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DUBLIN.  
M. H. O'ILL & SON

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*Pres. Copy for Cardinal O'Donnell  
1895*  
With Most-Rev. Dr. O'Donnell's  
Compliments

"cuimne coluimcille"

OR

THE GARTAN FESTIVAL.

"cuimne coluimcille"

OR

THE GARTAN FESTIVAL

BEING

A Record of the Celebration held at Gartan

ON THE

9TH JUNE, 1897

THE THIRTEENTH CENTENNIAL

OF

ST. COLUMBA

Dublin

M. H. GILL AND SON

1898





Outskirts of Meeting at Gartan.



## PREFACE.

"A trumpet-call gathered the scattered;  
The urns stood alone on the plain;  
By the sea wave, with face turned westward,  
You lifted the banner again."—LEO.



THE Columbian Celebration at Gartan on the 9th of June, 1897, deserves a permanent record. The ceremonial, the addresses, the messages, the events of every kind, ought all to live in the memory of the people. Rarely does it fall to one's lot to transmit an account of any celebration at once so happy in itself and so fruitful in good results. If the Gartan Festival has done much for the revival of the Irish language, it has done much also to impress the popular imagination with the true ideals of life, that are found in Columba and the Saints of his time.

To the Gartan celebration and its completion at Letterkenny this volume is almost exclusively devoted. The splendid celebrations held in America can only be mentioned. Nearer home, in St. Columba's beloved Derry, the Centennial evoked overflowing fervour and enthusiasm under warm patronage and skilful organisation. In Iona Protestants and Presbyterians vied with the Catholics of Scotland in paying homage to the great Apostle of the Nation.

Nor did Durrow forget the honour due to the illustrious founder who made its name for ever famous in the annals of the Saints and Scribes of Ireland. Holywood rejoiced.

For the convenience of the general reader, the editor has put together the leading events of Columba's life in a brief sketch. He has been enjoined by the Committees in charge of the different departments to make no mention by name of the clergymen, who did the work of preparation so admirably for the Festival; and it only remains for him to state that the Holy Father, at the prayer of the Bishop of Raphoe, had generously removed the obligation of fast and abstinence at Gartan, and given permission for the Mass of the Saint on the 9th of June, 1897, which happened to be an Ember Day in Pentecost Week.

E. MAGUIRE, D.D.



## SECTION I.

### FIRST INTRODUCTION.

(From the *Freeman's Journal*, June 4th, 1897. *Specially Contributed*).

### ST. COLUMBA.

### THE GARTAN FESTIVAL.



THE preparations for the Columbian Celebration at Gartan on the 9th of June are almost complete, and, with fair weather, the event promises to be one of rare interest. There will be High Mass of the Saint at the natal spot, though the day falls in Pentecost week, by special permission from the Holy Father, who has also been pleased to relax the Ember fast and abstinence for the assembly. Out of reverence for Columba, however, abstinence from drinks will be in high favour at the celebration, and the total abstinence societies for leagues around are to muster in full force. The past and present priests of the parish are named for the sacred ceremonies, the sermon being assigned to Rev. A. M'Nelis, P.P., who will speak in Irish, just as the language is spoken in his parish of Gartan and Termon. After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and a *Te Deum*, there



will be many short addresses in both languages on various aspects of St. Columba's life. Before and after dinner hour there is to be vocal and instrumental Irish music and time for reverencing both the spot where the saint was born and the ancient church he founded. The view from this church is superb. If Glenveigh and Errigal are intercepted by the background of high mountain, in front lie the three Gartan lakes, like the leaves of a silver shamrock at the pilgrim's feet. Old crosses and old tombs cannot altogether draw off his eyes from a scene so fair: no, not even his devout prayers and the *turas* and the holy well. That beautiful mansion on the southern shore of Lough Beg, as its popular proprietor will tell, was built out of the walls of the old castle on the large island near the opposite shore, wherein Godfrey O'Donnell lay under care of his physicians for a year after the battle of Credran-cille (1257). The land adjoining the water entrance to that ancient fortress is the very land that was cleared in the Glenveigh evictions, so graphically described by A. M. Sullivan in "New Ireland." It is pleasant to state that Mrs. Adair has for some time past been constructing a fine road from Gartan straight to Glenveigh Castle, and so close to the birthplace of Columba that it will be of great service for the Columbian celebration. Would that the worthy lady saw her way to bring back the brave peasantry whose happy homes once studded the slopes of Derryveigh! Stranger things have happened. Mrs. Adair takes a deep interest in the Centennial Festival, and it is enough to inspire many a bold resolve that the very same Father James McFadden, of Cloghaneely, who, as a noble hearted young priest, accompanied the Glenveigh people and saw them embark for Australia, is to deliver an address at Gartan on the great Saint who founded the monastery of Tory Island in his parish, and whose Tory chalice of stone he retains to this day in his possession. The patriot priest of Gweedore has written a beautiful Irish letter

from San Francisco for the occasion. Gartan, in the very heart of Tyrconnell, was the nursing ground of saints and warriors. The O'Freels, descended from St. Columba's only brother, Eoghan, one of whom as Coarb of Columbkille at Kilmaecrenan inaugurated the chieftains of Tyrconnell, on the Rock of Doon, are here still, and alone retain the secret of supplying "Gartan clay." It will also be remembered



Tomb of Godfrey O'Donnell.

that the last Abbot of Iona was an O'Freel. By a curious coincidence the field of assembly on the 9th is occupied by an old man, who rejoices in the name of Bradley, but whose Irish name of O'Brolloghan was dear to Derry and Iona at the close of the twelfth century. Then the flag on which St. Columba was born is in a field belonging to an O'Doherty, descended, like the O'Donnells and O'Boyles, from the Cinel



Luideach, still spoken of here, whose good swords made them lords of Tyrconnell and victors on many a battlefield in Ireland, Spain, and Austria. The O'Muldoreys, O'Cannons, and O'Gallaghers, as the senior branch of the Cinel Conal, sprung from King Ainmire, who joined in the grant of Derry and Raphoe to Columba, while the MacSwineys and many other Donegal families were of the Cinel Owen. On the 9th there will be early Mass in Letterkenny, with a choral rendering of "Columba Penna Nivea," from an old office, before the procession of vehicles leaves for Gartan. The vehicle question has been a serious one for the Centennial Committee. As the birthplace of Columba is so far from a railway station, and as the local demand for cars was sure to be very heavy, the committee dreading disappointments to strangers, decided to give scarcely any public notice of the event. Then since the Iona celebration was first announced the committee considered that, as Iona was the greatest glory of Columba, and as his first companions and his early successors there went out from Donegal, it would be better to do nothing they could avoid that might interfere with the Scotch celebration; and so they determined to issue no invitations whatever. Besides, at Derry, Holywood, and Durrow the day was to be kept in a manner worthy of the Saint that raised them so high. And thus it came about that the Gartan Celebration has been organised on diocesan lines, and that only persons connected by birth with the Diocese of Raphoe have been asked to make addresses on the occasion. But the festival is confined in no other way; and many Gaels, who expect to mark decided progress in the Irish language movement, from the inkling that has reached them, and who have heard what a Donegal welcome is like, are making sure of a conveyance by looking to their bicycles to carry them on their pilgrimage. At Lifford, as one enters Tyrconnell (locally, East Donegal or the Lagan, Tirendna or Magh-Iha, according to taste) from Strabane

Station on the Great Northern, Manus O'Donnell completed his Irish life of St. Columba in 1532, in his Castle of Port-na-tree-Navad. The neighbourhood of Clonleigh is soon reached, where once flourished a famous school of learning and piety—fostered alike by Cinel Owen and Cinel Conal. Further on Draihit Eunan (so the Gartan people



Mantelpiece, Donegal Castle.

will teach one to pronounce Adamnan) lies to the left in the direction of Raphoe, dear alike to Eunan and Columba. Still further on, within five miles of Letterkenny, on the right is the ancient Church of Ryemochy, in which the boy Columba, according to a beautiful legend, took up the words of the psalm that neither his venerable preceptor, the good priest

Cruthechan, nor the aged Bishop Brugach of Rye could recall. In the same line of vision from the main road lower down on the right bank of Lough Swilly stand the ruins of Ballehan Abbey, facing beautiful Kill-O'Donnell on the opposite shore of the lake. Soon the traveller comes close to the waters of the Swilly that often, alas! ran red with the blood of O'Neills and O'Donnells arrayed against one another in endless wars. Oh, that the blood shed at Knockavoe, near Lifford, in 1522, at Ballehan in 1557, and at Fersat More in 1567, had been shed for Ireland! Three thousand brave Tyrone men went down in these three engagements within half a century, besides the Tyreconnalian losses, and after Fersat More, Shane O'Neill's power was broken for ever. He crossed the Swilly and escaped from the incoming tide with a few followers three miles higher up the river, at Scariff Hollis. The procession on the 9th, starting from near the beautiful white walls of St. Eunan's new cathedral, reaches this place by Conwall, wherein the victor of Credrancille reposes after dying in the arms of another victory, grieved, alas! over an invading neighbour. Scariff Hollis itself has a sad history. It was here, on the 21st of June, 1650, that the remnant of Owen Roe O'Neill's army, which in Owen's time had never tasted defeat, was cut to pieces under Heber M'Mahon by Coote and Venables. Every field around bears a name of woe, reminding one of that fatal day, after which the Donegal Irish, or, rather, the women and children that alone survived, had to fly beyond Gartan, to Gweedore and The Rosses. Soon the high road leads from the banks of this battle-famous river to the inland country of Columba. Temple-Douglas is at hand, where the infant—whether Crimthan, or Columba—was baptised, where his *ceud-michead* is still shown, and where an ancient church shadows the graves of many of the anointed ones of the Cinel Conal in every grade of ecclesiastical rank. A couple of miles further on, the term of the pilgrimage is reached—the place

where he was born, of whom his mother, Eithne, dreamed that beautiful dream, and St. Patrick spoke that beautiful prophecy. Then, at the close of a memorable day, the way back to Letterkenny lies by Doon, where O'Freel blessed both well and chief, and by Kilmacrenan, where St. Columba's nephews, the sons of Nenán, gave a new name to Doire-Eithne. A new heart and a new spirit in the old and true ways of knowledge, is a fair prophecy for the land of Columba from the auspicious celebration. Motherland of Iona's saints and home of Kilbarron's scholars, may you again have your Columbas and Adamnans, your Colgans and your Masters! Aye, and your Godfreys, your Red Hughs and your Butts!



Initial, "Book of Kells."





## SECOND INTRODUCTION.

(From the *Derry Journal*, 9th June, 1897. *Specially Contributed*).

### ST. COLUMBA.

#### THE GARTAN FESTIVAL TO-DAY.



F all Columba's Irish foundations the first to become an Episcopal See was Rathbot, the fort of booths or cottages. It stood in the midst of a rich plain, not easily rivalled for corn or clover; and the very miracles that are recorded of Columba at

Raphoe seem to suggest the fruitfulness of the soil that had fallen to the lot of Enna, son of Nial. This Enna was the progenitor of Rennat, mother of Adamnan (or Eunan), who became the second founder and the Patron of Raphoe. Thus it happens that the ancient diocese, in which the Gartan celebration takes place, rests its foundations both on Adamnan and Columba; for Adamnan succeeded Columba in Raphoe, as he did in Iona itself. The Bishop of Raphoe in our ancient annalists is Coarb of Adamnan, or Coarb of Columba and Adamnan, the latter name being the distinctive one. Reeves thinks this preference came from the maternal connections of Adamnan. But more probably the full cause is something different. That Ronan of the Cinel Conal, father of Adamnan, while

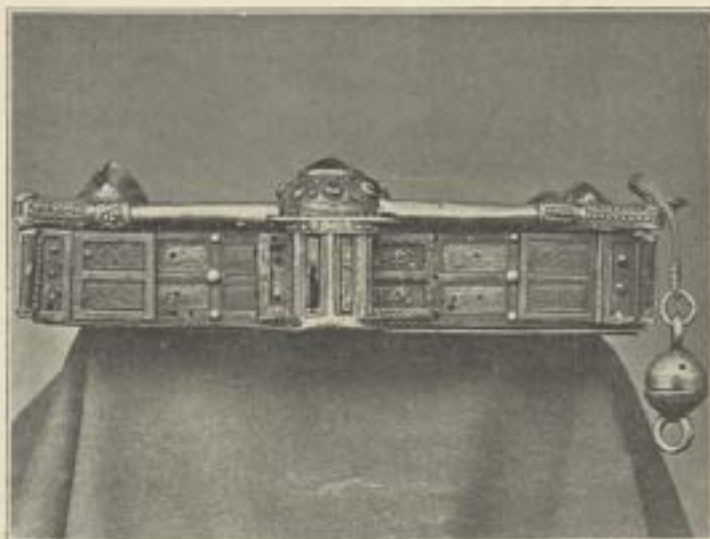
living near Drimhome, in South Donegal, would allow the young saint the advantage of frequent visits to the Columbian Abbey, as his mother's native place, it is most reasonable to suppose. That, in later years, Adamnan succeeded to the headship of this house, and received large grants from his maternal relatives to enlarge the foundation, would be



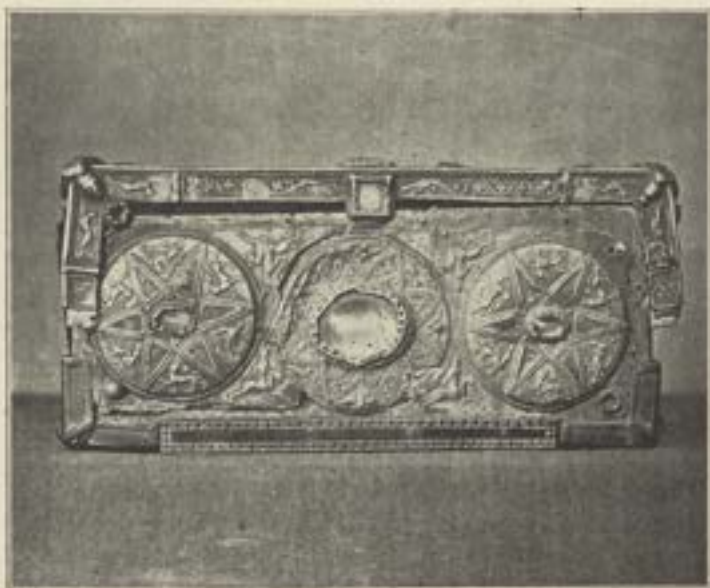
Initial, "Book of Durrow."

events in the natural order of such things. But they scarcely account for attributing spiritual patronage to Adamnan in a Columbian monastery, whereas all difficulty on this score disappears once it is supposed that the ninth Abbot of Hy was the same as Adamnan or Eunan, first Bishop of Raphoe.

That Bede speaks of him as a priest, according to the established custom of Iona, and that the early writers do not call him a bishop are serious points on the other side. Let us see can they be met. Though he returned to Iona to die (704), Adamnan spent the last six years of his life in Ireland, not, perhaps, uninfluenced by the opposition of the island monastery to its abbot's unremitting efforts to secure uniformity with the rest of the Church in the time for celebrating Easter. This is the period when he might be expected to take refuge with his powerful relatives at Raphoe before every other place. Indeed we can scarcely assign any other years of his busy life when residence there could have been so important and continuous as subsequent history shows it must have been, and we have no authentic record of sojourns elsewhere at this time in any way inconsistent with a *sedes* at Raphoe. Neither does the silence of early writers make it improbable that he was then in episcopal orders. His active life-work was nearing its close, and, in various ways, his becoming a bishop may have seemed helpful for the accomplishment of his labours in the North of Ireland, even though that was the age of abbatial greatness. Bede's acquaintance with him was earlier, for Bede apparently did not know that he wrote a *Life of Columba*. Then the state of feeling among the brethren at Iona would naturally tend to silence as to the higher order on his return. There is fair evidence, though not in the oldest writers, that Fergna, the fourth abbot, who stands midway between Columba and Adamnan, was a bishop. The higher episcopal order was always scrupulously respected in Iona, and a bishop was frequently attached to the monastery for episcopal functions without any interference with abbatial jurisdiction. Doubtless, if the abbot happened, against precedent, to be a bishop, he would administer, direct, and govern with the usual authority of abbot and no more. Even now a bishop admitted into the Jesuits is treated like the other Fathers of



Cathach (case of).

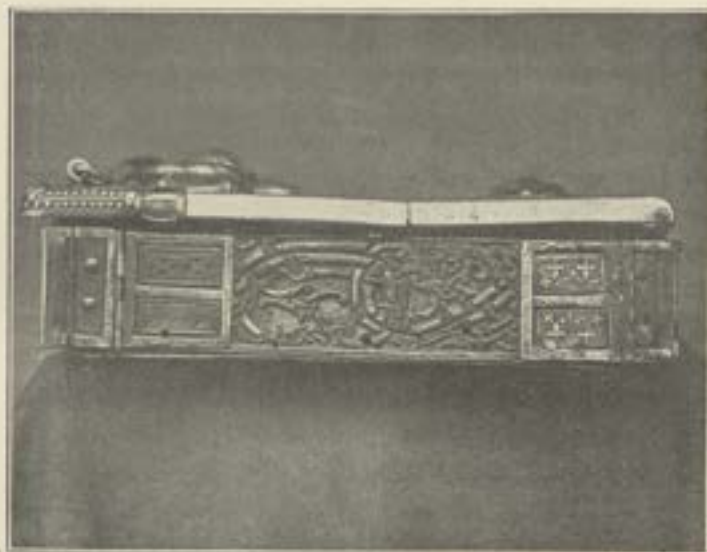


Cathach (top).



the Society. And thus the ninth abbot of Hy, who was undoubtedly the Patron of Raphoe, is identified with the Eunan or Adamnan, whom we revere as first bishop of that diocese, and for whom a special Office has been recently sanctioned by the Holy See. Father Cannon, a descendant of the O'Cannons, once Chiefs of Tyreconnell, from whom Letterkenny takes its name, was to enlarge on this subject at Gartan; for to him had been assigned "St. Columba, St. Adamnan, and Raphoe." But as he has been unable to return from America for the celebration, the above outline of his argument may be interesting. Of all Columba's successors, Adamnan, or Eunan, as he is called in the diocese of Raphoe, with a much nearer approach to accuracy, was by far the greatest. His "Life of Columba," and treatise "De Locis Sanctis," constitute our most valuable literary inheritance from the golden age of Irish faith. His public services to Church and State throughout the Three Kingdoms give him a place by himself in our history. Even the bardic invention about his urging a continuance of the Leinster tribute cannot take from the exalted character of one whom stranger and kinsman alike admired for his lifelong triumph over flesh and blood, and his unswerving devotion to right at any sacrifice of earthly ties. Not only at Raphoe, but at Columba's beloved Derry, in Iona and throughout Scotland, he did marvels to consolidate the work of his sainted predecessor and relative. His Life of Columba, adorned with the magnificent scholarship of Reeves, is a treasury of information about the early Irish Church. It is the first of three classical Lives of Columba, besides so many able memoirs from living authors. The second is the work of Manus O'Donnell, which the literary executors in the great Jesuit Order of Father Denis Murphy, one of the most cultured Irishmen this generation has seen, may be trusted to turn to best account. The third is Montalambert's beautiful life, which is not surpassed by

Macaulay's biographical sketches in brilliancy of style; and which approaches the models of Greece and Rome in comprehensive power of treatment. But at a celebration like the Gartan Festival, not the Lives of Columba nor his compositions in Irish and Latin, however deserving to be prized, but the various aspects of the saint's life, are suited for the addresses of the speakers. Already St. Columba has been as fortunate in his biographers, the battles notwithstanding, as the Greeks were in their his-



Cathach (side).

torians. His ceaseless copying of the Sacred Scriptures, at a time when there was no printing press, in preference to original composition, is a legacy of more value than all his poetry, and the great assembly at the very spot where he was born, under God's blessing, will foster, in the breasts of many, an earnest desire to study the lessons of his life in the language which he spoke.



## SECTION II.

### LIFE OF ST. COLUMBA.

#### CHAPTER I.

That race a history has. Search out its annals.  
Our Grecian songs for all their grace and light,  
Measured with such, were as a wind-toss'd tress  
Matched with yon sailing rack.—*ACSBY DE VERR.*



SAINT COLUMBA, one of the three Patrons of Ireland and the world-famed Apostle of Scotland, was born at Gartan, about ten miles from the cathedral town of Letterkenny, in the County of Donegal, on the 7th of December, in the year

521. His father Phelim was the grandson of Conal Gulban, the most heroic of the eight sons of Nial of the Nine Hostages, who had been High-King of Ireland from 379 to 405. It was during Nial's reign that Saint Patrick was first conveyed as a captive to the shores of Ireland. The Saint's mother, Ethnea, belonged to a branch of the illustrious family of Cahir Mor, then in possession of the provincial kingship of Leinster. He was connected, in a word, by blood with almost all the leading princely houses in Ireland and in the north-west of Scotland. "Thus," says Dr. Reeves, "the nobility of two races was combined in their son (Columba), and, no doubt, contributed to the extended influence which he acquired when education, piety, and zeal were superadded to his honourable antecedents."

It is related that, before the Saint was yet born, an angel appeared to his mother in a dream, bearing a robe of wondrous beauty and varied colours. Presently, to her intense regret, the robe was gradually withdrawn, spreading out its folds in all directions, and flying gently through the air. The angel explained to her the meaning of the vision—"Thou shalt bring forth a son, who will be numbered among the prophets of God, and who is destined by Him to lead countless souls to their home in heaven." He was baptised by a holy priest named Cruitnechan, at Temple Douglas, "a place about half way between Gartan and Letterkenny, where there is a cemetery of considerable extent, containing the roofless walls of a large chapel, and at a short distance, on the north-east within the enclosure, a square, elevated space, which appears to have been artificially formed, and to be the spot which, in O'Donnell's time, was coupled with the memory of the saint" (Reeves). We learn from the evidence of numerous and exact writers, that it was not then uncommon on the part of pious parents to place their children, in early youth, under the guardianship of saintly and learned ecclesiastics. Columba was in this way entrusted, while still very young, to the fostering care and pious teaching of the scholarly Cruitnechan, who had baptised him, and with whom he now lived, prayed, and studied for many years at Doire-Ethnea, afterwards called Kilmacrennan—a corruption of Kilmacnennan, the *Church of the son of Nennan*, nephew of Columba. Many are the fascinating stories that lend a charm to the narrative of his boyish experiences and feats.

We are told that his angel guardian was in the habit of appearing to him often, and that the child once asked him, in sweetest innocence, whether all the other angels were as young and as beautiful as he. On another occasion, the same guardian angel requested him to say which of all the virtues he would prefer to possess. Without hesitation



he answered, "Chastity and Wisdom;" his choice was approved, his prayer granted, and the gift of prophecy was superadded. Again, while he was still a mere child, and had only learned to lisp the letters of the alphabet, he accompanied his watchful teacher, Cruitnechan, on a visit to Raymochy, midway between Letterkenny and Raphoe, to celebrate the Christmas festival with Bishop Brugach, who resided there. One evening, the holy priest was reciting with the Bishop alternate verses of the Psalter, and had reached the opening words of the psalm, *Misericordias Domini*, when from indistinctness of vision or fatigue he halted, and was unable to proceed further. Columba, noticing the embarrassment of his kindly master, took the book into his own hands, and proceeded, without stop or stumble, to the close of that long and difficult psalm.

Having completed the early stages of his education under the devoted fosterage of Cruitnechan, he betook himself to the monastic seminary of Moville, at the head of Strangford Lough, in the County Down. St. Finnian, Abbot of Moville, belonged to the royal family of Ulster; the fame of his school had attracted immense numbers of students, lay as well as clerical. Prayer and study claimed most of their time and attention; but obedience demanded that they should also engage in manual labour, when the rule so prescribed. It would appear that the duty of grinding at night the grain for the morning meal, was performed by the novices in rotation. So quickly and yet so perfectly did Columba discharge this task, when his turn came round, that his companions were accustomed to say he had the assistance of an angel.

How long Columba remained with the monks of Moville, we need not try to determine; but that his studies and training in the religious life under their care extended over several years may be reasonably inferred from the fact, that he there received and exercised for some time clerical orders,

including deaconship. Many learned and saintly writers—and among them Cummin and the famous Adamnan—record a most striking miracle, said to have been performed by him, while ministering at the altar in the capacity of deacon, in the Monastery of Moville; and, whatever credence we may attach to the story, it at least illustrates the boundless esteem with which he was, from early youth, regarded, as a man of singular piety and faith. On a festival morning, by some chance, while Bishop Finnian celebrated at the community Mass, no wine could be found for the Holy Sacrifice, and the sacred ministers were filled with anxiety and confusion. Columba proceeded to bring "a vessel of fountain water, which he blessed in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, at Cana in Galilee, changed water into wine." The holy youth then placed near the altar, we are told, the vessel, now containing the purest wine, and said to the ministers—"You have wine, which our Lord has sent you to perform His mysteries."

Though Finnian of Moville was himself a bishop, and could have conferred the order of priesthood on Columba, the latter did not regard himself as yet possessing the full measure of learning and devotion necessary for worthily receiving that high dignity. Hence he journeyed southward into Leinster, and placed himself under the special instruction of an aged and holy priest-bard named Gemman, where, in addition to his sacred studies, he devoted himself to the cultivation of poetry—an art in which he attained great excellence.

It is to this period of his life an incident is referred, which is said to have spread his fame throughout the whole island. While Gemman was reading in a field, he heard a scream, and, on raising his eyes, he saw a frightened girl rushing towards him, pursued by a savage-looking ruffian, who brandished a spear in his hand. The aged man called upon



Columba, who was deeply engaged in study at some distance, to assist him in protecting the girl. Both of them used persuasion and threats, but the wicked man drove his spear through the innocent girl's heart, right beneath their cloaks. "How long," said Gemman, "will God permit this horrid crime to go unpunished?" "Not one moment longer," answered the holy youth, "the soul of the murderer will go down into hell, even while the soul of the murdered wings its flight to heaven," and, like another Ananias he fell dead at his feet.

Having completed his course of instruction under Gemman, our saint presented himself for admission into the far-famed College of Clonard, in the County Meath, where sometimes as many as 3,000 students, from various parts of western Europe, attended the lectures and lived in a cluster of cells around the monastery. Tradition has it, that when Columba had secured admission, and requested to be shown the place where he was to erect his hut, the abbot replied, "Just at the entrance." Next day the abbot, on finding the hut constructed quite at a distance from the spot indicated, began to remonstrate, but the saint blandly replied, "It is here the entrance will soon be placed," alluding to the increasing numbers and approaching expansion of the Clonard institution.

The abbot was that other Finnian, who came to be known later on as "Master of the Saints," but who, unlike his namesake of Moville, never attained the exalted order of bishop. This is attributed to his humility, and it is a notable fact that of his numerous students, distinguished alike for saintliness and learning, only two ever received episcopal orders. Most writers state that this was due to the wonderful power of his example. In any case, Columba was sent to Etchen, Bishop of Clonfad in Westmeath, for priesthood. This prelate was half-brother of Aedh, son of Ainmire, the sovereign who granted the site of Derry to Columba.

Even at this time Clonard had become an extensive and famous College; among its friars and novices it numbered the "Twelve Apostles of Erin," the most remarkable and promising of whom was the future Abbot of Iona.

Having passed through all the stages of monastic training, having studied with marked success all the branches of education in the college course at Clonard, and, being now invested in priest's orders, he retired to the Monastery of St. Maobi at Glasnevin, there in solitude still further to perfect himself for the work to which he was called by God, the true work of an apostle—to found churches and monasteries, to convert the infidel, and to strengthen the faithful in grace. A strange plague dispersed the community at Glasnevin, and Columba resolved to return to his native Tyreconnel. When he had reached the river Moyola, which flows into Lough Neagh, and is the boundary between the dioceses of Armagh and Derry for some distance up its course, he prayed that the plague might not be permitted to advance beyond that stream, and his prayer was heard.

Though the Saint had not yet completed his 25th year, his apostolic mission was soon about to open; his footsteps were now tending towards the spot indicated by the finger of God as its hallowed starting point—his beloved Derry, or Daire-Calgach, as it was then called. This important fort was the residence of King Aedh, son of Ainmire, High-King of Erin. Columba repaired to the royal abode, and, unasked, King Aedh proffered him the fort as the beginning of a monastery. This generous offer the Saint was obliged to decline, for the time, being still under obedience to Maobi. Just as he emerged, however, from the precincts of the king's residence, he met two travel-stained monks, who conveyed the news of Maobi's death, and with it the testimony of his consent that Columba might accept a gift of territory; in token whereof the deceased abbot had handed them his

girdle to present to the saint. This message could be neither doubted nor disregarded. Aedh's offer was gladly embraced, a church was at once built, and a flourishing monastery of devoted monks, endowed with all essential equipments, mental and material, gathered forthwith around the already illustrious "Dove of the Cells," as if a magnet had attracted them. His noble birth and princely connections were, under God's blessing, a powerful influence in collecting and in welding together in harmony the elements that composed this important mother-house of the Irish-Columbian monasteries. Amid the trying difficulties of this first great undertaking, it is no matter of surprise that his ardent love of the Blessed Sacrament and his well-attested intercourse with the angels, lightened the burden of his anxious cares, and inspired him with the spirit of untiring perseverance. We are told by all the ancient writers, who touch upon his life, that he never was known to forfeit one hour from prayer, study, or, when it was necessary, manual labour.

Derry soon rose and flourished, and, like the towering oak trees around—from which it took its name—displayed every element of strength and endurance. Within seven brief years Columba's tireless energy and his whole-hearted devotion to labour in Derry, and in various parts of Donegal, had been blessed with such rich fruits, that he now felt free to withdraw, for a time, from his favourite monastery on the Foyle, to undertake the project of a memorable foundation. As a proof of the charity and importance of the Derry monastery, it is on record that as many as a hundred of the poor assembled each morning at its gates to receive a competence of food for the day.

