sons, then indeed the history of the Irish race is a glorious one. For where is the son of Erin who finds not a source of pride on every page of Irish history ? Whether he reads of a feat of arms, a triumph of oratory, a conquest of the muse, the immortal priesthood or the lovely and virtuous women of Ireland, —his heart throbs ever with pride ! Yes, the sons of Erin are proud. Proud that they can point to so grand a lineage,—proud that oppression has served only to reveal the genuineness of Irish worth—proud that the ancient honor of their race has remained to the present hour untarnished—proud that they are deemed worthy to transmit that honor to generations of Irishmen yet unborn, its radiance unshrouded, its brightness undimmed.

“ As heirs, then, to that splendid honor, heirs not unwilling to hand it down as unscathed as you received it, I invite you to join me in a toast to Ireland’s glories, linked with the name of Mr. Martin.

Mr. W. A. Martin, '02, made an excellent reply. He said: "What a spectacle meets our eyes to-day when Irishmen the world over, feuds and strifes thrown aside, envies and enmities forgotten, arise as one man on this the day of the Christian Beltane, and, with hearts overflowing, toast the land they all pray for and love, the dear old Isle of Erin. True, indeed, it is Ireland's day, and how like herself is its celebration—joy commingled with sadness. Which of us does not smile through the tears in his eyes like her, who, as a desolate queen "remembers in sorrow the crown of her glory?" We have drunk a toast to Ireland's glories. But, gentlemen, where are these glories? What may have made Ireland glorious? Do we hear her name bruited in the mouths of men? Do we behold her a leader in the political arena of the world? Do we see her a conqueror, subduing nations, bringing home spoils? Do we find her an emporium of the world, her ports crowded, and her sails dotting every sea? To all this gentlemen, must we answer "no." But you will ask "are not these the constituents of a nation's glory?" If you consult the opinion of men, the answer is inevitably "yes." Gentlemen, let us not be deceived by the opinion of men, for we must remember that the judgment of the world is not that of God. The loudest names are not those of the greatest men. The greatness of a nation, as well as that of an individual, cannot be estimated from its worldly position. But what then, is a great nation? Let me ask, gentlemen, what is a great man? Is it not he who is imbued with the highest and greatest cause? So, indeed, is it with nations. Now, what has been the one great cause in the whole course of history? Need I reply—religion—the one religion, the Church of Rome, in which, as the truest and highest expression of divine revelation is found the noblest and sublimest of ideals. And, hence, gentlemen, will not that nation which has ever been impregnated with this divine cause, and which has always carried out the holy ideal of this cause, merit well the title of glorious and great, glorious and great in the highest and truest sense of the words? How then can we refrain from sounding with loudest voice the glory and praise of that lone, sweetly sad isle, which for centuries has lived the life ideal, another life of Christ; like Him in its joyful child-

hood, like Him still more in the bitter suffering of its maturer years, and like Him risen, we know it shall be in its glorious future. Ireland's joyful childhood! How the recollection of those bright and prosperous days makes the heart of every Irishman swell with purest pride.

"Up to the fifth century the land of Erin had known no conqueror. She had seen neither Hun nor Goth. Never had Rome's imperial legion set foot on her virgin soil. But now in the fifth century this ancient people, valiant and free, fall victim to a conqueror. Yet no ordinary conqueror he, but one heaven-sent. Patrick landed on Erin's shore, he alone the host. But before this single host that proud and warlike people, bards, chiefs and clansmen, all prostrated themselves, and "all their clans put on the great Clan Christ." How different this, the second coming of the Redeemer to the elect of God, from that His first coming in Bethlehem! There, as the sacred writer tells us, He came unto His own and His own knew Him not; He came unto His own and His own received Him not. But here He came unto His own and they seemed to recognize Him as one but returned. He came unto His own and with what love and joy and gladness did they welcome Him, exclaiming as they did at Cashel, 'Join us to Christ.' This, indeed, was a conquest unique. Not a drop of blood was spilled, not a sword unsheathed, but

"With naked hand firmly they clasped
The naked Truth."

By the sudden fulness of divine light they became a nation of believers. "God dropped on them the robe of Truth," and their minds became filled with the intellectual and spiritual joys of faith.

"Then began three centuries of glory such as the world never witnessed before or since. Ireland became the home of saints and scholars. Hill and valley were dotted with schools and monasteries. Thither flocked from every land those who sought knowledge and the service of God. Cimbri and Piet, Saxon and Frank all alike were received with that glad welcome, with that warm hospitality which has ever characterized the Irish race. But the sons of St. Patrick were not content that their own isle should be the only land favored of God. Their impetuous nature, their apostolic zeal, but most of all their unbounded charity, drew them

off to lands beyond the sea. Ireland became the missionary nation of the world; her sons the apostles of Europe and founders of schools. Ah, gentlemen, these were the days of her joy and her pride, the days when, holding the intellectual supremacy of Europe, she was indeed the 'Lamp of the North' enlightening the benighted world. Such, gentlemen, was the joyful childhood of our beloved motherland.

"But Erin had her ideal in Christ; hence did she need her passion, her calvary and her cross. And how like her great Exemplar did she embrace and kiss the cruel rood. Over the past twelve centuries of Ireland's history, I would fain throw the veil of forgetfulness, but in so doing I fear I would shroud the brightest gem of her glorious diadem, the triumph of her holy faith. In the 9th century began the sorrows of Erin when she was forced to meet a storm of suffering and woe, unparalleled in the annals of the world's history. First came the Dane, enemy of her faith more than of her nationality; and it was only after three centuries of fighting neck-deep in blood, that the invader was cast off from her shore. Then came slaughter and persecution in the sacred war of Erin and faith, against England and heresy. Then it was that Ireland lost the palm of freedom, and her name was blotted from the list of nations. Like Christ, was she forgotten and left upon her bloody cross to die. But in the depth of her agony she cried out, "I will not die but will live to proclaim the works of God." And, gentlemen, through the dispensation of an all-wise and loving Providence, she still lives, and, after four centuries of misery and woe, to which the sufferings of the early Christians under pagan Rome were as nothing, she is today as truly the isle of saints as she was in the days of the great apostle. Ah, gentlemen, what other nation can claim a glory such as this? What other nation can arise and say "never have I been untrue to my God, never have I swerved from my fidelity to His Church." In vain do we seek for its like in the pages of the world's history. O Erin, what glory is thine; afflicted, scourged, bleeding, yet art thou the noblest and comeliest daughter of the church of God!

"Thus, gentlemen, do we find the Irish to have lived in joy and sorrow according to the highest and sublimest of ideals, the

life of Christ. The Irish were always seekers of the ideal; to them the ideal was more than the real. God and country were paramount. Hence, being religious and patriotic must they be poetic. In the early days when Ireland as the seat and centre of the religious and intellectual world was called the 'Island of Saints and Doctors,' she enjoyed another singular and glorious title, the 'Island of Song'; and this is hers to-day as rightfully as it was in the olden time. The poetry of Ireland from the days of Ossian down to the present, has been inseparably linked to the Catholic faith. And like this faith had it long to undergo the fate of repression. But despite the proscription of the tyrant the harp has remained the emblem of Erin, and through the irony of fate is at this day emblazoned on the official British arms. The genius of Irish poetry, rooted deeply in the hearts of the people, never died, it but awaited the coming of a poetic soul to 'wake it again to life, freedom and song.'

"And this poetic soul did at last come in the immortal Moore. Sitting at the grave of the martyr and patriot, Moore sang to the ancient airs of Erin, words of such sweetness and pathos, that not only have they opened the heart of mankind for poor, suffering Ireland, but for Ireland herself they have been and shall be the seeds of patriots and heroes.

"When Moore laid down the harp of his country it was not suffered to rest in silence and darkness, for it was soon taken up by Mangan, Davis, McGee and by him who is justly called Ireland's greatest poetic son, who stands among the poets of our day as an Enceladus among pigmies, Aubrey De Vere. Through these men has been established a national poetry unsurpassed in our times, a poetry, moreover embodying the highest and truest ideal. But not in her poetry alone has Ireland's ideal found expression, we see it likewise in her oratory. And what an oratory is Ireland's! The world has yet to see its equal. Truly, indeed might Gladstone say "the Irish are a nation of orators." Witness but Burke, Grattan, Flood, Curran, Sheridan, Shiel, Fr. Tom Burke, and him the greatest son of Ireland, her liberator and uncrowned king, whose imperious voice shook the very British Parliament and wrought more in one day than had the arms of centuries. Need I name him the greatest orator of

modern times, the only man that ever was a nation? When shall he be forgotten? Not, indeed, until there is not longer an Irishman to breathe his name shall the world forget Daniel O'Connell.

