



920

QUINCE

OLIVER

The  
ART AND  
FESTIVAL  
9th June 1897

DUBLIN,  
M. H. GILL & SON



LEABHARLANN DHÚN NA NGALL



DL0586312

LEABHARLANN CRU

Dhún na nGall

DONEGAL COUNTY LIBRARY

[www.donegallibrary.ie](http://www.donegallibrary.ie)

Rang/Class

Rang/Class		
	NOT	
	*	
	FOR	
	*	
	LOAN	

**This item must be returned within the allotted time.**

**If retained beyond this time a fine may incur.**

**A renewal may be granted if the item is not required by another borrower.**

**If you have any queries please contact your local library or Taobh Tíre Centre.**



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

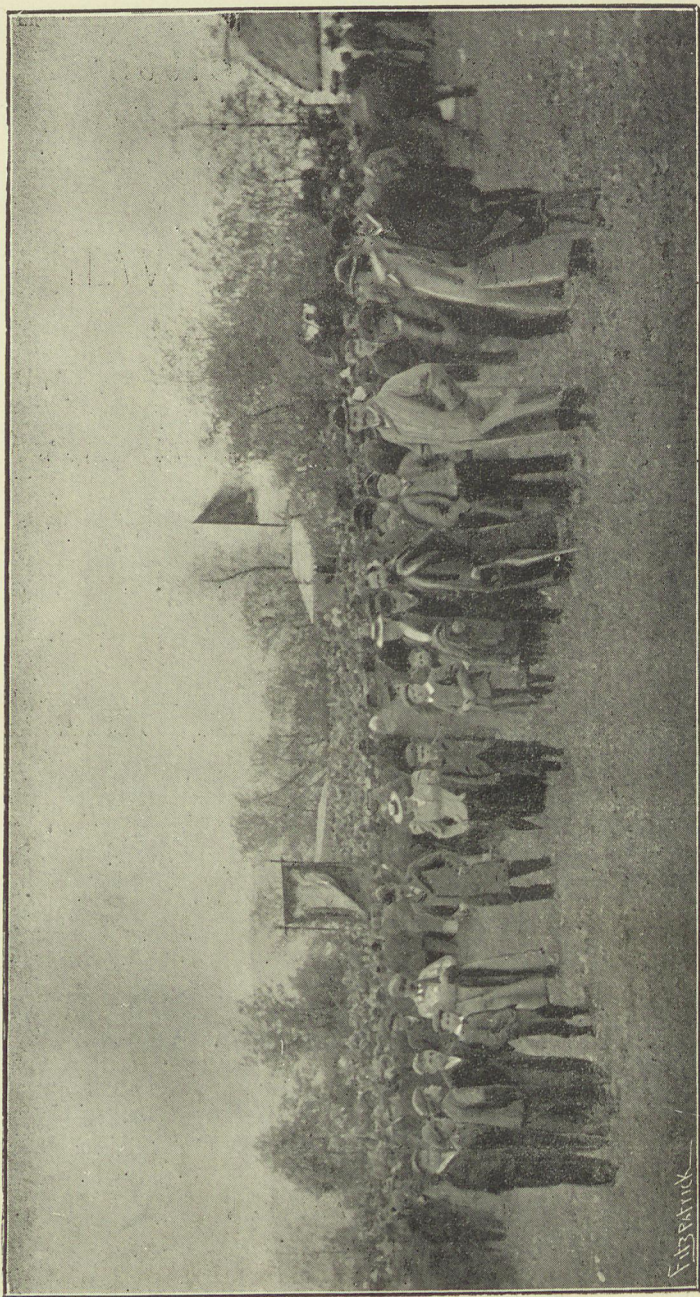
ST. COLUMBA

Dublin

M. H. GILL AND SON

1898



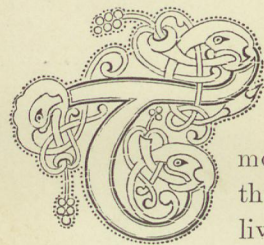


Outskirts of Meeting at Gartan.