It is a noteworthy fact that our Saint selected oak groves as sites for his greatest monasteries in Ireland. Thus, on leaving Derry he settled down in the north of King's County, at a place called Daire-Magh (Durrow), or "Plain of the

Oaks." In addition to the solitude afforded by such places, it is supposed that, as the Druids conducted their superstitious rites under oak trees, the Christian missionaries wished to dislodge them from their coveted sanctuaries, and to divest such places of any un-Christian character that might have attached to them. The Monastery of Durrow soon became the most celebrated in Ireland; it is described by the Venerable Bede as "*Monasterium nobile in Hibernia*;" it was not, however, the most lasting. A cross and a well mark the site, but no substantial ruins remain to tell the story of its former vastness and fame.

These monuments of faith, not changing creeds  
Tell their own tale to him who heeds  
The language which they speak.

Besides Durrow, numerous other churches and monasteries were founded by Columba during the nine years that intervened between his first quitting Derry in 553 and his departure for Iona in 562. As many as thirty-seven such institutions are ascribed to him, the most notable being the Church of Rath-both (Raphoe)—fort of the booths or tents; Kells, Swords, Tory, Drumcliffe, Shan-Glan, and Kilmacrenan, &c., are the next in importance, though Kells, like Rome, appears to have been very insignificant for the first two centuries of its existence.

Though Raphoe was undoubtedly established by Columba, *Adarnan*, his sainted biographer and one of his successors in Iona, is recognised as Patron of the diocese. The reasons are explained in the 2nd Introduction; it may be added, however, that the Scottish Calendars fix the 23rd of September as the feast of Adarnan, the same day on which the feast of the Patron of Raphoe has been at all times solemnised. The cross of Raphoe is mentioned in the Annals of the Four Masters as possessing miraculous properties, and the Flag of Raphoe is referred to in Harris's Ware as an object then well known.



## CHAPTER II.

But you will see what I am hann'd  
 No more, for my youth's sins, to see,  
 My Derry's oaks in council stand  
 By Rosapenna's silver strand—  
 Or by Raphoe your course may be.—D'ARCY M'GEE.  
*(St. Columba is Iona to the bird from Ireland.)*

COLUMBA has now attained the forty-second year of his age. His name is on everyone's lips. Flourishing monasteries and churches have sprung up, as if by magic, in every spot where he has laboured even for the briefest period. He is singularly attached to his native country; he loves, with a father's affection, the thriving institutions he has everywhere erected. Yet he departs from his beloved Ireland, never to return—save on a few short visits when most urgent duty summons him back! Was missionary zeal alone his motive? The people of the west of Scotland were of Irish descent—King Conall was a blood relation of the Saint's—and, again, his heart yearns for "fresh fields and pastures new." Or was his exile an involuntary one, imposed and undertaken to atone for deeds he had committed or instigated? This controversy demands some reference. Adamnan tells us that he became an exile of his own choice for Christ's sake; and this view is, in the main, established by history. But the opposite tradition is at once too old and too interesting to be excluded from these pages. It runs thus:—The Saint, while staying at a branch monastery of the Moville community at Dromin, in the County Louth, spent a portion of each night in copying a manuscript of the Psalter, belonging to St. Finnian. One of the monks, noticing the flickering light in the Church, in contravention of rule, at some unearthly hour one night, had the matter investigated. The copy made out by the midnight labour of the Saint was demanded from him as of

right the property of Finnian. Eventually the dispute was referred to the High-King, Diarmuid, who entertained the bitterest enmity against Columba: Diarmuid's judgment was, as might have been expected, adverse to the Saint—"To every book belongs its copy, as to every cow belongs her calf." *leir gac leabap a maic-leabap, map ar le gac boinn a bonin.* The High-King had, moreover, put to death a young Connaught prince, named Carnan, while the latter was under the protection of the Saint, to whom he had fled to escape vengeance. Feeling that their own honour was compromised by this twofold wrong or slight, rather than at any instigation on the Saint's part, the chieftains of the north and west rose in arms against Diarmuid. A fierce battle was fought at Coolbreivy, near Sligo, in 561. The High-King and his allies were defeated, with the terrific loss of 3,000 lives while the number slain on the side that claimed Columba's prayers and sympathies, was very inconsiderable. Diarmuid procured the meeting of a synod at Teltown, one of his royal residences in Meath, at which the sentence of excommunication was pronounced against Columba on the charge of his connection with the royal disaster. Brendan, Finnian himself, and others, however, at once intervened in the assembly on his behalf, raising their voices in protest against the injustice of the sentence. An oft-repeated story proceeds to say that the Saint bowed his head in humble acknowledgment of his error, and that he sought the counsel of many confessors, and finally that of the venerable St. Molaise of Innismurry, who enjoined on him the penance of perpetual exile, and an obligation to gain over to Christ as many souls as there had perished lives in the battle of Coolbreivy.

But it is much more likely that the Saint undertook the mission to the isles and west of Scotland, freely yielding to the divine call of an evangelist. This view clearly accords with the statements of Adamnan and other writers: it repre-



sents, too, the natural development of the missionary activity he had hitherto shown at home. He still exercised a powerful influence in Church and State in Ireland. He returned on at least two very important occasions, and the Scots needed his zealous exhortations, whilst the Picts were still in Pagan darkness.

From the port of his dearly loved Derry he set sail in 563, accompanied by twelve monks, and bade a touching farewell to the brothers, to the people, and the country he loved so well. His voyage to Hy (Iona), which may have been accomplished in little more than a day, is graphically described by ancient writers, and embellished with many beautiful episodes.

We are told that he first landed on the island of Oronsay, and, that having proceeded to the highest cliff, he found Ireland was still visible in the dim distance. Hence he re-embarked with his companions and soon reached his permanent destination in Iona.

To ours again; we may not stay  
For ah! on ocean's rim I see,  
Where sunbeams pierce the cloudy day,  
From these rude hills of Oronsay,  
The isle so dear to me.—T. D. SULLIVAN.

This island was a kind of boundary between the Dalriadic Scots under King Conal and the unbelieving Picts under King Brude, and appears to have been treated as the joint property of the two tribes. No more eligible camping-ground could have been selected by an apostle, whose mission was to embrace both races. Two years were spent in building a church, and in establishing the *nucleus* of the famous Monastery of Iona, the nursery of those illustrious missionaries that spread the Christian faith in a short time into the remotest parts of western Britain. King Conal was easily gained over to the cause of reform in religious practices and in morals among his subjects. It is even believed by eminent writers that he had invited the Saint to his dominions; but Brude,

King of the Picts, was inexorable, and had all the approaches to his castle carefully blocked against Columba on the occasion of his first visit in 563. "When the holy man observed this, he approached with his companions, and having first formed the sign of the cross of our Lord, he knocked at the gate, which instantly flew open, the bolts having been driven back suddenly with great force. The Saint and his companions then passed through the gate. When the king learned what had occurred he was filled with alarm, and immediately set out from the palace to receive the holy man, whom he addressed in the most courteous and respectful language" (Adamnan). Thus was Brude conciliated, his subjects made accessible for the preaching of the Gospel, the donation of Hy by King Conal confirmed, and success assured for Columba's mission. It took years, however, of patient labour, repeated visits, and assiduous teaching to wean the bulk of the population from the superstitions of the Druids, and to make the truths and practices of the Christian religion palatable to them.

Before the close of his life in 597 he had the happiness to see the isles as well as the mainland in the north of Scotland thickly studded over with churches, a holy monastery growing from a rigidly apostolic foundation with unlimited promise, saints and sinners coming almost daily from the old country to seek counsel and to subject themselves to his direction, the Druids banished or converted, and the whole north of Britain alive to the Christian obligation of being kind to neighbours, however provoking their previous acts may have been, and specially attentive to the advancement of their spiritual interests.

Adamnan records only two visits of the exile Saint to the country of his birth, the occasions being the famous Convention of Drumceat, and some crisis in the affairs of Durrow Monastery that demanded his personal interference. Conall,

King of the Dalriadic Scots, had died in 574, and his successor, Aidan, was crowned by Columba—the first ecclesiastical coronation on record. In the following year (575), the claims put forward by the new king to complete independence and immunity from tribute to the King of Ireland, and the increasing friction between the bards and the chieftains of Ireland, necessitated the calling of a general meeting or synod. The place of assembly fixed upon was called Drumceat—the present name being the *Mullagh*—near Limavady. Through the influence of Columba, the Scots in North Britain were declared independent, and the bards, instead of being outlawed, were diminished in number and subjected to well-defined rules, while the Prince of Ossory was restored to freedom.

On the occasion of the second visit noted by Adamnan, Columba did not confine his attention to Durrow, but sojourned for a time with St. Kieran at Clonmacnoise, and journeyed through many parts of Ireland. Hewas everywhere received with the warmest affection and reverence. Having returned to the island of his adoption, Iona, he began to feel that his days were numbered. With most impressive warmth, he poured lessons of mutual love and missionary zeal into the ears of his monks; “at length the day came, and just after midnight, between Saturday the 8th and Sunday the 9th of June, in the year 597, while on his knees at the altar, without ache or struggle, his spirit gently took its flight.” He was sitting in his cell, copying out the Psalter, which appears to have been a favourite occupation with him, and having finished a page with the words, “They that seek the Lord shall not fail in every good,” he said, “I must stop: Baithen will do the rest.” He then reclined on his bed of flag, with a stone for a pillow, and having blessed the community, he says—“This, dear brothers, is my last advice to you, that you preserve with each other sincere charity and

peace.” “Then, as soon as the midnight bell tolled, he hastened to the church, which he reached before the rest, and entering alone knelt down in prayer near the altar. After his soul had left the body, his face appeared not like that of a dead man, but of one in a quiet slumber. The choir of monks came up in haste with their lights, and seeing that their father was dying began to weep.”

The Druid's altar and the Druid's creed,  
We scarce can trace;  
There is not left an undisputed deed  
Of all your race.—D'ANCY M'GEE.







### SECTION III.

#### CELEBRATION AT GARTAN.

FIRST DAY'S PROCEEDINGS (*Freeman*).

#### CHAPTER I.

Let it be told in Donegal,  
Above the waves on Swilly's shore,  
To Assaroe's hush'd waterfall,  
To wreck'd Kilbarron's ruin hoar,  
That in the Fatherland, Old Spain,  
The race of Conal rules again.—D'ANCY M'GEE.



HE thirteenth centennial of the anniversary of St. Columbkille was celebrated to-day in the Diocese of Raphoe in a manner worthy of the memory of one of Ireland's greatest saints. Not for many centuries has there been seen in Ireland anything approaching to-day's celebration in completeness and grandeur. Only once in our day has there been any attempt to celebrate in a similar way the memory of a great Irish saint. It is now nearly thirty years since the festival of St. Brendan, our sailor saint, the patron of Clonfert, was celebrated near his birthplace in Kerry. The

spectacle on that occasion of mass at the saint's primitive oratory on the summit of Brandon mountain overlooking the ocean at an elevation of over 3,000 feet, the difficulty of access, the wild and savage scenery, and the immense breadth of view extending along the greater part of the western coast, lent to the celebration circumstances of unequalled sublimity. To-day's celebration, too, was held in the midst of



The Natal Flag.

grand and picturesque mountain scenery. Its programme was not confined to the religious ceremony, but included Irish speech, story, and song. The religious ceremony itself was on a grand and impressive scale. It included a High Mass, Benediction, and a Te Deum on the mountain slope where the saint was born. There was a sermon in Irish. The proceedings that followed were a great Irish revival. But the programme of events, important as they un-

doubtedly were, did not so impress the beholder as the religious fervour, one might say the enthusiasm, of the multitude assisting at it. One little incident will serve to give an idea of the extraordinary interest which the celebration excited. Letterkenny, the nearest town to the scene, was crowded with visitors. Every house in the town, whether hotel, lodging, or private dwelling, was packed. Numbers of people could find no bed to sleep in. The difficulty regarding cars, which the *Freeman* anticipated, presented itself in acute form, and last evening many visitors telegraphed to towns and villages within a radius of twenty miles for cars to take them up. In Letterkenny the reply was invariably to the same effect as the following—"Cannot get cars enough for our own people—numbers walking." And so it was. The peasantry for miles around were walking to Gartan all through the night. At daybreak there was a very large concourse already assembled. The flagstone which marks the spot where the saint was born, and the ruin hard by of the little church which he founded, were objects of careful and reverent scrutiny. The rising sun was saluted with the prayers of the assembled people invoking the intercession of Columba for themselves, their families, and their country. The people of Donegal, like those of all the counties along the west coast, are mainly bilingual. Those of them that know but one language know only the Irish, and those that speak the two, have their native Gaelic more trippingly on the tongue than the language of the stranger. To-day the common form of salutation was *Dia agus Muire agus Colum agus*, "God and Mary and Columba be with you." Saint Columbkille, himself an exile, is the patron of the children of Ireland in foreign lands, and an affecting element in the festivities of the day was the praying of the mothers of sons and daughters who have emigrated from their country. From most of these exiles, letters came referring to the celebration of this day, showing a deep



Gartan.

Columba's Chapel, Gartan.  
From a photo. by Lawrence, Dublin.



Teampall Dubhglas.

Templedouglas.



interest in all its proceedings. The parents and relatives of these exiles brought their letters to Gartan to-day, and touched the flagstone with them, and prayed to Columbkille to intercede for their safety and the continuance of their piety in the distant lands where they now dwell. The people came with many books in Irish. The greater number of them had the Irish Catechism in Donegal Irish. In the diocese of Raphoe very large numbers read the prayers at Mass in St. Patrick's Prayer Book, written in Irish by Father Nolan, and not a few had with them the same author's older prayer book now out of print, the *Casan go Flaitheamnas*, while others still had Father Furlong's *Companach na Chriondaigh*. Nor was there missing from the meeting a book of religious poems, the Pious Miscellany of *Tadg Gaolach*, one of the peasant poets of the south of Ireland in the last century. The mention of these and other volumes will show how the people of Donegal love and cultivate the language of their fathers. Many Irish scholars came to the celebration, and among the visitors was Miss Norma Borthwick, the winner of the prize essay in Irish at the last Irish Literary Festival on "The Influence of Language on Nationality." She has been only a few years studying the language. The Gaelic League of Belfast intended to send a full representation and to make a tour of Donegal afterwards, but only Mr. P. T. M'Ginley, the Secretary, was at the last moment able to come. The League will make a tour through the Irish-speaking districts later on in the year.

The ceremonies held in such a spot recalled, to many memories, the penal days, when Mass was customary in Ireland on the mountain side, and many of those at to-day's ceremonies contrasted the present spectacle, where the celebration of Holy Sacrifice was held in triumph and with full choral accompaniment, with that presented in the penal times, when the people assisted at the Sacrifice under terror



Loe Dete.

Lough Vagh, Lower Gartan Lake.  
From a photo. by Lawrence, Dublin.



Steann Dete.

From a photo. by Lawrence, Dublin.

Glenveigh.

of the momentary invasion of the yeomanry. The attendance was an enormous one at the time fixed for the commencement of the sacred ceremonies at Gartan, and, at the time the bulk of the vehicles had arrived, the hills around were quite black with lines of people converging on the scene.

The sacred ceremonies opened to-day in Letterkenny with Mass, celebrated at half-past seven o'clock by his Eminence Cardinal Legue. The church was crowded. The choir sang the Hymn of St. Columba, taken from an old Office of St. Columbkille. At nine o'clock, the procession started from Letterkenny for Gartan. A detour was made so as to take in Temple Douglas, where St. Columbkille was baptised on the 8th December, A.D. 521, in the door in the old church which stands within the churchyard there. Gartan was reached at 11 o'clock. A visit was first paid to the flagstone which marks the place of the birth of the Saint. Here he was born on December 7, 521. Lough Gartan, the lake of the little field, is sometimes also called Lough Beach, and Lough Veigh, south, is separated from Lough Veigh, north, and Glendough by the Glendowan Mountains, which bound it on the north-west. The country is singularly wild and romantic, and there are few more lovely spots than where Lough Gartan contracts into the Leannan River.

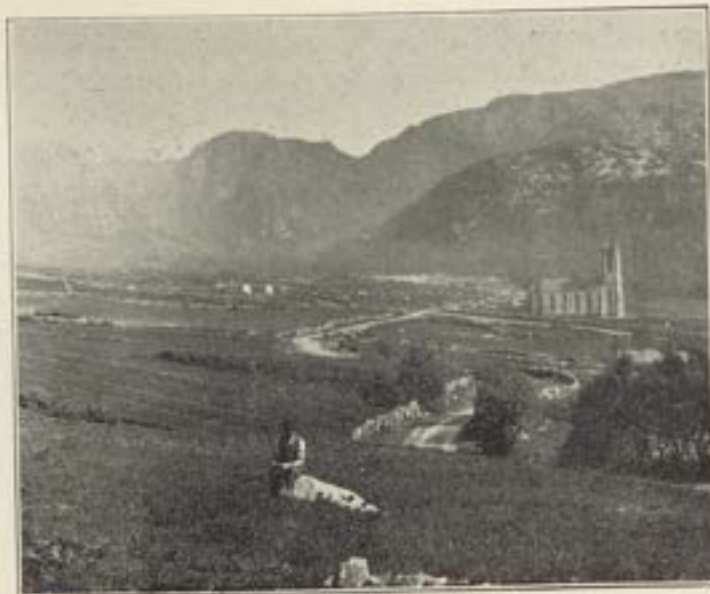
After the ceremonies Kilmacrennan was visited, where the Saint was educated before he went to the schools in Clonard and Glasnevin. The Leannan flows by Kilmacrennan, and Owen Connellan records a beautiful legend, according to which the river got its name, which means "the follower," because, in the mind of the people of Gartan, the waters followed the Saint, when he left them for Kilmacrennan. The road to the natal spot leads across the Leannan. Gartan was quickly reached, and the ceremonies commenced shortly after eleven o'clock. High Mass was celebrated in the field close to the spot where the



Coll Mac n-Enann.

*From a photo. by Lawrence, Dublin.*

Kilmacrennan.



Pooson Glen.

*From a photo. by Lawrence, Dublin.*



Saint was born, and a short distance from the remains of the ancient church which he founded, among the first of the great number that his energy raised up in this country and in Scotland. A temporary altar was erected, surmounted by a canopy, and was beautifully decorated with flowers. A large banner with the figure of the Sovereign Pontiff was raised over the canopy. On the reredos was an Irish inscription—*A Coluimcille, guidh Orainn*, "O Columbkille pray for us." The sacred ministers were robed in white vestments. His Eminence Cardinal Logue, vested in the *cappa magna*, and wearing the cardinal's red hat, presided at the temporary throne. The sacred ministers were—Rev. John Doherty, P.P., St. Johnston, celebrant; Rev. Patrick Dunleavy, C.C., Bruckless, deacon; Rev. John Kennedy, C.C., Churchill, sub-deacon. The Very Rev. Monsignor Gallagher, P.P., Carrygart, was master of ceremonies, and the Rev. Edward Gibbons, P.P., Glenfin, was the assistant master of ceremonies. The Right Rev. Monsignor M'Fadden, P.P., Donegal, and the Right Rev. Monsignor M'Glynn, P.P., Stranorlar, were the assistants at the Throne.

The choir, which sang the music admirably, consisted of the members of the choir of the new Cathedral, Letterkenny, and was conducted by the Rev. J. Sheridan, C.C., Falcarragh. Miss Kelly, Ramelton, presided at the organ. The High Mass was followed by Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, administered by his Eminence Cardinal Logue. A solemn Te Deum was sung. His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, and his Lordship Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, were present; and the following priests assisted in full choral dress—

Right Rev. Monsignor M'Fadden, P.P., V.G., Donegal;  
Right Rev. Monsignor M'Glynn, P.P., V.G., Stranorlar;  
Very Rev. Monsignor Gallagher, P.P., Carrygart; Very



Church, Iona.



Doon Well.

From a photo. by Lawrence, Dublin.

Rev. Monsignor Walker, P.P., Burtonport; Very Rev. Bernard Kelly, P.P., Ballyshannon; Rev. P. Daly, P.P., Ballintra; Rev. P. Blake, P.P., Killymard; Rev. J. Sweeney, P.P., Killybegs; Rev. P. Logue, P.P., Kilcar; Rev. P. Kelly, P.P., Ardara; Very Rev. E. Maguire, D.D., Gweedore; Rev. J. Gallagher, P.P., Rathmullan; Rev. P. Slevin, P.P., Rathmelton; Rev. A. M'Nelis, P.P., Termmon; Rev. H. Devine, P.P., Kilmacrenan; Rev. J. Doherty, P.P., St. Johnston; Rev. E. Gibbons, P.P., Glenfin; Rev. Wm. Sheridan, Adm., Letterkenny; Rev. D. Stephens, C.C., Letterkenny; Rev. H. Gallagher, the Seminary, Letterkenny; Rev. J. M'Shane, the Seminary, Letterkenny; Rev. C. Kennedy, the Seminary, Letterkenny; Rev. D. M'Ginley, Adm., Glenswilly; Rev. J. Kennedy, C.C., Churchhill; Rev. J. Boyle, C.C., Fanad; Rev. J. Sheridan, C.C., Falcarragh; Rev. J. M'Groarty, C.C., Tory Island; Rev. D. Sweeney, C.C., Kincaslough; Rev. J. Dunlevy, C.C., Anagry; Rev. J. Brennan, C.C., Arranmore; Rev. H. Gildea, C.C., Dungloe; Rev. J. Scanlan, C.C., Lettermacaward; Rev. H. Carre, C.C., Fintown; Rev. H. M'Shane, C.C., Glenties; Rev. J. M'Ateer, C.C., Ardara; Rev. M. Ward, C.C., Killybegs; Rev. P. Dunlevy, C.C., Killybegs; Rev. J. J. O'Donnell, Industrial School, Killybegs; Rev. J. Byrne, C.C., Kilcar; Rev. C. Cunningham, C.C., Glencolumbkille; Rev. A. Gallagher, C.C., Gweedore; Rev. P. M'Cafferty, Adm., Inver; Rev. J. Boyle, C.C., Inver; Rev. E. Cassidy, C.C., Donegal; Rev. D. Ccyle, C.C., Ballintra; Rev. J. Gavigan, C.C., Ballyshannon; Rev. J. Dorrian, C.C., Ballyshannon; Rev. E. M'Devitt, C.C., Stranorlar; Rev. J. M'Menamin, C.C., Glenfin; Rev. J. O'Donnell, C.C., Raphoe; Rev. J. M'Ateer, C.C., Drumkeen; Rev. D. M'Gettigan, C.C., Newtowncunningham; Rev. P. M'Cay, C.C., Drumoghill; Rev. P. M'Devitt, C.C., Milford; Rev. J. M'Cafferty, C.C., Kilmacrenan; Father Fagan, Adm., Armagh (Chaplain to his

Eminence); Rev. Father O'Kane, P.P., Termnamongan; Father M'Gill, C.C., Burt; Father Duffy, Diocesan Catechist, Derry; Father Flood, C.C., Culdaff.



Round Tower, Tory Island.



## CHAPTER II.

Ireland, that sittest by the shores of time—  
Watching the nations' sunrise—on thy lips  
Hovers the gospel of a faith sublime,  
Conserved through blast and blight and foul eclipse.

—J. F. O'DONNELL.

## SERMON.

By the Very Rev. A. N. M'Nelis, P.P., Termon.

Feo! U-pásmu goe uile nio agur leannuio tupa; go ve 'n luac  
paotair a taimuio ag uile a fagail air son rin? Agur uobairt lora leó:  
go veim veipm leat, air an lá veipeanae, an uair a tiocpar mac Dé  
a n-ápuéim, go puróiró rib, a lean é, air uó éatir uéug le bpeiteammar  
a tabairt air uó teaglae uéug ipnael; agur goe uile uime a fágair a  
baile, a áair agur a mair, a bpeirpup agur a uéatup, a bean agur  
a páiró, agur a talam, air mo fon-ra, beipró me uó céao lán air an  
t-raoal ro, agur an beata pioppurde ann an t-raoal atá le teat.—  
Naomh Matt., caib. 19, pann 28, 29, agur 30.

Se ro an poirgeul a léigeaó, ania, agur a léigear a  
g-comnuirde air feite na n-dbaró; agur tuigeann rinn o  
foela an t-poirgeul ro go raib casbail uip Cpiort agur  
Naomh Peavap ra 'n luac paotair a bi Cpiort le tabairt  
uóib air son an t-raoal a épéigint agur epean a leanaint.  
Tug Cpiort uó geall uo Peavap nuair a uóbaip Se leir,  
"Air m' focal beipró me uib mar onoir a beir mar com-  
bpeitím uim féin air an lá veipeanae le bpeiteammar a  
tabairt air an cineao uaoirua." An uapa geall a tug  
Cpiort uóib, go g-cuioeao pé iao le rolar a spára air  
an t-raoal ro agur an beata pioppurde a n-dbaró a m-báir.

Ta geall Cpiort co piop ania agur bi pé an lá rin.  
Maipró pe piop a g-comnuirde ve bpié nae uo Peavap  
amam agur na n-dbarat a tug Cpiort na geallat ro, aet  
uo goe uile uime eile a gnuiear mar g-cuioa; rin mar  
uóapra, goe uime a épéigear an raoal, a féunap é féin,  
a tógar ruar a épiot agur a leanap Cpiort. Agur pé ro

mar punne Naomh Columcille, naomh móir Tipconail, ar  
u-patruim, ar g-capair, agur ar n-uime muiniceao féin—

"U' fág pe goe uile aet ruar pe goe uile."

Tá pe tri céao-uéug, tri rcoir, agur pé bliatna uéug o  
ruaó Columcille air an leic rin fíor, air a h-oppalaó  
ruar, ania, iobairt po-ápaíam an airuim. Tri rcoir  
agur pé bliatna uéug fao a beata air an t-raoal ro. Go  
uó mar éatir pe no bliatantat ro? Go uó 'n cineal uime  
a bi ann? Go uó 'n pompla a tug pe uúinne le leanaint?  
Agur go uó 'n pún a tamuio ag uile a uéanap ania air lá  
móir a feil le airur a uéanap air ionap go m-beiró rinn air  
uóig éigin copamail leir ann a beata?

"Ruao é n-gairt uo uéim  
'S go hupose é a' g-cille mac neom,  
'S uo bairuao mac na Meiri  
a uullaig uo uob glairi."

Ag a bairuao ruar pe Colum mar ann o 'n t-raoal  
uapal Cpuineaoan, a n-dbaró a bairuao tugao go Cille  
Mac Neom é, an áit a uapnao e oileammin amearg  
piuonnap óg Tipconail a bi air rsoit leir, agur a bairó é  
Colum-na-cille mar bi pe le fagail a g-comnuirde aca ag  
upnuige poirhe 'n altoir.

Ann ro ruar pe an céao foolum a m-béapáí Dé, agur  
leag pe go uóham aóbar an beata iongantao a bi leagta  
amác air Dia uo. "Foolum an óige a m-béapáí Dé, agur  
nuair atá riato pean ní épéigean riato é."—Prob., 22 c.,  
pann 6. Agur, anoir, ve bpié go raib a áair agur a  
mair uo fíol na píe, agur piuonnap fíol-uapal eipeann,  
Alban, agur Dalapaoe, buó le na mac, Colum, go cinnte  
agur a g-ceapt, copóm na h-eipeann a fagail, uo g-com-  
nuigeao pe le na éuro piuonnap féin a u-Tipconail; aet  
b' feápp le Colum a beir boet le Cpiort na paróip gan é.  
"Ie beannuige na boet a piopair, oir ip leó puoact  
nemhe."—Matt., c. 5, p. 3.

AS FÁGAIL PLÁN AIS NA Muintir, agus AS GLACADÓ DIA MAP A OIGREACÓ, U' FÁS RE IAD LE "OCAP ASUR TAPT A N-DIARÓ NA CÓPA," agus éuair re a éuairteasá póguma amearg na naomh, agus na ríolairí buró mó a n-éipinn, fágail na diaró a s-Cille Mac Neóin rompla an páirísa lora: pé rin le páo, "A péir map u' fás re a n-aoir u' fás re forca a n-eólar agus a n-éipíra, a lachair Dé agus a lachair an tuine."—Luc. c. 2, pann 52. Air fad an ama ro, a bi re as éuairteasá póguma fúto éipinn, o mainitir go mainitir, o naomh go naomh, o ríolair go ríolair, agus o báro go báro, pé n-veipiró me fa u-taob de go raib re oróde agus lá, amáe o 'n am a bi re as upuige, aólaice, ann a éuro leabharó, a s-cuirdeáta aingeal na b-plaicear a bi as cuingeal foluir leir go minic, a n-voimneáe na h-oróde, as aicrsgíobad na leabharó naoma; agus foillreá re go fad of cionn na ríolairí eile a n-gac uile rubailce agus cáirdeáe agus tá 'n ghan of cionn na peile.

AIS CUIS BLIAÓNA agus píce de aoir punneá fagair Dé, agus ann rin éamic re na baile go Tipdonail amearg a éuro puonnpai féin, é lán gac uile rubailce agus póguma a teirdear leir an éuortaise agus an t-eaglairead a éuaná iomlan. U' fás re a baile le ocap agus tapt na cópa; éamic re na baile lán agus pápta. "Ir beannuige an tream a b-fuil ocap agus tapt na cópa oppa, oir pápocap iad."—Matt. c. 5, pann 6.

Leas re aóbar a éuro mainitir a n-Doire, agus bi re féin na abba of a éionn air fad cuis m-bliadán deus. A! buró iad ro na cuis bliadna deus glóphara do éipinn agus do Ulaó. De bupg go raib re de píol po-uapal na píog, bi cohaéda an-mor aise amearg na b-puonnpai, a gpaúis é le cion a s-eporé. Ni raib pur air bit nóirdeánta aise, de bupg naé raib pur air bit uilca do a u' iappad re; aet pinne re upair de na h-ocairí ro a lig go leir, a s-cuirdeáta méad póguma agus éagha a éus Dia do le

na éuro mainitiread a méaduá, leir an éperdeam a lan-píolrad, agus le glóir a tabairt do Dia. Sé ro map punne Naom Pól forca. Deir re péin linn go raib re, air fad an ama ro, as pmáh a n-aoibneap Dé agus na n-aingeal, a bi as cuinneit eirdeáta leir a s-comnuiré, aet na diaró rin, ni raib rólar le fágail aise, oróde na la. Ca tuise ro? De bupg go raib an pur amáin, a bi as cognad a époré, a s-comnuiré; agus ni raib puabneap le fágail aise go s-epíocnoéat re obair beannuige Naom Páruic, agus go n-ioménoéat re epillrean an éperomh fad le muintir na h-éipeann a u' iméig tar páile a n-aimpir Naomh Páruic, agus a bi go foil "na tuise a n-voiréatad agus a s-eeó an báir." Sé ro an pur amáin a bi as cup gaur-pian air a époré, agus copamail leir an treamuise máit, u' fás re an éuro aet caopa na diaró, agus éuair re a n-diaró an caopa a bi caillce agus an éaopa rin forca na muintir féin. Bi bupn agus buaróeap époré amearg na s-cléir, na b-puonnpai, agus ríolairí na h-éipeann; buró uub-bpónad na báro as sul, agus uubairt Dallan as peinnim air a élláppait—

"A! éamuro copamail le abian na élláppag san gúe.  
Scapad uaim of n-apóeann uapal amá."

