

endeared him to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Great sympathy is felt for his aged father in his affliction.

The members of St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society held their final meeting for the season in the Academic Hall on Friday evening, the Very Rev. Dr. Watters presiding. The Very Rev. chairman gave a very interesting address on the work of the year. At the conclusion of the Rector's address a presentation of several volumes was made to Mr. Melville J. Crombie, the popular honorary secretary. Mr. Crombie, in the course of a happy speech, returned thanks for the valuable gift. During the evening songs were contributed by the Rev. Fathers Hickson, Clancey and Mahoney, Mr. G. Redmond and Masters D. Kenny and Findlay, and readings by Masters Devine and Campbell. This Society has been one of the most useful of its kind in connection with our popular Catholic college, as it gives the students an opportunity of discussing the topics of the times, expressing their ideas on matters modern and ancient. That they can speak with confidence, a good delivery, logically and to the point has been amply demonstrated by the very fine academic debate which was held on the occasion of the breaking-up for the midwinter holidays, when the eloquence of the disputants was the admiration of those who had the pleasure of being present. The speeches on that occasion are, I understand, to be embodied in this year's College Calendar, which, by the way, is to be brought out this year in first-class style, and will in every way be worthy of the institution.

THE PRIEST IN WAR.

At a recent banquet in Buffalo Archbishop Ireland replied for the toast "The chaplain." His Grace is reported to have said:—

"The Civil War awakened all the latent energies of the American people, revealed to themselves and to the world their strength, exalted their confidence in their own powers, and secured to them the respect and the admiration of other peoples. The whole range of American life was intensified by the war; the wondrous era of material industry and exploitation through which the country has been passing is itself very largely due to the quickening of American brain and the stimulating of American courage, which were produced by Civil War. New America was born; the great nation which the world admires to-day is the child of the victories of the Union soldiers.

THE CHAPLAIN.

"Is there wonder that American veterans are proud and exulting? Is there wonder that whoever loves America and rejoices in her greatness delights to pay them reverence? The United States owes to them life, honour, and prosperity. But why in an encampment of veterans mention the army chaplain? Has he had a part even most slight in their achievements? Apparently the part of the chaplain was small if a part is at all credited to him. The chaplain bore no gun upon his shoulder. The chaplain was a non-combatant, a man of peace, whether in camp or on the battle-field. In fact, however, the part of the chaplain was most important. I am making a plea of my own patriotism. I am a chaplain. I did not fight but I made others fight. My preaching to the soldiers of my regiment was, 'Make it hot for the rebels or the Lord will make it hot for you.' And whenever opportunity was afforded, they did make it hot for the rebels. How much my preaching contributed to their valour I will not examine too closely, but it was of the gallant Fifth Minnesota that the brave Rosecrans said on the evening of a terrible battle: 'They did more killing than any other regiment engaged on the field.'

"The chaplain invested the soldiers fighting, the soldiers' whole round of labour and suffering, with the halo of moral duty. Under the spell of duty the soldier was submissive and brave, and to place the soldier under this was the office of the army chaplain. Was the part of the chaplain so small in the achievements that have made the new America?

"The appeal of the chaplain to the living God as approving war and consecrating battle-fields is in fullest harmony with the teachings of religion. God is, indeed, the God of love and of peace while love means no violence of justice, and peace implies no surrender of supreme right. The servants of God must ever seek peace so long as it is possible to obtain peace. They must never proclaim war so long as war is not absolutely necessary. But times come when war is absolutely necessary, when naught but war can avert great wrongs and save the life and honour of the nation. Then the God of peace becomes the God of armies; he who unsheathes the sword in response to country's call finds favour before God, and the soldier who is a coward on the battle-field is a culprit before heaven's tribunal.

"The chaplain—let him remain to America—to America's army and navy. It is sometimes said that the chaplain is an anomaly in a country which has decreed the separation of State and Church. America has decreed the separation of State from Church—America has not decreed and never will decree the separation of State from morals and religion. To soldiers upon land and sea as well as to other citizens, morals and religion are necessary. The dependence of soldiers upon the Government of the country is complete. The Government of the country must provide for soldiers, teachers of morals and religion.

"In providing for them such teachers the country performs a duty which she owes to the soldiers and she serves her own high interests. For the best and the bravest soldiers are men that are not estranged from morals and religion.

A RIGHTEOUS WAR.

"Never in the history of peoples was there so much at stake for a nation and for humanity as when, in 1861, Abraham Lincoln summoned Americans to defend the Stars and Stripes. Never in the history of peoples was there a war more righteous, more necessary, more worthy of Heaven's blessings than the war which Americans waged three decades of years ago to maintain intact and unscathed the Stars and Stripes.