## 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.

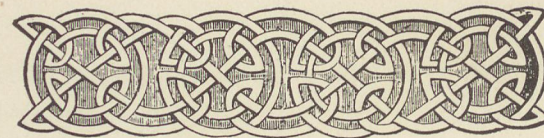
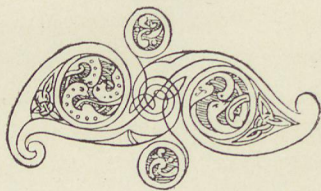
To the Gartan celebration and its completion at Letterkenny this volume is almost exclusively devoted. The splendid celebrations held in America can only be mentioned. Nearer home, in St. Columba's beloved Derry, the Centennial evoked overflowing fervour and enthusiasm under warm patronage and skilful 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. Hollywood 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.



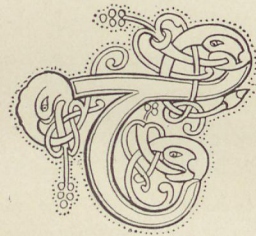
## SECTION I.

### 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 Beagh, 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 M'Fadden, 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 Kilmacrenan 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



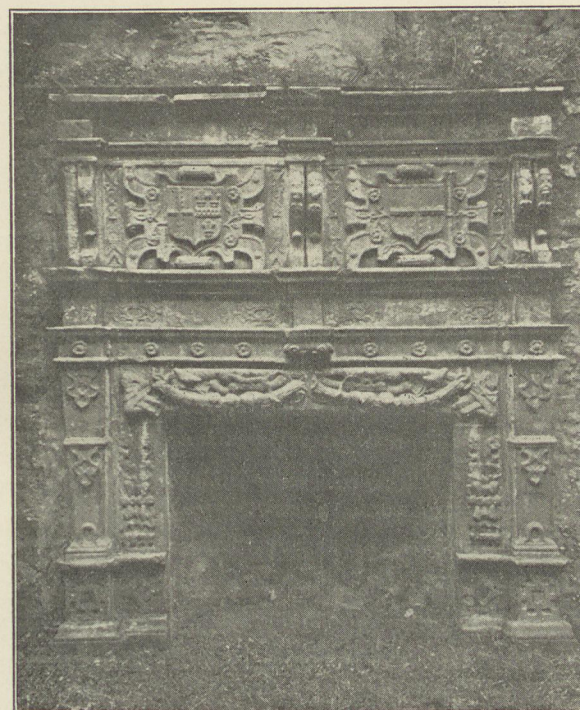
Tomb of Godfrey O'Donnell.

that the last Abbot of Iona was an O'Freeil. 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



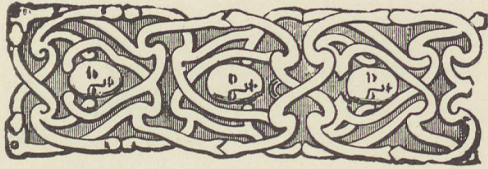
Cruthechan, nor the aged Bishop Brugach of Rye could recall. In the same line of vision from the main road lower down on the right bank of Lough Swilly stand the ruins of Ballehan Abbey, facing beautiful Kill-O'Donnell on the opposite shore of the lake. Soon the traveller comes close to the waters of 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 Tyreonnalian 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, gained, 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."