Ni fuil iongantap ann ro. Bi riad as caillce a s-capair, aet bi re na éapair a s-comnuiré aca, oir mor épéig re iad air lá a s-epuarocean. Aet bi a éear-gpaó air Dia agus air anama na b-paganaé h-boet ar éipinn mor mó na a gpaó naupéa, mor a'f map bi rin air éipinn, agus as tógail ruar a lámh, agus as tabairt a beannaéte uob, éiunntuig re a éul air a "Oilean glar uilur féin," agus uubairt re le na dá abrcal deus, a bi leir, na poela ro, agus ir cinnte gur piú a s-cuimnuigad:—"A n-aimm Dé cuipiró rinn ann fairge anoir, agus cia air bit aic a m-buailiró rinn cuan—bíreá rin air na capraiceáa riad-anta fairge, no air oilean deap mín—ann rin éeanparó



pinn cóinnuróe, agus baintró pinn fúinn ag veanaó upnuighe agus aicpige aip fao aip faogail." Seól riato leó amearg ceóil agus peimime aingeal na b-plaigear sup éur riato arceadé aip popt an Cuppaig, a n-oilean lóna—oilean an riadanta, san don duine na cóinnuróe aip aet eunaéa na faigse. A! naé iao a bi copamail le Mac a-Duine! "Ta a g-curo bpocais aig na pionais, agus tá a g-curo neorpaéa aig eunaéa beaga na g-enoc, aet ní fuil don aet aig Mac a-Duine le na ceann a leagaó."—Luc, cab. 9, pann 58. A go ve'n mero a tiocpaó a páó fa 'n beata iongantae, a éait fe aip an oilean po aip fao éaitpe bliadan veug agus pié! Beata lán ve 'n uile iongantap; lán ve miopbuita, lán ve farbeaet, go mimic ag caint go póilléap le h-aingle na b-plaigear aip énoc na n-áingeal, agus go mimic, a lap an tuis gémpiró, a n-uaignear na h-oróe, na feapaó a loéan uirge fuar go v-tí na gualao, agus a lámha pinnte amáe ag iapmaró aetuingeaéa o Dia, ap pon a muintip féin agus Eipeann! Mí feudaim níor mo a paó ann po aet sup émoénais fe an oiaip beannuighe a' pás fe Eipe fa éoinne a veanaó. Oip bí tpuillean an éperóim ag póillriugaó anoir go blaépaé, ní h-é amáin a n-Eipinn, aet portá amearg na n-veópaí ap Eipinn a n-áibain. Aip an aóðap po bí fe na éom-abrtal a n-odiaip beannuighe Naomh páopuic.

O' pás Naomh Colum an t-oilean riadanta po na óiaró lán ve naomh agus ve ríolaisí a bí ag molaó Dé aip fao fe céao bliadan a n-óiaró a báip. Molta go paib ap naomh mop féin portá, a bí na éuro abba-ap an oilean!

Map éaimie fe aip an t-raogal v' pás fe an raogal map g-ceutna. Rugaó é aip an leic pin níor; fuair p' báp a g-cumme an lae amú tpi céao veug bliadan o fom aip leic eile; pé pin le páó, leac na eille, poime 'n alcorp aip oilean lóna. Ip leac a bí na leabaíó aige aip fao a beata, agus cloé paí na ceann; agus an t-euraé gáp a éaitéao

pé 'pa lá bí fe va éomóae 'pan oróe! A! ní fuil iongantap na leacaéa, na cloéa, agus na tobpaéa po a beic beannuighe. Bí cion agus spáo aige oppa le na colann a rmaétuáó. Tá riato ann po ann ap mearg, an leac pin níor, na lairpeaé; a tobap agus an cupap po fuar: úp Saptain a ioméupap na veóparóe boéa leó le iao a pábail o éinne agus o bátaó, Tobap an Dún, beannuighe ann a duine muintipeaé féin, leigheoir O Púel, a guróe go vupaéaéa a patpín féin, ann na flaigear aip fao na h-oet lá a éait fe ag upnuighe aig an tobap, le bpíg, agus neap, agus eunaéa a éabairt vo 'n uirge an t-plainte a éabairt vo 'n applan; agus táp aig an iomlán agaimn, agus an vóimán móp, go b-fuill an bpíg beannuighe po a n-uirge Tobap an Dún. Aip n-óige agus aip n-óige, tá tobap Saptain map g-ceutna. Molta go paib aip naomh beannuighe ann po, ann a papapóe féin, a v-Tulla Dubglairé, a g-Cille Mac Neóin, a n-Gleann Columcille, a n-oilean Thopp, a Raé-boé, a n-Doipe, a n-lóna, agus na céatái ve aiteaéa eile a b-fuill fe a g-cóinnuróe beó ann a éuro lairpeaé, aetá amú, agus a béróeap go veó, ag veanaó peanmoip vo 'n té a béróeap ag vut an beataé!

"Tá na cloéa ta liaé ann na lairpeaé gan ceann ag veanaó peanmoip a g-cóinnuróe vo 'n muintip ta ann."

Aip fao céao bliadan éotail énáma beannuighe ap naomh aip oilean lóna nuair a h-ioméapaó iao go h-Eipinn, an aet a b-fuill riato aólaicte a n-uais amáin le Naomh páopuic agus Upigro, a n-Dún-páopuic.

Turgeann pib anoir an beagan agus an po-beagan, a v-taob an mero buó éóip a páó fa v-taob ve 'n beata iongantae a éait ap naomh móp agus ap b-patpín aip fao na v-tpí reóip agus pé bliadan veug a bí pé aip a t-raogal po. Cuinnuig Dia é le na céao lán gúra, agus ta fe amú tpi céao veug bliadan na cóinnuróe amearg na n-aingeal a laéap Dé, agus ní fuill a beata aet ann a éur go póil.

A! pí ro an beata íf píú a buint. Aip an aóðar pin pollam-nuigeann an Eaglaíf peile a curu naom aip la a m-báir a n-áit lá a n-geineamhain, de bpiš naé píú an beata faogalta a éur a g-comorcar leir an beata piopparde a mairfeap aip fao faogail na faogal. Íf piop go b-fuil re reapta uaimn anú, áet íf piop porca go b-fuil re a g-cóinnurde agur a g-cóinnurde a laíar an Trionoir ró-naomta ag deanaó eavapšurde aip ap ron. Agur map táp agaimn go v-cugann Dia onoir agur eirteaet vo šac uile naom aip neam vo péir agur map éug an naom ceutona pin onoir agur eirteaet vo Dha aip talam. Áet cia 'n naom íf mó a éug onoir agur glóir vo Dia aip talam na éug aip naom móp féin? Aip an aóðar pin bréaó pinn einnte go b-fuig pinn cópaó aip šurde anú.

Agur mo éruaige agur mo éruaige naé pmuaineann pinn mior mionca aip ap g-curo maom móp Eipeann, agur naé g-cóceanglann pinn ap n-upnuige aip talam le na n-šurde aip neam aip ap ron féin agur aip ron ap v-típ boiét! Táp agaimn go paib níor mo bpiše, agur tabaéta, agur neap, a n-upnuige Moiré aip bapp an Čnuic ag caint le Dia, na bí a n-iomlan an pobail a bí ag tpuio a n-ašaró a namuio annf an gleann faoi. Map g-ceutona, tá mior mó bpiše, agur tabaéta, agur neap, a n-upnuige Naom Pápuic, Dpišio, agur Colum, agur na naom eile ap Eipunn atá anú aip apvénoc na b-plaiteap ag šurde aip ap ron féin agur aip ap v-típ boiét, na ta a n-iomlan ap n-vičeíl boiét féin ag tpuio a n-ašaró ap námhuio pa n-gleann boét po na n-deóp.

Deánaró pinn pún anú, agur le curuigaó špápa Dé cuipiró pinn an pún ro a g-cporde o 'n la anú amác; pé pinn le paó, naé leigiró pinn aon oróce amáin éapť gan an upnuige beas ro a paó a n-viaró ap b-patpín páipciš:— A Naom Pápuic, Dpišio, agur Colum, agur naom Eipeann go n-ute! šurde oppaimn, cuinnig agur curuig linn, anoir,

agur aig uair ap m-báir. An vapa pún íf cóip vóinn a deánaró aip an lá beannuigťe ro, ionar go m-béio pinn copamail, aip vóigš éigin, le n-ap b-patpín ann a beata; go n-deánaró pinn an colann a pmaóvató co maic a'f éigš linn a n-šac uile níó, agur go ppeirealta a b-peacaó amáin a beireap náipe, agur bpón, agur pšpior oppaimn féin agur aip ap v-típ; pé pin peacaó na meirge. O' fás ap naom féin rompla móp agaimn ann ro, oip veir pšpiorboipí a beata linn nar bíar re apiam aon veóp víge a paib meirge ann. Deánaró pinn aig go léir vičeíu móp Muncip a Šéanar iomlan a leatavušaró, agur a meutušaró, agur a neapcušaró annf an éat atá piau ag tpuio go peapamail annf an vlogóipe a n-ašvito an pšpioratvopí ro. Vuó cóip vóinn vėagš-rompla a tabairt uaimn annf an níó ro, oip pé ap n-vėagš-rompla amáin an clorbeam íf gėipe a n-ašaró an námhuio ro. šuróimio ap b-patpín anú aip lá móp a peile go n-oppalav ro puar anoir Dia an upnuige atá me ag vut a paó anoir—upnuigeap cum a n-carbog féin agur atá agaimn aip éapva an geallamun:—

"A Cholumcille! patpín lincť a pėanar iomlan, ann vo baile agur ann vo deópavavbeaet, šurde Dia, cia aip víč áit a v-cuitpíó ap g-cpann, go m-béio pinn buapfearmac vo ap n-geallamun, agur naé v-tabapparó pinn mičluó go bpát, le n-aon meirge amáin, aip an talam a špavušť tú go vóip. Amén."





## CHAPTER III.

I could scale the blue air,  
 I could plough the high hills,  
 Oh! I could kneel all night in prayer,  
 To heal your many ills!  
 And one beamy . . . smile from you  
 Would float like light between  
 My toils and me, my own, my true,  
 My dark Rosaleen.—J. C. MANGAN.

## AMONG THOSE AT THE PUBLIC MEETING WERE:—

London—Mr. S. Boyle, I.R.

Dublin—Mr. C. McNeil, B.A.

Belfast—Mr. T. P. McGinley, I.R.

Donegal Committee, Glasgow—William John Shields,  
 John McCafferty, John Mulhern, Dominick McGready.

Killybegs—John C. Ward, Patrick Mulreany.

Donegal—Mr. Jerome Boyce, J.P., County Delegate Irish  
 National Federation; Mr. John Bonner.

Carrigart—Messrs F. Logue, D. McGettigan, J. Gallagher.

Gweedore—Messrs. M. Coppins, N.T.; H. Gallagher,  
 N.T., Teague M'Fadden, N.T.; B. Campbell, N.T.; O. Coyle,  
 N.T.; James M'Bride, N.T.; Neil Ferry, Thomas M'Bride,  
 Dan O'Donnell.

Glenswilly—Messrs, Manus M'Fadden, J.P.; B. M'Fad-  
 den, Solicitor; Columb Friese, &c.

Milford—Messrs. Hugh M'Devitt, James Diamond, &c.

Annagry—Messrs. H. Duffy, John Loughran, N.T.

Ramelton—Charles Kelly, Bryan Boyle, Miss M. Kelly,  
 &c.

Rathmullan—Messrs. S. M'Garvey, J. Deany, W.  
 M'Rory, &c.

Letterkenny—E. T. Bannon, Inspector of National  
 Schools; E. M'Fadden, Solicitor; Dr. Martin, Asylum;  
 G. M'Caffrey, Manager, Hibernian Bank; M. O'Callaghan,

C.E.; John Magner, B.A.; Patrick Doherty, T.C.; Philip  
 Carroll, T.C.; J. Sweeney, T.C.; Connell Bradley, T.C.;  
 John Gallagher, James O'Donnell, B. Langan, T. Sweeney,  
 Mrs. M'Carry, C. Langan, Hugh Gallagher, Pat M'Aleer,  
 A. M'Daid, E. Kelly, N.T.; D. Gallagher, N.T., &c.

Termon and Gartan—Messrs. E. D. Hewitson, J.P.; Major  
 Johnson, J.P.; Denis M'Laughlin, John Gallagher, Patrick  
 Kelly, Charles Sweeny, Daniel Murray, Charles Gallagher,  
 Manus O'Donnell, N.T.; Francis Sweeney, N.T.; Denis  
 Murray, P.M.; Anthony Gallagher, P.L.G.; Miss A.  
 M'Ginty, N.T.; Miss Sarah M'Fadden, Miss Mary Murray,  
 Miss Maggie Sweeny, Miss Bridget M'Cafferty, Miss Maggie  
 M'Cafferty, Miss Alice Gallagher, U.S.A., &c.

Parish of Raymoghney—James O'Donnell, Lisclamarty,  
 Manasses Megrachy, Manorcunningham; Sergeant J. Coyle,  
 Lisclamarty, Manasses Megrachy, Manorcunningham; John  
 Thomas Coyle, Lisclamarty, Manasses Megrachy, Manorcun-  
 ningham; Wm. Crampsey, Lisclamarty, Manasses Megrachy,  
 Manorcunningham; James Hegarty, Lisclamarty, Manasses  
 Megrachy, Manorcunningham; James O'Donnell, Manor-  
 cunningham; Charles Sweeny, Castlehooly; Hugh Sweeny,  
 Castlehooly; Robert J. Sweeny, Castlehooly; Susan Sweeny,  
 Castlehooly; O. Rogan, Carkey; Michael M'Kay, Drumog-  
 hill; B. O'Donnell, Lisclamarty; J. Tierney, Woodhelie;  
 Robert Meehan, Corkey.

Ardara—Dr. Sullivan, Mr. P. M'Nelis.

Glenties—Miss Mulloy, Miss O'Sullivan.

Stranorlar Parish—Teague Magee, J.P.; Patrick M'Der-  
 mott, J.P.; Hugh M'Ginty, P.L.G.; James Boyle, solicitor;  
 Thomas Deery, Wm. J. Meehan, James Kelly, John Kelly,  
 James Magee, Patrick M'Dermott, Joseph Gallen, Patrick  
 Gallen, W. M. A. M'Glynn, Charles Gallagher, and Daniel  
 Doherty.

Kilmacrennan—Rev. Hugh Devine, P.P.; Messrs. Neal  
 Coyle, J.P.; E. Fries, H. Strain, J. Gorman, Denis Durnin,

Michael Fries, Charles Devanny, Samuel Burns, Ben Loughced Herarty, Pat Coyle, Teague Boyle, Michael Duffy, Robert Campbell, Pat Dillon, Hugh Harkin, John Brogan, B. Keelin, Neal McCormack, James Friel, James Bradley, Neal Bradley, Edward Sweeney, Patrick M'Fadden, Mick Herarty, John M'Devitt, Tim Peoples, John M'Kendrick, Charles Doherty, William M'Garvey, Bernard M'Elwee, Roger M'Elwee, William Boyle, Anthony Coll, F. Coll, Dominick Doherty, Patrick M'Gettigan, Wm. M'Gonagle, Cornelius M'Laughlin, James O'Donnell, Mrs. Doherty, N.T.; Hugh Coyle, Edward Huston, John Bradley, Francis Bradley, Henry Huston, N.T.; John Strain, John O'Donnell, John M'Gettigan, John Gallagher, Patrick Flynn, James M'Paul, A. Huston, Brian Friel, Miss Prunty, N.T.; Miss Corcoran, N.T.

Strabane—Mr. Edward Gallagher, J.P.; Andrew Gallagher.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Lord Bishop of Raphoe, in opening the proceedings said—My Lord Cardinal and dear friends, before the sacred praises of St. Columba are spoken here on this happy day, I have an announcement to make that will cause the heart of everyone present to beat high with joy and gladness. Among the messages that have reached us from exalted persons and warm friends in distant lands, this one has come to me through the kind offices of the learned Rector of the Irish College in Rome:—

“The Holy Father sends to your Lordship personally and to the good clergy and people of Raphoe, with all associated in St. Columba's honour on the 9th inst., his congratulations and paternal benediction. On the total abstinence societies he bestows a special and most earnest blessing.”



His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.  
From a photo. by Lawrence, Dublin.



To him, who as Supreme Pastor of the world-wide fold, feeds all the lambs and all the sheep with such loving care, whom our ancestors would have lovingly called the Coarb Phadar, who in our day does for the Church of God at the close of the nineteenth century what Gregory the Great did for the Church at the close of the sixth century, I ask you to manifest your gratitude by giving from your thousands of voices three times hurrah for the Pope (loud hurrahs). In the person of our beloved Cardinal (cheers) we have here one who stands next to the Holy Father himself (cheers). He is here with us under most trying circumstances, under a loss that has made many besides himself the poorer. He is with us because he knows that this magnificent festival will contribute enormously to the interests of religion that are dear to him; because as Primate of All Ireland he is due at a great festival in honour of one of the patron saints of Ireland; because he has ever had a tender love for Columba, and cherishes Columba's own love for Gartan and the clergy and people of Donegal (cheers).

The Right Rev. Monsignor M'Fadden, P.P., V.G., Donegal, said—His Eminence needs no introduction to anyone present, and, on all occasions when he visits Letterkenny, we are prepared to give him as warm a *cead mille faillte* as that which had greeted that day the mention of the name of his Holiness Leo. XIII. (cheers). We are all gratified that his Eminence is with us to-day, and we are particularly grateful to him under the very trying circumstances to which his lordship has referred, as we know he has parted with a dear sister who loved him much, a sister whose merits are known to each and everyone of us for her fortitude, kindness and hospitality. Your Eminence, my Lord Bishop, Reverend Fathers and friends of the laity, this is a day of special joy to me, when I am asked on the part of the Centennial Committee of this celebration to read an address of welcome to you, the Cardinal Archbishop of Armagh and Pri-

mate of All Ireland. Your Eminence needs no introduction to any one of us. We are glad that you are one of Tyrconnell's sons, and we are thankful that you have honoured this great occasion by your presence. I feel sure it will be no displeasure to your Eminence to hear the address of welcome read in the vernacular tongue. The Gaelic was the language in which St. Patrick spoke to our forefathers when he converted them to Christianity, and it is the language that Gartan's Great Saint, the Dove of the Churches, wielded with such power and eloquence. I now proceed to read the Address to your Eminence in St. Columbkille's favourite language:—

Óiteagla na Aiprócéim Míceal na Louos, Aipróearbog  
Aipromaas, Aiprócéann Eaglaire iomlan na h-Eipeann,  
agus Cáipomeal 'ran Eaglaire Chaitleogais.

Go n-éiríonn se le v' Aiprócéim:

Tá vo laisín ann ro amú, a Bpúh-eaglaire, na éirí ann ar s-cuimhne sup rugaó aipró-cléipeac agus fcolair eipeac-tac ann ar n-aiprír féin, cómhgarac vo 'n áit a rugaó Naomh onopaó Šaptain; agus, map Columcille, fuair tú v' fogluim a s-Cillemacpenann ann v'oise, agus tá tura, á aipró-uacóparain—ta bpóv oppainn a páv—le caob cáili-úeacta eile Naomh Cholaim, fonpúigeac ann vo teagšpaó típe. Aip an lá ro, tá pinn as tabairt onóir vo Naomh Columcille ve bpúš sup rugaó é 'pa v'igirte; ve bpúš go paib se na mac céimeamhail a v-típeonail, agus ve bpúš go b-fuit se na naomh clúcthar a n-Eaglaire Dé. Aip an aóbar ceutona tá pinn tucaipeac, a aipró-eaglaire, go b-fuit tú ann ar meafš ann ar am ro acá le cuimhneúac aís clann na h-Eipeann; agus tá se na éirí páparó agus atair aganne go veapn ar n-aópar naomh, an pápa, fuais opt le plaítear Naomh pápauic a fciúpaó, agus a beic vo šticcómaipeac aise as puglaó na h-Eaglaire.



His Eminence Cardinal Logue.  
From a photo. by Lawrence, Dublin.



Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe.  
From a photo. by Lawrence, Dublin.

Tá do cúpra póitléar ais Calairte na Fraince, agus ann ar S-Calairte clúitac Mag-Nuasca go móir ann ar S-cuimne, agus ní tís linn san o' obair érom mar pasart ann an vísirte ro a beir a S-commuioe póimainn. Tá réarún aipúíte agaimn, á Tigearna aipdearbois, go b-fuail tu saolthar leir an vísirte ro. Ueapairó pinn trácto aip an am a bí cupam ppiopadualta asat aip fean vísirte Naomh Adáimain. Tá cuimne thait agaimn aip do mašail éuin agus cinnce mar earbog ann an vísirte ro of cionn pasart agus naoine. Tá pe ann ar S-cuimne, pošta, mar buó mian leat, ann do mhóir-špáó, éipeact a tabairt do 'n pnuaim-tead a táimic a S-ceann Ohoctuir MacŠeiteogain agus Ohoctuir MacÓáir; pé rin aip-to-teampoll Naomh Adáimain a cúir aip bun a leirip-Ceanain.

Fuair tupa, á Špoto-eaglaipis, aip pās tú pinn, curuigad an-móir do 'n obair naomha ro; agus tá pí as vail aip ašaró aip móir acá clúimhar do élionn Naomh Šaptein agus do míc agus nígeanača Šipconail. Nuair a bérdear an teampoll aoidinn aedapač ro cuochnuigíte béró pe na cúir onoirpe do vísirte aorua Naomh Adáimain, agus na púleir gloipe a n-eaglaip Dé. Tá am aipúíte ann do beača, a Špoto-eaglaipis, nuair a bí tú ar n-earbog 'ra vísirte ro, na aóðar ppeirialta le beir a S-cuimne na m-boct.

Tá cuimne thait ais šac vuine ann ar meapš aip bliaó-antai na n-šopt a táimic aip na naoine. Táimic mopan pógthair le vpoč bápš, agus le na coir pin pinne tigeapnai na tipe plait agus pšpior aip na naoine a bí paol vultcaró mašail-tipe an t-Sapanais, ačt pinne tupa, á Špoto-uactapain, ann an am épuadualac pin beapcaó agus véirce aip boctain ar S-commuio. Ar an t-paočar ro v'eipš capantap ppeirialta agaimn vuit, agus tá ačar móir oppainn go b-fuail tú ann ar meapš anu. Nígmito avmait, le lučair mhóir, ar n-špáó vuir éléir Rač-boč agus ar S-Caipveanai Uactapan a n-Špomača; agus mar elann na píp-eaglaip



tá pinn átarad go b-fuit tú do ordo éplonna ais ar n-áchar  
naomh, an pápa péir na h-eaglaise.

Tá uócher mór oppaínn, agus guróim do b-fuis tú, a  
aró-eaglaise, raogal fada agus plánte le beir do ceann  
ais eaglaise na h-Éireann.

Air taob com-éumniú na céadad bliad, earbog,  
raogal, agus tuatais Rač-boc, iarramuit do beannačt, a  
mop-aró-čleipis, uóinn péir, agus do 'n t-rian uóipre a  
čup naomh ádammán Columkille air bun.

His Eminence Cardinal Logue, who was received with  
loud cheers, said, speaking in Irish—My Lord Bishop and  
dear friends of Gartan and Donegal, I am sorry that I do  
not find it possible to thank you for the splendid welcome  
that you have given me here to-day as I would wish to do,  
in the sweet tongue of the Gael as Columba himself would  
speak to you, and as he spoke to the people here in his day  
and to the Picts whose conversion he wrought by preaching  
to them in the language of our ancestors. I am  
sorry to say I have not that command of the  
language that would enable me to adequately express  
my thanks for your great welcome. I would wish that  
I could speak to you with the fluency and power with which  
your parish priest addressed his people, or that I could be as  
familiar as I once was with the language of this country.  
Absence from this country is the cause of my being able to  
address to you only these few words by way of explanation.  
St. Columbkille was an exile from his country—an exile  
for the love of God from this beloved old land of ours.  
Like him, too, I was an exile from the country for a while,  
and that must be my excuse for addressing you now in the  
harsh language of the stranger.

His Eminence, then speaking in English, said—My dear  
Lord Bishop, Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers, and dear friends—  
It was a great pleasure to me to come here to-day, and under

the sad circumstances which were referred to so feelingly  
by your good Bishop and by Monsignor M'Fadden; but no  
cause, except sickness, could prevent me from being present  
on this great day among the priests and people of old Done-  
gal (applause). Though I spent so much time out of the  
country, and, like Columbkille, I almost forgot the old  
language, I never for a moment forgot the old land  
(hear, hear). Often when in a distant country I looked  
back, as he did from Iona, with longing for the Green Isle  
from which I was obliged to be absent for a time, and  
when I returned here I returned with joy (applause). I  
spent two years as a curate in these surroundings and  
ministering to the people to the best of my ability, and I  
must acknowledge that I had a good people to minister to.  
I felt when going about here among the people that the  
spirit of St. Columba still hovered over these old glens and  
hills. If I could give tongue to these hills they  
would speak to you eloquently. They would tell you the  
story of the past. They would tell you of days of faith,  
lively faith, and ardent devotion, which inspirited the people  
that were first brought to the faith by my great predecessor,  
St. Patrick, and who were sanctified by the example  
of the great saint who was born on yon rough flag beyond  
(applause). There is one lesson that we should all learn  
from the life of St. Columba, and it is that there never can  
be in Catholic Ireland a separation between the service of  
God and the service of the country (hear, hear). St. Columba  
was not only a saint but a patriot. He loved God  
so intensely that he devoted his whole life to His service.  
He spared himself no hardship or mortification, but when-  
ever a thought forced itself upon his mind in contemplation  
over and above the thoughts which bore him towards Heaven,  
it was a thought for Ireland. You always find amongst real  
Catholics of Ireland a yearning for the liberty of their  
country, united to their love of God. So long as you, the

people of Ireland, continue to foster devotion to God and His holy religion, and devotion to the best interests of the country, no matter what the hardships you may suffer, no matter what the injustice or persecution you may be subjected to, Ireland will continue to be in the future what she was in the past—an Ireland blessed by God and admired by man (applause). It was the feeling of admiration and love, which I always entertained for the people of my native county, that brought me down here to-day, and I am glad I came, not merely on account of the very warm welcome which I have received from the Bishop and priests and people, but I am glad I came to witness this grand display of Irish faith on the hillsides of Gartan (applause). Monsignor M'Fadden said I should take the Irish address home with me, and hang it up in some conspicuous place and look at it every morning, in order to be reminded of the strong faith and kind hearts of the people of Donegal. Now with all respect to our right rev. friend, I may tell him that I need no Irish address, no reminder of any kind to keep the people of Donegal and their faith, and piety, and their love of country, as well as love of God, fresh in my memory. I spent my youth among them, and spent a good many years of my life here, first as a curate, and afterwards as a bishop, and I think I have a right to know and to remember them, and it is very useful to me from time to time to think of the faith and piety of this old county (applause). When I was amongst them, I was not so settled down as I am now, but if I wanted anything to settle me down and teach me my duty, it was furnished in the faith and piety and devotion of the people among whom I ministered. I always found their example a strong aid in the faithful discharge of my duty, and even now in the See of St. Patrick, where I walk every day in the footsteps of the saints, even there it will enable me to preserve some little of the fervour and devotion to God's work and the interests of the people, of which great St.

Columba gave such an example (applause). Now, I think, my friends, I have said enough. I must keep in mind another remark of the Right Rev. Monsignor M'Fadden; and there are others coming after who will speak to you more feelingly and eloquently than I can (voices "no, no"); and I will therefore not trespass on the time devoted to them. I have again to thank the bishop and priests and people for the very cordial welcome they have given me to-day and I am sure that welcome was not given to me as a private individual, but was given to me as in some way representing the great man who at present rules the destinies of the Church of Jesus Christ. (Great applause.)





## CHAPTER IV.

Still in the mirror of the mind  
The scenes I love I see;  
Would I could fly on the western wind,  
My native land! to thee.—D'ARCY M'GEE.

## TELEGRAMS AND LETTERS.

AFTER the Cardinal had concluded his most touching and appropriate Reply, the Bishop of Raphoe said—There is a worthy letter from a brilliant countryman of ours—Archbishop Keane—who, after putting the new Catholic University of America on its feet, now resides in the Eternal City, to the lasting advantage of the land he loves so well. That letter will be read later on. Most welcome telegraphic messages have reached us from Spain, Austria, Australia, and America. Two of these messages come from illustrious noblemen, sprung from Tyrconnell, of which they are proud, who trace their Gartan lineage far back into the centuries, and who have achieved in foreign lands as much renown as their ancestors achieved here for valour, and for patronage both of letters and religion. (Cheers). The other two come from priests of this diocese, who, in the great new countries of the south and west, carry on in our day the work that St. Columba did so well many centuries ago.

Rev. D. V. Stephens and Rev. E. Cassidy were appointed Secretaries to the meeting, with Mr. J. C. Ward, Killybegs, and Mr. Bonar, Donegal, as assistants.

Then the Rev. Daniel V. Stephens, C.C., Letterkenny, Secretary to the meeting, read the following telegrams and letters:—

Telegram from Don Carlos O'Donnell, Duque de Tetuan, Madrid—

"To the Lord Bishop O'Donnell, Letterkenny.

"As an O'Donnell, I beg your Lordship to convey to all those assembled to-day at Letterkenny the expression of my heartfelt sympathy on this thirteenth anniversary of your Patron Saint." (Cheers).