"Not only has the ideal of Ireland animated her literature, but besides this it has enkindled the martial ardor of her sons so that they are, as all the world proclaims them, a nation of fighters. And why should they not be? The history of Ireland has been for twelve centuries one long war; blood has for ages dripped from her sword. But to the everlasting glory of the Irish be it said they have never shed a drop of blood unjustly, but only in the best and holiest cause—God and their native land. Thus we see, gentlemen, Ireland, with the true ideal of Christian revelation, with a truly national literature, with a martial spirit that has won the admiration even of her persecutor, has all the essentials of a great and glorious nation. Fitting it is, therefore, that on this day of Ireland, we her children, should with all our hearts and souls proclaim her countless glories: the glory of her centuries of learning and sanctity, the glory of her confessors and martyrs, the glory of her holy priests and spotless virgins, the glories of her sons who fought and died, the glory of her bards and scholars, the glory of her patriots and orators, but most of all that greatest of her glories, the glory of her *faith unsullied*.

After the applause following the rendition of "The Star Spangled Banner" by Mr. Geo. Nolan, '03, "The Land of Washington" was proposed, and Mr. J. P. Gookin, '02 rose to make the following response:

"The applause with which the toast to the Star Spangled Banner has been received by all present, is a testimony of your love and affection for that flag.

"Would that I could find words expressive of the sentiments which arise in the heart of every patriotic American, when he beholds the flag of his country waving before him. He cannot behold that Star Spangled Banner, unfurling itself in the breeze, without being filled with sentiments of loyalty and devotion. The Stripes which he sees remind him of what his country once was the Stars of what his country now is. Never, never, will he suffer that flag to be lowered or crushed under foot while he is able to

defend it. To him it is the emblem of all that is good, true and bountiful. It inspires him with love, and enkindles in his heart the ardent fire of patriotism. Wherever he sees that flag floating, be it on land or on sea, his mind reverts to the glorious history of the land of Washington. Time and again he has looked at that flag, and felt proud to claim America as "his own his native land." To him, that flag is the emblem of that sweet name of liberty, which was so dearly bought in 1776, and which has been transmitted to posterity without spot or stain. It is a type of that purer, of that higher, of that nobler life of independence, which has ever been a characteristic of the American people. It is a symbol of all that is dearest to the heart of every patriot, but most of all it enflames within our hearts that vital spark of patriotism, which is ever ready to show itself, whenever the honor of the country is at stake. It was this fire of patriotic love which caused so many noble heroes to feel how sweet it was to die in defence of their own native land.

"To the passionate nature of the Irishman the sweet name of liberty has appealed most strongly; not the liberty of unrestricted freedom, but that higher notion of liberty which is subservient to right reason, and conformable to the Eternal Law. Erin's sons long to be free, and to satisfy this desire they have sacrificed all that was near and dear to them at home. Although persecutions and sufferings have ever been Erin's portion, she does not complain, for as Christ's ambassador she must expect to suffer, that from her very sufferings she may accomplish the sublime purpose of her existence. It was in consequence of these persecutions that the Irish people have been compelled to find new homes. Carrying with them that glorious standard of the cross, they have traversed every sea and settled in every land, from the icy regions of the north to the flowery lands of the south. America was to the Irish a "land flowing with milk and honey," and many of Ireland's bravest sons fled to this fair country, where they found peace and repose under the banner of the Stars and Stripes. Irishmen have ever been the foremost defenders of the American flag. Dauntless in courage, true to convictions, and above all filled with sublime patriotism, they gladly gave their lives for their adopted country. What history can boast of

greater names than Jackson, Wayne, Sullivan, Barry, Meagher, Montgomery, Sheridan and Sherman? Their courage was never hesitating, and whenever any act of noble daring was to be performed, they were ever ready, for with such men it was "not to reason why," it was "but to do and die." Let us honor the memory of those heroes, and never let it be said that we were so ungrateful as to forget them. Each year let us deck their graves with the choicest laurels, to remind us that it is to them, that we owe our present greatness. In exchange for this gift of liberty and protection, Ireland has reciprocated by helping to propagate in our fair republic, her most precious heritage, the religion of St. Patrick. And such a religion; the religion which has stood the test of many centuries; which has seen the rise and fall of many nations and still exists. It is the same religion which, long before the Saracens were driven from Europe, or before the barbarians from the north invaded England, had existed in all its glory, and still continues to exist, more revered, more honored, more respected than ever. This was the religion that the Irish individually helped to propagate in the land of the Golden Rod, and well have they accomplished their mission. The names of Carroll, Hughes, Kenrick, Gibbons, Ireland, Corcoran, Williams, and many others too numerous to mention, will ever be regarded with the greatest admiration by every true Irish-American. Whilst listening to the stories of Erin's joys and sorrows, we have all felt the blood of just indignation rising in our veins, but let us hope that those sad days are over; that the veil of sorrow which has so long decked Erin's brow will be changed into a crown of roses; that the dark clouds which have so long darkened her horizon will be replaced by a glorious sunshine. May the harp that pealed so sweetly through Tara's halls in former days, once more ring out its sweet notes of liberty, and may that dear flag of Erin float freely o'er the Emerald Isle.

Let us all cherish a tender love for our country, our liberty and our flag, and let our watchword ever be "independence forever." We do not realize how deeply the love of our flag has sunk into our hearts until we are far from home. It is then that the sight of those Stars and Stripes warms our hearts with a thrill of devotion. May that spark of patriotism

never be extinguished. May it ever be a beacon light to guide us onward and upward, that with the honour of our country ever before us we may never do an act that might reflect dishonor upon her spotless integrity. When many nations will have fallen into decay, may God protect that Star Spangled Banner, that it may ever continue to wave.

“O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.”

“Ireland's Sorrows” elicited from Mr. Warnock, '01, one of the most eloquent speeches of the day. He spoke as follows :

“In responding to the toast ‘Ireland's Sorrows’ I hope I feel the responsibility which is attached to it. Other speakers who have preceded me have eloquently described to you the glories of Ireland. Pleasant indeed is it to refer to the centuries after her conversion when Ireland shone forth the bright gem of the ocean, renowned alike for her learning and her sanctity. Peace was then upon her shores. Her fertile lands, tilled by the diligent monks, gave forth abundance to feed a happy and contented people. Schools and colleges dotted the land and prosperity was everywhere evident. But a sad change was near at hand, and the blissful peace was soon to be turned into chaos. The envious Dane perceiving her wealth and prosperity resolved to subjugate the island and swarmed to her shores a murderous band. For three hundred years the struggle continued and though the war was disastrous to Ireland, yet she finally succeeded in driving off the invaders. Sorrowful as was this period of her history yet these disasters are entirely forgotten in the direful persecution which followed the advent of the cruel Saxon. True this, her first appearance as a nation at war added a brilliancy to her name and pointed her out as the land of valiant and noble heroes, but it is the sufferings and persecutions of the period which followed the entrance of Henry VIII. of England into the country that have surrounded her name with the brightest halo of glory. Three hundred years of fighting left the island an easy prey to the conqueror and Henry subdued poor Erin in a little less than twenty years. Then her sorrows, her real sorrows began for during the next three centuries Erin saw her sons unjustly robbed of their lands, cruelly butchered or exiled simply because they refused to

give up the true faith, the faith which St. Patrick had brought them hundreds of years before. Oh land of sorrow, what have you not suffered ! Oh land of bloody persecutions, what memories are recalled by the names of Henry VIII., of Elizabeth, of Cromwell and of William of Orange !

Scarcely had the mild and holy Henry VIII turned from his conquest than he resolved to make himself head of the Church in England, and invited the sons of Erin, likewise to acknowledge him as such. But from the land of St. Patrick, no such acknowledgement ever came, no, gentlemen for " attachment to the Holy See was more than a sentiment ; it was a passion in the Irish bosom " and infidelity to the Church of Christ was never known in the Emerald Isle. The wrathful king receiving rebuke from so unexpected a quarter, rose sword in hand and gave orders to exterminate the race. The cruelty of the measures which Henry took to carry out his awful threat is almost incredible. Of the two thousand priests who were in Ireland at the beginning of this persecution, but four only four, of them were left when it ended. And what of the rest? Ah, easy indeed is it to answer. They all had spilt their heart's best blood in glorious martyrdom. And, gentlemen, if Ireland's clergy suffered to such an extent, what must have been the mortality among the Irish laity who clung so tenaciously to the faith.