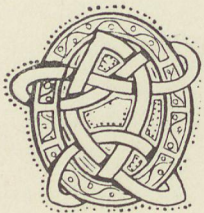


## SECOND INTRODUCTION.

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

### ST. COLUMBA.

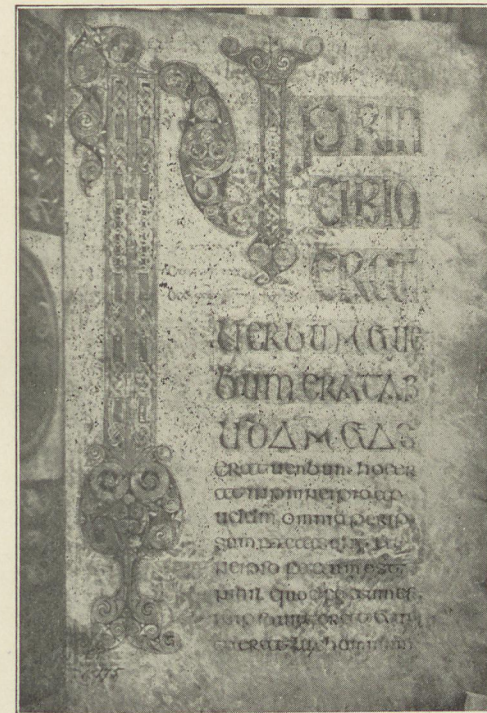
#### THE GARTAN FESTIVAL TO-DAY.



IF all Columba's Irish foundations the first to become an Episcopal See was Račboč, 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 Ronnat, 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

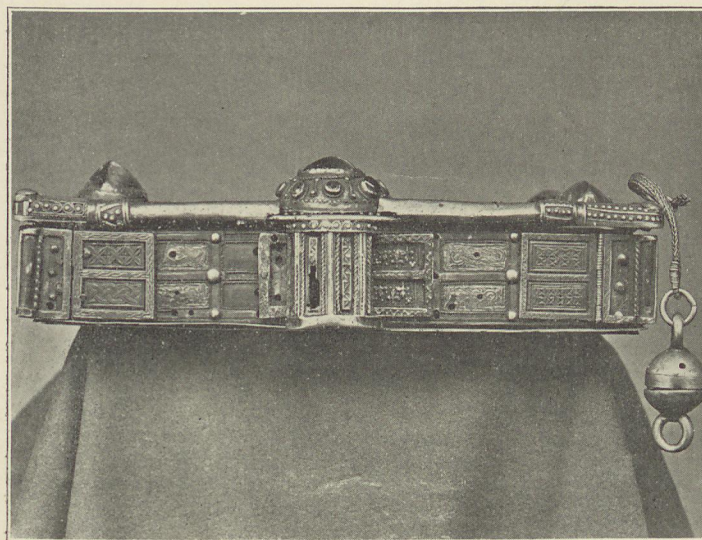


Initial, "Book of Durrow."

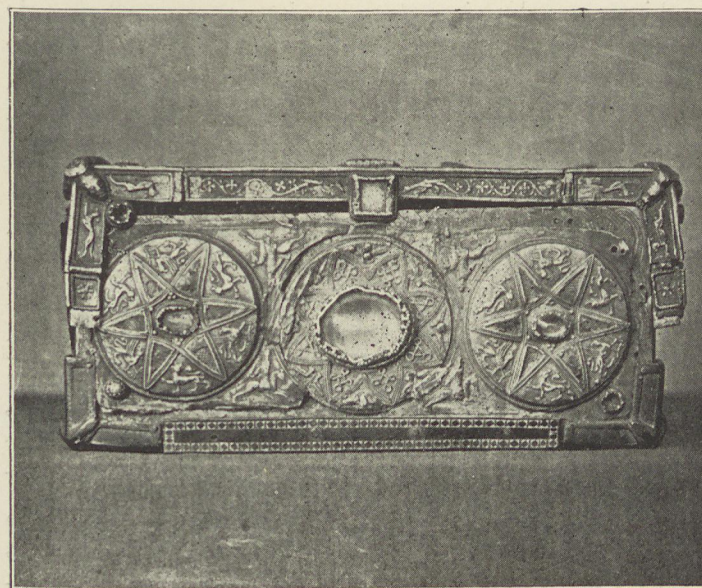
events in the natural order of such things. But they scarcely account for attributing spiritual patronage to Adamnan in a Columbian monastery, whereas all difficulty on this score disappears once it is supposed that the ninth Abbot of Hy was the same as Adamnan or Eunan, first Bishop of Raphoe.