"May war be never again necessary for America! If dissensions arise may they be composed by peaceful tribunals. But always and above all else America's life and honour must be safe from peril and stain. If to maintain the life and honour of America war is necessary, let there be war, and when war is declared may soldiers be as ready, as brave, as true, as heroic as those who quickly replied to the calls of Lincoln, 'We are coming, Father Abraham to do and die!'

"Seldom on this evening has the thought of my country so possessed my soul. The President of the nation honouring us with his presence, 50,000 veteran defenders of American unity thronging our streets, vivid recollections of the great war surging up from memory's stores—must not all Americans to-night realise as seldom before the grandeur, the beauty, the value of the American Republic! Seldom as this evening has the love of my country so inflamed my heart. I crave the honour to be for a moment your chaplain.

"God of nations, I pray thee, bless and save for years unnumbered the United States of America. Preserve to Americans their liberties, maintain among them brotherly love, give rewards to their toil, build up within them the love and fear of Thee, lead them to the observance of Thy supreme righteousness. O God, bless and save America."

RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

"IN my journal," writes O'Neill Daunt, "of November 5, 1840, I find, among other memoranda, some interesting forensic recollections of O'Connell. Hedges Eyre, an Orange leader, had invariably engaged O'Connell as his counsel. On one occasion a brother Orangeman severely censured Hedges Eyre for employing the Catholic leader. 'You've got seven counsels without him, and why should you give your money to that Papist rascal?' Hedges did not make any immediate reply, but they both remained in court watching the progress of the trial. The counsel on the opposite side pressed a point for nonsuit, and carried the judge along with him. O'Connell remonstrated against the nonsuit, protesting against so great an injustice. The judge seemed obdurate. 'Well, hear me at all events,' said O'Connell. 'No, I won't,' replied the judge; 'I've already heard the leading counsel.' 'But I am conducting counsel, my lord,' rejoined O'Connell, 'and more intimately aware of the details of the case than my brethren; I entreat you, therefore, you will hear me.' The judge ungraciously consented, and in five minutes O'Connell had argued him out of the nonsuit. 'Now,' said Hedges Eyre in triumph to his Orange confrere, 'now do you see why I gave my money to that Papist rascal!'

O'Connell related this story of a physician who had been detained for many days at the Limerick assizes, to which he had been subpoenaed as a witness. He pressed the judge to order him his expenses. "On what plea do you claim your expenses?" demands the judge. On the plea of my having suffered personal loss and inconvenience, my lord," replied the simple applicant; "I have been kept away from my patients these five days—and, if I am kept here much longer, how do I know but they'll get well."

Here is a reminiscence of the method in which the harshness of the penal law system in its decline was mitigated by the action of the judicial bench:

"My poor confessor, Father O'Grady," said O'Connell, "who resided with my uncle when I was a boy, was tried in Tralee on the charge of being a Popish priest, but the judge defeated O'Grady's prosecutors by distorting the law in his favour. There was a flip-pant scoundrel who came forward to depose to Father O'Grady's having said Mass.

'Pray, sir,' said the judge 'how do you know he said Mass?'

'Because I heard him say it, my lord.'

'Did he say it in Latin?' asked the judge.

'Yes, my lord.'

'Then you understand Latin?'

'A little.'

'What words did you hear him say?'

'Ave Maria.'

'That is the Lord's prayer, is it not?' asked the judge.

'Yes, my lord,' was the fellow's answer.

"Here is a pretty witness to convict the prisoner," cried the judge. He swears Ave Maria is Latin for the Lord's prayer.'

'The judge charged the jury for the prisoner, so my poor old friend, Father O'Grady, was acquitted.'

In O'Connell's early days the judicial bench was disgraced by a judge, "who was," said O'Connell, "so fond of brandy that he always kept a supply of it in court upon the desk before him in an inkstand of peculiar make. His lordship used to lean his arm upon the desk, bob down his head and steal a hurried sip from time to time through a quill which lay among the pens, which manoeuvre, he flattered himself, escaped observation. One day it was sought by counsel to convict a witness of having been drunk at the period to which his evidence referred. Henry Deane Grady laboured hard, on the other hand, to show that the man had been sober. 'Come, now, my good man,' said the judge, 'it is a very important consideration; tell the court truly, were you drunk or were you sober on that occasion?'

"Oh, quite sober, my lord," broke in Grady, with a significant look at the inkstand, 'as sober—as a judge.'

O'Connell used to relate the following pathetic story of a Tim Driscoll, for many years a leading member of the Munster circuit: "I remember," he said, "an occasion when Tim behaved nobly. His brother, who was a blacksmith, was to be tried for his life for the part he had taken in the rebellion of 1798, and Tim's friends among the barristers predicted that Tim would shirk his brother and contrive to be engaged in the other court when the trial should come on, in order to avoid the public recognition of so humble a connection as the blacksmith. Bets were offered upon the course Tim would take. He nobly dis-

TIGER BLEND TEAS HAVE NO EQUAL.