" Thirty years passed by and the saintly Elizabeth appeared upon the scene to continue and complete if possible the awful work which her scrupulous father had set about to perform. Fifty years of persecution and bloodshed followed, but Erin never flinched. No, gentlemen, Ireland was as Catholic the day that Elizabeth died at Hampton Court, gnawing the flesh from her hands, and blaspheming God—Ireland was as Catholic that day as she was the day that Henry VIII. vainly commanded her first to become Protestant. But the end was by no means near. No, the Emerald Isle was yet destined to bear other and severer tortures. Cromwell, who succeeded soon as ruler of the British Isles, saw that the Irish race must be destroyed before Protestantism would have been universally accepted in his kingdom. He therefore set about his task of extermination, and bloodthirsty as he was, he never stopped at any means to attain his cruel designs. A few years of fighting, com-

bined with his treacherous murder of the gallant Irish leader, Owen Roe O'Neill, laid the down-trodden country at his feet, and God knows she never stooped before a more heartless villain. Eighty thousand of Ireland's best and noblest sons he sent as slaves to the Barbadoes, together with six thousand of her choicest youths. Ah, who can ever describe the awfulness of this action! Who amongst us has ever seen the parting of an old man from his sons and daughters? Who amongst us has ever heard the heart-broken cry go forth when those loving hearts were separated? Who amongst us, that has seen and heard, can ever forget these things? No, the youth of Ireland, the bone and sinew fled." In many places a few aged men and women alone were left and these heart-broken with bereavement lay down to die on their little family plots, content that at least their ashes should find a resting place in their beloved Erin. Nor was this all. Scenes more awful than even these were yet to be beheld within the Emerald Isle. Not satisfied with exiling thousands of her children who would not forsake their faith Cromwell resolved to force the remainder into submission and failing, to exterminate them. The siege of Drogheda affords us a striking example of the wholesale butcheries that then took place. Here the English roundhead after promising mercy and protection to the citizens if they would surrender treacherously allowed his cruel soldiers to murder every man, woman and child of the town after the garrison had laid down their arms. Five days elapsed and the bloody work continued with unabated fury. The streets flowed streams of blood but the unholy work ceased not until the last one of the thousand helpless inhabitants who had taken refuge in the city church lay a bleeding corpse at the feet of the bloody conqueror. Ah, gentlemen, let us not dwell on scenes like these, they cause us sorrow, intense sorrow for they are too merciless, too cruel, too horrible.

A short respite was now given Ireland, for the Stuart kings were occupying the English throne, and she once more endeavored to raise herself from the dust. The country though sadly neglected, once more began to prosper. Nevertheless this peace was not destined to remain, for James II who was a Catholic, having been dethroned, was succeeded by William of Orange.

Endeavoring to regain his lost crown however, James landed with a French army on the shores of Ireland. The Irish believing him still to be their lawful king flocked to his standard, and the war with William began. Glorious as the outcome of the last campaign seemed for Erin, yet the treachery of the Saxon here again manifested itself. Ah yes, gentlemen, the violation of the Treaty of Limerick is another and a more lasting stain on the honor of selfish England.

“But why, gentlemen, continue further? Why recount the wrongs which have caused Ireland so much sorrow? I might continue for hours upon the subject and still leave much unsaid, for it is but the history of the country since Henry II. first claimed sovereignty over her. I might have mentioned why it is that she to-day receives the glorious title of Ireland the martyr. I might well have commented upon the trials, persecutions, and murder of thousands of Irish Soggarths who now sleep their last long sleep 'neath the green sod of the land they loved so well. I might indeed have told of the unjust confiscation of the lands of Irishmen and have endeavored to explain why it is that Irish exiles form such a great factor in the government of foreign countries. I might also have referred to the fact that Irishmen are not given justice in the English Parliament to-day. And above all, I might have stopped to pay a tribute to the noble Irish women who are ever connected with the sorrows and tribulations of dear old Erin. But, gentlemen, there is something too touching, too sacred, about all the sufferings of Ireland for them to be recounted by one so unworthy as I. Would that they were described to you in terms as eloquent as are befitting them! Moreover, gentlemen, there is another and a stronger reason why Ireland's sorrows should not be retold in all their awfulness. Yes, indeed, Erin though wronged, though foully wronged, has forgiven, as far at least as it is possible for her to forgive, those who have been the cause of her distress. She looks upon these terrible persecutions in another and a different light, and regards them as having come from the hand of God who chastises those He loves.

“But apart from this the sorrows of Ireland afford us many consolations, for though her learning and her sanctity alike have made her famous the world over, yet her sufferings have made

the name of Erin shine with a glory for more brilliant, with a lustre for more resplendent. In spite of all the tortures she has had to endure, she can proudly point to such noble representatives as Hugh O'Neil, Lord Clare, Patrick Sarsfield, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Emmett, Curran, Grattan, and the peerless Daniel O'Connell, so rightly styled the greatest of great Catholic laymen, to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands saintly and priestly martyred heroes whose dust has long since mingled with the blessed soil of Erin.

"And still throughout all these distressful reverses Ireland has preserved her nationality. Never, no not even for one instant has Ireland been considered a mere province, a "West Britain." No gentlemen, for "the vaster empire than has been" is not the empire of Great Britain alone but the empire of Great Britain and Ireland. Oh Ireland, land of sorrows how great has been thy mission! Erin among nations what Christ was among men! Ireland Martyr, Ireland, the land of saints and scholars! What glorious titles are truly thine! Oh, may you ever preserve and cherish them without spot or stain! And when God shall appear to judge all nations may He find you high enthroned with all your glorious titles untarnished and unstained, but especially may He find you wearing that noblest that proudest title, that title which embraces all the rest, Ireland, the Fairest Daughter of the Catholic Church."

"The Harp That Once Through Tara's Hall" was rendered by the Glee Club, and at its conclusion the banquetters were invited to drink to "Alma Mater." Mr. E. E. Gallagher responded in a manner that met with evident appreciation :

"With the speakers who have preceeded me this afternoon you have ushered in this day of joy and celebration ; through them you have done honor to your faith at the throne of the Fisherman Apostle, you have trodden the hallowed soil of Erin with her saintly Patriarch. In concord of sentiment you have associated yourselves with gatherings of patriotic Irishmen in every part of America, grouped about the festive board, all doing honor to, and singing the praises of him who brought to the Emerald Isle the precious and full-satisfying gift of faith.

From the midst of these associations, then, gentlemen, I would ask you to withdraw yourselves, and visit with me our dear *Alma Mater*, she who rejoices as we rejoice and welcomes with us this day of glorious festivity.

"Gentlemen, the years we are spending under the kind and tender guardianship of our "*Alma Mater*" are years that will never be forgotten. When we shall have entered upon life's sterner duties, and shall have cast our lot amidst the uncertain and ever-changing affairs of men; when we shall have come face to face with the difficulties which so stubbornly beset the onward path of men, and when in these we shall have triumphed, 'tis then that we shall look upon our college home with feelings of deepest gratitude, and bless the time which saw stored up and fortified in us those true christian principles, which have enabled us to fight our own battles, and assert our manhood in glorious and well won victories.

"Truly can it be said that we are what our college training makes us, and our success in whatever sphere we may find ourselves in after life launched into, depends upon the merits of the institution to whose care our youthful years were entrusted. That on leaving this institution our efforts will be crowned with the fullest measure of success, we can be perfectly assured, when we consider what our *Alma Mater* has done and still does for those whom she shelters under her watchful protection. The training which this institution affords is, in all its details, most liberal; it is something more than the mere cramming of facts and book matter, for which so many so-called institutions of learning have become noted. Being essentially Catholic, it combines moral with intellectual and physical development, and educating in this way, engrafts and builds up in the student all that is comprehended in a noble and sacrificing manhood. That the moral training is most carefully attended to is quite evident from the programme which is followed out from day to day. Each day's instruction is carried out under the surveillance of men who have sacrificed every self interest that they might the better qualify themselves for the responsible position of master. Coming day after day in contact with men whose highest aim in life is the glory of God,

we imbibe from them that spirit of moderation and true generosity, without which, even the most ennobling qualities must count for naught. Nor are they the only religious influences which are brought to bear on our college life. Favored with the happy privilege of taking part in the various religious devotions throughout the year we become imbued with that spirit of high veneration for the Church, ever the mark of a zealous and truly devout Christian.