Telegram from Count Ferdinand Patrick O'Donnell, Vienna, forwarded through the O'Clery, Temple, London—

"Honour me by assuring Bishop O'Donnell of my sympathetic regard with his Lordship's noble resolve to celebrate St. Columba's great anniversary, so intimately associated with our names and ancient race." (Cheers.)

Telegram from Rev. Joseph Rogers, Bungaree, Ballarat, a native of the Diocese of Raphoe—

"Greetings to assemblage in honour of Columbkille." (Applause.)

From the Very Rev. Charles M'Cready, D.D., New York, a native of Letterkenny—

"To the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell.

"A hundred pounds for Columba (towards Cathedral Fund)." (Applause.)

## O'DONNELL AT CORUNNA.

Winter of 1803.

Oh, wild and wintry is the night, and lonely is the hour,  
But I wish I were far off at sea, in spite of storm and shower,  
So that the dawn might see me cast upon the Irish coast—  
So that I had regained my land, whatever might be lost!

No headland gray, so far away  
From house or place could be,  
But the voice of kin would bid me in,  
And welcome back from sea.

—D'ARCY M'GEE.

## LETTER

FROM THE

MOST REV. DR. KEANE.

"While the echoes of the semi-Centenary of O'Connell's death are still lingering in all Irish hearts, the sons of Donegal assemble to celebrate the Thirteenth Centenary of the death of St. Columbkille. How far apart in the stretch of centuries are Columbkille and O'Connell, and yet how near in the character, the significance, the purpose of their lives! Love of justice, love of Ireland, love of Mother Church, love of the great and blessed God of all goodness—these were equally the ruling passion of those two great hearts, the ruling purpose of those two great lives. Their blending puts one in mind of that marvellous blending of the near and the distant echoes in the weird song of the hills awaked by the bugle blast in the Gap of Dungloe. The memories of the glorious saintly past, and the memories of the sad but heroic yesterday of her history, are the warp and the woof that weave the tissue of Erin's thoughts, and make together the matchless record which she bequeaths to her sons. It behoves them to understand and appreciate it rightly. Let us dwell a moment on the blending of the spirit of those two lives. How proud a picture in the annals of Erin is the young Donegal chieftain, worthy descendant of the stalwart and high-spirited Princes of his clan, so fearlessly ardent in his love of the right and his hatred of the wrong that he not only denounces openly his King's injustice, but even rushes to battle against the royal wrongdoer. Our hearts pause not to weigh the impulse in the cold, calm scales of prudence. Least of all could Celtic hearts be expected to consider all pros and cons ere giving verdict in such a case. With impulse like his own, we cry out—"Bravely,



Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, D.D.



Very Rev. Dean M'Nulty, Patterson, N.J.



nobly done!" But now follow that young chieftain in his heart-broken pilgrimage to Iona. Weeping, he bids farewell to Erin and pursues his sad journey farther and farther over the waves, till from the highest peak of Iona no glimpse of Ireland can be caught in the distance. And why? Because his life is to be spent in penance for that very act which, at first sight, we instinctively applaud. Because year after year, he is to mourn in exile his hot-headed yielding to that impulse which seemed so noble, but which in truth was so wrong. Because with scalding tears of humble repentance, he is to wash away the blood with which his impetuosity stained the plains of Donegal, making contrite atonement to Almighty God for having rushed with hot impulse into fratricidal strife, and making sorrowful loving atonement to Erin for the encouragement which his example had given to the fell spirit of faction, which has been in all ages the hindrance to union among Irishmen and the bane of Ireland's welfare. He loved his God and he loved his country; and therefore he was to do long and hard and tearful penance for having yielded to the chivalrous wrath of his own generous but erring heart, rather than to calm wisdom of dutifulness toward God and toward Ireland. Look at him as he sits on yonder storm-beaten cliff, with folded hands and tearful eyes gazing over the waves towards his far distant Erin; then rises, and with outstretched arms sends to her the messages of his heart's love, which he begs the winds and the seabirds to carry to her; then blesses her with the blessing of priest and saint that he has become; then prays for her and for her sons; prays that the spirit of faction may be exterminated from among her people; prays that the impetuosity of Irish hearts may be controlled by wisdom and prudence; prays that the spirit of union may replace the spirit of dissension, of jealousy and strife; prays that in the leaders of the Irish people every personal interest, every individual notion and prejudice, may be swallowed up in unselfish, disinterested, heroic devotedness to the common

weal. Like St. Patrick, he was gifted with prophetic glimpses into the future of his country. He foresaw her glories and her woes, the Christian splendours of her Thabor, the sepulchral darkness of her Crucifixion, and, beyond her Calvary the glimmering dawn of her resurrection. He saw it all, and he prayed that during her age of peace and splendour she might be God's instrument for the re-Christianising of devastated Europe; that during her age of crucifixion her children might be filled with the spirit of the martyrs; that at the approach of her resurrection her sons, and especially their leaders, might be endowed with heavenly wisdom, with the very spirit of the Prince of Peace, so that Erin's upward course might be worthy of her Christian past, might be a joy and example to the world. So prayed Columbkille as he gazed forth from the stormy cliffs of Iona. And the guardian angels of Erin wafted his prayer to the Most High, and the God of Nations ratified it. History tells how faithfully Ireland did her whole duty to God and to herself in the first two epochs of her career. On the imperishable annals her name is recorded as the Island of Saints and Sages, and as the Island of Martyrs. And when the first faint glimmerings of her third epoch began to show on the horizon who can fail to recognise a Providential embodiment of the very spirit that St. Columbkille prayed for in the person and the work of Daniel O'Connell. He was indeed mighty in the spirit of the Prince of Peace. With the heavenly sword of moral power he wrought such achievements as the O'Neills and the O'Donnells and the M'Murroughs, had never accomplished by their heroic prowess in war. And to the leaders whom Providence should raise up after him he left the example of a self-control proof against all provocation; of a self-sacrifice which never permitted his own inclinations or disinclinations to weigh, even the weight of a feather, in comparison with the general good of his country; of a spirit of harmony and union which sunk all sectional, factional, and personal interests and antipathies



completely out of sight, and accomplished the wonder of an absolutely united people, the wonder which won the admiration of the world and wrung from England's unwilling grasp the boon of Catholic Emancipation. And with it all, and in it all, and above it all, he has left them the example of the spirit of faith and of purity which alone can have the blessing of God, which alone is worthy to represent Ireland, and which alone can win for her the victory of complete justice. It is the very spirit that St. Columbkille implored for his country, as with streaming eyes he prayed for her in his exile in Iona. Thus the memories and the spirit of Gortan and Iona and Darrynane blend together harmoniously to charm us on this Centenary day, and to teach us wisdom for the future. May these anniversaries be a providential time for the sons of Erin. In the critical period through which she now is passing, may these sacred memories inspire her people to stand together in one harmonious body, putting forth their calm and orderly and irresistible demand for simple and full justice. Before the spirit of these proud and holy memories, may the evil genius of dissension depart ashamed, exorcised, driven utterly from the dear old land for ever. May the very spirit of Columbkille and of O'Connell fill and possess and control and guide the leaders of her people; or should they prove unwilling or unfit for it, then may God raise up others in their places who will be fit and faithful, and who will worthily carry on the work of 1843 to the glorious result which it so well deserves. The prayers of O'Connell are blending to-day with the prayers of St. Columbkille and St. Patrick, and they are praying for Ireland. May God hear and grant their prayer, and may Ireland nobly respond to it. Under the banner of the Cross, guided by the angels of unity and peace and virtue, may her course be upward and onward, and may her future be ever worthy of the Christian glories of the past." (Loud and long applause.)

## CHAPTER V.

And oh! may the God who hath kept evermore  
This isle in His holy protection—  
Bring back to His temples His priests as before,  
And restore them to Eire's affection.—MANGAN.

## LETTER

From the Very Rev. J. MacFadden, P.P., Gweedore, engaged in collecting in America funds to assist in the erection of St. Eunan's Cathedral, Letterkenny. It is addressed to Father M'Nelis, P.P., Gortan:—

Catair Naomh Phádraig,  
California,  
An tSeachtú Lá de mhí na Bealtaine, 1897.

А дѣти ѿишѣ мѣе нѣмѣи.

Beirteann se luathair dótsadapta dam a éluirctin go b-puul ríó ag uol a épuinnuagáó an tpuomáó céadó ueug feile Naomh onopais Choluimcille air an Dall-talman ceutona a puagáó é, agus a beannuig, agus a coirpuig se, le pomeantap agus naomáct a óige, le móran de póllamnáct agus de éraibéacáct.

Deannúisim le mo éporde go h-ionlan, an té a fmuain,  
 ar v-cúp, onoir a tabairt do ar naomh glóphar, agus do  
 'n áit ann ar cógadh é le póllamnuagadh oipeamhac, agus  
 cpiortamhail man é ro.

Duò còip de muntar tipconati pátte a cùp porne an  
lì po agur epunniugàò ann a mìtci dip bpuac loca Shaptan  
le n-a còmeat.

Óireann fe mo éiríde naé píosir liom a beir a laisir  
ann an éolann, áit ann an ríorad béir me ann.

Nac' adarnail sup' taptla an pèile an t-am a b-puit  
 p'urdeac'an Naom' Adarnain lionta le h-eap'bos de p'oir  
 p'io'ganail ui Dallairé!



Tá an t-Earbog O Dóinnail na leantoir fiúntaí de Cholúmcille ann a t-eap-ghrá le teampall Dé a tógáil ruar.

Tós ruar ar pinnip reangtoipe ticeonail Rat-bot o' Adáinnan agus do Cholúmcille. Tá pinn tapparenn na tiaró ag aipriúgáó aipreampóill a leitip-Ceanain do 'n té a iomápar go meapárait baéal ar b-páipée appaige Rat-bot.

Niop fás riatoran ar naonh glóphara san maoin, agus ip cóip uáinne curuigáó a tábairt o' ar n-Earbog uafal map g-ceutna.

Tá vóéar agam go n-deanaró an naonhó lá de 'n mheiteam aóbar aóepuinnigé moip o' fip Dhón-na-náall, le h-onóip a deanao do 'n naonh buó mó ann ar g-connvai, agus a tairbean go foilléar a n-uilreáct do 'n Earbog acá amú a pean ticeonail.

Tá me peáct míle míle ar baile, a g-Catáir Naonh Phpoinip, ag deanao mo uitéil ann mo uois ámal péin le cúip Cholúmcille a cúip aip aóaró. Miprgeann ro, a móó éigin, an peapbar a mochuigim naé m-béiré pe ann mo cúmar a beiré ann buip laóair aip lá na péile.

Deannaáct Dé aip buip n-obair. Tá vóéar agam go m-béiré peun agus ponar aip an iomlan agusó.

Fanam go deó deó,

Do cápa fip,

SÉAMUS MAC PHÁIRÍN.

#### LETTER

From the Very Rev. E. Colgan, V.G., Baltimore.

"St. Peter's Church,

"848 Hollins-street,

"Baltimore, Md.,

"May 17th, 1897.

"REV. DEAR SIR,—Having heard from Father Cannon, and read in the newspapers a great deal about the centennial

celebration, which will come off at Gartan on the 9th of June, I wish, as a priest born in the saint's native county, to say that your good Bishop and yourself deserve the thanks not only of our people from Donegal, but of every Irish exile, for organising this great festival to perpetuate the memory of our own Columba, the Dove of the churches, the patron of the Irish exile the world over. May God grant that your noble efforts to perpetuate the memory of St. Columbkille may be crowned with success.

"Yours very truly in Christ,

"EDWARD M'COLGAN, V.G.

"Rev. A. M'Nelís, P.P., Termon, Letterkenny."

#### LETTER

From Rev. J. C. Cannon, Adm., Glenswilly, engaged with Father M'Padden in America in collecting for St. Eunan's Cathedral :—

"St. Peter's,

"848 Hollins-street,

"Baltimore, Md.,

"May 4th, 1897.

"MY DEAR FATHER M'NELIS,—I am very sorry that I cannot be present at the Columbian Centennial Celebration at Gartan on the 9th June.

"It would surely be a real pleasure for me to attend any celebration in honor of that great saint who first saw the light in Holy Gartan, and is venerated on this side of the Atlantic as the 'Patron of the Irish exile.'

"Everywhere that I have been in this country, I have found amongst the Irish and their descendants the most lively devotion to Donegal's exile saint. In most of the American dioceses there are beautiful churches dedicated to his memory, and all the large cities have their flourishing Columbkille Associations. The Columbkille Club of Phila-

delphia is one of the finest organisations of its kind in this country.

"The coming celebration has attracted widespread attention and deep interest everywhere throughout the United States, and you may be certain that hundreds of thousands of Irish Americans will be with you in spirit on the great occasion.

"The Right Rev. Monsignor M'Colgan, V.G., of this Archdiocese, the Nestor of the American priesthood (whose guest I am), and who is probably the oldest Donegal born priest living to-day, desires to join me in wishing the celebration the greatest success.

"With kindest regards,

"I am, my dear Father M'Nelis,

"Yours very sincerely,

"JAMES C. CANNON."

#### LETTER

From the Rev. Hugh M'Dwyer, C.C., Glencolumbkille.

"St. Bernard's Rectory,

"Mount Hope, New Jersey,

"May 6th, 1897.

"DEAR FATHER M'NELIS—It was with feelings of pleasure I learned that you were about to celebrate the Thirteenth Centenary of the death of St. Columbkille in a manner befitting his greatness. As a Donegal man, and as a missionary for some time in the parish named after him—Glencolumbkille—I take a special interest in the celebration. The event will not be unmarked in this country either. In all the great cities where there are Donegal men, preparations are already being made, on an extensive scale, to do honour to the memory of our glorious Saint. In New York, there is a parish named after him. It was chiefly Columba's

fellow-countrymen, exiles like himself, who built the countless Catholic churches, schools, and seminaries that everywhere ornament the cities and thickly stud the land.

"Yours sincerely,

"HUGH MACDwyER."

#### MESSAGE

From the Very Rev. P. A. O'Doherty, Professor in the Irish College, Paris, and formerly President of St. Eunan's Seminary, Letterkenny. He writes:—

Sió naé b-fuit me ann buí meafis maí buí maí liom,  
tá me a n-intinn agus a ppiopas ann buí s-cpuinnuísar a tá  
cpuinnuísar go léir a n-onoir tpeconait agus Coluicille;  
agus cuipim mo beannaét eúgar o Colairde na n-éipe-  
annaé i b-Papir.

páirraic uá' uócartais.





## CHAPTER VI.

See from each clime the learned their incense bring,  
Hear in all tongues consenting paeans ring.—Lao.

## LETTER

From the New York Gaelic League.

Cumann na Gaedilge,  
Nuair Eadpac, U.S.A.,  
támaí lá de dhí na Dealtaine, 1897.

Do'n ádair Urramach,  
A ádair d'áir,

In ainm Cumainn na Gaedilge Nuair Eadpac cuirimid teachtairiacht beag éugaid air an ócáid mhór seo atá i ládair. 1. an t-éimhíocht ceo deug lá féile Naomh Colum Cille. Dúo po-mait a tuillead an t-ainm "Oileán na Naomh agus na n-Ollamh" le h-Éirinn air fead doire Orla na h-Eaglaise, óir ip iliomad na fip leigeanta naomha do rugad agus do toghad air a h-uéit glair air fead na u-tri s-ceo bliadan tar éir teacra Naomh Pádraic; ádt de'n iomlán ni raib aon aca mof naomha, mof leigeanta no mof oirdearica 'ná do bi Colum Cille é féin. Dúo naomh ór cionn na naomh é, ádt 'pan am ceavna dúo h-Éirianne ádt cionn na h-Éirianne é. Tug fé a ceo gúo do Orla map dúo éir, ádt tug fé an dapa gúo san ponn do'n t-áil áilinn in a rugad é agus in ná'p feo fé a éomúide do deunam; óir pinne fe uiridead go toilteanad de féin éum Cpeirín Cpuo do rgarad imearf na n-naimead m-boct ambríora do mair i n-uorcadar páganacra in na t-éirí comhgarada. Ádt air fead a beata fáda imearf na s-congeirgead bi a éporde in Éirinn le na-muincip féin, agus "dúo mhór na deora in a fúil fupm 'nuair u'iompúg fé a pavare éum oileán áilinn a óige."

Ni h-ionghad é go u-cugann Clann na n-Šaorad óndip agus uppaim u' ainm agus do cuinne uirip an Naomh mhór agus an Ollamh léigeanta feo. Šo h-áiríge ip po-oiriannac go m-beirdead mórúgad a féile agaid-fe air an m-ball talman beannuighe rin in a rugad agus in ar oirgead peult naomhacra agus pógumta na h-Eaglaise Éirianne, agus Cpuorúigheoirde na h-Eorpa, tpi ceo deug bliadain ó foin.

Ádt gúo gup gimead Colum Cille imearf ríeibtead riadain áilinn Uáin na n-Šall, agus gúo gup faoúg fé mór-éuo u'a faoúat air oileán lom uaigneac lona, pór n'l a éal ceangailte do'n dá ball talman rin amáin. Ip leir an uóman mór Cpuorúamail a éú, óir n'l aon t-áir air uupm na cuinne a n-uú ná'p cupead Cpeiríam Cpuo air bun nac b-fúil an Cpeiríam rin u'a éoúgav le uir-cioadair agus le comhútearacraib Naomh Colum Cille innti. Map uarbad air rin béró loúdarit uoramail an áirinn uiríuige air a fon in iomad teampall air fuo fuppinge na mórúige feo air an naomh lá Meicim; agus air an lá ceavna rin 'nuair a tá ríbre i n-Šapán, áit a bpeite, ag oppáit fuar áirinn mhór agus ag tabairt molta agus glóipe do 'pan t-pean-Šaorúig óo do ládar an Naomh é féin agus mór rguob agus in ar féinn fé a éainticirde mipe do Orla, béró comalta an Cumainn feo 7 ar s-cairpe cuinnuige in ar miltib 'pan h-álla ip mó in' an s-caúair feo, tpi mile mile i s-céim uairpe, ag éirteact le h-Eaglaisead poleigeanta de póir na n-Šaorad (gúo nac b-faca fé talam na h-Éirianne amáin) ag tpaet go lionta linn air éradact agus air éiríamíact Cholaim Cille, agus ag cairbeánt na méide do pinne fé air fon Cpuorúigeacra na h-Eorpa. Map rin de. gúo gup fáda i s-céim ádámaro, san uotéar ag mórán agáinn b-peirpimro "Éipe na Špútan" go deo air, tá áir s-cporúde lib in gac nro a bamear le onóip agus le éú na n-Šaorad.

Šo v-cugarb Dia, tpe eavapŕurde Cholun Cille in  
aomŕeac̃t le p̃arpeac̃aib a c̃loinne ṽilpe aip p̃ur an  
vohain aip an oc̃ar̃t p̃eo, p̃rocc̃ain, p̃aoirpe aŕur p̃onar ſan  
moill v'ar maŕaip boic̃o, Ėipe!

Iŕ pinn-ne, a d̃car ṽilip, aip p̃on Cumainn na Šaer̃itge

Dur ſeip̃ir̃ige Uila,

E. T. Mac C̃riort̃aſail, Uac̃tar̃an,  
P̃iar̃ar de Cent, Lear-Uac̃tar̃an,  
William Ua Dailb, R̃unaipe,  
P̃at̃raic Ua D̃poin, Feap-eaŕoir.

#### LETTER

From the Rev. Michael P. Hickey, D.D., M.R.I.A., F.B.S.A.I., Pro-  
fessor of Irish in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth:—

Col̃arpe Naom̃ P̃at̃raic,  
Mag̃-naac̃ar̃,  
6 Deulceine, 1897.

A ch̃igearna Earbog,

I b̃p̃ior ṽaŕpa ſo mber̃o Feir m̃or p̃aſalta aſaib in  
oñoir Naom̃ Columcille inŕ an d̃it in ar p̃ugão Ė aip an  
naom̃ão l̃a ṽo'n m̃i-peo. Ṽão m̃ait liom̃pa beir̃ ṽo' p̃oc̃aip  
aŕur i b̃-p̃oc̃aip ṽo m̃uintipe aip an oc̃ar̃t p̃in; d̃c̃t, mo  
Ėpeac̃ a'ŕ mo Ėar̃, ñi Ėis liom̃ beir̃ ar an ſcol̃ar̃te an t-am  
poin. d̃c̃t c̃e nãc̃ p̃eiṽip liom̃ beir̃ in b̃ur mear̃ſ ſo  
p̃oſaic̃p̃ionac̃, iŕ p̃iop̃c̃inñte Ė ſo tiub̃pão me cuair̃t aig̃ne  
aŕur p̃muaint̃e ar ſleanñtaib aŕur ar ſleib̃eib ṽoh̃ain-  
na-ngall an l̃a ṽo. M̃i ſuit naom̃ iŕ m̃o v'ar v-c̃ip a'ŕ v'ar  
ſc̃ineac̃ no iŕ aoir̃pe anoir i p̃roſac̃t na b̃p̃laic̃ear, 'ña  
Columcille. Ṽo v'Ė an c̃ip̃ſp̃ad̃uig̃teoir iŕ m̃o Ė ṽa p̃ugão  
aip̃am ar calãm na h̃Ėipeann. Ṽiõ a ſiãm̃ure ar p̃in ſo  
mbiõo p̃e aſ ṽeuñam ſñac̃c̃uim̃uig̃te ar a c̃ip̃ ṽuic̃ear aŕur  
ar a m̃uintip̃ p̃eim aŕur aſ p̃iop̃c̃uiṽuig̃ão lẽo, iŕ n-im̃teũc̃t

ṽo ſo h̃ald̃am, aŕur ſup̃b' ſ̃p̃r̃m̃ic ṽo ṽiõ a ſ̃uile  
iom̃p̃uig̃te ar Ėip̃inn cap ſp̃uc̃ na maol̃e p̃iar o'n d̃it 'na  
paib p̃e 'na c̃om̃nũe 'na ṽib̃ip̃teac̃ cap leap. Šibeac̃ ſup̃  
aontuig̃ p̃e le c̃oit ṽe ſan a Ėapão ſo h-Ėip̃inn ar p̃eac̃ a  
p̃aog̃ail, ba m̃im̃ic Ė aſ p̃ileac̃ na p̃vẽop̃ ṽo ṽearſaib a  
p̃ſap̃ta o n-a Ėip̃ aŕur o n-a m̃uintip̃ ṽilip p̃eim. Ṽa m̃or  
ionſantãc̃ a ſp̃ad̃ aŕur a m̃ear, cap a c̃ioñp̃oin, ar ar  
ṽceang̃ar̃ m̃ilip uapãl aŕpãr̃e ſaer̃itge, aŕur ṽo ba m̃or  
ſan aip̃ar a Ėp̃ad̃ c̃p̃or̃e ṽa m-ber̃eac̃ a p̃ior aig̃e ſo  
b-p̃uig̃eac̃ p̃i b̃ar ſo ṽẽo i ṽcip̃ Chonaill ño p̃or ar p̃ũo na  
c̃ipe p̃eo uile ṽo ſp̃ad̃uig̃ p̃e le n-a l̃an-Ėp̃or̃e. Šo m̃aip̃o  
p̃i c̃or̃dẽ, aŕur ſo m̃aip̃o, leip̃, na ṽaom̃e ac̃a aſ ṽeuñam  
a ṽoic̃eill ar a p̃on, c̃ia ſca in Ėip̃inn no cap leap 'na  
ſc̃om̃nũe iſo! Šo n-Ėip̃ĩõ lib̃re ſo leip̃ aŕur le dur  
p̃aoc̃ar. M̃ipe, a Ch̃igearna Earbog, ṽo Ėapa aŕur ṽo  
ſeip̃ir̃eac̃ ſo buan.

M̃iceal p. Ua m̃iceão,  
Or̃e ſaer̃itge.

Ṽo'n ṽoic̃t̃ip̃ p̃o-Õip̃ĩoneac̃  
P̃at̃raic Ua ṽom̃nail,  
Earbog Raſa-ṽo.

#### LETTER

From the Rev. James C. MacGinley, Dean, St. Patrick's College, May-  
nooth, a native of the Diocese of Raphoe:—

Col̃arpe Naom̃ P̃at̃raic,  
Mag̃-naac̃ar̃,  
an ſão l̃a ṽe 'n m̃i Meãon, 1897.

A d̃car ṽilip,

Dur m̃ait liom̃ a beir̃ a n-Šap̃t̃an ṽia Ceaṽaom̃e p̃o  
Ėug̃ainn, 'nuair a b̃er̃ear ṽaom̃e Ėloinne-Ėonaill—C̃ap̃-  
nealãc̃, Earp̃og, p̃aſaip̃t, aŕur p̃obal i n-aom̃ŕeac̃t le  
h-onoir a Ėad̃aip̃t ṽo Columcille 'ſan d̃it ar p̃ugão Ė.



ácc tã obair agham le deanaó ann ró, agus caiteó me fanaó.

Ir beannúgte an áit Sárán ear áitib na h-Éireann o'n lá rin a éonape ár Naomh an rólur ann air v-rúp.

Burdeácar vó Óia, níor éall Tipconall arlath an cpei-  
dearh a bi aici ó laetib Columicille. Bi beannaó an  
Naomh uirí a s-cóinnurde v'á comheuo raor ó sác baogal.

Ir cóir vóinn, mar rin, onoir, agus sáró, agus burdeácar  
a éadair vó air an lá glóirhar ro.

So raib beannaó vó agus Muire, pádraic, agus Colum-  
icille air Tipconall so bráe.

Ir mire, a ácar vóir,

Do éarao,

SEAMUS C. MACCINNFEALAO.

A message was also read from Mr. George M'Ghee, Chairman of the Donegal Reunion Committee in Glasgow. He had been deputed by that patriotic body to represent them at Gartan, and had made all arrangements to travel. An unforeseen occurrence obliged him most reluctantly to remain. The Most Rev. Chairman paid the warmest compliments to the Donegal Reunion Committee and their esteemed chairman for their well-known and constant devotedness to the religious and material interests of the Diocese of Raphoe.

The following extracts from the address he had intended to deliver, will interest our readers:—

"Unworthy representative though I be, I am one of those Donegal men who have found a home in the beautiful land across the channel, which, while time lasts, will remain so gloriously identified with the life and labours of him the

thirteen hundredth anniversary of whose death affords us the opportunity of meeting here to-day, and of offering to Almighty God our heartfelt thanks for the special privilege he has conferred upon our county in ordaining that his birthplace should be amongst the shadows of these hills, and that Denegal should share with lonely Iona the memories and the glories of St. Columba.

"To speak of his labours and their enduring results would, to any assembly of Catholics acquainted with the Church History of these islands, be a waste of time and words. St. Columba had christianised the West of Scotland, long before St. Augustine had landed in England, and he would be a cold Catholic and an unpatriotic Scotsman who could traverse the land of Scotland and contemplate the ruined temples of Elgin, of Melrose, of Jedburgh, of Kelso, of St. Andrew's, of Dunfermline, of Glasgow, or of Holyrood, and remain unmoved in the shade of their ivied ruins. In the silent eloquence of their desolation, these grey walls reproach us with our want of enthusiasm for the glory of God, and of thankfulness for the gift of holy faith, and remind us of our responsibility to do all in our power to hasten the day when the separated ones around us in the lovely land of Scotland, humbly striving after truth, may return to the fold of holy church, and to the faith of which they were robbed in the sixteenth century by the vanity, the selfishness, and the personal ambitions of evil men.

"Thank God, evidences of the progress of Catholicity in Scotland are not wanting. While I speak, the Protestants there have at this moment entered into competition with their Catholic countrymen in their desire to venerate the memory and work of St. Columba, and may it not be in the providence of God that he who from the cloisters of Iona shed the light of Faith thirteen hundred years ago upon the Scottish people, may, by his pleadings with the Sacred Heart

in Heaven to-day, hasten the time when, from Iona to St. Andrew's, the Holy Sacrifice will be again the possession of the Scottish people, and the Holy name of Mary invoked again by her children amid her straths and glens.

"My Lords and Gentlemen, I would not be discharging my obligations here to-day did I fail to pay a tribute of veneration to the memory of the brave men of our own county, and from other parts of Ireland, who in the latter end of the last century, and the early years of this one in the dispensations of Providence, and following, so to speak, but from different motives, and from circumstances I need not detail, the footsteps of St. Columba, became voluntary exiles to Scotland and settling themselves particularly along the valley of the Clyde became in their own persons Apostles of the Faith. Of the goods of this world they had none. Their only possessions were their Holy Faith, and their intense love of the land that bore them. From their advent may justly be dated the redawn of Catholicity in Scotland, and of open and avowed adhesion to the See of Rome."



## CHAPTER VII.

A noble temper dost thou show in this;  
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom  
Do make an earthquake of nobility.—SHAKESPEARE.

### ADDRESS

Of the Rev. John Boyle, C.C., Ardagh, Inver :—

My Lord Cardinal, My Lord, Rev. Gentlemen, and Friends,—After the interesting and eloquent discourse we have heard from Father M'Nelis there does not seem to be much left for me to add; but happily, St. Columba's character is made up of varied and many-sided elements, and affords to his admirers a large field for interesting retrospection and review. St. Columba lived in Ireland in an age of intense intellectual and supernatural development. Competent authorities tell us, that Ireland during his age, and for many succeeding centuries, enjoyed a degree of culture approaching that of Greece under Pericles or Rome under Augustus. That St. Columba occupied a conspicuous place among his holy and learned contemporaries is undisputed; indeed, he is regarded as the most illustrious of them. For his countrymen, St. Columba's career is one of absorbing interest, and though thirteen centuries separate him from us, still his figure stands out luminous and fascinating against the ever-deepening background of time, and, as the passions and prejudices that surround that early Christian period subside and decline, the meaning and motive and purpose of that great saint's life becomes clearer, holier, and bolder. Of this we have an evidence in the imposing ceremonies of to-day, presided over as they have been by our illustrious Cardinal—who, by a strange coincidence was schooled in the very village where Columba spent his boyhood—assisted by our



own Bishop, through whose veins courses the blood of the Hy Niall. St. Columba was a holy and a learned man, but as I have said, we had hosts of holy and learned men in his day in Ireland, who, in the monastic cells of Durrow and Derry, of Clonard and Clonmacnoise, blended together harmoniously in their persons the highest devotion to God, and the truest devotion to the sacred cause of learning and truth. But what gives St. Columba a special claim to our reverence and love is the strange and peculiar nature of his character and career, with his princely ancestry, as a scion of the royal race of Niall the Great, and as such qualified to rule one day not only over his own Cinel Conal but even to be elected High King of Ireland. To this is added the rare charm of his brilliant gifts and accomplishments. From a purely literary point of view, St. Columba was perhaps the most accomplished ecclesiastic of his day. His education embraces the various dialects of Gaelic, Latin, Greek, and perhaps, Hebrew. In Gaelic poetry and music he was highly proficient, as is evidenced by the fragments of his verse that have come down to us. In all the Celtic arts, crafts, and industries, he was singularly eminent. Then, his striking personality. His biographers describe him as athletic in body, beautiful as an angel, graceful in bearing, possessed of a voice and a golden eloquence which were regarded as miraculous, and before which the opposition of kings and princes was often silenced into subjection. Another feature in his career which has drawn the hearts of his countrymen to him was his exile and the pathetic outpouring of his soul in plaintive verse as the "great tears fall from his grey eyes towards Ireland." To these attractive natural characteristics must be added a deep religious fervour, a soul filled from his childhood with consuming zeal for the extension of the Kingdom of his Divine Master, practising a mortification and a devotion to prayer which excited the admiration and sometimes the



Donegal Castle.