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



Cathac (case of).

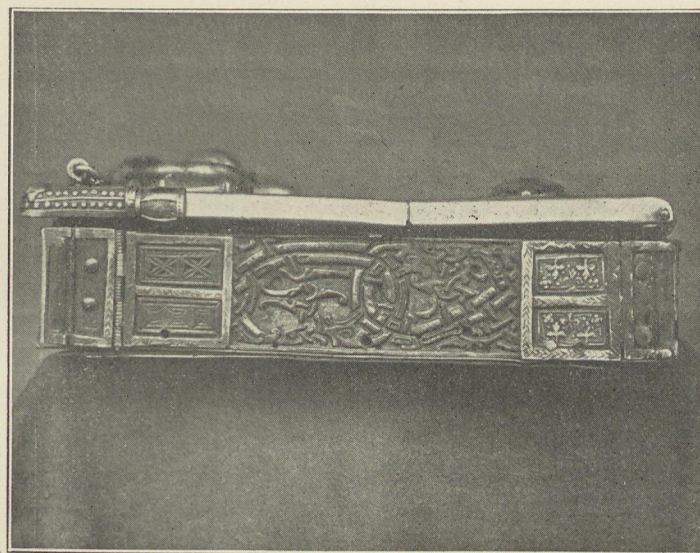


Cathach (top).



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 Tyrconnell, 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

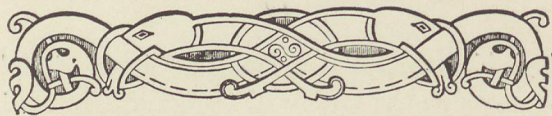
Macaulay's biographical sketches in brilliancy of style; and which approaches the models of Greece and Rome in comprehensive power of treatment. But at a celebration like the Gartan Festival, not the Lives of Columba nor his compositions in Irish and Latin, however deserving to be prized, but the various 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.



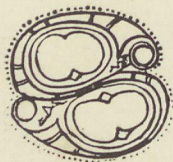


## SECTION II.

### 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.—AUBREY DE VERE.



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 Cummian 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 Tyrconnel. 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, *Adámnan*, 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 Adamnan, 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 bann'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 in 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.” *Ueir gac leabair, a maic-leabair, mar ar lé gac boinn a bonín.* The High-King had, moreover, put to death a young Connaught prince, named Curnan, 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 Cooldrevny, 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 Cooldrevny.

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 oars 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.

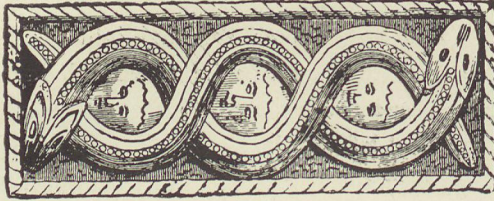
On the occasion of the second visit noted by Adamnan, Columba did not confine his attention to Durrow, but sojourned for a time with St. Kieran at Clonmacnoise, and journeyed through many parts of Ireland. He was everywhere received with the warmest affection and reverence. Having returned to the island 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'ARCY, M'GEE.







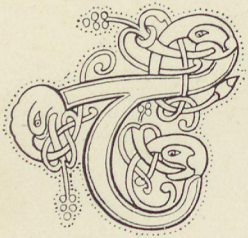
### SECTION III.