“In point of detail and perfection, no less is to be said of the intellectual than has already been said of the moral training which this institution affords. The programme of studies takes in all the essential branches of learning, and these, too, have been grouped together with such precision of judgment and delicacy of selection, that the youthful mind in whatever way it may be disposed, has little difficulty in selecting the course of studies best suited to its nature. In the university course, the student is made acquainted with all the elements of higher learning; a thorough science course affords him a sound knowledge of scientific principles; while, in the commercial department the boy with a taste for mercantile pursuits receives a practical business education, and, having completed his course of studies, is prepared to enter into the busy world, and take part in that free competition which is so highly characteristic of the present times. But the class-room is not the only place where development of the mental faculties is promoted. Through the various societies which have been organized and successfully conducted in this institution, a means has been afforded the students of giving their knowledge practical shape, and of drilling themselves in the arts of argument and investigation, upon which attainments success in life will in a large measure depend. A college journal records the doings of the students in and out of class, and gives them a chance to develop their taste for literary work; while, in accord with a popular movement to revive Irish literature, a Gaelic class has recently been opened up, and from the progress which has been attained at this early date from its inception, we can assume for this society a long term of prosperity. But moral and intellectual development alone do not suffice. The physical make-up of man must

receive careful attention. For physical development, *Alma Mater* provides everything that could be desired in a school for athletic training. A large and well-equipped gymnasium is the property of this institution, while spacious grounds for outside sports are ever thrown open for the use of the students.

“ But, gentlemen, the training afforded by the means already mentioned, are not the only benefits which *Alma Mater* confers upon her children. In this institution we have students assembled from all parts of Canada, from the neighboring Republic, from the distant lands of Mexico. Though each prides himself on his nationality, and glories in the triumphs of his native land, still, in our college home every national prejudice is forgotten; we live united in a common brotherhood, loyal and faithful sons of a kind and tender mother. The influences of constant association and agreeable companionship is a most potent factor in true liberal education. Since the purpose of our college training is to qualify us for positions of honor in the world, where we may do the most good for ourselves and for society, our success in the accomplishment of this mission must, in a large measure, depend upon the use we have made of the opportunities afforded us during our college years of acquiring social accomplishments. Then, gentlemen, if *Alma Mater* does so much for us, it is our duty, at least to remain ever loyal to her. While under her protection let us honor and exalt her in a manner becoming the sons of a kind and affectionate mother; and when we shall have ceased to move under her tutelary care, and shall have taken up our plan in the struggle of life, let our every act reflect credit on the institution which nursed us in our youthful years, and instilled into our minds those true Christian principles which have made us what we ever hoped to be. May the fullest measure of success ever attend the labors of those who are charged with the responsibilities which the conduct of this institution entails, and may she long prosper,—*Alma Mater*.”

After a few instrumental selections by the orchestra, Mr. Geo. Nolan, '03, sang “ Kathleen Mavourneen ” in his own inimitable style. “ Soggarth Aroon ” being next proposed, Rev. Fr. Cornell, O.M.I., rose to respond. In an earnest and lucid discourse, Fr. Cornell pointed out the fact that the priest always

occupies the most prominent place in the affections of the Irish people, and showed that to this circumstance might be traced almost every one of the glorious moral triumphs for which the race is so justly famous. Unfortunately we cannot give more of this touching eulogy of the Irish priesthood, than a very brief syllabus reconstructed from memory.

"It is related of Agassiz, the great comparative anatomist, that once when handed but one prominent bone of a lately discovered fossil animal of a hitherto unknown species, he immediately sketched upon the blackboard a complete frame, corresponding in every important detail with the original skeleton. Similarly, if the annals of the Irish race were lost forever, and there remained but one relic of the past, the term Soggarth Aroon, it seems to me one might reconstruct at least in its large general features, the story of Ireland.

Soggarth Aroon! Soul-friend dear! in that one expression is crystallized the history of a nation. It tells of a people endowed by Almighty God with

"A childlike faith, and a will like fate
And that theistic instinct great;
New worlds that summon from the abyss
The balance to redress of this."

* * * * *

"History shows that from the very earliest days the Irish were gifted with the "Theistic instinct great" that from the days of Patrick they were gifted with "a childlike faith;" while the story of Ireland during the years of slaughter and pillage under the Danes during the years of slaughter and pillage under the Normans, under the Tudor, under James and Cromwell and William, demonstrates that the Irish were gifted in addition with a "will like fate."

* * * * *

During 1000 years of suffering, during 700 years of political slavery, during 300 years of religious persecution of the bitterest kind, Ireland remained steadfast, immovable in her adherence to the faith, until even at the present day, Dr. Douglas Hyde, a distinguished Irish scholar and a Protestant, is able to say of the Irish at the opening of the twentieth century:

“A pious race is the Gaelic race. The Irish Gael is pious by very nature. The spirit and the things of the spirit affect him more powerfully than the body and the things of the body. What is invisible for other people is visible for him; he feels invisible powers before him, and by his side, and at his back, throughout the day and throughout the night. His mind on the subject may be summed up in the two sayings; that of the early church, ‘Let ancient things prevail,’ and that of St. Augustine, ‘Credo quia impossibile.’”

“It is precisely this theistic instinct, this childlike faith that gave and that gives the Irish the true idea of the priesthood. The priest for them is one who holds the keys of the spiritual world. He exercises spiritual powers. He is the incarnation of the invisible. He is the link that binds them to heaven. He is the coadjutor of God, the Vicar of God, he is another Christ. It was precisely because of this theistic instinct and this childlike faith, that the Irish required among them something more than a mere priest to offer sacrifice at the Altar of God, something more than a mere father. They required a soul-friend, one who should receive them at the threshold of life to conduct them into the fold of Christ, and who should accompany them throughout all the intricacies of life and leave them not until the grave had closed upon them for all time. This friend they found and recognized in the Soggarth Aroon. There are two periods especially in the life of the individual as well as a nation when a soul-friend is needed. In the years of prosperity and glory, on the one hand, and in the years of reverse and misfortune on the other. Prosperity and glory lead to pride, misfortunes lead to excessive dejection, Presumption and despair have proved equally disastrous to the faith of nations. And since Ireland walked for centuries upon the very mountain tops of joy and glory and again for centuries in the very depths of the valley of tears, she required in a special manner a Soul-friend; and him alike in glory and in sorrow, she found in the Soggarth Aroon.

* * * * *

“Oh, if the priests of Ireland could only realize the depth of the reverence of their people for them, if they could only realize the wealth of the love that is given them, their hearts would swell and their souls leap for joy within them, and in holy fear they would drop upon their knees to beg of God that they might never fall through pride! And oh, brother Soggarths of Greater Ireland,

how vast is the ocean of love and reverence that surges round us, and how great and glorious is the mission that is ours of being the soul-friends of such a people as is ours! And you, young gentlemen, stand fast by the traditions of your race. Be true to the Soggarth Aroon. Remember that wheresoever you go in after life, you will always find the Soggarth a soul-friend faithful and true to you. For you and yours he has sacrificed all that is nearest and dearest to him. Day and night he holds himself in readiness to bear to you at your request those life-giving sacraments of which he is at once the minister and the guardian. He is ever ready to share in your joys and your sorrows and to identify himself with every plan that tends towards your betterment and your success. And though it should happen, as it has happened for others before you, that you should fall so far that there will be none so low as do you reverence, though your hand be against every man and every man's hand against you, yet the Soggarth will extend to you the hand of friendship, the Soggarth will trust you though all the world persecute and calumniate you, he will believe you against the whole world, for he judges not according to the standard of the world and of worldlings, but according to the standard of eternity and of eternal interests.

"And so, gentlemen, I toast you Ireland's dearly beloved, Greater Ireland's faithful and true, our tried and trusted soul-friend—the Soggarth Aroon."

The last toast on the list, "To Our Guests" was next proposed; with a rousing "Varsity" cheer, the boys proclaimed their gratitude to the friends who had so kindly honored the occasion by their presence. Mr. E. P. Stanton, T. F. Clancy, Prof. Horigan and Fr. Fallon, jr., made suitable responses. Rev. Father O'Boyle was the last speaker called upon, and as he was concluding, his voice blended with the sound of the Angelus bell.