Lough Derg.

Lough Derg.

alarm of his disciples. These were the charms of this great Saint's life, and explain the commanding influence he exercised among kings and princes and prelates—an influence which was to some extent transmitted to his successors, and exercised by them for centuries after his death. Our countrymen in many cities of the United States have formed associations under our great Saint's patronage. It seemed highly appropriate that the Irish exiles should select for their patron him who was himself an exile from Erin, and who in his person reflects the highest and truest aspirations of the Irish character. For after all St. Columba was an Irishman, an ideal Irishman. He had all the enthusiasm, fervour, and fire, and, if I may be permitted to say it, a little of the impetuosity of our Celtic nature; of every struggling and righteous cause he was the unflinching defender, and was, perhaps, like the Prince of the Apostles, at times a little prone to draw the sword to punish the wrongdoer. Whether we are to regard him as always the dove, or whether we are to find in his character evidences of errors of judgment belongs to the domain of debate, for which there is no place in the joyous associations of this day. Indeed, I think that a controversy that has outlived the researches of O'Donovan and Keating and Lanigan, and in our own day of such an accomplished scholar as Dr. Healy, must, at least for our day, be left an open question. But, looking over the matter, I confess there does seem strong circumstantial probability in the tradition that assigns to the battle of Cuil Dreimnie a deciding element in shaping the destiny and future of this great apostle. If we admit he erred, has he not shown us, with rare Christian courage and fortitude, how errors are to be atoned for? To recall the life and virtues of such a one is a holy and patriotic action. We read in the autobiography of an eminent Catholic lady of an advice given her once by the poet Longfellow. He told her she was each day to read some beautiful

poem, visit some beautiful object of nature, or study some painting of art, that in this way she might acquire and maintain true elevation of soul and character. What study is better calculated to develop the nobler part of man than the study of the life and character of St. Columba? It will give us higher aims in life, higher ideals, higher ambitions. It will show us that the truest service and the best is the service of God, and it shows us also that the truest service to God can be united in the one person with the highest ideal of patriotism, that religion and patriotism are twin sisters, and should not be divorced. Every fibre of St. Columba's body was moved by unselfish devotion to faith, every accent of his tongue lisped the undying love of fatherland. Whether this country is ever destined to attain the position she occupied in her golden period, or whether, like the swan, we are destined to sing the melancholy dirge of expiring national life, no matter which, there is one thing left us of which our enemies cannot rob us, and that is, that we can call forth from the annals of our country a roll of illustrious men whose glorious labours and whose evangelising conquests at home and abroad are the theme of never-dying praise and laudation. May their memories be kept green in our souls, and may they lead us on to higher and better things.







## SECTION IV.

### CHAPTER I.

O, ask me not! At minstrel string  
My heart from infancy would spring,  
Nor can I hear its simplest strain  
But it brings Erin's dream again. —SCOTT.



N hour's interval was here allowed for luncheon and for paying a visit to the admirably preserved walls of Columba's ancient church in the immediate neighbourhood. The charming scenery, too, afforded a delightful treat.

The second part of the day's proceedings opened with a song by Rev. P. Logue, P.P., Kilcar, who rendered, with magnificent voice and telling effect, Dr. MacHale's Irish translation of "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls." Then followed the Address by the Rev. P. Daly, P.P., Ballintra :—

No words can more concisely convey or express the wonderful gifts and attainments of Columba than the prophetic words uttered by St. Patrick, when on the banks of the Erne at Ballyshannon. With hands spread on the head of Fergus, the grandfather of our saint, and imparting, with great solemnity and devotion, his blessing, he said—"From your seed shall be born a son of benediction, who shall be enriched with treasures of knowledge and wisdom, and he



Cap-Sogha Ruairi.

Waterfall at Assaroo, Ballyshannon.



The Convent, Ballyshannon.

shall be a prophet of the Most High—a burning and a shining light—and never will a deliberate lie proceed from his lips.”

The result of his labours in Scotland was the conversion to Christianity of pagan tribes, and the civilisation of the rude and barbarous races. The most genial summer, that ever the mountains and glens of Caledonia experienced, never effected such a change in their bleak and barren appearance, as did the grace of God, through the benign presence and preaching of the Saint, in the once hardened and darkened hearts of their inhabitants. Truly had the vision his Holy Mother saw before his birth now become a thing of real life—the veil, covered with flowers of wonderful beauty was now carried over woods, plains, lakes, seas and mountains. Thousands upon thousands were clad with the nuptial garb to meet the bridegroom, and the flowers of innocence, virtue and purity bloomed in his footsteps wherever he went. The angel's words, too, are verified—“The son had blossomed for Heaven, he was reckoned among the prophets of God, and he had led numberless souls to Heaven.”

But whilst the great Saint was transforming the wilderness of paganism in Scotland into a vineyard of the Lord, he was not unmindful of himself. And though his life was so holy and pleasing in the sight of Heaven that the power of working miracles, as well as the gift of prophecy, was bestowed on him, still we find him following the example and making use of the words of St. Paul, chastising his body lest whilst he preached to others he himself might be a cast-away—“Though my devotion is delightful,” said he, “I sit in a chair of glass, for I am fleshly and often frail.”

His austerities were most extreme. He slept on the bare ground with a stone for a pillow, and the skin of some animal for a blanket. He rose three times during the night to pray, and often scourged himself, even to the scoring of his

flesh, in atonement for his sins. His food was of the simplest kind. He lived exclusively on bread, water and vegetables, the vegetables being occasionally nettles. He abstained from flesh meat, and, like another St. John the Baptist, never took any strong drink, even wine. He was never idle, for when not engaged in labour with his monks he was continually making copies of the Sacred Scriptures—300 copies of the Gospels alone being attributed to him.

A life so holy ends in a death the most touching, edifying and saintly. He had not only a presentiment, but a foreknowledge, that the end was near. Even the very day was known to him. “This day” (Saturday), said he to his faithful attendant, “is called in Scripture the Sabbath, or rest, and will also be the Sabbath of my labours, for on this coming Sunday night, I will, in the words of Scripture, be gathered to my fathers. My Lord Jesus has deigned to invite me, and at midnight I shall depart in obedience to this summons.” “Thou weepest, dear Diarmott, but console thyself, it is my Lord Jesus Christ who invites me. It is He who has revealed to me that my summons will come to-night.” Still at labour and doing the work of God to the last, he continued transcribing the Psalms of David, and was engaged at the 33rd Psalm, when his strength gave way. The last words he wrote—“Those who seek the Lord shall not be deprived of any good”—are full of significant meaning to us. Though they are the words of the Royal Psalmist, they seem to convey in writing the last message, the last counsel, the last prophetic utterance, of our great saint to his spiritual children. But, although he was able to write no more, he struggled to attend evening devotions in the Church. Returning to his cell, he sat on the bare stone that was for him both bed and pillow. To his only companion, for delivery to the community, he addressed the last words he ever spoke—“Dear Children, this is what I command with my last words—let peace and charity, a charity mutual and sincere, reign always



amongst you. If you act thus, following the example of the Saints, God, who strengthens the just, will help you and I, who shall be near Him, will intercede on your behalf, and you shall obtain from Him, not only all the necessities of the present life in sufficient quantity, but, still more, the rewards of Eternal Life reserved for those who keep His Law." But his last visit to our Divine Lord in the tabernacle had yet to be made. When the midnight bell rang for Matins, Columba was the first to enter the Church. Though it was not then lighted, the faithful attendant who followed him saw it filled with a bright heavenly light. Others, too, saw it, but on their near approach to the Saint it disappeared. Searching in the dark, the attendant found him stretched before the altar. He raised him up, laid his head on his breast, and when lights were brought, all saw he was dying. But before his spirit fled, raising his eyes towards heaven, he looked about him on both sides. His face was full of a wondrous, heavenly joy, as if looking at angels. His right hand was raised by the attendant, himself giving what assistance he could, and having imparted his last blessing, he calmly expired on the 7th June, 597. His face, we are told, retained long after death its ruddy appearance, and seemed calm and rejoiced by the vision of angels, more resembling that of a man asleep than of one dead. His death was made known miraculously in more than one place in Ireland; for St. Ernan, in his monastery in Drimholme, saw at the very hour of his death the Isle of Iona, where he himself had never been, flooded with miraculous light, and an immense host of shining angels filling the air with heavenly music, and proceeding to bear away the soul of the great missionary; and on the banks of the river Finn, at the same moment, holy monks, whilst fishing at night, saw the sky lighted up by a pillar of fire, which rose from the earth to the highest heaven, lighting up the country all round with the brightness of the noonday sun.

No wonder such a man has been regarded as a great saint, since heaven itself may be truly said to have testified to his sanctity. And if sanctity, as a great and holy writer says, can be acquired by doing our ordinary actions extraordinarily well, how great must be its degree in him, who performed not merely ordinary actions, but extraordinary ones, extraordinarily well.

It has been said of him that his exile from his native land, and his labours amongst the pagans in Scotland, were enjoined on him as penance for inciting his kindred to engage in a bloody battle in which many were slain. Even were this true—and his sainted biographer gives no countenance to it—still might we say of him—Oh, thrice fortunate the fault that was the occasion of gaining so many souls to God, and to which a whole nation was indebted for its conversion. And if it were in atonement for his sin, may God give us the grace to atone as satisfactorily for ours as he did. May we always in dangers and difficulties implore his intercession in heaven who was so willing on earth to assist those who had recourse to him, and may his sainted name and his powerful intercession be always invoked as they have been, in union with those of St. Patrick and St. Brigit, to obtain from the fount of mercy the graces we, their Irish children, require to save our souls here, and enjoy with them the glory and happiness of heaven hereafter.



## CHAPTER II.

Love thou thy land with love far-brought  
 From out the storied Past and used  
 Within the present, but transfused  
 Through future time, by power of thought.—TENNYSON.

## ADDRESS

By Mr. Jerome Boyce, Co. Delegate, Donegal :—

My Lord Cardinal, My Lord Bishop, Right Rev. and Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen—From all we have ever read, and from the knowledge we have obtained to-day through the able and eloquent speeches which have been delivered, we must come to the conclusion that the virtue of patriotism was not the least of the many great virtues which adorned the sacred character of St. Columba. His attendance at the great Parliament of Drumceat, under difficulties which might well excuse attendance there, would be alone sufficient evidence of this. And we have very positive confirmation of his intense love for his native country as expressed by himself in that beautiful poem where he says

"O, would to God I were in Derry,  
 Or laid in Gartan's native clay,  
 Or in my ancient cell in Tory,  
 Surrounded by the Atlantic sea."

I might adduce many incidents in his life, if it were necessary, in order to prove his active and sterling patriotism, but to an Irish and a Catholic audience assembled in his native Gartan, I consider it unnecessary. Looking back on the troubled and chequered history of our country from the earliest ages to the present, we find that the religious zeal, the love of learning, and the sterling patriotism which distinguished Saint Columba, has never deserted this old land of Tyrconnell, and, please God, never shall. Ages of religious persecution, confiscation, and tyranny, and all the concomitant



Kilburn Castle, Kilbarron.



Bunclogh.

From a phot by Laurence Dublin.

Bunclogh, Bunclogh.



horrors which the rule of the stranger has inflicted on our unhappy country, have failed to sever our warm attachment to the faith of St. Patrick and St. Columba, as it has failed to quench the fire of patriotism and of Nationality, which has descended to us from our patriotic forefathers, the faithful clansmen of Tyrconnell, who in the past sealed with their blood their attachment to faith and fatherland. Yes, Donegal has ever acted a noble part and maintained an enviable position in its fight against the enemy and invader, and we are truly proud of it; and it must, I think, be admitted that it is a laudable pride, when it is considered that in St. Columba it has given birth to the greatest saint of the Irish race, and, in the Four Masters, to the greatest annalists that ever Ireland has produced, and in Godfrey and dauntless Red Hugh O'Donnell, the bravest warriors that ever drew sword in defence of Ireland. These are indeed names to be proud of—these are names that will ever arouse the religious zeal and active living patriotism of the men of Donegal. And as long as these grand old mountains are reflected in the placid waters of Lough Veagh, so long shall the memory of Saint Columba be revered and venerated, and his prayers invoked by the Irish Catholics, and so long will the sacred soil of Gartan and Kilmacrenan be dear to the Irish heart. And as long as the tidal waters of Donegal Bay ripple in melancholy cadence like the wailing of the banshee round the Abbey of the Four Masters, so long will the noble and unselfish patriotism of those great scholars be remembered, honoured, and revered. Nor will the noble and illustrious dead who have found a resting place among the ruins of that famous abbey by the sea be soon forgotten. There in unmarked and unknown graves sleep its noble and generous founder—Hugh O'Donnell, and his virtuous and accomplished consort, the Lady Nuala—besides many of the royal race of Conn, and also the Four Masters themselves, there to await the general resurrection. And within gunshot of that old abbey by the sea stands the mag-

nificent ruins of Donegal Castle, once the proud fortress of the O'Donnells, now lonely and forsaken, its chambers the retreat of birds that mistake its galleries for the recesses of the mountains, but tradition tells us that there within those hoary walls amidst the rejoicings of the great Clan Connell, the child of prophecy, the dauntless and undaunted Hugh Roe O'Donnell, first saw the light of day.



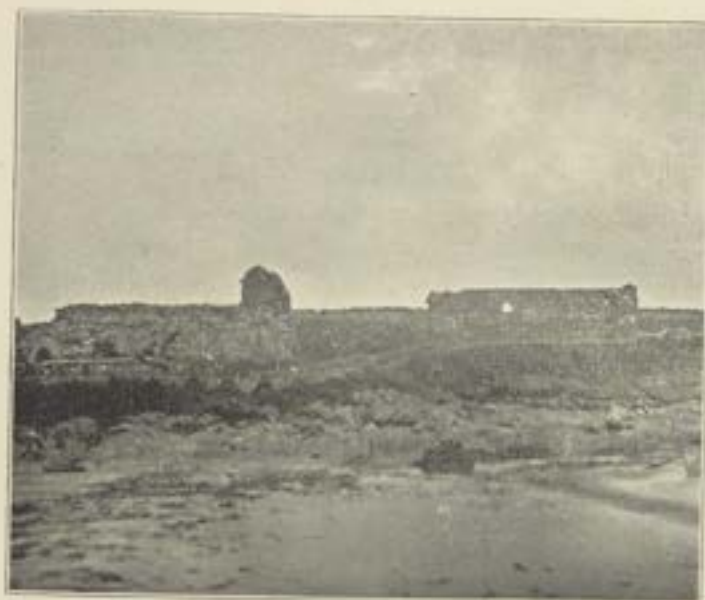
Cell in Donegal.

Kilconnell

"And oft beneath those hoary walls Tyrconnell's warriors stood,  
Ready for homes and altars free to shed their hearts' best blood;  
Thence marched they oft a willing host to battles' rudest shock,  
With closed up ranks, immovable, a living wall of rock."

When thinking over these times and of the gallant and fearless men who made such a noble stand for the freedom of our country, we sometimes ask ourselves, in the words of Moore, "How hands so vile could conquer hearts so brave," and from the depths of the grave comes the answer—Dissension and disunion amongst the Irish people wrought their

downfall. They were brave, but they were disunited. Must it be ever thus? I have mentioned only a few of the many hallowed and historic spots which are scattered over Donegal, and are to be found in almost every parish from Abbey Assaroe, at Ballyshannon, to Royal Aileach, in Inishowen, and which speak to us in silent but impressive language of a great and glorious past, and that are well calculated to keep green in our souls the imperishable faith of our forefathers, and that lofty and aspiring patriotism which has never deserted this old land of Tyrconnell. Nor have I mentioned more than a few of the saints, the patriots, and the scholars whose names shed a glorious lustre around Donegal. But we have amongst us here to-day two of its most worthy and exalted sons, who nobly maintain the proud traditions of their race. Yes, the names of his Eminence Cardinal Logue and the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell will go down to posterity and add another link to the chain of renowned scions of the Cinel Conal, that shed an unfading lustre on this grand old land.



[Inniskeel.]

[Inniskeel.]



Interior, Donegal Abbey.

Interior, Donegal Abbey.



## CHAPTER III.

All the glories of old Erin with her liberty have gone,  
Yet their halo lingered round her, while her olden Tongue lived on;  
For 'mid the desert of her woe, a monument more vast  
Than all her pillar-towers it stood—that old Tongue of the Past.

—REV. M. MULLIN.

## POEM

By Rev. J. J. O'Donnell, St. Columba's School, Killybegs:—

LAOROH ANN ÓNÓIT CHOLUM CILLE.

Tá sué b'póadmaí Chíp-Chonaill go h-áluin anois;  
A' murglaó 'n mac-alla go h-áru 'r go tuis;  
'S cléipis 'na g-cóirib go Saptan a' rpiall  
'O bailtib n-a Comae go rpar 'r go rial.

Tá 'n pobal go cpáidreac ag upuis 'pa gleann,  
'S gan pargáó an rgaílann pém cúmúac a g-ceann;  
Tá na ragaip máit cóipis 'r an t-airmionn vo páó  
Aip altóp an-rghaíal le pó-beagan rgaít.

Tá Clann Chonaill go cimeamail 'r go tpeunthap ann ro  
le pponnra ap u-ceampoll 'r tigeapn' eaploc Raí 'Doí;  
Tabairt burdeolap 'sur altúgáó vo Uha móp gan móit,  
Aip fon na ngrápa vo pponn Sé aip naoh Cholom Cill'.

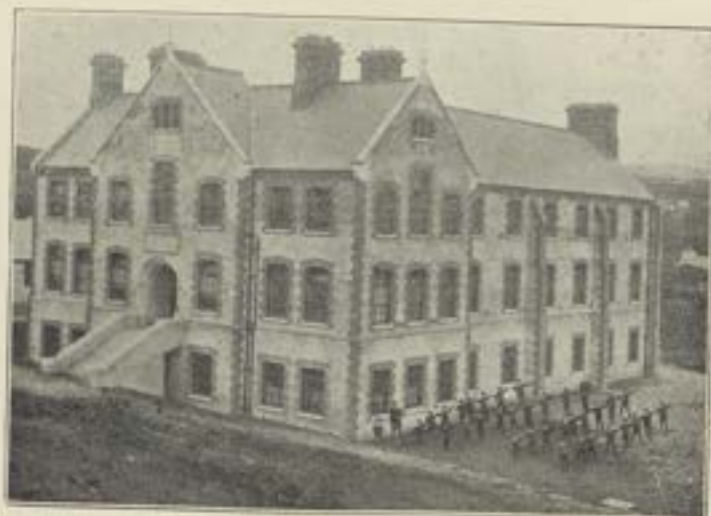
Naoh Colum gan aipap a'p g-columan pém,  
Rugáó aip an leic ro tá ceitpe céuo veug bliadain;  
Mac ferólmúó 'sur éitne ó'n fuil uapal uu éall,  
Sliocó Chataip móp agur niall na naoh nSeall.

Sean Cpúitneacáan uilap éup uirge aip a ceann,  
'S an ainn na Cpíomoro' glan peacáó na peann,  
'Sur baipvo an naoh uainn ip mó, baipneacó 'n éiponn apíah  
i mospailtib, i ngrápa 'r an éipeacó a gnióh.



Cealla Beaga.

Killybegs Harbour.



St. Columba's Marine School, Killybegs.

Tá 'n t-ompaú go coitcheann sup air fíorú aís maí Brl',  
a baipceasú uo éasú naip an Columán Cill';  
No sup Críostán buú ainn uo fa típ r-aíse péin  
fa Shapán an 'Dúghlaire' 'r fa Chailib-mhic-Néin'.

naé ionda rin aít a b-fuill loig a láim,  
mullaé pléibteasú fuar fiontaé 'sup gleannam san uáim;  
aip oilean lom uaigneasú fann eug-fuaim na u-tonn,  
feuc a élog-teasú t'pom-loitigé' 'r a teampoll san bonn.

Buú é dían a beit g-cóinnurú aís uirúis' no fíorú,  
no teagars na b'páiste a b-fógluim na naíth;  
a' peim na saim le luat-deol na m-éin,  
no 'g ómúasú na fíorú le na maífirú-lám péin.

parpán luú pógluim, caparú uilip na m-bápo,  
le lorge neam-loctasú, le gúe mair, ápo;  
p'leasúil fe 'r buarú' pé a b-pároun ó'n píe,  
Cú sup t'pom uóiam a g-copéa, i m-éuam a' uilip'.

aip fíorú uo díbirt éar an t-faile anonn,  
ann uo éurpáe beag fíorú aip uéu hán na u-tonn;  
'naic uo cóinnurú sup eug tá aip oilean fann maol,  
b-fau ó éirinn uo fíorú-gúe 'r uo éiripú fíorú-gaol,  
ní labraim; n' aip fíorú tá go laeasúil i m-béil  
scapúú 'r luú ó'gúar, aís tuataib 'r aís cléiré'  
no aip éasúas Cháil 'D'péimne báite le fuil  
Cú mite fear g'péiréamúil u' fós uilleasúta gól.

Fau 'r beiréar tuillte na n-ápo-cúe 'na píot' fa "t-éasú Shleann,"  
no tonnarú éiréus Chopaig a' g'péiréasú na m-beann,  
no aigle gól 'D'huip aís eiteall' aip neam,  
no éirg luámar lué Shapáin go méiréasú 'fa t-rput;  
beiré cúimne aip a' lá go 'fma bliaúasúil le teasú,  
aís uáiréan' na n-am rin a' 'r a m-béiré fann na fíorú,  
's ní éiriparú, 'r ní fíorúparú 'r ní páiréarú aip moil,  
D'póu beannurúte Chloinn Chomáil af naom Cholum Cill'.

A naom neapúmar aip talam 'r n'fíorú cúiméarú aip neam;  
Deapú anuap aip an éiripúasú go i n-Sapán anuap;  
'Sup fíorú uóimne tá uíbeasú i n-gleann go na noep  
beiré leat-fa go fíorúiré molaú Dia anpa glóir.

## PAPER

By the Very Rev. James M'Fadden, P.P., V.F., Glenna.

Rev. Dr. Maguire explained that Rev. Jas. M'Fadden, P.P., Glenna, had intended to be present and read a paper, but, unfortunately Father M'Fadden was precluded from attending in person, and, in his absence, the speaker read the paper as follows:—"It may be asked why I, living in a remote part of Tyrconnell, presume to raise my voice in this august assemblage, and say a word in honour of the great Saint whose festival we are this day celebrating, on the very spot that gave him birth more than 1,300 years ago. We have often heard the stanza that St. Columbkille composed in Iona. When heartsick and longing for Ireland, he bitterly exclaimed—"I wish to God I were in Derry or in Tory of the White Wave. O! that my body were laid in Gartan." Tory Island, therefore, to which the Saint's heart yearned, is one of the places which he visited and on which he established a monastery, that continued to flourish down to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when George Bingham, Governor of the Castle of Sligo, landed on the island, according to the life of Hugh O'Neill, by John Mitchell, "a place blessed by the holy Columba, illustrious then with its seven churches and the glebe of the Saint. The English burned and ruined both monastery and church, plundered everything, carried off the flocks and herds and left no four-footed beast in the whole island; but still the ruins of its round towers, its stone crosses, and the mouldering walls of its many churches attest the piety of the holy men, who in days of old made a sanctuary of that lonely



isle." With this island I have been connected as a priest for 44 years, and about 40 years ago, I was privileged to build a church there in honour of St. Columbkille where, since the days of George Bingham, no edifice of Christian worship had been erected. It is for these reasons that I venture to raise my voice here to-day. In my infancy I had often heard old men tell the story of the coming of St. Columbkille to Cloghaneely. It went on to say that four saints—St. Finan, St. Columbkille, St. Begley, and St. Dubtach—visited this district about the middle of the sixth century. They stood on a hill at Megheraroarty, which to this day is called *Cruck-na-Naom* (i.e., the Hill of the Saints), and partitioned amongst them the country and islands, as far as the eye could reach, into divisions for their respective labours. St. Finan selected Ray; St. Columbkille, Tory Island; St. Begley, Tullaghobegly, which gives name to a parish. Of my early days as a priest, saddening recollections force themselves upon my mind to-day, when I gaze on yonder hillside, where so many helpless, unoffending families were thrust out ruthlessly from their homes, to beg or to die. The houses were levelled; no quarter, no parley, might be sought; emigration to Australia was the only resource. Happily, we had some friends at the Press during those sad times. Those who wish to know and realise their services have only to read the chapter on Derryveagh in Mr. A. M. Sullivan's "New Ireland." That chapter tells of my efforts in seeing those people off; but standing here to-day, after thirty-five long years have elapsed, I feel saddened beyond measure to see those homesteads still desolate, and not one of the evicted tenants reinstated. Would it be going too far on my part to suggest that an effort be made to approach the landlady as to the restoration of such of those tenantry as still survive or the representatives of those who died. Who knows but St. Columbkille may

intereede and secure us a happy issue? Without trespassing any further, may I, as probably the senior priest here present, take leave to recommend to you all the last message of St. Columbkille to his community: From his bed of stone he spoke, "Dear children, this is what I command with my last words—Let peace and charity always reign among you." (Applause.)

#### ADDRESS

By Mr. P. T. MacGinley, Belfast:—

A Comhartha Ró-oirbrúimís Naomh Pádraig, a Tígearna Earrmic, a Cleir, agus a Daoine uaire go h-uile,

Fuigfid mife as na h-eaglaíri foctumta agus as na daoine foctumta eile atá ann ro mion tpaet lib ar Cólumbille a dcaoi a éabhteacta, a captaacta agus a tuct-acta a reirbir Dé, agus fá na h-oirbreaca iongantaca a pinne pé as tabairt pasanae na h-Alban anoir éperceam émuot. Labairfid mife beagán focal lib ar Cólumbille fa dcaoi de 'n spáo a bí aige uá tip agus da éinead agus uo gac a bain uóib ro; go rperácta, an uóit a bí aige a dcaogair agus a tucpeact a tpe. Tá daoine ann mion nae bfuil móran meara sca ar a ucip no ar son nro a bamear le n-a ucip, agus nae bfuil acó act as gaird magao fa uime ar bit a glacaf faotaf ar bit map gcaill ar a tip. Bí map pin uo Cólumbille. Bí re cúpamae fá gac nro a bain le leaf na h-Eipeann, ó a óige go deipead a beacta, agus le na coir pin go paid re 'na deoparoe leat a faogair. Ir iomda uair, mif an oileán uaigneac pin map a bí re 'na comnuoe, u' oppalaó pé a curu upnaige uo Dia le na faopao

ó buairéir éigin no contadair éigin a tógáil ná cairtí agus ná daoine muinteartha i n-Eipinn. Cúlaíó rinn iompáó porta mar tug se air réan bratair peileact agus ordeact a tábairt do éor, no eun mop a tábairt ar Eipinn go dtí an oilean rin mar a bí pé.

Tairbeanann na neite ro an meo spáda a bí ag Naomh Colum-cille ar a tír féin, agus bí an oipeao ceatona spáda aise ar ceangair agus ar licipeact na tíre. Tá fíor aís an t-aois ná mór mar tógáó impearan eorip Colum-cille agus Diarmuid, áit-pí Éirean ná éor leabair ar éur an naomh vóil ann, agus gur bí rin aóbar a vóirpe ar Eipinn. A bpaó 'na vóiró rin, nuair bagair áit-pí eile. air na báiró agus do bí ar tí iao a éur fíor agus a n-vóirpe ar an tír, ir é Colum-cille a punne eavarrsam agus peirótiugáó eacoppa agus fuair peal cáirpe do na báiróib. Mí paib aóbar iongantair ar bí ann ro mar bí Colum-cille é féin 'na báiró agus 'na fíle, agus rípiob se mórán píleacta, vón, agus áit-pí. Atá pómne ná éur áit-pí le páiróil go fóill agus ir vóna píor-múipe gaeóilge iao. Mo míle éuráig! go b-paib ríao ro agus a leirero eile caillte go léir ar Éireannais neim-bpíos-mapa na h-aimpíe ro atá ag ríaoir i n-vóiró baor-nór na Sacpanaé agus ag ríaoir a m-béal le h-áit-pí amur-deact Sacp-béapla. Bí naome galanta ann i n-aimpíe Colum-cille, mar atá anoir, naé paib an gaeóilge mar go leor aca, agus ir i Laidion a rípiob an tpeam úo; aet ní vóiló Colum-cille. Bí ceanga a tír féin mar go leor aise-pean, gró go paib Laidion aise mar an eir eile. Agus rin an paé a bpaib an oipeao meara agaim-ne ar a rípióim inoiú a b-paib 'r na naome a rípiob a Laidion. Ir aóbar vóiráig vóim-ne inoiú, atá ag tpoio a n-áiró Déapla Galloa na haimpíe-ro, cummíugáó go paib an Laidion naip aóim beagnaé éom paipíonta a n-Eipinn a 'r tá an tSACP-béapla anoir, agus naé bpaib innti

inoiú aet ceangair náip, agus go bpaib an gaeóilge beo beaíagáó go fóill. Tá ríal agam, mar an gceatona, go mbéir an gaeóilge beo a n-Eipinn nuair naé mbéir pocal Sacp-béapla ná labairt ar talamh an vóim.