#### 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'ARCY M'GEE.



THE 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-

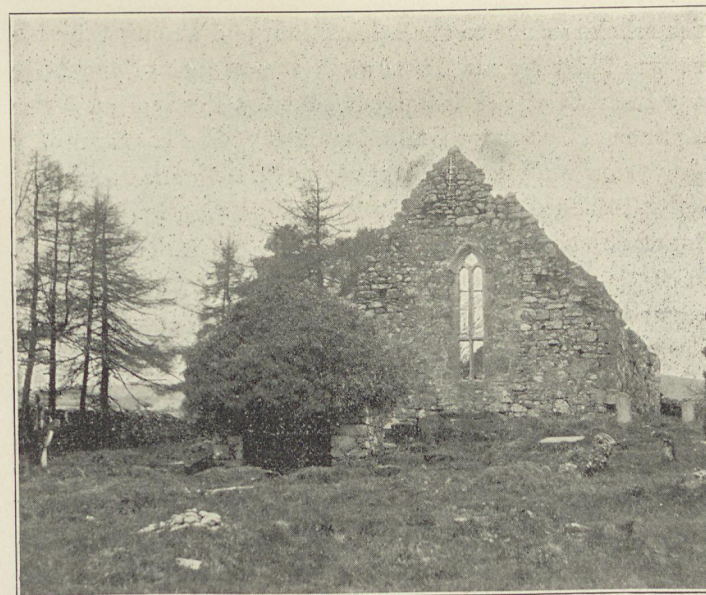


doubtedly were, did not so impress the beholder as the religious fervour, one might say the enthusiasm, of the multitude assisting at it. One little incident will serve to give an idea of the extraordinary interest which the celebration excited. Letterkenny, the nearest town to the scene, was crowded 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 agut*, "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



ḠARTAN.

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



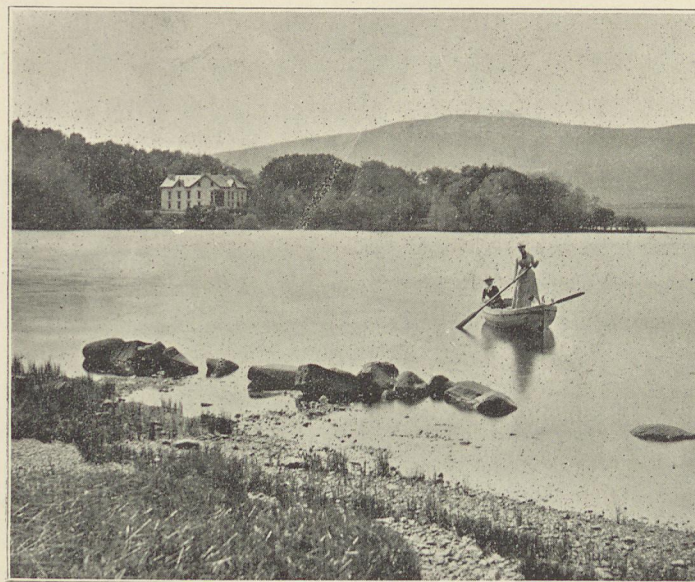
ṬEAMPULL DOUGHLAISPE.

Temple Douglas.

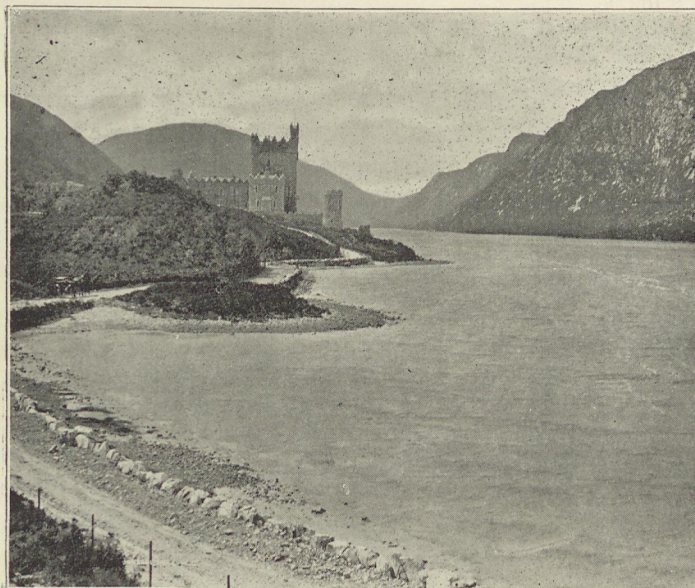


interest in all its proceedings. The parents and relatives of these exiles brought their letters to Gartan to-day, and touched the flagstone with them, and prayed to Columbkille to intercede for their safety and the continuance of their piety in the distant lands where they now dwell. The people came 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 Chriosdaigh*. 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



Loč ùeite.