Mr. Geo. Nolan sang "God Save Ireland," everyone being invited to join in the chorus, and still singing the happy gathering dispersed.

Too much praise cannot be accorded to those who had charge of affairs. In view of the difficulties they had to contend against, the remarkably successful termination of their programme is really marvellous.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE :

Director.....	Rev. W. P. O'Boyle, O.M.I., '96.
Chairman.....	J. R. O'Gorman, '01.
Secretary.....	W. A. Martin, '02.
Treasurer.....	J. T. Warnock, '01.
A. P. Donnelly, '01 ; M. E. Conway, '01 ; J. E. McGlade, '01 ;	
E. E. Gallagher, '02 ; F. P. Burns, '02 ; J. P.	
Gookin, '02 ; J. W. O'Brien, '02.	

Surely such a becoming commendation of St. Patrick's Day does equal honour to the patriotism and ability of the students who prepared it, and to the laudable management of the University authorities who encourage it. Let us hope that it may long continue to be an event of yearly occurrence.

J. A. MEEHAN, '00.



the fact that it was an alumnus of Ottawa University, the Rev. M. F. Fallon, O. M. I., who first opened the eyes of the Catholics of the Dominion to the importance of the question, who first reminded the Catholics of the Empire that it lay in their power to have the offensive declaration removed from the statute book, and that its continuance thereon while they possessed such power, involved their dishonor. In a lecture delivered in Feby., 1898, under the auspices of the St. Joseph's branch of the C. T. S. of Ottawa, Father Fallon dealt exhaustively with the history and nature of the Royal Declaration and advanced conclusive reasons for its removal. But our public men were apathetic, perhaps they deemed it unseemly to take up the question while an aged and beloved sovereign occupied the throne; perhaps they thought the elections were not far enough away; perhaps they were jealous of clerical dictation; perhaps—but we shall not multiply conjectures. The abrogation of the Royal Declaration is within sight; and what though the "relic of hateful fanaticism" has been allowed to survive longer than was necessary, let us be glad that it is to go at last.

IN MEMORIAM.

Patrick Donahoe, founder of *The Pilot*, died at Boston, March 18th, 1901. Far from the land of his childhood days—far from the land whose every memory kindled anew his youthful aspirations, far from his own native Erin—in the new Ireland beyond the sea, out in the beautiful St. Augustine's cemetery, South Boston, sleeps the great friend and guide of the Irish race in America. When the sad news came that the veteran publisher had passed away, the Irish Catholics of America felt that they had lost a leader who in his time took the foremost part in every movement for religion and country. Though the United States was the land of his adoption, Canadian Irishmen well knew his sterling worth, integrity and nobleness.

Patrick Donahoe was a man with a mission; no saint had greater trust in Providence. He was not always favored by Fortune, for twice she bent unkindly towards him; he was not favored by any adventitious aid of wealth or rank or position;

not even was he aided by a college education, for at an early age he was thrown entirely on his own resources, but by sheer force of ability, concentration of purpose and unswerving attachment to his holy religion, did he rise to a high position in his adopted country. He was but eleven years of age when his family came to Boston in 1821. With a modicum of education he seemed ill-equipped for the battle of life, but gifted with an abundance of energy and determination, supplemented by what is familiarly known as backbone, he early began to lay the foundations of his splendid career. He saw the position of his fellow-Catholics in a new land where they held but a minimum of influence, and he determined on establishing a paper to protect the rights of his creed and race. His determination begot *The Pilot*. The new paper soon became a power in the hands of the young publisher. It was the ardent defender of Irish rights and the uncompromising opponent of any movement which threatened the advance of Catholicity in America. Prosperity and influence smiled upon him until 1872, when fire destroyed his establishment, and then came the financial panic of 1876, which wrecked the Emigrants' Savings Bank, an institution in which he was largely interested. These losses forced him to part with *The Pilot* to Archbishop Williams and John Boyle O'Reilly, but in 1890, he again secured control of the paper. In 1893 the University of Notre Dame bestowed the Laetare medal on him for services rendered to the Catholic religion in America.

The services of *The Pilot* to the Irish Catholic cause make up a glorious page in the history of Patrick Donahoe. If to-day it possesses an almost world-wide influence in the cause for which it was established, next to God's providence, we can attribute the great measure of its success to the energy and ability of its founder. It succeeded despite the fact that circumstances were not favorable in the early forties for the prosperity of any Catholic institution. Bigotry was then rampant, and the Catholic American had not the wealth and power he enjoys to-day. *The Pilot* in the days of storm and stress was a beacon light to guide Catholic America. It triumphed over fanaticism and intolerance, made its power known wherever the Irish emigrant penetrated and brought to the literary horizon a host of Catholic writers. D'Arcy Mc-

Gea, John Boyle O'Reilly, J. J. Roche, D. McCarthy, K. E. Conway, L. I. Guiney, M. Gilmore, truly represent some of the cultured power which gravitated to Boston through the influence of *The Pilot*. The good which Patrick Donahoe wrought has not been interred with his bones: it lives after him. May there ever be worthy and willing and capable hands to carry it on.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY.

Enthusiasm among the Irish students has this year been very evident, and, though they have shown naught but good will toward all races and classes, they have demonstrated unmistakably their genuine love for the isle of the shamrock and for everything connected with its history. Among other things the formation of a Gaelic Society has been perhaps the most noteworthy. It is of course needless to say that this society has been organized to awaken an interest in the study of Gaelic, and to likewise enable its members to become fairly well acquainted with the language in which the famous Irish scholars wrote. We are especially happy however to note that the Faculty has readily consented to aid in raising from the dead a language which has almost decayed. The society already boasts of a long roll of members, and is at present in a prosperous condition. The following able management has been appointed to look after its interests: President, Rev. W. P. O'Boyle, O.M.I.; Vice-President, Mr. E. P. Stanton; Secretary, J. J. O'Gorman; Treasurer, T. Tobin; Committee: Rev. C. McGurty O.M.I.; J. A. Meehan, W. A. Martin, J. J. Macdonnell.

To these and to all others who are connected with the society THE REVIEW wishes the greatest success. We believe this to be certainly a step in the right direction, for it is only by such means that we may ever hope to revive that grand old Gaelic tongue which was once the delight of the most cultured minds of Europe.

THE STUDENTS' THANKS.

One of the remarkable features of the recent St. Patrick's Day celebration at the University was the artistic decoration of the banquet hall. The harmony of colour, unison of tone and origin-

ality of design came in for especial praise. This is more noteworthy when it is borne in mind that the Decoration Committee were somewhat handicapped by reason of the few hours at their disposal for this work. Thanks to the artistic taste and energy of Messrs. Burke, Collins, Fay, McCormac, King, Burns, Lynch, O'Gorman, Hanley, Macdonell and Conway, the banquet hall presented a gala appearance seldom equalled on previous celebrations. The thanks of the Committee are tendered to the following who kindly loaned material for decoration:—Blyth & Co., Ross & Co., L. N. Poulin, R. M. McMorrin, Russell House, Col. Turner, St. Patrick's Literary Association, Ottawa Amateur Athletic Association and Bate & Co.

OBITUARY.

It is our sad duty this month to chronicle the death of Rev. John P. O'Gara '85, of Springfield, Mass., which occurred on Feby. 24th. Though Father O'Gara has been in delicate health for the past few years, his death came quite unexpectedly and as a great shock to his many friends in this his native city. Father O'Gara was a son of the late Judge O'Gara and was an alumnus of this university being a member of the class of '85. After graduating he spent some time in the study of law, but later on felt himself called to the ranks of the priesthood and pursued his theological studies at the college of St. Hyacinthe. He was ordained at the age of twenty-six and for seven years following his ordination was Professor of Mathematics in St. Hyacinthe College. Owing to ill health he was obliged to give up his Professorship. He attached himself to the diocese of Springfield and for two years acted as Chaplain of the House of the Good Shepherd in that city. Last September he was appointed diocesan inspector of the Parochial Schools, which position he occupied at the time of his death. Father O'Gara as a priest and a professor was much beloved by his brother priests and by a large circle of friends among the laity, all of whom mourn his early death. His remains were brought to Ottawa and the funeral was held from St. Joseph's Church on Thursday morning, Feby. 28th. To the sorrowing relatives of the departed priest THE REVIEW extends the sincere sympathy of the faculty and students. Requiescat in Pace.