Ir ceap vóim-ne ríuameao goiré vóim-paib Colum-cille ná mberdeao pé in ar mearg inoiú. Ir cinne go n-vóim-paib pé mórán maíeapa ve gae míle fíor: agus ir pollur naip-ra go n-vóim-paib se, mearg na cooa eile, a vóiróil le ceanga an gaeóilge agus licipeact na gaeóilge a éur in áit-píe air, agus leigim mí-éuráigáó allmupáé a éur fíor agus a vóirpe ar an tír. Leanamur a vóir-pompla agus tógamur fuar gae mí a bamear le honóir agus le cáil ar vóirpe; agus na bímir níor mó ag searpe-leanmáin agus ag áit-pí ar na Gallair in gae mí; aet bímir 'n ar n-Eireannais Laidíe, searapla, turgíonaéa buaipéapíaca, mar Colum-cille.

Delivered by Mr. Murray Sweeney, Dungloe:—

BEANNACHT COLUM CILLE AIR NA ROSAS.

(St. Columbkille's Blessing of the Rosses.)

#### THE BLESSING.

"The protection of the Virgin Mother and of the whole Court of Heaven be yours, O Rosses. Blessings from the Father, blessings from the Son, and blessings from the Holy Ghost descend on you. Blest be your sons; may they be fruitful in good deeds, and strong in faith. Blest be your warriors—may victory attend their blades wielded for right. Blest be your sons of toil—tillers of the ground, drivers of *creacht*, and these who on the foaming brine treasures reap. Blest be your lowing herds and fleecy flocks—may they in-



crease till all your wants are supplied. May the dews and the rains and the winds carry fertility to your fields and to your plains, to your hills and to your glens. May your seas, your lakes, your rivers, and your streams abound always with rich store. Be these, O Rosses, of wild heath and many strands, your blessings for evermore. Amen."



Ceannánur.]

[Kells,

*From photo (as also illustration on page 117, Cross at Church, Glensideuskil) by Welch, Belfast.*

## CHAPTER IV.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,  
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart.

So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar  
But binds him to his native mountains more.—GOLDSMITH

### ADDRESS

By Rev. J. J. Gallagher, P.P., Rathmullan:—



HE speakers who have preceded me have given us a very graphic and a very interesting account of the birth, early life, and education of St. Columba, leading up to the time when he entered upon the great work of the apostolate. I

shall ask you graciously to accompany us a little farther in the story of his illustrious career, and lay before you a brief outline of the history of the first great work of his missionary life, the establishment of his church and monastery at Derry—the first, and in many respects the greatest, of his religious foundations in Ireland. And as the great saint, whose thirteenth centenary we celebrate to-day, covered the land with a network of these monastic settlements, no less than thirty-seven of them in Ireland alone claiming him as their father and founder, it will perhaps help us to a clearer understanding of the motives which prompted him to such prodigious activity in this department of his missionary labours, if we reflect for a moment on the state of society, and the dangers by which the Church was confronted, at the time when he entered on the work of his glorious career.

It was towards the middle of the sixth century. It was a time of deadly peril for civilisation, a time when the barque of the church was freighted with the destinies of the human race. The great world power of the Cæsars had then broken up everywhere. All the forces of disorder, now that the strong hand of the Roman conquerors had been removed, came into play. The barbarous tribes from the north and the savage marauders from the east, overran the face of Europe, and were daily threatening a descent on the shores of our own fair land. Passing in furious array from country to country they destroyed every vestige of civilisation and refinement, and demolished with fire and sword the sacred edifices of learning and religion. Amidst the general wreck of civilisation and refinement of those days the monastic institute alone, like the ark amidst the waters of the deluge, became the depository of learning; but when even that sacred vehicle was threatened with destruction by the waves of barbarism here at home, as the dove sallied forth from the window of the ark in the days of Noah, so another dove, the Dove of the Church, winged his flight from this sacred spot and spreading his pinions over the wild waste of waters, brought good tidings of great joy to the children of Erin and Alba. What these good tidings were we shall see when we come to review the stupendous work of Columba's blessed and fruitful missionary career. My present concern, however, is with the first great work of that career, the founding of his church and monastery at Daire Colgagh, as it was then called, or Derry, the name by which it is known to-day. At this period Columba was in his 25th year, and had just been promoted to the sacred order of the priesthood. With the grace of his ordination still fresh within his soul, and the hand of his Divine Master pointing out the way, he traced his steps to the home of his birth, and after spending a few days with his princely relatives in this sacred spot, he breaks up every tie of home and kindred, sacrifices every ambition of



Daire Colgagh



Glengesh

Glengesh



the heart, every dictate of self-love, and determines to take up in real earnest the work his Divine Master had given him to do—the extension of the confines of His kingdom and the winning over of all hearts to the sweet doctrines of the Cross. His own territory and his own kinsmen had the first claim upon his apostolic zeal; among them, therefore, should be raised this first great religious institute. He casts about for a suitable site, and was not long in finding it. His cousin, it so happened, was then Prince of Ailech and King of the neighbouring territory. Him Columba approaches, and from him and the Cinel Conal he obtains a grant of 200 acres of land at the head of Lough Foyle, on which, later on, rose the present city of Derry. The site was one of surpassing beauty, commanding as it did a charming view of the placid estuary of the Foyle on the east, whilst on the south-east stretched away in the dim distance the sandy beaches of Magilligan, the O’Cahan’s country, where in after times many a stout fight was made for faith and freedom. Here it was that Columba built his far-famed church and monastery. The church was called the *Dhu Regles*, or the black church, and stood upon or close to the site now occupied by the Long Tower Church outside the City Walls. The church and monastery were built of timber, of which there was then a plentiful supply on the spot, the side and crest of the hill being covered with oak groves, which gives the city its present name, for *Daire* in the vernacular means an oak. Columba, who was a lover of nature as well as a teacher of men, dearly loved his oak grove, and sooner than cut down one of its trees, or lop off a branch, he caused his church to be built north and south, and not east and west as was the custom. He besides gave strict instructions to his disciples to spare his oak trees, and should any of them be blown down by the storm, they were to be given a part to the inhabitants, a part to the poor, and the balance reserved for the

guest house of the monastery. Columba having completed the building of his church and monastery, becomes himself, as might be expected, the first Abbot of his new religious foundation. Attracted by the fame for learning and sanctity of the young monk, soon, not only his own clansmen of the Cinel Conal, but students from distant lands repaired to his infant monastery in such numbers that they were counted by hundreds, whilst the monks so exerted



MAIRTEOP RÍTA MHAOLÁIN.

Rathmullan Abbey

*From a photo by Laurence, Dublin.*

themselves in manual labour and gave by their instruction and example such an impetus to industry that what was before a straggling hamlet of the cottages of a few fishermen soon grew into a town, and the town later on into a city. Nor did the fame of the great Columbian School in Derry decline after the death of its founder. History records that

600 years after its foundation, in the 12th century, it admittedly held the principatus, or first place, among all the schools of the Columbian Order in Ireland. Such was then the fame, such the splendour of this great school that it sent professors all over the continent of Europe, from whom even the Roman Alumnus was glad to learn the language and literature of his forefathers. The monastic institute at Derry was not only a home of learning, it was still more a school of virtue. To its peaceful cloisters kings and nobles, bishops and priests retired in the evening of their lives from the strife and turmoil of the world to prepare for the better land, and guided, ministered to, and consoled by its saintly inmates sank down hopefully and calmly to their rest. But St. Columba's institute at Derry, like every other human institution, had its vicissitudes of fortune. Time after time it was burned to the ground. Time after time those fierce sea-wolves, the Danes, broke in upon it, despoiling it of its sacred treasures, and reddening the ground with the blood of its holy inmates. Anxious to propitiate a foe they could not subdue, these bloodthirsty marauders were hospitably entertained by the monks, but scarcely had they quaffed the wine cup when it was again filled by the blood of their murdered hosts. Notwithstanding repeated devastations by fire and sword, the monastic institute of Derry continued for a thousand years its glorious work for the church and civilisation, the monastery all through these long years maintaining an unbroken succession of abbots down to the 16th century, when it was involved in the general wreck and confiscation of that disastrous time. Long after the days of Columba, in the 12th century, the black church which he founded was removed, and on its site was erected an imposing structure called the Tampil Mor, or, great church, which gave the parish its present name. Both the old church and monastery of Columba and the mediæval church have long since disappeared, and not even a ruin of either re-



Sleann Cholaim Cill.

Cross at Church, Glencolumbkille.



Deapnar m'p.

Barnesmore.



mains to awaken memories of that golden age of Derry's greatness as a nursery of saints and scholars. Columba dearly loved his church and monastery at Derry. It was the first work of his hands, and, next to the sacred spot on which we stand, occupied the first place in his affections. It was from the community at Derry he selected his associates; it was from Derry he sailed away on that memorable May morning *peregrinari pro Christo*, to become a pilgrim for Christ, and plant his standard on the Islands of the Scottish main. There is something indescribably touching and beautiful in the accounts that have come down to us of his departure from Derry. How the bishops and priests, and a vast concourse of people from all the surrounding country, accompanied him to the shore, how as his wicker barque glided down the Foyle, the people came rushing down to the beach on either bank of the lough to get a last glimpse of the beloved saint, how the wail of the multitudes on the shore was wafted on the breeze that filled the sails of his wicker boat, and how with a voice choking with emotion he blessed them all. How forcibly does not the whole scene remind one of that other memorable scene on the shores of Miletus some centuries before on the day when another apostle took his last touching farewell of his people at Ephesus. In the weary years of his exile, in after life, Columba's great heart ever turned with indescribable love to his first foundation, and often from some high cliff on his sea-girt isle used he strain his gaze across the waters of the Irish Sea to catch even a glimpse of the distant hills of Inishowen which environed his beloved oak grove of Daire Colgagh. "Oh! how my barque would glide," he cried, "if its prow were turned towards my beloved oak grove at Derry."

## ADDRESS

By Rev. E. Maguire, D.D., Gweedore:—



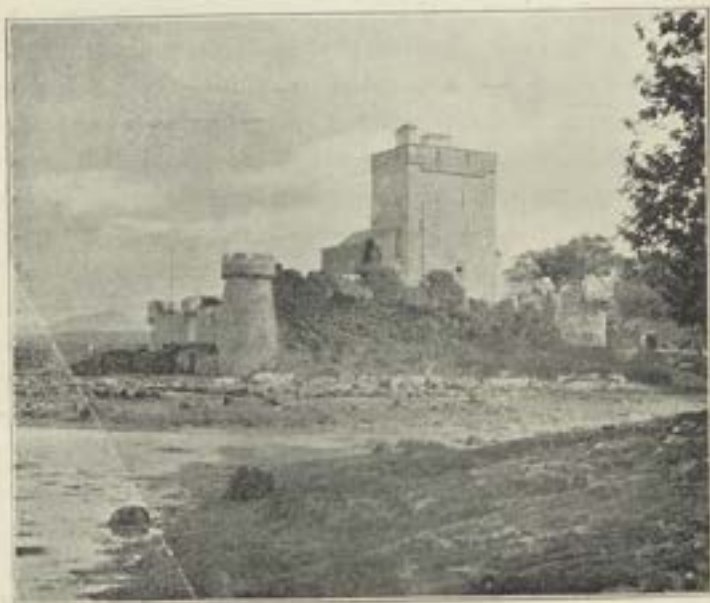
LIKE the great prophet Samuel of old, hearing the voice of the Lord from amid the darkness of Druidic superstition and blank ignorance of God, our saintly apostle responded "Here am I." The character of apostle had stamped its indelible impress upon his life and had directed and moulded his career from his earliest days. His gifted and luminous mind at once recognised that strong and ample intellectual equipments on the part of the general, well-trained and trusty lieutenants, a fearless army, and a promising recruiting ground, were elements essential for success in the arduous warfare, that was his clearly defined vocation. The habit alone does not make the model monk, and the commission alone to teach and preach does not constitute the entire trappings of an effective missionary. The intellects and wills of the first apostles were miraculously enlightened and strengthened; but such dazzling miracles were designed for the advantage of sincere unbelievers, on whose minds other motives of faith equally convincing, though less striking, had never flashed with adequate clearness. St. Columba well knew that Joseph, the most interesting of all the patriarchs, inspired and illumined by Heaven as he was, had expended energy and time without stint or grudge, and had probably incurred the hatred of numbers, in providently garnering the corn that made harmless the fangs of the



Sliah Urag.

*From a photo by Laurence, Dublin.*

Slieve League.



Coplein na n-Teat.

*From a photo by Laurence, Dublin.*

Doe Castle.

Egyptian famine. Viewed from the standpoint of religion, parts of his own beloved Ireland and the highlands and islands of Scotland, where his kinsmen held sway, were pining under the starkest famine. "Go to Columba" was the Heaven-devised remedy. His giant mind, his highly cultured monks, and the many well-equipped seminaries he established, were packed storehouses of ripest and healthiest knowledge. Eight years of wise and well-directed zeal and toil, had placed the great monastic institution of Derry on a footing that warranted its illustrious founder in seeking "Fresh fields and pastures new." Second in time, but first in importance, was the great foundation of Durrow, 553 A.D.—"Monasterium nobile in Hibernia," as the Venerable Bede designates it. The site selected was not far removed from the geographical centre of the island. Thence radiated the light and glow of Christian faith; the arteries had been prepared; they are now filled and quickened with the life-blood of knowledge and grace. The "Dove" descended; the "Dove" remained hovering, with fecund wings and fairest form, until the blessings of his presence were elsewhere demanded. Modern critics, not a few, deny Saint Columba the fame of illustrating the "Smaller Gospel" or "Book of Durrow." It is an age of scepticism in which we live; hardly any fact, however prominently it may stand out on the pages of most reliable history, fails to find some prejudiced critic, who unblushingly denies it. We are even told that St. Columba, because his humility would not permit him to wear the mitre and wield the crozier, had no belief in these Roman insignia. Authors like Fowler say he received his commission from the east; I suppose it was from the Morning Star or from Eurus, of Virgilian fame. The exact date of the monastic foundation at Kells cannot be fixed with certainty; but it was fairly launched on its distinguished and useful career, before 562 A.D. It was here that undying monument of art and industry, the world-famed Book of



Kells, was executed. It is sometimes designated the "Large Gospel of Columbkille" to distinguish it from the Book of Durrow or "Smaller Gospel." The ancient Kenlis, now Kells, is closely associated with the name of our Saint, and still exhibits some well-preserved memorials. "St. Columba's House" yields to few ancient structures in the interest it possesses for antiquarians; while the Book of Kells commands the wonder of visitors to Trinity College, as the most marvellous specimen of the art of illumination. Eight years' residence in his darling, first-chosen foundation of Derry, and fifteen years' residence in the midland counties, enabled the ever-wakeful Apostle to ascertain and provide for the spiritual needs of the districts around. Ample time and ample means existed for the planning and building of churches in Donegal, where the Saint was cheerfully and strongly supported by his powerful kinsmen. In the very remotest part of this county, a valley, rich in antiquities and anciently called "Sean-Glean," bears the name Glencolumbkille for more than a decade of centuries. Whether he approached it by sea from Tory, or by land after one of his numerous visits to his "anam-cara," St. Molaisse, who frequently resorted to the mainland from his island seclusion in Inismurry, is not well ascertained. A well-founded tradition points to his meeting St. Nail at Inver, but this event is associated with his return journey. He blessed the river at Inver, and forbade the plague, then raging on the southern side, to cross. Some of the most beautiful extant specimens of old Celtic sculpture are presented on five of the crosses that mark the circuit of the three-mile "turreis," or station, in Sean-Glean. The others are plain, but all are acknowledged to belong to the sixth century. No more edifying sight could be witnessed than the prayerful and wearying pilgrimage of the peasants to these crosses and the holy well on the 9th of June and other days associated with the Saint's name. In Manus O'Donnell's "Life" we

read a strange legend. It is said, that, when St. Patrick had banished the demons into the inhospitable waters of the Atlantic, they emerged on the wild shores of Sean-Glean. St. Columba was not minded to allow the land hallowed by his presence to be ever after infested by these infernal visitors. He took in his hand his famous bell, "Dubdualb-seiseac," and obliged them, after fierce resistance, to join for ever the congenial company of the sea-serpents.



## CHAPTER V.

Just precepts thus from great examples given,  
She drew from them what they derived from heaven.—*Pope.*

## ADDRESS

By Rev. Peter Kelly, P.P., Ardara.



It is my privilege to indicate briefly one or two out of the many practical lessons that all of our time even may learn from the career of Columba as a saint and a patriot. The saints are the heroes and heroines of the Church; the world, too, has its heroes and heroines, and hero-worship might not be a bad name for some of those celebrations held in their honor. The veneration which the Church exhibits to her saints is of a higher and more practical character. It amounts to an expression of faith in God's power and goodness, shown in the abundant graces bestowed on His servants here on earth, by which they were enabled to become His friends in Heaven. The Church honors the Saints as her confirmed friends, and teaches us to ask their intercession. The Church, moreover, places the example of the Saints before us that we may copy them in ourselves, and that by the grace of God we ourselves may become saints, in the wider sense of the word at all events, by saving our souls. Thus we see that the hero-worship of the world is mainly sentimental, while the veneration of the saints is distinctly practical and profitable to us. Columba was no ordinary saint, and I am not going to say that we all should try to copy in detail his wonderful career. His mental and even

his physical powers were of a type commensurate in the providence of God to his works. Again, he was a priest and in turn a monk and an abbot. These facts narrow very much the probability of many Christians following his foot-steps in all his ways. Besides, there is this to be considered. With us at all events the condition of things has undergone such changes since the distant days of



Horn Head, Donegal.

*From a photo by Lawrence, Dublin.*

Columba in the religious, social, political, and even the National world as to preclude, I would almost venture to say, the possibility of another Columba arising and repeating his mission in our midst. In what then may I suggest that we all, clerics and laics, men and women, persons of all classes and estates—may, and ought to follow our saint's example,



and succeed, too? Each one and all of us can imitate in our respective positions in the Church or in society Columba's whole-hearted, unflinching, and fearless loyalty to Faith and Fatherland. This was not only his characteristic virtue, but in it we find the secret of his success. By it he was inspired and enabled to perform these wondrous works in the Church, and in secular matters, as well as for communities, that we have just been reminded of by several of the speakers who have addressed us. Be assured I do not mean to lecture you, nor even to exhort you in this connection. I am merely stating a principle which is always active, thank God, in this old land and in every land where the exiled sons and daughters of Erin find a home or a shelter. To my thinking the rustic surroundings of this remote place, so far from blurring, but add a peculiar charm to, this soul-stirring scene, for they serve to accentuate the sentiments of piety and of patriotism that have called us all together as the representatives of our scattered race to celebrate, on the very spot of his birth, the 13th centenary of our glorious Columba. Where is the dynasty or where is the country, with such a record as this Columbian Celtic festival in these wilds of Donegal proclaims? Gartán was not always so bare as we see it. But what the good monks of Kilmacrennan and of Dee had gathered and built up, sordid, savage strangers plundered and pulled down; so that if Columba were with us corporally here to-day, as he doubtless is with us in spirit, he would find but little natural change in the outer aspect of this place. Yet one may fancy with what interest he would recall the incidents of his boyhood on these heath-clad hills; or again, the events of his missionary career in these parts generally. But more than all this, would his very soul go out in raptures of praise to the Most High at finding the faith in which he prayed and preached and toiled and died, as sound and as strong in his native land as solid Muckish yonder, in spite of centuries of sufferings and wrongs en-

dured for its sake, not surpassed, all things considered, in cruelties and brutalities by the worst persecutions of the Cæsars.

"The evil that men do lives after them.  
The good is oft interred with their bones."

Columba did no evil to live after him, while his good works were too big and too many to be interred in the little grave that holds his bones. Hence they are remembered and kept fresh and green in every place and clime by Columba's loving children down through the long span of 1,300 years as they are cherished and honoured at Gartán to-day. Let us pray that, as we of Columba's kindred in faith and in Celtic stock are sharers in his mundane trials and tribulations, so may we be participators with him in celestial happiness. Let us pray, too, that like Columba with his generation, our mutual sentiments be regulated by Christian prudence and charity, as the surest and best safeguards of the common weal and credit of our country and of our race.

#### ADDRESS

By the Right Rev. Monsignor McGlynn, P.P., V.G., Stranorlar.

A Thighearna Earboic, a dárpeaca agus a Óaóine Uairte.

So tá glóimh 7 tá acair do Clann Connait 7 do Éirionnaigh éirí an bóhan go n-uile tá féile Columcille. So e an tá a éiríonn gear an éiríonn céir deus bliadain anois a bair. "In luachar an amair an Tighearna bair na naomh."

Tá pmon-éiríeac eaglaire na n-éiríeann, pmonna ar v-teampoll, tá earboc upamae 7 ónoraí Rat a' Dot, tá éiríe 7 tuata ó'n uile párairíe ann an ólógairíe móir go éirínníe ann go anois i n-Éiríe, ann an áit ann ar bogar an naomh ann an éiríeann, leir an t-éiríonn naomha

a coirbhíre do Dia móir na gLoípe air fon na n-iomao ghrápa  
 7 tiadhlacair do dhonn. Sé air Choluncille agus cruo-pe  
 air Éipeannaigh 7 air daoimib na tíre eile a fuair eólar  
 an fip-éireomh cruo-paoctar agus fógium na manais naomta  
 a v'fás re 'na déis ann na n-iomao tige piasalta a cuir  
 pé air bun.

Labair curu de na cainteoirí ann ro anois air beala  
 ar naomh ann a móran dóigeanna aet ip mian liomra tpaeto  
 air mar fear puibtríe agus mar déas cómhairtíeac, agus  
 v'e'n maitear agus an tairbe do a tír agus do 'n eaglaip  
 a v'éipus ar a curu gníomhartha 7 comhple. Thaimic pé  
 ve'n fuil a b'uairle i a b'airve i n-Éipinn. Dúo é Conall  
 guthan, mac Miall na Naor n-Seall aru-pus Éipeann, a  
 Sapataip. Air tairb a maíar dúo de flueto pus Lúsin é.  
 Air an adbar pin bi pé ann a cumar cómhairle do cur air  
 móir-curo de píctí 7 de uacópánaib na tíre. So h-ós  
 ann a fadgal fuair pé teagars 7 ordear maí, mar v' oir  
 do'n flueto pígeamail air de é. Bi pé áruinníneac,  
 meirneamail agus fairsamail ann gac contabairt agus  
 níor mó tugta do beir aís deanaó gniomhartha treuna,  
 calma, ná beir aís upnaígeacair. 'Na curdeacta ro bi  
 inntin uaingean, vóteupac 7 claonta lardip aise, agus  
 nuair a bi riav ro v'píste mar dúo cóir ip minic a tug  
 riav duaró do 7 lam-an-uacóip an gac fábao agus cuir  
 acpanac a taimic poíne.

Nuair a taimic an t-am ar dúo cóir do a fairsin bealaó  
 tógaó, tug pé fuar a ceart air pígeacta Chup-Chonail  
 agus v' éirí air éoroin aru-pus Éipinn 7 glac pé mar paeza  
 a beir 'na manac 7 tug pé é péin fuar go vutpaeto do  
 fepíor Dé 7 do planusaó anam. Bi níor mó de náóip  
 Marpa aise 'na de náóip Maípe, níor mó vút aise i  
 n-gníomharthaib 'na ána pnuameaó. Chup pé na céorta  
 de tige poible 7 de maíroipib air bun 7 píagluig pé iav;  
 v'iompais pé na mílte de páganaisib 'na g-éiporaisib:

teagars pé na bpaíre; fubail pé air fairsin 7 air calam  
 aís deanaó na h-oirpeacta ro, capao an iomao de daoimib  
 áru 7 ípíot air, 7 fuair pé mear, ónoir, upnam 7 geillpcean  
 uair uile agus ni deapn uime air bí maí do 'pam nac  
 b-fuair v'ioluigeacta air a fon, agus mar a g-ceatna níor  
 tharluis 7 níor taircuipus don uime é nar éipus míotapaó  
 vó. Dúo éoraimail Coluncille le páctac ameais na  
 n-daimeac a cómhurde ann an fepíeac h-oir agus  
 cuaró a éla ip a cáil a b-pao 'r a fairsin.

Nuair a taimic áruan a beir 'na píge air na h-Éipean-  
 naíab a bi poptaróte i n-Alban dúo maí leir va n-dean-  
 paó Coluncille é a coirpeacan. Thug an Naomh an acéunge  
 ro vó, leas a Lúna air, beannuis 7 coirpeac é, agus dúo é  
 ro an céto pus Cpuoramail a deapna leir é. 'Na déis ro  
 taimic pé a beir 'na gnáctar do píctib Dhalquata a vút go  
 h-lonan go n-deanpaó an t-ab a g-coirpeacan. Dúo gnáctac  
 leir na h-Éiponnaíab a pígne áit cómhurde i n-Alban, riav  
 'r go pab a pícte péin aca, cior a v'iol le píctib na h-Éipeann.  
 Dúo leir do Choluncille sup dúo adbar bpaígine 7 cogaró  
 a berbeacó ann an cáil ro, agus fuair pé maíte é aís  
 epuinnusaó móir a bi aca ann an m-blaóain 574 aís  
 Opumíceat i g-contaíe Dóipe, riav 'r go pab riav aís vút  
 ann tpuota aet cóngbais pnuam 7 cómhairle an Éipeanaíe  
 Choluncille na iav.

Chóimro a éiponnaíet mar a g-ceatna i g-cúir na m-báru.  
 Bi an iomao v'iol ann an tír 7 bi caparoeacta móra 'na  
 n-ágaró 7 pígne an píge, deo fuar a inntin iav pspior no a  
 n-tíbhíre, aet air cómhairle 7 air eatarpáru Choluncille ní  
 deapn pé ro, aet lagatuis pé a n-uíthip agus ó fin amac bi a  
 g-ceol 7 a mánca tugta fuar go móir do'n eaglaip 7 bi an  
 oipeav pin burbeacair aca air an fear a fabail iav sup cum  
 an t-áruollam, a bi ór a g-ceann, Dallan fopagall, ván  
 vó, aet anbeis é éumpteav, tug an naomh air geallpcean  
 nac fepíeacó pé é cóir pava 7 berbeacó pé péin beo air



eagla poime an bpoit. Aip fead am fada 'na déirí fin éongbaró na báipó ppioppaio na típ-špáda beó i n-Éipunn agus síó sup feicé píšte na Saepan 7 so h-áip'šte bain-mošan lpebeal iad a díol aip fon feinn doib, ní feimpead ríad an póit agus ní éimpead ríad an pann di.

Ais epunniugad móp Ópunn-Cheatta tug Colum Cille map moš-áeo-fean glie an comhaple deipeannac ia aip éalam na h-Éipeann do na píšteib, earboigib, cléipró, uacvapanró do'n méro eile á bi ann finn ar Albain 7 ar Éip, re fin, a deit píolécanta captanac agus dílip do a céile aponaip uomacuró, na deoparó dibípuce a éabapc apap. Mo feapad aip an éalam naomta po i n-Šapcan, an áit ann ar pugad ar naom beannuighe, beipum-re an éomhaple éeavna do éaoipeacuib 7 do váoimib na h-Éipeann so h-iomlan. Tácap ais gozo vá miltiun so leir punta 'pa bliadain uaim; tá na váoine ais iméacé ar an típ 'na miltib; támuio ais eipú moš dóicve; tá na ppiopónaighe ais ealléad a 5-céill a ppiopunn Saepanaig; tá'n bunad a cupead ar 5-cuio gabaltap epéighe penvaim a páo; áet va m-bérdead píolécán 7 aontacé 7 captanap eapóaim berdead an léigear ann ar láim fein, agus eultle.

Space will not permit us to insert more than an abridgement of the admirable paper of Mr. Anthony Doherty, N.T., of Cruit Island.

A tigeapna éapómat, a tigeapna earboig, a aipeaca oipbróneaca agus po-oipbróneaca, a feapa agus a mna típe-Conaill:—

Cualaró pib oipead a n-diu, i m-béupla agus i n-Šaeóilig, pá beata agus pá glíomhaptaighe Naom Colum-cille, agus nac b-puil re puactanac agampa mópan a éup leir. Tá váoine epunniughe annpo a n-diu ar i n-Šeapp 'p i 5-cém le h-onopugad agus le h-ápuugad a deanaó aip éumine an



Dun Lušaró agus Aipeagal. Catholic Church, Dunlevy and Errigal.  
From a photo by Laxerener, Dublin.



Éongbasl.

Conwal Ruins.

Naomh mhóir a tharraing a deuto anall air an ionad naomhcha ro—Naomh ata ainmnighthe aig úgvaip go h-uile an Naomh ip mó agus ip aipne cáil a mair apláin de ipeab na h-Eipeann. Can mar geall air lá díomhaomeair no lá pléarúir dúinn fein a cúip i g-ceann a céile rinn aig annro? Ní h-eaó; buó cóip dúinn pún agus fáil níor tairbige a beic agaimn air ron ar u-cupuir. Sae uile lá le cópla mí bímir aig aig obair go cruair le iuró éigin a cúp a g-cpíoc a pacat 'na buntairíoe agus ann tairbhe dúinn 'fan am le teacé—a' deapao an talamh péir uó'n bárr, u'a g-cup, aig cup deire oppa, agus a' tabairt ppearóail doib. Saolpeadmuir lá air bié a beic amuša nuair naó u-tiocpaó linn nio éigin a deanaó aig cup 'un coraig na n-ghoile ro. A n-uio, mar g-céutona, buó cóip dúinn péuécant le tairbhe éigin air ron an ama a ta le teacé a ghoéugaó dúinn fein ar ar n-aipoeap annro, agus ar a b-pacamuro agus a g-cua-lamuro. Ma cúpeann muro an lá tarrain go pléarupa, aéc go neampioiríoeac, nílmito aéc u'a cúp amuša, agus leigimro pleashnaó uo uainn bpeas agus uo meadom bpuoghar le maic a deanaó dúinn fein.