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

Steann ùeite.

From a photo. by Lawrence, Dublin.

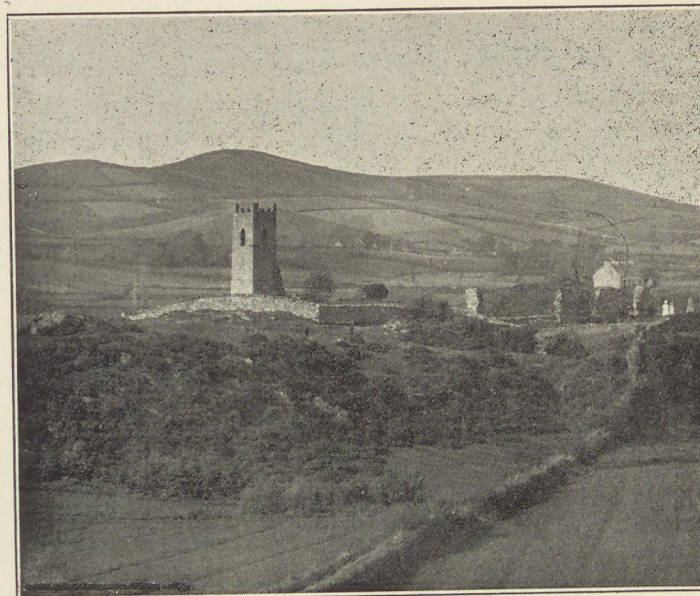
Glenveigh.



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 Lcgue. 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 Glenveigh 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.

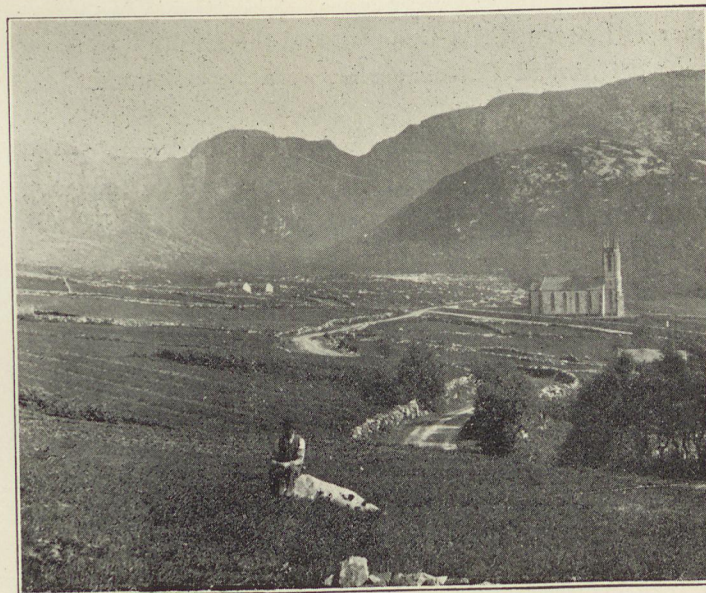
After the ceremonies Kilmacrennan was visited, where the Saint was educated before he went to the schools in Clonard and Glasnevin. The Leannan flows by Kilmacrennan, and Owen Connellan records a beautiful legend, according to which the river got its name, which means "the follower," because, in the 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



CILL MAC N-ENAM.

From a photo. by Lawrence, Dublin.

Kilmacrennan.



Poison Glen.

From a photo. by Lawrence, Dublin.