Our most sincere sympathy is extended likewise to Rev. Bro. McGurty, whose father lately passed away at Philadelphia, Pa., to Rev. F. Benoit who has lost a sister, to A. Deschenes whose beloved mother recently passed away, and to Messrs Raoul, Rene and Oliva Lapointe the news of the death of whose father has been received as we go to print. To one and all THE REVIEW offers its sincerest condolences and prays that God may comfort the bereaved and grant rest to the departed.

VARIOUS.

The Laetare medal, which Notre Dame University confers every year upon some distinguished member of the Catholic laity of the United States, has been awarded this year by the Faculty to the Hon. W. Bourke Cockran. The formal presentation of the medal will be made next month in New York by Archbishop Corrigan.

* * *

Mr. Thomas O'Donnell, the representative of West Kerry in the British Parliament, is authority for the statement that "one-fourth of the population in Ireland speak the Irish language, and transact the greater part of their business in that tongue." Mr. O'Donnell ought to know. The Celtic revival is becoming more than a name.

* * *

The current number of the *Labour Gazette*, a monthly publication issued by the Dominion Department of Labour, contains an interesting and extensive article on "The Fishing Industry of Canada." The importance of this industry may be realized from the statement with which the article opens, that about 100,000 men are employed therein, and a capital of \$10,000,000. The total value of the catch of fish in 1899 was \$21,891,706; to this grand total Nova Scotia was the largest contributor.

* * *

No phase of Cardinal Wiseman's many-sided character is passed over by Mr. Wilfrid Ward in his well-known *Life and Times* of that great ecclesiastic. The Cardinal's love of the

poor is illustrated by several anecdotes, some of which serve to show that he possessed also a fine sense of humor. While staying at a certain sea-side resort he used to visit occasionally a poor woman, the wife of one of the coastguards, who was very seriously ill. The poor invalid was greatly consoled by these visits of so distinguished a Prince of the Church, whom, in her simplicity, she was wont to address as "Your Immense." As the Cardinal was over six feet in height and of portly build, the applicability of the title was beyond question, and he fully appreciated it.

* *

The well-known French astronomer and writer, M. Camille Flammarion, says *Electricity*, has for some time been making a special study of the effects of lightning on men, animals and other objects, and in order to illustrate the freakish conduct of lightning he recently told some stories which seem incredible. Thus he tells of two peasants who were preparing to eat breakfast, when suddenly all the dishes were thrown on the ground, the bread, cheese and fruit vanished from the table, and they themselves were covered with straw. On another occasion a man, walking through Nantes, was enveloped in lightning, yet was not injured. When he reached home, however, and opened his purse, which had contained two pieces of silver and one of gold, he found that the gold piece had vanished and that in its place was a silver piece. The lightning had, in fact, pierced through the leather of the purse and had covered the gold piece with a coating of silver taken from the other two pieces.

* *

Not since the conversation of Newman says the *Literary Digest* has the Roman Catholic Church made so important an individual conquest as in the case of Ferdinand Brunetière, who, as the editor for many years of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has been regarded as the ex-officio head of French letters. The event is a sensation among literary folk all over the continent; for, aside from his position as a sort of literary dictator of France, he is an acknowledged master of French prose and the ablest critic since Taine.

Exchanges

Our own Irish-Canadian poet, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, is held up to the admiration of the readers of the *St. Joseph's Collegian* in an interesting paper on his life and works. Under the not inappropriate title of "The Laureate of the Poor," Thomas Grey receives a warm tribute for his famous "Elegy." The editorials also are very good.

* * *

In the *Abbey Student* we find a creditable class symposium on different types of fictitious characters. The best sketches to our mind are those on Fabiola, Isaac the Jew and Zagloba, though we felt like taking exception to the accusation of cowardice laid against the Polish Ulysses-Falstaff. We cannot find fault with the account of the life of Goldsmith, but the subject is after all a trifle hackneyed, and the writer might better have taken some topic which would have exercised his powers of originality.

* * *

"The Singing Master" in the *Western University Courant* is a simple, pathetic story in which the heart of the reader in turns is joyous with the tinkling of the bells and the merry laughter of the youth, and sad and lonely with the singing master's recollections of scenes and faces that are "gone but not forgotten." In the article entitled "The Passionate Poet" the writer briefly summarizes the life, character and poetic abilities of Lord Byron. Perhaps, however, his misanthropy is too severely criticized. Byron was of a very sensitive nature, as indeed are all true poets, and it did seem at times as if the whole world were against him. "Strikes," the subject of another essay in the *Courant*, with a few exceptions, is viewed from the right side. Strikes, however, are not always a moral evil. Man must live, and when he is deprived of the means of obtaining the necessaries of life, he is morally justified in striking. True enough, strikes should be abolished, but how this may be successfully done yet remains an open question.

The *Stylus*, though not so frequent a visitor as in others years, is always welcome and invariably repays our attention. "Catholic Laymanship" is a strong and timely article upon a subject which cannot be too often dealt with and impressed upon the minds of the Catholic world. "The purpose of this humble treatise is not so much to summarize the praiseworthy in the social life of the Catholic laity, as to call attention to some things that could be altered, with injury to no one and with incalculable benefit to multitudes." Negligence of many of their duties, leaving everything to the clergy, is unfortunately too common a fault of our Catholic laymen. "That there are in this land thousands of liberally educated and highly cultivated Catholic young men is a conclusion one would scarcely be liable to arrive at from an investigation of the work done by them in the cause of their faith." We certainly agree with the writer that this deplorable condition of affairs cannot be too soon remedied. A similar idea sounds the keynote of "The Jubilee Ode," which is dedicated to the Y. M. C. A. The sublimity of his subject has kindled the author to a pitch of lofty enthusiasm, and we forgive the length of the composition for the beauty of its thought.



Athletics.

After a very interesting and closely contested series of schedule hockey games it was found that Mr. Callaghan, captain of last year's champions, and Mr. Halligan, shared equally the championship honors for 1901. Each team had eight points to its credit. On February the 27th, the decisive game was played which resulted in a victory for Halligan's team with the close score of 2 to 0. The game was fast, but free from the roughness

that was more or less evident in the preceding games. It was an important match and the players had learned from experience that better results could be obtained in following the puck than in wasting one's energy in feats of strength, or in pugilistic exhibitions, or in showing one's adroitness in breaking an opponent's stick with little or no injury to one's own.

The champions were treated to an oyster supper on March

5th by the Rev. Vice-Rector, who thus openly manifested the interest that the University authorities take in the students' successes, not in the class-room only, but likewise out of doors.

The Athletic Association, ever proud of its successful athletes, will present each member of the team with a handsome photo of the same which will ever serve as a faithful reminder of one of the many pleasing events of college life.

*
* *

On March 2nd the Philosophers played the Lay Professors a game of hockey for a turkey dinner. The Philosophers lost after a well contested game. The score was 3 to 2. On St. Thomas' Day, March 7, both teams enjoyed the dinner at the Philosophers' expense. After all present had made a short speech, they left the refectory and went to the recreation hall where a very enjoyable evening was spent in music, songs and cake-walks. It might be interesting to note that the best cake-walkers of the evening were Messrs. Conway and Burns.

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The regular annual meeting of the Ottawa University Athletic Association to elect officers

for the scholastic year will take place on Easter Monday. In preceding years the advent of this meeting was ever marked with apparent feverishness, and we have no reason to believe that this year will prove an exception to the rule. The most conspicuous individual during that time is the office-seeker. He is easily detected. As the time for election approaches he becomes more sociable; in conversation a smile ever plays upon his lips; his chum, if not likewise an office-seeker, is for the time left to shift for himself, for ephemeral friendships must now be made; he condescends to walk with those who on other occasions would be repulsive to his delicate sense of good breeding; in a word he uses all the tact of a skilled politician.

We have no objection to the above conduct in general, but what we do object to and hold in abhorrence is to see such office-seekers solicit another's vote. Such an act is evident proof that the office-hunter is undeserving the trust which he wishes the student body to confide in him. The students are not so numerous that the merits and administrative abilities of one or more individuals could possibly pass unnoticed,

hence if good judgment is employed the best fitted for the various positions will be appointed. In conclusion, we hope that all who are interested in the welfare of the Athletic

Association, and who desire to keep untarnished the splendor of its past record, will make it their duty to elect those truly competent to manage its affairs.



Of Local Interest.

A BANQUET.