A n-ainpíir Naomh Columcille bí leabapcái an-ghann agus air an aóbar rin bí meap an-móir go deó oppa. Nuair a geóbaó pé ceann m filpcaó pé uadaro panaéc na fuige oróde agus lá u'a gspíob go m-bérbéac leabap úr deánta aige fein ar. Ip é an uórcugaó-gean ro a bí aig Naomh Columcille agus aig céatocai de naomh eile na h-Eipeann, a tug uo ar u-tír a h-ainm appa, bpóuashail, "Oilean na Naomh agus na n-Ollamh." Uo fil gpió na póglume ro anuar ppió ar rinnipí air fao mopan gmealaé, aéc 'fan am a laéair cá eagla oppi go b-puill rinn aig leigean uó báir a fašail ann ar meap. Uáilca uaoine tíopca eile cá rinn aig éipig níor mó tugta uo na pígneaca, na gill-neaca, agus na puntai na uo leabapcái agus uo leigean.

A n-aip ar céap uo ar b-páirí a beic paol éapam a

muntipe agus a maigipir, cálar u'a u-tiomaint a paop-cugaó tuapapóail puapais amearis na rrpainpéap. Ní h-ahlaró buó cóip a beic, go ppeirealta, ann na h-ainpíir deireanaéa ro, nuair atá 'n póglum aig an uopar agaimn go. Ní cógpaó Eipe a ceann go uoó m-bérb ar b-páirí múnice mar bí riad fao o foim. Air an aóbar rin buó cóip saé gápúr agus gíoppac a cúinneit go buan air an gsoil go m-bérb riad uá bliadain deug de aip, air gsoir air bié. Agus aig epáéc air leigean, m cóip dúinn deapmaó a deánaó air ar u-teangaró uilip fein, an teangaró a deapn Naomh Columcille agus mílte de naomh eile na h-Eipeann cant agus upnuige, teagapir agus gspíobac, píuoeacé agus rcpíuoeacé innti. Cinnce, an teangaró a bí maic go leóir acapan ta pí pó-maic agaimne. Éis píir póglumca ar an fpaíne, agus ar mopan de tíopca eile, go h-Eipinn le blar céap ar u-teangaró a póglum: aéc rinne, ar péiríir dúinn i a beic agaimn gan paolap no rpuoblaró air bié, ní pñeann rinn uadaro uí. Nuair a érbó rinn an meap móir atá air an gaeóilg a n-áiteaca eile, buó cóip uo aipreaca agus uo maicpeaca na h-Eipeann coipugaó a n-upnuige agus a u-teagapir Cpíopcaige a cúp poime a b-páirí a n-gaeóilg. Labairt leo, agus tabairt oppa ppeapir a tabairt oppa a n-gaeóilg. Ceao aca i a élaéuao saé lá agus saé uair, oip a n-uair a g-cpéuim ip i an orópeacé ip luacmápa a táinic anuar éugaimn o n-ar rinnipí. Go g-cupíó Dia paé agus paéashnar, aó agus aóibneap, air muntip na gaeóilge, agus

Go Sabatung Dia Eipe!



## CHAPTER VI.

Here will we sit and let the sound of music  
Creep into our ears.—SHAKESPEARE.



HE Rev. E. Cassidy, C.C., Donegal, delivered a short address in Irish, and was followed by the Rev. J. M'Ateer, C.C., Ardara, who sang the "Coulin" in Irish, with admirable sweetness.

At different times during the proceedings ancient airs were played by Turlough MacSweeney, the famous Donegal piper, who won such renown at the World's Fair.

The most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, said,—My Lord Cardinal, and dear people, I have been paying close attention all day long to the addresses, thinking that something might be omitted that towards evening I could supply out of a very small store of knowledge; but no such omission has occurred. The artists who have worked at the figure of St. Columba have drawn for us a picture that would be only spoiled by any retouching. The figure has natural beauty, for St. Columba, like all great souls, loved nature as he loved nature's God. He loved the oaks of the forest, and the billows of the ocean, and the heron by the lake, and the seagulls on the sea cliffs. He also had supernatural beauty in an extraordinary degree, for every fibre of his being was moved by faith of that strength to which our Divine Lord alluded when he spoke of mountain-moving faith. I am myself strongly inclined to the view of those who hold that it was the slaying of the Prince who took sanctuary with Columba that made the cloud to burst

over Dermot's head, and that the Saint was connected with subsequent bellicose events in which his name became a battle cry in a much more remote degree than popular opinion supposes. St. Columba was a man who loved justice and hated iniquity. He was a saint who bathed the feet of many pilgrims, and taught perfection to many penitents, and raised the drooping heads and wiped away the burning tears of many stricken with sorrow; and when to-day we rejoice to recall the great work which he did in preaching salvation to so many peoples, and in spreading the Kingdom of God so far and wide, it is right that we should ask Columba to offer up his prayers with ours that the project in which the glorious Pontiff now reigning over the Church is so deeply interested may soon be accomplished, that is the reunion of Christendom, so that there may be one fold and one shepherd. In commemoration of this glorious festival which we have kept for the Dove of the snowy wing, and which marks, I venture to think, one of the brightest days in all the history of Donegal, I intend, with God's blessing to appoint some one of the priests to be officially recognised henceforward as the historian and antiquary of this diocese. We go now to our homes praising God, and determined not to forget to thank Him for all He has done for us on this happy centennial feast of our great county saint. Before we go I will ask the Cardinal Primate to give us the blessing of St. Áedán, and St. Columba, and of Patrick all in one.

His Eminence Cardinal Logue then blessed the assembled multitude.

A notice of the celebration would be incomplete without reference to the splendid organising capacity that made it so marked a success. The arrangements were perfect, and everything went like clockwork.



## SECTION V.

### SECOND DAY.

#### CHAPTER I.

Profit and pleasure mingled thus with art,  
To soothe the fancy and improve the heart.—HORACE.



LARGE proportion of those who came to witness yesterday's centennial celebration still remain in Letterkenny, and to-day the new cathedral in course of erection was inspected by a considerable number. Rapid progress has been made with the work, and though the walls of the sacred edifice are not yet raised to the full height, it is some satisfaction to know that it was sufficiently advanced to enable the large number of visitors to Donegal this week to bring away an exact idea of its proportions, and a pretty accurate conception of what its beauties will be when all is complete. It will rank with the finest cathedrals in Ireland. The style is early Gothic. It will be lighted with lofty lancet windows, whose severity is relieved by the introduction of trefoil heads. The aisle walls are complete, and the inner walls



Letterkenny.

*From a photo by Lawrence, Dublin.*

Letterkenny.



Interior Old Church, Letterkenny.

*From a photo by Lawrence, Dublin.*



have been built to clerestory height. The aisles are divided from the nave by five lofty arches, supported on clustered columns, and at the intersection of the transepts of the nave are four very high arches resting on massive shafted supports. The choir is in the form of an apse, ending with nine sides, in each of which is an acutely pointed arch communicating with the ambulatory. The effect of this arcade, supported on slender columns carried round the chancel, is very beautiful and impressive to the visitor at once on entering the building. The principal entrance is a lofty arch deeply recessed, and richly moulded. Above it is a magnificent window. The tower stands at the north-eastern angle. Its height will be 120 feet, and it is now raised to within 30 feet of its summit. It will be surmounted by a spire, the whole attaining a height of 240 feet. The cathedral is 200 feet long, 66½ feet wide across the aisles and nave, and 100 feet across the transepts. The cathedral stands on the slope of the hill over the town, and its lofty walls, carrying ten pointed arches and pinnacles, rising in stately grandeur above the houses, give special beauty and importance to Letterkenny when approached from almost any side. Mr. William Hague is the architect. The building was started by the present distinguished occupant of the See of Adamnan, and his energy and power of organisation have enabled the work to be carried on with great rapidity, and make it certain that the diocese of Raphoe, whose religious fervour was so remarkably manifested this week, will have a place second to none in Ireland for the beauty of its cathedral and religious edifices.

## THE NEW CONVENT SCHOOLS.

### BLESSING THE FOUNDATION.

To-day his Eminence Cardinal Logue blessed and laid the foundation stone of the new National Schools attached to the Loreto Convent, Letterkenny. The nuns have a boarding



Loreto Convent, Letterkenny.  
From a photo by Lawrence, Dublin.

school, select school, and a National school, and the attendance at the last-named has of late far outgrown the accommodation that the existing building affords, and the erection of new schools became a necessity. The Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell procured the site near the Cathedral grounds, and invited his Eminence to perform the ceremony to-day, as portion of the Columba centennial celebration. The foundations have only recently been dug. His Emi-

nence was accompanied by the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, and the following were amongst the clergymen present:—

Right Rev. Monsignor M'Glynn, P.P., V.F., Stranorlar; Right Rev. Monsignor M'Fadden, P.P., V.F., Donegal; Right Rev. Monsignor Gallagher, P.P., Carrigart; Rev. Dr. Maguire, Gweedore; Rev. P. Kelly, P.P., Ardara; Rev. W. Sheridan, Administrator, Letterkenny; Rev. J. Stephens, C.C., Letterkenny; Rev. Father Fagan, C.C., Armagh; Rev. J. Sweeney, C.C., Kincasslagh; Rev. T. J. Sweeney, P.P., Killybegs; Rev. P. Daly, P.P., Ballintra; Rev. B. Kelly, P.P., Ballyshannon; Rev. John Doherty, P.P., St. Johnston; Rev. James Gallagher, P.P., Rathmul-len; Rev. P. Logue, P.P., Killecar; Rev. James Murray, Glenties; Rev. C. Cunningham, C.C., Glencolumbkille; Rev. D. M'Gettigan, C.C., Newtowncunningham; Rev. J. Boyle, C.C., Inver; Rev. P. M'Cafferty, Adm., Inver; Rev. Joseph Sheridan, C.C., Falcarragh; Rev. Hugh Gallagher, President St. Eunan's Seminary, Letterkenny.

His Eminence was robed in the *cappa magna*, wore the mitre, and carried the crozier, while blessing the foundations and laying the stone. The ceremony was witnessed by a large concourse of people. A choir of children from the Convent Schools sang the sacred music admirably. After the ceremony his Eminence, the Bishop, and the clergy with a number of invited guests, visited the convent, where an excellent musical programme was performed by the children, a choir of whom sang a number of part songs and an original hymn to St. Columba, composed by a member of the Institute of Loreto Sisters, and set to music by Mr. George Mulholland, Derry. The Convent children were joined by kind lady friends from Rathfarnham in playing solos, duets, and trios on the violin, violoncello, and piano. One of the pupils read an Address to His Eminence Cardinal Logue, in which it was stated—

"It befits us specially to remember the great interest and the unfailing friendship which you have bestowed on our convent and school at all times since your coming on the mission to Glenswilly, and afterwards among the cares and responsibilities of the lofty and sacred dignities to which you have been called by the providence of God."

Another of the boarders recited a piece in blank verse welcoming the Cardinal. The reading of the address and the recitation were perfect.

His Eminence said, in reply.—My dear children, I thank you deeply for the warm reception which you have given me, and for the splendid treat which you have afforded the clergy, the visitors, and myself. Your performance was a most pleasing and a most successful one. One thing in your address is quite true. I have always felt a deep interest in the welfare of the schools of this beautiful convent. When I lived here I thought it was the convent of Ireland for education, and for the training of the girls in every useful and ornamental department. Seeing the good work the Loreto nuns were doing at the boarding school, I thought of the little children, and endeavoured to get a school for them too, and the administrator who was here then and myself struggled hard for that purpose. The first that was assisting me is gone to his reward, and a good zealous priest he was. We tried to get a lease; but at the outset we were tied hand and foot with red tape—we got only the name of a lease. My successor was more fortunate than myself in getting the little girls placed under the nuns. I am sure you realise now, and you will realise it even more thoroughly later on in life, the blessing you have in being placed under the care and having the advantage of the instruction of the nuns of the Loreto Convent. They have proved themselves most successful teachers in every department from the highest to the lowest. Any person who takes up



the records of the result lists of the Intermediate examinations, or even higher examinations, will find that the Loreto nuns swept all before them in Ireland; and it is not only in Ireland that they have shown their strength. I remember being present in a Loreto Convent in sunny Andalusia. I had known the convent, and the Reverend Mother, who was a Reverend Mother in Letterkenny. I inquired of her, and learned that crowds of young ladies in every part of Spain were delighted to be under the charge of the good Loreto nuns. To see the faces of some of the young ladies was quite enough to know their nationality. They were of Irish descent, and though their families were three hundred years in Spain, they preserved all the characteristics of the race. There were there of the first families other ladies of pure Spanish blood who were easily distinguished. It was easy also to distinguish the Irish nuns, who went out there as foreign missionaries, as Ireland sent forth her missionaries centuries ago, and they were there filled with that old missionary spirit, that led St. Columba to Iona, and led so many of the Irish saints to every part of the Continent. The Irish nuns there keep up to-day that spirit, and give every promise that it will not die out nor lose any of its glowing warmth, if they can prevent it; and the same devotion that distinguishes them distinguishes the good nuns in our own country. I have always looked upon the education of the little girls as the most important work for religion, because it is they that will have the forming of the mind of the coming generation; and will give an impetus for good to many generations in the future. Important as the training of the boys is, the training of the girls is more important still from the religious point of view, because I believe that that grand spirit of faith and that fervent piety and that tender devotion, for which Ireland is so remarkable, is due specially to the mothers of Ireland. Therefore such

schools as these are important in the eyes of those charged with the spiritual welfare of the people, where our little girls will be trained in every useful branch of knowledge, as well as the ornamental, and, above all, will receive a sound religious training. For these reasons I was delighted to-day to take part, and a leading part, owing to the modesty of your good Bishop, and his unselfishness in the important work done for religion—the raising of a new school, which, with God's blessing, will, I believe, rival the magnificent schools already erected for the boys.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, said,—My dear friends, it has been a source of intense gratification to us all that the Cardinal was able to be here to-day, to lay the foundation stone of the new Convent schools of Saint Columba. His presence brought joy to the clergy, and the people, and most of all I think to the good nuns, who now for half a century have been doing such splendid work in this neighbourhood, and to the children who have the happiness of being under their care. As the Cardinal has justly remarked, the Loreto Schools are in the forefront of the educational efforts made in this country for the higher education of women (applause). They have a place of their own in the records of the Royal University and the Intermediate Board, and I think the least I may say of them in connection with their work in this school, is that during the short time they have had charge of the female National school of this town, they have shown that their capacity for the education of children in the primary grades is nothing behind the capacity which everybody in every part of the country acknowledges they possess in the higher subjects. We have had an exhibition to-day which speaks much for their literary culture and musical training; but I have come in here when there were few else present besides the children and their teachers, and I am happy to say that industrial and artistic education are not forgotten in the Loreto National Schools. I join in expressing

gratitude to the good ladies who received their training in that convent school at Rathfarnham, which is the glory of the Loreto Order, and who, in the spirit that has ever animated the Loreto children, came here to take part in this display which is at once in honour of Saint Columba, and in welcome of the Cardinal Primate of All Ireland. The children may go home assured that all the guests, as well as his Eminence are intensely pleased with this exhibition, and if they have acquitted themselves so well when cramped within these poor walls, what may we not expect when they are transferred from this atmosphere to the brighter one on that hill where the foundation stone was blessed to-day? The great saint, in whose honour the foundation stone was blessed, was called the Saint of the Seas. Well, he was also the Saint of the Hills. I hope you will always cherish such feelings as are expressed in the hymn that was sung here, and never forget that the children of Donegal, and especially the children of the neighbourhood of Gartan, have a claim upon his prayers and protection that will not fail to be recognised by him in his place of power before God.

His Eminence Cardinal Logue asked that the Children might be given a holiday and the Rev. Mother conveyed her assent.

Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, rising, said:—"During the last few days frequent mention was made of the efforts that were being put forth to build the new Cathedral, and no mention of that subject was made without reminding me that in the interests of that Cathedral some of our dear friends of the priesthood were far away whose hearts were with us during the celebrations, and I would like before we conclude this festival of yesterday and to-day in honour of St. Columba, to say on my own behalf, as I am sure I may say on behalf of his Eminence and of the priests and people of Raphoe, that we are glad to feel that on this happy occasion

we had the hearty sympathy of our delegates for the Cathedral in America—Father M'Dwyer, Father Cannon, and most of all Father M'Fadden the patriotic priest of Gweedore, who had ever a most intense love for Columba, and who is working with heroic effort to bring from our generous friends beyond the ocean the funds that will complete the Cathedral, even to its very utmost requirements.

#### ODE TO ST. COLUMBA.

O Lover of the Irish land!  
O Leader of the patriot band!  
O faithful heart! whose loyal love  
Rose always to the Throne above—  
We lift to thee our praise and prayer,  
Columba! take us to thy care.

Columba! in yon far off skies,  
Hear thou the Irish homage rise.  
Thou, who didst love our vales and hills,  
Hear thou the prayerful chant that fills  
The Irish glens that thou hast trod,  
Columba, on thy way to God!

Look back upon thy earthly years,  
Columba, thou dost know our fears.  
Thou knowest our joys and sorrows well,  
O glorious saint! And thou canst tell  
How fondly, trustfully, we come  
To seek thee in the exiles' Home.

Oh! by thy own sad exile-days,  
By all the thorns that strewed thy ways;  
By all thy hours of longing prayer,  
Columba! take us to thy care;  
And lead us Home, with tenderest hand,  
O Lover of the Irish land!

Loreto, 9th June, 1897.

The Rev. Joseph Sheridan, C.C., Falcarnagh, and others sang a number of Irish songs before this very pleasant meeting was brought to a close.



## THE PRESENTATION BROTHERS' SCHOOLS AND THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

His Eminence also visited the schools of the Presentation Brothers, where he was received by the Superior and community. The boys sang a selection of part songs, and at the conclusion an address was read by one of the pupils and presented to his Eminence. The address stated:—

"Though few of us remember you in this ancient and historic diocese of Raphoe, yet we have heard from our parents of the kindly solicitude with which you watched over the young, especially those of Letterkenny, with whom you were more immediately connected, a work now so ably performed by your illustrious successor, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, who, though engaged in building a magnificent Cathedral yet found means of providing us, through the constant help of the priests, with these beautiful school-rooms in which it is our delight to receive your Eminence. In conclusion, we pray that you may be long spared to perform the most exalted and meritorious work."

His Eminence, who was received with applause, said:—  
"My dear young friends, in the first place I have to thank you, not only on my own behalf, but on behalf of his lordship, the bishop, and the clergy and the laity here present, for the beautiful specimens of music you have given us, and in the second place for the beautiful address just read by one of the senior pupils. I am delighted to find that you have such splendid new schools, for I have had the pleasure—and a great pleasure it was—to watch over the education of some of your predecessors in this town, and

although they had a good earnest teacher, yet they were not so magnificently provided with the material aids to education as you now are. I can certainly congratulate the good Brothers upon the work that has been done for your comfort and convenience by his lordship and the clergy in providing you with those beautiful new schools (applause). You have referred to the new Cathedral in your address, which is rising up to structural completion in all its beauty. I have always felt an interest in its building, and



Presentation Monastery Schools, Letterkenny.

I once thought I would have an active part in the progress of the work here. However, that interest is now giving place to jealousy, for though at Armagh there is a fine Cathedral, I have reason to fear that it will be thrown completely in the shade by the magnificent new Cathedral that is being built here (applause). There is one thing I never lose interest in, and that is the education of the youth, and particularly of the boys, of Ireland. I never feel so

happy as I do when I visit a well-conducted school of young boys. I will give you some of the reasons why I say so. In the first place we old men are going down the hill, and around us are descending the darkening shades, so we naturally take an interest in those who are to come after us; and secondly, because one day we have to hand over to their keeping the destinies of religion and country here in Ireland. They are the men of the future, both as young Catholics and young Irishmen, and hence there can be nothing of greater interest to me than efforts directed towards having them well prepared for their future responsibilities. I am glad to find that the boys here are being very well prepared. You have advantages here which none of your predecessors had. Though I am not very old yet, I remember myself the last of the old hedge school teachers. The first teacher under whose care I was placed when a boy began his career as a teacher of a hedge school, and thus the shadow of the ban which was placed upon the education of Catholics here in Ireland came down, I may say, to my own time. There is of course a ban still, but it is not so sweeping in its effects as the ban which excluded Irish Catholics altogether from the benefits of education, so that they were obliged to seek knowledge in the fields, on the rocks of the mountains, and by the hedges, whence comes the name of the old school. I have thus much connection with the past that, though he was no longer a hedge school teacher, it was under one who began as a hedge school teacher that I first studied, so you will see that there is a vast improvement in the practice and the principles of education since. You have proper schools and proper appliances, and there is some money devoted by the Government to the education of the young, and you have brought into the system of education a power and an influence which were excluded, as far as the Government of the country could exclude

them, up to very lately (applause). You have the advantage of being trained here by the good Presentation Brothers, and that is an advantage which some of us can appreciate, more perhaps than you could, because those who possess advantages do not appreciate them as much as those who never possessed them. You have advantages which we had not, because you receive that training in your schools which is best adapted to fit



Catholic Church, Mountcharles.

men for the battle of life. A good, sound education, joined to a good, sound, safe moral training, and the opportunities which you have of receiving this good education is my chief hope in the future of Ireland, because you must remember this, that you have a future before you far more dangerous than your predecessors. The world is not becoming better as it is growing older, and I must confess



that as I visit a boys' class I often think of the dangers that await the boys, who are of course entirely innocent of the trial that is before them. The world is not growing better, but growing worse day by day, and one terrible feature of the world at present is that men are beginning to forget that there is a higher path than any marked for us in this world. They are, it may be, so carried away by the material spirit of the age that they lose sight of the hereafter, and they devote to the little time they are to pass in this world all the energy and the thought which should be devoted to the far higher interests and far more important destiny that await them hereafter. One thing we may be certain of, thank God, that boys placed as you are under the care of the good Brothers will have their holy faith to guard them against the danger in the future. You are trained in the principles of your holy religion as well as in the principles of science. Those who are opposed to us say that the Catholic Church and the clergy are obscurantists. There never was a falser charge (applause). We are no obscurantists. We wish to develop to the utmost extent the intellects of our young people, to give them every opportunity of expanding their talents and of acquiring knowledge. You have only to look around you here and observe the beautiful schools that have sprung up even within the memory of people who are still living to see that this charge is utterly unfounded (applause). That is the best proof in the world that the pastors of the Catholic Church are not obscurantists. We think that the young should be thoroughly trained for the battle of the world, but we think that that training should not be carried out at the expense of the far higher interests. There is no difficulty in uniting both great aims. Some of the greatest scientists of the present day, some of the most eminent discoverers in science, are also the most eminent Christians. One

of the greatest discoverers of the day died only a short time ago in Paris, whose scientific research has been of incalculable service to the whole human race. Pasteur was a most exemplary and edifying Christian. These facts show conclusively that you can have the highest developments of science united to the deepest and strongest religious faith (applause). Hence we are all very anxious to have our people trained in a religious atmosphere. I do not mean to say that every hour of the day you should have your catechism or prayer books in your hands, but there should be something to remind the children of the presence of God, even during the time of secular instruction. I do not believe that the half hour's religious instruction that they allow is sufficient. We do not want to have religion, one of the most important subjects to man, put in a corner, hidden away. We want to have the atmosphere of the schools religious, and though we are opposed in that wish by persons of other denominations, I really believe that at bottom it is their faith as well as ours, and I think a strong proof of it is that there is nobody in the country more anxious in the matter of having separate schools and separate training for their children than those very persons who are crying out for mixed education. Wherever they can have a school exclusively their own they are as tenacious to have it as Catholics, and it occurs to me that they want denominational education for themselves and to exclude us from it. However, that battle is going on, and it may not be ended in my time, but, trusting the providence of God, and trusting the faith and zeal of the Irish priests and the Irish people, I trust the day is not far distant when those educational difficulties under which we labour will be completely swept away (applause). I refer, perhaps less to the primary and intermediate schools at present than to the higher walks of education. We can take our boys and give them a fairly

good religious training in our primary schools, and there is less restriction still in the Intermediate schools, but once the boys pass from the Intermediate School there is no earver open to them. In olden times all the educational endowments by the Government were conferred upon those with whom we cannot associate—those with whom, especially in colleges and boarding schools, we cannot associate—without peril to our faith. They had all the educational advantages in their own hands which were denied to us up to the present. There seems to be a better feeling springing up of late. Our grievance in this matter seems to be acknowledged, but though it has been clearly acknowledged there has been reason to fear that the Catholic claim will get the go-by again. But, please God, we will keep working at it. Our Lord refers in the Gospel to a man who was rapping at his neighbour's door for the loaves, and who, though he did not get them for love, he got them because the neighbour wished to get rid of his annoyance (applause). That is what we must do. We must keep hammering until we have every educational grievance of Ireland removed. There are other grievances of course, but it is not my business to interfere, particularly as there is such a cry out that there should be no priest in politics. I myself would join that cry if the country were differently circumstanced, but I know from the history of the past, I know from the circumstances of the present, that if the people of Ireland were abandoned by the priests there would be a great want (applause), and a great impediment even to the material progress of the country (cheers). Well, my dear young friends, there is just another matter to which I wish briefly to direct your attention. If you have great advantages you have also great responsibilities. The world will expect more of you than it expected of the little Irish boys who were trained fifty or a hundred years ago by hedge-

schoolmasters, and the Church will expect more from you than she can reasonably expect from boys who have not your advantages. You have two interests to look to. The interests of this life must be looked to. It is one of the duties which Almighty God has placed upon us, and upon the fidelity to which much of our future in the next world may depend. You must look to that, but most of all you must look to your religious principles (applause). You are prepared here to fight the battle of life in a way in which the boys of Ireland were not prepared before. You have an opportunity of receiving an education at the present day which was denied to them, and you have another advantage. Everything at the present day may be acquired by intellect. Every place of profit and honour is, as a rule, with, of course, some exceptions, thrown open to those who have the energy and the intelligence to struggle for it, so that you have a great future before you. Therefore apply yourselves to the work of the moment. Every boy should do his best in the class in which he is placed to master the business put before him by his teachers. Talent, of course, has a good deal to say to it, but the great difference in getting on in the world is not that one is much cleverer than another, but that one is much more industrious than another. Diligence is the great thing, and regularity. If you practice these the Brothers will in some future time have reason to point with pride to great numbers of pupils who have been successful in life. I intended, boys, to address very different remarks to you of a more amusing sort, but my friend the representative of the *Freeman* came here determined to publish every word I say (laughter), and to put it in the hands of every one in Ireland and Great Britain to-morrow (applause), and so I have spoken on some more serious subjects than I intended detaining you with, that may have an interest for the public abroad (hear, hear). I have no more to say now,



but to thank you for the kind reception you have given me, and I trust that you will all go on well in good health and by pursuing the path of rectitude and honour achieve success in this life and happiness in the next.

The Brother Superior, on behalf of the community, thanked his Eminence for his visit.

His Eminence requested that the boys be given a holiday, and the request was promptly acceded to.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, who was received with loud applause said:—"I shall only say how fully I concur in the sentiments that have been so happily expressed by his Eminence in regard to the boys of the school and the work done hitherto by the Presentation Brothers. The boys have acquitted themselves very creditably this morning, because the Presentation Brothers have been doing for them for some years past now what the Columbian monks did for the Irish boys that went before them so many centuries ago in the golden days of Ireland's faith. This worthy community of Presentation Brothers has been a blessing to Letterkenny and the neighbourhood, and I feel perfectly sure that as the boys grow older they will the more appreciate the great advantages they have had in being trained by such men (loud applause).

The proceedings then ended, and the Cardinal and Bishop, with the clergy, retired amid the enthusiastic cheering of the boys.



## APPENDIX.

### CELEBRATION IN DERRY.

(*Derry Journal*.)



THE thirteenth hundred anniversary of the death of St. Columba (or Columbkille) has been celebrated in Derry with all possible *éclat* at a triumphant manifestation of the faith and fervour of the people.

The scenes of yesterday are without parallel here. On Tuesday night, as the midnight hour approached, a vast body of the faithful assembled at the street known as St. Columba's Wells, now a public thoroughfare and densely populated, and at the well of St. Columba, which has been re-opened for the occasion, and at the stone where it is said he was accustomed to kneel in prayer, the Rosary was recited in Gaelic as a special tribute to the memory of this great Irish saint. Over this stone, which juts up through the roadway, a Gothic canopy in wood was erected, and this, illuminated by numerous lamps of many colours, looked very pretty when darkness had set in; indeed it had the appearance of an altar lighted for service, and as the midnight hour tolled out and the anniversary came a number who had remained uncovered their heads and offered up a prayer to St. Columba for Derry, and the people all along the houses displayed lamps in the windows such as are used for shrines in households, and

there are some very striking and ingenious illuminations of a more pretentious character. At the hour of midnight whilst yet the priests were occupied in their solemn duties with penitents, earnest artisans and amateur workers were silently engaged in the decoration of the interior of the churches and the altars, and after the clocks in the city towers had tolled the morning of the anniversary, Father Wm. Doherty (who had specially devoted himself to the celebration) was presented with a richly foliated branch of oak taken from a tree in the spot where once was one of the groves celebrated in the story of Columbkille. The branch of oak was presented to the good priest as he quitted his duties in the confessional in the Long Tower, and this little act, small in itself, carried with it a significance appreciated by all who saw it and knew the association of Columbkille and the oak of his well-loved Derry. At five o'clock on Wednesday morning the religious ceremonies began with Masses for the working men. The churches of the Long Tower, the Cathedral (St. Eugene's), and St. Columba's, Waterside, were crowded. Masses continued till nine, and all through the day earnest worshippers poured into the churches to do solemn homage to the Blessed Sacrament in exposition on the High Altars, all ablaze with the lights of the candelabra shining out through a wealth of beauteous plants and flowers. The pleasing feature of the day was the procession of school children, each school in the city conducted by the nuns or under Catholic control forming its own procession. This separate order was adopted to prevent crush and avoid the possibility of panic. The children were tastefully attired and bore handsome bannerettes, including those of the B. V. M., the Sacred Heart, and St. Columba. The order was excellent. The processions first proceeded to the Long Tower Church, which is on the site of St. Columba's Church, the *Dubh Regles*; thence by the

wells and stone, and on to St. Eugene's Cathedral. The orphans from the Nazareth Home, so well cared for by the Nazareth Nuns, looked radiantly happy. The Sisters of Mercy had charge of the children in the convent and other schools so admirably conducted by their Order. The boys of the Christian Brothers' schools and those of the National Schools looked remarkably well. Thousands of people lined the two sides of the route, and amongst them many differing from them in faith. Indeed the attitude of the Protestant people is in this matter respectful and unobtrusive, a fact that is much appreciated by many. Last night ended the Tridium, and it is no more than the exact truth to say that the celebration is the most marvellous religious manifestation that this city has seen in these generations.