St. Thomas' Day, March 7th, is one that will not soon be forgotten by the philosophers and lay-professors. It was the occasion of their aristocratic hockey banquet. Some days beforehand, not in banquet attire, nor with silk gloves, the representatives of both these aggregations had played a hockey match for a stake of an oyster supper to be furnished by the losing team. Happily for both teams the philosophers lost—happily I say because the professors have put up so many oyster suppers in the past that the novelty of the privilege has long since departed. The force of this assertion was exemplified, when at 7.30 p.m., March 7th, the guests, mostly professors, were ushered into the banquet hall, where to their agreeable surprise, they beheld a sumptuous dinner of turkey and sweets.

All ranged themselves in hockey style about the board, that is Philosopher against Professor, Manager Warnock of the Philosophers acting as "mine host." As the invitations had been issued previous to the banquet, no one waited for a second one. All rules were conveniently forgotten and the onslaught was remarkable for brilliant individual play. The young forgot their tender years and the old seemed young again, such at least was the impression of manly vigor of despatch gleaned by one who went to look on. And what seemed better still was the cheerfulness that animated all. No one thought it any trouble to take a dish from a comrade's hand, hold it till he was tired and pass it on. And contrary to all hockey procedure, no one would hear of "half-time" until the "game" was finished. As for generosity it was unbounded. Lest the affair might take on a

tinge of seriousness, each one, while he was waiting for something, thought it his duty to make a pleasant remark about his neighbors and the joke was invariably enjoyed by all others who happened to be in wait too. And, as many were in wait most of the time the mirth was quite uninterrupted until everything was eaten.

The exact moment of that providential calamity will probably never be known, despite the fact that certain so-called witnesses aver that it occurred quite early in the evening. However, as these same witnesses were observed eating by a number of those who support the theory that the critical moment was later; and as the confusion of voices was such for the last half hour, that even an impartial observer, if present, would be occupied in wondering if he himself looked like a turkey; the matter of precision of time might better be waived, and all are to be congratulated that the inevitable occurred as soon as it did.

Cigars were passed around when the relaxation commenced. When the free intermingling of different smokes had promoted a better feeling among the late rival corps, the chairman rose

and expressed his satisfaction at the way each one had conducted himself. "In fact," he said, "nothing had been left undone"—(the remainder of his sentence was lost in a chorus of "hear! hear!") He then called upon each one present for an address, and each one immediately after rising, expressed his pleasure at being present and, after making sufficient observations to assert his particular individuality, expressed likewise the hope that he should assist at many festivities of the same nature in the future. When all had spoken, the banquet hall was deserted for the more spacious recreation hall.

Here the real enjoyment began. Mac constituted himself master of ceremonies, and insisted on the dances being carried on "right." "Ric" led cake-walkers all over the hall, and even over the tables. Everyone persisted in attempting feats he was not physically constituted to perform. But what matters it what anyone did, when philosophers and professors, away from books and classes, reading only each others hearts, let loose the pent-up floods of their good natures to mock the gravity of seeming wise!

During the month the Senior Debating Society has held three very interesting discussions. The first resolution debated was "that government arbitration would be the best means of settling strikes." Owing to illness the leader of the negative, Mr. E. Gallagher, was unable to attend, however, Mr. J. Warnock consented to take the leadership though receiving but very short notice. He was ably seconded by Mr. H. Fay. The champions for the affirmative, Messrs J. Macdonell and O. McGarvey however carried off the honors of the evening. The subject for the next discussion was rather a poor one for debate yet was made very interesting by the different speakers. Messrs J. Dowd and W. Callaghan upheld very strongly the liberty granted by the Declaration of Independence, the judges, however, awarded the decision to Messrs J. Lynch and F. French, their eloquent opponents. The approach of the 17th made the resolution "that, for Ireland, independence would be preferable to Home Rule," very appropriate. The speakers for the affirmative, Messrs J. J. O'Gorman and T. Tobin, treated the subject both ably and fully and though they won the debate

found two very worthy opponents in Messrs. T. Day and R. Halligan.

* * *

Owing to the fact that the Scientific Society has met with many bitter disappointments in connection with Dr. Griffin's lecture on liquid air, the regular programme of lectures has not been fully carried out. The members however met on March 13th to listen to a very instructive and carefully prepared paper on the subject "Physical Exercise." The lecturer of the evening was Rev. J. Lajeunesse, O. M. I., the worthy director of the society. We hope that the committee will see that several more such excellent treatises will be given before the work of the year is completed.

CRUMBS FROM ST. PATRICK'S DAY
BANQUET.

The motto of the newly-organized "Gaelga Society" is in accord with the spirit of the times—"Get your Irish up."

* * *

When the dishes were being removed after the banquet the following choice bit of humour, evidently written at a moment of inspiration, was found under John L's plate.

"What I'll say if called on for a speech."

"The students of Ottawa College have always shewn themselves ready and competent for the accomplishment of either a feat of feet, (which usually results in a defeat for the other team) or, which is not exactly the same thing, a feat of head. This latter expression may appear rather up-side-down. Yet, after what I have to-day witnessed, I think it is none the less significant. But, gentlemen, this magnificent celebration of St. Patrick's Day embodies the most wonderful combination of feet I ever saw—it is a regular poem."

Sultie's facetiousness was hitherto an unknown quantity; but genius, like murder, "will out,"

* * *

"King" Clancy was introduced to the banquetters as "a man equally at home on the football field and in the classroom, and who, in view of recent events, may be found at home any time now." Tom pleaded guilty.

* * *

Coxie.—I declare I never felt better in my life than I do this day.

McSwiggin.—Oh! that's easily explained. Why man it is

owing to the invigorating influence of the popular air, don't you hear the orchestra playing it?

Coxie.—Get on with yourself. That orchestra is no oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe.

* * *

Mr. Jarvis' practised eye was not slow to notice the beauty of the decorations, which, he said, displayed the true artistic taste in every detail. After he had photographed the hall to his satisfaction he testified to the tempting nature of the repast, in his remark "it's really marvellous how still you can sit."

* * *

Toastmaster Donnelly made the hit of the day when he, with serious face, apprised the assembly that he was possessed of information to the effect that the Rev. Pastor of St. Joseph's could not make a speech, except when he was prepared. The full magnitude of the joke was not revealed until Dr. Fallon had concluded his masterly discourse.

* * *

One never knows when the traits of character acquired on the football field will crop and show themselves. That Ottawa Varsity boys "can take a blow,

and give one" was never as emphatically asserted as it was in the striking features that developed in connection with the celebration of Ireland's day.

* * *

"Dr. Fallon, that magnificent specimen of priest and manhood."—Prof. Horrigan.

The Prof. thinks Fr. Fallon Jr. is a chip of the same block; so do we all.

* * *

The philosophers had not realized the justice of Socrates' complaint that his wife interfered with his studies until they came to Matrimonium, when they discovered that, even in the abstract, its troubles are not mere *shadows*.

* * *

In a physics class recently the chair shot from under its occupant; hence the dialogue:

Stretching Boy (spontaneously)—P-p-purely an accident father!

Prof.—Inexcusable.

Boy (striding out of class)—B-b-bosh! hard luck.

* * *

Chevalier (meeting noted stu-

dent of French) "Comment êtes-vous? M.—quel est votre nom?"

Uncle Sam (throwing out his chest)—"Fine! fine!"

* * *

G-h-g-n.—"Well Charlie, there'll be no banquet on the 17th."

The Count.—"Why, isn't there going to be any St. Patrick's day this year?"

* * *

SOME BOOKKEEPING TERMS.

Days of Grace—Forty Hours.

Bill of exchange—"Shin-plaster."

Average—65 in conduct, (for whom?)

Favor—Lend me your exercise.

Bankrupt—Everybody.

Insolvent—Mark's customers.

Inventory—In the wash-bag.

Liquidation—Scientific Society.

Negotiable—Clothes.

Protest—At 5.30 a.m.

Remittance—Didn't come yet.

Tare—Sliding down the banister.

Instalments—Far between.

Priorum Temporum Flores

Mr. Robt. Cameron '99 Commercial, of Buckingham, was a guest at the St. Patrick's Day Banquet.

Rev. J. M. Foley '97, who is at present curate at Alexandria, was a welcome visitor to the Sanctum last month.

Mr. P. J. Lawn ex. '99, called at the University the other day on his way to Quebec. Mr. Lawn was recently elected secretary of the Pontiac Liberal Association.

Mr. F. W. Anglin '85, one of Toronto's leading harristers, was the lecturer of the evening at the concert held under the direction of St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Society in the

Russell Theatre, Monday evening, March 18th. Mr. Anglin was also a guest at the banquet of the Irish Students of the University on that day.

Mr. Dennis Murphy '92, M. P. for Yale, B. C., moved the address in-reply to the speech from the throne at the recent opening of the legislature at Victoria. Hon. Mr. Turner ex-Premier of British Columbia and at present a member of the Dunsmuir cabinet, complimented Mr. Murphy on the excellence of his speech and said it was the best he had ever heard on a similar occasion in his long experience in the House.



Junior Department,

Owing to illness the Rev. Father Benoit has been forced to resign the duties of Prefect of Discipline in the Junior Department. The small boys were apprised of this change on March 14th, when Rev. Father Pepin was formally appointed to look after the interests of the juniors for the rest of this term.

* * *

March 7th being a holiday,

the juniors went to the scholastic to spend the afternoon. During their stay, they were allowed full use of the skating rink slide. After three hours of healthful sport they returned home, and voted this the pleasantest afternoon they had enjoyed for many a day. Everybody came back whole, except Carrier who left a small portion of his eye at the rinkside.

Owing to the *unparidonable* omission of the Junior Department in last month's issue, the public were deprived of the pleasure of reading the juniors' successes in the hockey rink. The games played and won are as follows :

January 16th, Bawlf, 2 ; Girouard, 1.

January 23rd, Bawlf, 1 ; Dion, 0.

January 26th, McGee, 5 ; Girouard, 2.

January 27th, Dion, 4 ; Bawlf, 0.

January 30th, Girouard, 3 ; McGee, 3.

Fearing that sufficient space will not be given me this month, I defer the details of these games to a future date. Indeed, I hope that my indignant temperature will have descended about fifty degrees when I begin to describe some of those games. Such poor exhibitions of hockey were never seen in the small yard !

JUNIORS, 4 ; SENIORS IV, 3.

Sing we the praises of our yard
Long may the boys, who nobly guard
Our prestige that they've won so hard,
Among us stay,
Nor cease our hockey games to play.

Behold ! on holy Thomas' day
A boasting crowd with spirits gay,
Were fools enough from home to stray.
Lament they now
For sorrow shows on every brow.

Baffled we them the whole game
through,
Yes, o'er the ice our players flew
Right swiftly, while those foes so blue
Ne'er touched the puck
E'en though it struck
So oft their net full in their view.

Sure Rheauime's back must hurt him
now.
McIntyre must press his brow,
And to the rest—we whisper low :
Learn how to skate
Lest kids may show you, when too
late.

You tried rough force, but in that too,
A few stout sons of the small yard,
Right well their grit and prowess true
Displayed, and all your plans were
marred.

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* *

While the stars twinkled and the moon with serene face illumined the stilly night of Feby. 28th, there occurred a memorable scene, a never-to-be-forgotten scene, a scene that we saw, a scene to portray which worthily, needs a pen wholly devoted to its lawful duty, and not given to the execrable pastime of picking up the remains of amphibious animalcules from the dark depths of the ink-bottle ; with such an instrument of writing as we possess, we proceed. The actors in the aforementioned scene were old Varsity's patriotic juveniles, who attired in various skins of various beasts, had assembled on their skating rink for what purpose will presently appear. When, after much

needless elbowing and many other equally misspent efforts, everyone had succeeded in getting into the place where he didn't want to be, a hush fell upon the vast assembly and all eyes were directed to a youthful figure that high upon a lofty snowbank surveyed the attentive throng. Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, and clearing his throat of rising impressions, which instantly froze on the spot where they fell, the orator of the day, we mean of the night, began: Friends, companions of my studious days, lovers of all wisdom, (applause) I stand here to-night (a voice; so do we) to express my indignation (hear, hear,) at the slight which our representative, the Junior Editor and all of us received at the hands of the mighty board of Editors. (A voice: There is trouble brewing;—another voice: hurry up, we're freezing.) Gentlemen, you have seen the February REVIEW. You have seen that we have no place therein, that our department has been eliminated, subducted, removed, weeded out. Many a time and oft have the board of editors sat upon us and nullified our efforts to raise the literary tone and standard of the REVIEW, but this latest and last offense seals their doom, (chorus of voices: tear 'em up; 'liminate them; weed them out.)

Be patient, I beseech you. If I but wished to stir your fiery nature, what short work you would soon make of the board

of venerable editors (all roll up their sleeves); as well you know, I am too tender-hearted to wish any harm to such mighty and such honorable men. (A voice—to the dormitory and ring their necks. Another voice—Hold! the Editor speaks.) But even if you, in the height of your zeal did drop a few of them down the elevator-shaft, would you not have reason to do so? (Applause. Voices—We'll do it, we'll do it, we'll drop them down.) My friends, bear with me yet awhile; perhaps we wrong these honorable men. Yet the blood boils in my veins and arteries, when I consider that in addition to their haughty treatment of us, they refused even to hand us over the proof-sheets of the last number for our customary corrections. Behold the results! And tell me if we have not reason to be offended. Was it some goblin that seized them when they allowed that most solemn of words, *mausoleum* to be corrupted into *mansoleum*; and are we not right in demanding retribution for the crime of changing *compendiums* to *compendiums*. (A wee shrill voice—They can't spell; they don't know nothing.) Are not their evil designs upon the tongue of William Shakespere, and of Mr. Dooley, made evident when we behold the bold innovators change, mutate and transform the beloved preposition *of* into a harsh, unseemly and barbaric *af*; old and familiar *were*

mutilated into *ware*, and—ye gods, help me in the telling of it—that exquisite term which is to be found on the labels of our tooth powder and patent medicines, *preparation* tortured into *preperation*. (Voices—We'll have revenge; we'll teach them how to spell).

O fellow-martyrs; my blood boils and my ears tingle when I think of our cruel wrongs; but I fear I endanger the lives of these honorable men by my vehemence (derisive laughter.) My friends, you who have a world-wide reputation for patience, generosity and long-suffering, wreak not vengeance upon the heads of those innocent editors, but rather treat them with that chivalric courtesy, (a voice; hear, hear. Another voice. We'll treat them! Ironic laughter amid which the conclusion of the sentence was lost.) Appeal first, I beseech you to their reason and if after due deliberation they refuse to grant an apology, then challenge them to mortal combat. I have done. (Intense excitement, tremendous applause. All rush off to the handball alley to draw up resolutions.)

The following resolutions were drawn up on the wooden floor of the ball alley.

“Whereas the Junior Editor and the members of the Junior Department have taken offense at the exclusion of all mention of their affairs in the last number of the REVIEW, and

“Whereas the said Editor and members consider it an unpardonable oversight that the proof sheets of the last number were not handed over to them for correction, as was always never done before.

“Be it resolved that a formal apology be demanded of the board of editors with the alternative of a challenge to mortal combat.

Junior Editor and Members
of the Junior Department.

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During the course of a hotly contested game, Mel Schim received such a blow from the opponent's hockey that the heel of his shoe came off. He thereupon sent his shoe to the cobbler to be repaired. They say that the unfortunate cobbler is looking for Mel Schim and the heel of that shoe.

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Leo G. Nard lately suffered the loss of his fast *trotter*. He now realizes that these steeds are often unmanageable when guided by *inexperienced hands*.

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*

Girardou and Tan Slo have joined the senior ranks. They used to rule wisely. Mullgani has reluctantly accepted the royal sceptre.

How long shall time deprive me,
In my present state of woe
Of ranking in the senior ranks
Saith Mullgani to Tan Slo.

Bill (to his nephew)—What's the matter with your foot?

Little Bill—There's a nail in my heel.

Bill—Won't it *heal*?

Little Bill—O that joke needs a *foot* note.

* *

McCarthy says he has not a pair of pants to his back.

* *

Gab.—(Expressing his dis-

gust for a neighbor) I feel like eating him.

Gib.—I do, only he'd turn my stomach.

* *

Heal.—(Congratulating Tim on his outburst of wit) Why, you're almost as good as myself.

Tim.—Say, that's an awful calling down,



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Overcoat, should call
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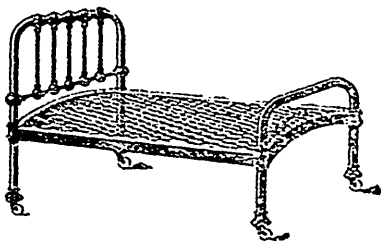
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