The religious ceremonies having concluded in the churches, Father William Doherty proceeded to the wells and addressed a vast crowd estimated at from ten to twelve thousand, and having impressed upon them for the last time the importance of the celebration in its devotional aspect, asked them to join him in the Rosary. All present knelt down in the roadway, and all took part in the responses, the volume of voices ascending in prayer being remarkable. The Rosary having concluded, Father Doherty again addressed the people and having imparted his blessing amid a scene of religious fervour not surpassed, all departed to their homes. Now that all is over it may be mentioned that five thousand persons received Holy Communion in the Long Tower Church alone. All through the people were strictly observant of the directions given them, and not the slightest hitch or difficulty occurred.

When the great concourse of citizens had quitted the streets for their homes, there yet remained to be done a work of singular interest—namely, the digging out of St. Columba's stone at the Wells, and having it conveyed to



the Long Tower Church grounds. A band of volunteers soon had the boulder raised out of the roadway, where, indeed, it has long been an obstruction to the thoroughfares. The Corporation, however, owing to the veneration in which it was held by the people, did not interfere with it, though no doubt its removal here will be acceptable to them for public convenience sake. About one o'clock a.m. the stone was borne to the church grounds and placed in the vestry pending further arrangements. Father Doherty then assembled the workmen and a few friends, who remained with him in the chapel, and delivered an excellent discourse, showing the reverence for stones in early Scripture days. His blessing was then solemnly imparted in the hush of the old church in the silence of the early morning, and this remarkable event in Derry ended.



## CELEBRATION IN DURROW.

(*Freeman's Journal.*)



O-DAY the thirteenth centenary of the death of St. Columbkille was celebrated with unusual religious pomp and splendour at the beautiful church dedicated to his name, at Durrow, three miles from Tullamore. The handsome

edifice which belongs to the parish of Tullamore occupies a commanding eminence not far from the ruins of the famous monastic establishment founded by the great saint in the middle of the sixth century. Portion of the ancient abbey is still in great preservation, and is situated in the demesne of Durrow Court, the owner of which, Mr. Hector Robert Graham Toler, D.L., and his agent Mr. Toler R. Garvey, J.P., have done much to preserve the storied ruins from desecration or injury, and both of whom afford every facility to visitors having a taste for religious or antiquarian research. The abbey founded by St. Columba, after experiencing many vicissitudes during the incursions of Danish and Norman invaders, was plundered, and the monks expelled, in the reign of Henry VIII. It was one of the favourite retreats of the great saint and missionary, as his writings attest, and it was there he compiled the famous Book of Durrow, which is still preserved, and is recognised as one of the greatest ecclesiastical and historical records of the time. St. Columba also founded a great school at Durrow, which, like the contemporaneous establishments at Clonard and Clonmacnoise, flourished and continued to send forth light and learning until hordes of foreign invaders drove the pious teachers from their home, and appropriated the

ecclesiastical property. Close by the ruins of the ancient Abbey is a great Celtic cross said to have been brought by St. Columbkille from Clonmacnoise, which is still in a fair state of preservation, and continues to excite the wonder of the curious and the piety of the faithful. A short distance away is St. Columba's well, the waters of which are credited with remarkable properties. On a neat slab over the well is the inscription composed by the saint—

"Here angels shall enjoy my sacred cell,  
My sloe, my nut, mine apple, and my well,"

with the addition subsequently made—"St. Columbkille used this well when he preached the Gospel, and built an abbey near it, A.D. 555."

The feast of the saint has always been observed as a day of special devotion and cessation from labour in the district of Durrow, but never was the festival marked by such religious solemnity as on the present occasion. The Very Rev. Hugh Behan, P.P., V.F., Tullamore, who since his appointment to the pastoral charge of the district has taken the deepest interest in promoting devotion to St. Columbkille, has had three beautiful altars of Sicilian marble and Irish granite erected in Durrow Catholic Church, which greatly add to the interior adornment of the handsome and commodious building, and through his instrumentality arrangements were made to celebrate to-day's festival with befitting ceremony. At 11 o'clock Solemn High Mass was begun, at which Father Behan presided, the celebrant being, Rev. James Murphy, C.C.; deacon, Rev. Thomas Murray, P.P., Eglisk; sub-deacon, Rev. J. Hopkins, C.C. Tubberclare; and master of ceremonies Rev. Wm. Bracken, C.C. A number of priests from the surrounding parishes were in attendance, and the large congregation present included not only the people of Durrow, but many from Tullamore,

Kilbeggan, and other places. The music of the Mass was very nicely rendered by the choir from Tullamore, under the direction of the talented organist, Miss Eustace, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Gilseman and Mr. F. Eustace. At the conclusion of High Mass the panegyric of the saint was eloquently preached by Rev. John Cassidy, C.C., Taghmon, Mullingar, whose fame as a pulpit orator extends beyond the diocese of Meath, and Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, followed by the chanting of the *Te Deum*, brought the imposing ceremonies to a close.





## CELEBRATION IN HOLYWOOD, CO. DOWN.

*(Freeman's Journal.)*

ESTERDAY the impressive ceremonies in honor of the thirteenth centenary of the death of St. Columbkille took place at Holywood, a picturesquely situated town on the shores of Belfast Lough. The parish priest of the place is the Very Rev. James O'Laverty, P.P., M.R.I.A., author of a luminous history of the diocese of Down and Connor and a distinguished antiquary. The Church, which is a magnificent edifice built at great cost, is dedicated to St. Columbkille. The panegyric of the Saint was preached by Rev. Edward O'Laverty, C.S.S.R., Rector, Dundalk. Between midnight and one o'clock in the morning, the hour at which Saint Columbkille breathed his last on the 9th June, A.D. 597, the bell of the church was tolled, and after the arrival of 10 o'clock a.m. train from Belfast, Solemn High Mass was celebrated. The celebrant was the Rev. John Nolan, C.C., St. Peter's, assisted by the Rev. Joseph V. Burns, C.C., St. Patrick's, deacon; Rev. George Crolly, C.C., St. Patrick's, sub-deacon; and Rev. Martin McDonnell, C.S.S.R., master of ceremonies. In addition to Father James O'Laverty, P.P., M.R.I.A., Holywood, a number of clergy from the counties of Down and Antrim also assisted at the ceremonies.

After the Mass the following letter from the Right Rev. Monsignor Kelly, Rector of the Irish College, Rome, was read by the Very Rev. Edward O'Laverty, C.S.S.R.:—

"Collegio Irlandese, Roma,

"3rd June, 1897.

"The Very Rev. James O'Laverty, P.P., Holywood, Co. Down, Ireland.

"Very Rev. and Dear Father—The Holy Father has been pleased to authorise me to transmit his congratulation to yourself and parishioners upon the success which Divine Providence through the intercession of St. Columbkille granted to your most arduous and most commendable undertaking of building, furnishing, and endowing a parochial church in Holywood. His Holiness desires that the preachers and also the Catholic newspapers would proclaim the great merits of our forefathers in the Christian faith, and finally the Apostolic Benediction is cordially imparted to yourself, to your parishioners, and to all who assisted in the good work of building and endowing the church. My dear Father O'Laverty, your humble servant in Christ.

"MICHAEL KELLY."

Afterwards the Blessed Sacrament was borne in procession through the church grounds, the children of the boys' schools walking in surplice and soutane and the pupils of the girls' schools in white costumes and wearing veils and wreaths.



## COLUMBA'S BIRTHPLACE.

THE ST. COLUMBKILLE CELEBRATION AT  
GARTAN, CO. DONEGAL.

(By a Member of the London Gaelic League.)



THE imposing ceremonies on the spot from which radiated the Celtic missionary glory of the 6th century have a significance not adequately recognised even in the Catholic Press. It is impossible to convey, within the space of a newspaper article, even a remote idea of the historical interest, literary enthusiasm, and religious fervour aroused in Tyrconnell by the demonstration in Gartan. Certainly in no country in the United Kingdom, and probably in no other part of the civilised world, could the elements that stir the emotions be so combined. In England and Scotland, and even in other parts of Ireland, facilities for travel and intercommunication cause such admixture of race and blood that genealogical inquiry cannot penetrate beyond the second or third generation. It is scarcely conceivable to the average Englishman or Scotchman that there exist on this wild west coast a district two-thirds of one of the largest counties in the British Islands, the inhabitants of which are descended from one family—a race practically unmixed for 1400 years, whose traditions and whose written history during that period are better authenticated than those of any part of Europe or the civilised world. Of that historic family of Hy Niall, Columba but combined in himself in an exalted degree the qualities which distinguish the race to this day. The history and biography of Columba are the

personal possessions and family records of every Catholic household from Ballyshannon to Innishull, and from Lifford to Tory Island—more than a thousand square miles in extent. And we have it on the authority of Pinkerton that Adamnan's *Life of Columba*, written 1300 years ago, "is the most complete piece of such biography that all Europe can boast of, not only at so early a period, but even through the whole middle ages." There are not many names in the diocese of Raphoe that cannot be traced back through well authenticated records and carefully guarded traditions to Niall of the Nine Hostages. The O'Freels descended from Eoghan, the brother of Columbkille, still live the same simple peasant life in Kilmacrenan. The O'Donnells from Dalagh and Domhnall Mor, the Lords of Cinel Connail in the 9th century. The O'Boyles from Baighell, the son of Bradagan, first cousin of Dalagh. The O'Doherty's from Dochertagh, second cousin to the same Dalagh. The Wards, hereditary bards of Tyrconnell. The O'Gallaghers and Cannons, all from branches of the same stock. The McNelises, erenaghs of Columban ecclesiastical foundations and so on. Not one family in ten in the Diocese of Raphoe whose descent cannot be so traced.

Imagine then an immense gathering of 10,000 of the men and women of that race on a wild mountain side, the scenic grandeur of which is unsurpassed in Europe, assembled at the most solemn ceremonial of the Christian Church, in the real presence of the Divine Redeemer. Imagine kneeling on the ground in the open air in this stupendous solitude, that vast assemblage of the race of Tyrconnell—the central human figures a Cardinal prince of the Church born on that mountain side; a princely Bishop of that same royal line; a hundred priests, everyone of whom can trace his descent back to the same royal ancestor; the ritual of the religious ceremonial precisely the same as that used by the Great



Saint of the 6th century, whose festival was being held. Listen to sermons, odes, poems, and secular orations in the very language of St. Columba—not varied by the slightest dialectical change—the very words and forms of speech of the great national council of the Celtic nations at Drumceatt in the 6th century. When the reader has done this he will have some idea, though inadequate, of an assemblage the significance, religious, historical, and philological, of which could not be paralleled in Christendom. But he will scarcely even then be able to do justice to the wisdom and administrative genius of the princely young Bishop of the historic diocese of Raphoe, who two months since conceived the idea of that unique demonstration, organised it, and carried it to completion without aid from Press or platform, with a modesty that made it seem that he was the only person in that vast assembly that was entirely unconscious of the heroic part that he performed. No wonder that in the recent great council of the Irish race, all that historic race at home and abroad turned with one accord to him as the ideal prince and president in the people's assembly. The eloquence of that presidential address, which compelled the admiration of a hostile Press—"Even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear a cheer"—was but an incident in the gifts, the universal recognition of which demanded that he should deliver it. The memory of Baithene's interruption of the hymn of praise to Columba at the assembly of Drumceatt, and the saint's rebuke to the bard in the words, "Praise only the dead, &c.," warn me against pursuing further this fascinating theme. At the conclusion of High Mass, celebrated, as I have said, in the open air, on a temporary altar erected on the rock whereon, in A.D. 521, St. Columba was born, the parish priest of Gartan advanced to the front of the altar enclosure and delivered in the old Gaelic tongue of Columba, the mother tongue of the vast majority of that great assembly, an eloquent and impres-

sive sermon on the lesson to be learnt from the life of the great saint. It was something more than a mere coincidence that the place of St. Columba's birth has for its parish priest the gifted Father Andrew M'Nelis, a most eloquent preacher, and a most fluent Gaelic speaker amongst the priests of Donegal. The M'Nelises were the herenaghs, or hereditary abbots of one of the Donegal monasteries of St. Columba. What could be more consistent with the wisdom, that characterises the administration of the diocese of Raphoe than to provide that, on the occasion of the celebration of the 13th centenary of the great Gaelic saint, his natal parish should be in charge of a priest of that name, and one whose love for the Gaelic tongue was nurtured in the infancy of his sacred ministry by Father Dan O'Donnell, the memory of whose saintly life in the Rosses will never grow dim. My province is not to comment on the matter of the sermon; but its Gaelic eloquence and pathos gave pleasure which only the solemnity of the religious ceremonies could prevent its being loudly and enthusiastically applauded. The sermon might be described as a well of Gaelic undefiled by a single Saxon word or Saxon thought. The exigencies of the space so kindly placed at my disposal by the patriotic proprietor of the *Catholic Herald* and *Observer* prevent my giving in detail at least on this occasion the substance of the addresses delivered by the various speakers, clerical and lay, selected by the Bishop to deal with the most striking incidents in the life, and the most pronounced traits in the character, of St. Columba. The profound learning of the Cardinal Primate of All Ireland and the burning eloquence of the Bishop of Raphoe are too well known to the Catholic world to need comment from me. But what is not so well known, and what I feel deeply the inadequacy of my words to convey, is the high standard of literary excellence and of native eloquence attained by all the speakers and writers of poems and odes in Latin,



Gaelic, and English tongues—all native Donegal men. The high standard of literary finish and of trained elocutionary elegance set by Father Boyle, now of Inver, in his speech which elicited enthusiastic applause, was sustained throughout all the addresses. If Father Boyle's object was in his own words, "to cause the figure of St. Columba to stand out luminous and fascinating against the deepening background of time," it was observable that he was eminently successful in attaining that object. The address of Father James Gallagher, P.P., of Rathmullan, was an essay in dignified and polished English illuminated by flashes of true Celtic imagery. The very reverend and learned Dr. Maguire drew upon his rich storehouse of classic culture and archaeological learning to produce word pictures of the monastic foundations of the Columbian period as luminous as a series of limelight views. Mr. Jerome Boyce wisely directed his review of Columba to the Patriotic side, and showed that the sterling patriotism which distinguished St. Columba has never deserted the old land of Tyrconnell. Mr. P. T. McGinley, whose long residence in Saxon lands has only served to quicken and intensify his love of the Gaelic tongue, made a strong appeal for the cultivation and spread of the old language. The Right Rev. Monsignor McGlynn delighted the heart and roused the enthusiasm of every Gaelic speaking Nationalist, by the Gaelic eloquence and statesmanlike ability with which he applied to the existing political and National situation in Ireland the profound lesson to be drawn from the historic and memorable assembly of Drumceatt. We have been told a thousand times that though the Gaelic tongue may be the language of the emotions, it is not the fit medium for commerce, finance, or statesmanship. Father McGlynn gave practical evidence in his own address that the elucidation of the most complex problems of politics and finance is quite within its scope; while the Gaelic poem by the gifted Owey Island-

man, the Rev. J. J. O'Donnell, sustained the reputation of the Gaelic tongue as the speech of the poetic music. The addresses of the Rev. Peter Kelly and Rev. P. Daly, P.P., were so largely concerned with the profound lessons in sanctity to be learned from the life and work of St. Columba that I am deterred from commenting at length upon their great excellence; but even the least instructed layman could not fail to be influenced and impressed by their true and touching philosophy. The educational value of that great demonstration of the talents and piety of the men of Tyrconnell will be immense, and its effects far-reaching, deep and lasting.—*Liverpool Catholic Herald*.

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"Those celebrations will no doubt have the effect of bringing to the minds of many thousands of people—Irish Scotch, and English—a fuller knowledge than they ever had before of the life and labours of that great servant of God, a fuller estimate of the splendid services he rendered their several countries, and of the gratitude and reverence with which they should regard his memory. Happily, the records of the work of Saint Columba are by no means scanty. They have been largely dealt with from the days of his biographer, Adamnan, down to our own times. I do not, however, know of any small and handy volume devoted to the life of the saint, except that which was some years ago reprinted from Montalembert's great work, "The Monks of the West"—a charming little book delightfully written, but too high-priced to have a popular circulation, and now, probably, out of print. I fancy that last Wednesday's proceedings at Gartan, if reprinted in pamphlet form, would to a great extent supply the want; and perhaps the idea may suggest itself to the committee in charge of the arrangement."





St. Mary's Church, Stranorlar.



The Arches, Croghyhead, The Rosses.

THE BISHOP OF RAPHOE'S FIRST LETTER ON  
ST. EUNAN'S CATHEDRAL, BEGUN IN 1891.



HERE was a time when this ancient Diocese had no need of aid from beyond its borders to build either chapel or cathedral. During the first centuries of Christianity in Ireland the kinsmen of St. Columba vied with one another in erecting and endowing churches, schools, and monasteries

of his order in our northern land. They were as holy in the cloisters and learned in the halls of Erin as they were brave on her battlefields, and not a parish in green Tyrconnell but had its house of the Columbian Institute built, dowered, thronged, and manned by the noble relatives of Gartan's Saint, their connections and allies. He was the central figure in a galaxy of sainted men, and wherever he went his devoted Clan-Connell followed with all the resources at their command. They built Raphoe for him; they endowed Derry for him; and they sent out not only his twelve companions of the original foundation, but almost every abbot who came after him in Iona during the period of its greatest fame including our own glorious Adamnan (Eunan), who was the ninth in the abbatial succession. The abbots of Hy, the Four Masters of Donegal, Marianus Scotus of Tyrhugh, and Colgan of Inishowen, have merited to become the common property of the Gael.

Alas, that so much woe was in store for the illustrious churches and strong men of Erin. Iona is in ruins, the ancient church of Derry has disappeared, and from Raphoe, where Columbkille and Adamnan held sway, the Catholic

Bishop of this Diocese was driven out three hundred years ago, never since to return as to his home. And what of the men? What of the descendants of the Church-building warriors of our early Christianity? Thank God, they still live on. They are in America and Australia, in England, and Scotland, amid the mountains and by sea-shore of Donegal, where they struggle for dear life with all the bravery of their indomitable forefathers. They live on, and they are still the same church-building people in every quarter of the globe. Racial proscription, religious persecution, and national martyrdom for centuries have been powerless to quench the spiritual flame that lightens the nature of the Irish Celt.

Like the rest of their countrymen, the Catholics of Donegal have ever scorned to play the part of persecutors themselves. But they were among the very last in Ireland to give up the fight for the independence of their native land and the freedom of religion, and consequently they suffered the most, and are to-day among the poorest of the Irish people. Even after the flight of the Earls their hearts did not quail. Every man capable of bearing arms in the county joined the standard of Owen Roe O'Neill. They fought under him at Benburb; they helped his illustrious nephew to foil Cromwell before gallant Clonmel, and defend heroic Limerick against Ireton; and they largely composed the remnant of Owen Roe's army, under Bishop Heber McMahon, that was cut to pieces within two miles of Letterkenny. Since that fatal day, the 21st of June, 1650, when Seariff Hollis was fought against fearful odds and lost despite unflinching bravery, hard has been the fate of the Donegal Irish. Yet, without land worthy of the name, without liberty, without position, they have held on, and are to-day a power abroad, and determined not to yield another inch at home.

Neither are they forgetting their olden glory. On the outposts of ancient Tyrconnell, in St. Columba's beloved Derry, a new Cathedral stands emblematic in its magnificent proportions of the re-risen glory of the Church and people of Inishowen; and now, in Letterkenny we are going, please God, to raise a house to the glory of His Name, that will be to the people of the Saint's native Diocese what the Raphoe of St. Columba and St. Adamnan was to their ancestors, that will gladden the hearts and ennoble the ideals of our downtrodden race, and remain for ages not only a memorial, but a resurrection of the fallen shrines of Donegal.

In St. Adamnan's new Cathedral we shall have a Chapel to the "Dove of the Church," whose birthplace lies only eight miles from Letterkenny, and whose victory-compelling "Psalter" our forefathers guarded in battle not less bravely than the Israelites of a former age fought around the Arc of the Covenant. Nor must we fail to commemorate on slabs of native marble St. Ernan of Drimhome, St. Fiachry of Conwall, St. Naile of Inver, and St. Finan of Cleghaneely, St. Mura of Fahan and St. Malisa of Clonmany, St. Cairneach of Clonleigh, and St. Daboc of Lough Derg, St. Carthach of Kilcar and St. Baithen of The Lagan, St. Asicus of Rathcoon and St. Connell of Inniskeel. And how could we omit from our mural martyrology the names of Assaroe and Donegal, Killybegs and Rathmullan, Sean-Gleann and Tory, Kilbaron and Killodonnell, Templecrone and Kilmacrenan?

But let it not be supposed that we are going to attempt a very costly structure. We shall be content with a building that can be equal to the requirements of the chief Church of Raphoe. The church, which we at present use as a cathedral, not only does not admit of the ceremonies of religion being carried out with becoming splendour, but is



absolutely unequal to ordinary parochial wants during the summer months, and in any case could not be allowed to stand much longer without serious risk in the crush of a mission or retreat.

Our Cathedral will employ the poor during its erection, and will afterwards remain an object to elevate the minds of all in the intellectual and religious order. Until the building is completed the Holy Sacrifice and public prayers will be offered up once a week for all benefactors. They will, moreover, be partakers of the large spiritual favours specially granted last November by our Holy Father, the Pope, to those who aid in erecting St. Adamnan's Cathedral. These are:—

I. The Apostolic Benediction;

II. A Plenary Indulgence once a year, on a day selected by each benefactor, who being truly penitent, having made a sacramental confession and received Holy Communion, devoutly visits the parish church of each, and there pours forth some pious prayers for the propagation of holy faith and according to the intention of the Supreme Pontiff.

III. A partial indulgence of thirty days for every good work in aid of erecting the Cathedral.

The indulgences are applicable to the souls in purgatory by way of suffrage.

Knowing that "unless the Lord build the house in vain they labour who build it," I entreat the prayers as well as the alms of the faithful for our undertaking, and I pray in turn that God may for ever bless those who, out of their charity, help in any way to erect St. Adamnan's Cathedral.

✠ PATRICK O'DONNELL,

Bishop of Raphoe.

Letterkenny,

Feast of St. Columba (9th June), 1891.

## HYMNUS SÆCULARIS

*In Honorem Sancti Columbæ occasione Expleti Sæculi Tertii  
Decimi Celebrandi ex quo mortuus est.*

Quam diem plausu celebremus æquo?  
Sæculum trinum decimum Columbæ  
Cælites inter redimite euntis

Personat orbis.

Illa fortunata aliena tellus!  
Cælitus missum, soboles Potentum,  
Exulem te gessit, genuisse nostra  
Terra Conalli.

Hodie cantate pares triumphos,  
Unde mellito trahit ore plebem,  
Barbaras gentes Domino lucraturæ  
Inclytus Abbas.

Ejus exortu, Patriam periti  
Artium legumque sacrarum adornant,  
Quos petit Sanctus redolens amorem  
Lucis alenda.

Cum scholas magnas penetravit usque,  
Ecce quantum omnes superat sodales!  
Odium pellit procul, et columen  
Fulget amoris.

Nunc domus clare posuit nitorem,  
Indolem regum tamen expiatam  
Servat, ac celestia contuatur  
Corde calente.

Benehor<sup>1</sup> excellens, Cluan inde Erarda<sup>2</sup>  
Emicans passim (simili magistri  
Nuncupantur nomine, Finiano)  
Concelebravit.

Studiis plene omnibus institutus,  
Litteris atque artibus (et Camœnas  
Otio raro colit), inde sevit  
Semina leta.

Insule natalitie saluti  
Providus—nam gloria posterorum  
Præsulum jam diluculo videtur  
In juveni almo—

Denique in fines rediens paternos,  
Struxit Edem, Conobia apparavit.  
Mente complectens varis quot artes,  
Pandere verbum.

Quos labores, ostia Faille<sup>3</sup> juxta,  
Cui loco nomen Daire-Colga<sup>4</sup> notum,  
Cecipit gaudens, iterum precando  
Pignora dia.

Eligit vite socios beate  
 Quos Deus monstrat meritis repletos;  
 Cura sanctorum bene devoluta  
     Integra durat.  
 Templi primus Rathbotiae struebas,  
 Ast Adamnaro ut honor Patroni  
 Restet haud invitus. Et insuantes  
     Mira patrantem  
 Te stupent omnes; faber en molaris  
 E rota rivum in rapidum evomente  
 Volvitur letho; precibus Columbæ  
     Spiritus adflat.  
 Hen! Coloni vomeris haud potiti  
 Artificem exquirunt, cui gnara fornax;  
 Quid juvat? Pergnam juvenem edocebat  
     Mirifice Abbas.  
 Dicitur Phœbus mediis in orbis  
 Partibus, Delphis, habitasse: constat  
 Nobilem fundasse domum Columbæ  
     In media Ierne.  
 Daire-Magh<sup>4</sup> circa radiavit ejus  
 Fulgor; etai mox nova querit arva,  
 Ars colorum quis decorare quadret,  
     Enitet illi.  
 "Daire-Magh Librum" prius arte summa,  
 Pingit exornatque manu perita,  
 Omnibus mirum, decorare libros,  
     Ars nova nata  
 Maxime talis tamen artis Abbas  
 Inclytum exemplar dedit in libello  
 Quem vocant "Kenlis"<sup>5</sup>; ibi perpolivit  
     Biblia sancta.  
 Viribus cultis minus ecce fidens,  
 Optinus scriptor sapienter optat,  
 Ipsa que, dictante Deo, exarata,  
     Multiplicentur.  
 Insulam nostram docilemque sanctam  
 Sapibus circumdedit; illico exul  
 Scoticam oram sanguine quam adamavit,  
     Sponte refugit.  
 Januas regum reseras, et uno  
 Conficis verbo nova signa. Quot se  
 Ad Deum vertunt, monacho trahente  
     Quem docuisti?  
 Hæc erat tellus tibi cara vivo;  
 Jure concivem, Pater alme, dicis  
 Terra Conalli; memor, O Columba,  
     Respice plebem.

<sup>1</sup> Terra Conalli=Tireconnell. <sup>2</sup> Benchor=Banger. <sup>3</sup> Chuan-Erarda=Cionara  
 Fallis=Poyle. <sup>4</sup> Daire-Colga=Derry. <sup>5</sup> Daire-Magh=Durrow. <sup>6</sup> Kenlis=Kells.



St. Eunan's Cathedral, Letterkenny.



*From a sermon preached on Sunday, June 5th, 1898,  
in St. Eugene's Cathedral, Derry, by the MOST REV.  
DR. O'DONNELL, Bishop of Raphoe.*

(From report in *Derry Journal*, June 6th, 1898.)

He is the patron of the exile, of the patriot, of the total abstainer. Above all, he is the patron of schools. In him we find love of learning and love of piety most admirably combined. It was because of early association with the old church in Kilmacrennan he received part of his beautiful name: or as a boy at school from the habit of gliding away from his companions to pray before the Tabernacle of the Lord in His holy temple. And is it not recorded that as a young monk in Derry, the head of a monastery and school, he was an apostle and doctor of the Blessed Sacrament? And who has read unmoved Adamnan's description of how Columba's spirit passed away after midnight before the altar of the Lord in Iona? We cannot name any great cause of lasting moment to our people for which he may not be aptly chosen as the patron or advocate. But of that combination of lively faith and Irish feeling and highest scholarship which Providence may have in store as the great ideal and triumph of our people in the future he is eminently the model. Moreover, if besides our Divine Lord the children of toil the wide world over have St. Joseph and St. Paul to invoke as not disdaining to use their hands in manual labour, it is well that the workers of our country should recall that St. Columba and his monks combined occupations like their own with the highest literary and religious pursuits. In our day there are no limits to the influence of the Press, and the Christian Press is one of the most powerful factors in the proper education of

the young. St. Columba was the greatest editor of his day, and every monastery he founded was as good as a printing house. Centuries before type was known the monks multiplied the sacred Scriptures as fast as they could transcribe them, and it is a great lesson for us that to this work, when copies were hard to make, a man of St. Columba's genius gave his days rather than to original composition. He was engaged at it until he could work no more. You remember he finished with the words, "They who seek the Lord shall not be deprived of any good."



Catholic Church, Raphoe.

## MESSAGE TO THE POPE.

Pontifici Leoni XIII., Roma. Cardinalis Logue et Patritius, episcopus Rapotensis, cum clero universo Rapotensi ac decem millibus laicorum saeculum tertium decimum Columbae celebrantibus, Beatitudini vestrae obsequium devotissimum ac gratias effluentes impensissime reddunt.

(TRANSLATION.)

"Pope Leo XIII., Rome.

"Cardinal Logue and Patrick, Bishop of Raphoe, together with all the Raphoe clergy and ten thousand people assembled to celebrate the thirteenth centenary of Columba, most earnestly desire to express to your Holiness their devoted homage and unbounded gratitude."

(TELEGRAM FROM HIS HOLINESS.)

## REPLY.

"Eminentissimo Cardinali Logue,

"Letterkenny.

"Telegramma Eminentiae tuae ac Episcopi Rapotensis peracceptum fuit Summo Pontifici, qui vobis atque clero et singulis fidelibus saeculum tertium decimum Columbae celebrantibus, gratias agens Apostolicam Benedictionem peramanter impertit.—M. Card RAMPOLLA."

The following is the translation of the telegram:—

"To his Eminence Cardinal Logue,

"Letterkenny.

"The telegram of your Eminence and of the Bishop of Raphoe was most acceptable to the Supreme Pontiff, who, while thanking you most lovingly, imparts the Apostolic Benediction to you, the clergy, and all the faithful engaged in celebrating the thirteenth centennial anniversary of Saint Columba."

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