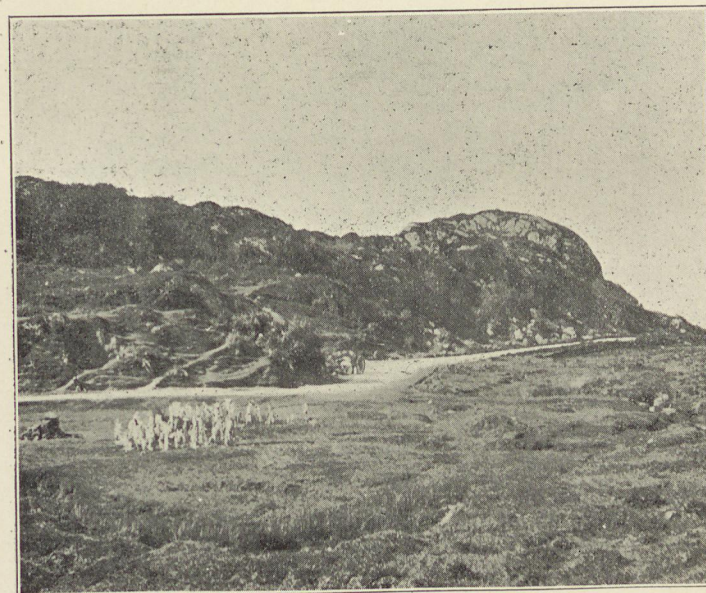
Saint was born, and a short distance from the remains of the ancient church which he founded, among the first of the great number that his energy raised up in this country and in Scotland. A temporary altar was erected, surmounted by a canopy, and was beautifully decorated with flowers. A large banner 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., Churchhill, 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., Falcaragh. 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., Kincaslugh; 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 Schcol, 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.

feuc! 'D-fásmuio zác uile níó ašur leanmuio ċura; zo 'de 'n luac paocair a támuro aš uol a pašail air fon rin? ašur úóóairt íora leó: zo veimín veimim leat, air an lá veimeanaé, an uair a éiofpar mac 'de a n-ámoéim, zo ruíófró rib, a lean é, air óá éairtíu 'deuz le bheiteáimnar a éabairt air óá éašlac 'deuz írmael; ašur zác uile 'duine a pašar a baile, a áairt ašur a máairt, a 'veimíruim ašur a 'deáirairt, a beaí ašur a páiróí, ašur a éalaím, air mo fon-ra, beimíró me 'óó céao lán air an t-parašal ro, ašur an beata píoimíróde annr an t-parašal atá le éeáct.—naomí matc., caib. 19, man 28, 29, ašur 30.

Se ro an roirgeul a léigeadó, aníú, ašur a léigfeair a z-comínurde air feite na n-ábaró; ašur tuigean rínn o foela an t-roirgeul ro zo maib caibroil roir Crioirt ašur Naomí Beatar pa 'n luac paocair a bí Crioirt le tabairt 'óóib air fon an t-parašal a éríešint ašur Epean a leanaint. Tuš Crioirt 'óá zcall 'óó Beatar nuair a 'óóóairt Se leir, "Air m' foal beimíró me 'óó mar onoir a beir mar com-bheicim líom féin air an lá veimeanaé le bheiteáimnar a éabairt air an éimeadó 'óáon'óá." An 'óara zcall a éuz Crioirt 'óóib, zo z-cuirveocadó ré íao le rolar a zrára air an t-parašal ro ašur an beata píoimíróde a n-óiaró a m-báir.

Ta zcall Crioirt co píoir aníú ašur bí ré an lá rin. Maíimíró re píoir a z-comínurde 'de b'íš nac 'óó Beatar amáin ašur na h-ábrcaíl a éuz Crioirt na zcalltaí ro, acé 'óó zác uile 'duine eile a zmuíear mar z-ceurona; rin mar 'óéarfa, zác 'duine a éríešear an parašal, a féunar é féin, a éóšar ruar a éroir ašur a leanar Crioirt. ašur ré ro

mar junne Naomí Celumcilla, naomí móir ċiréonail, air b-parašáim, air z-cairao, ašur air n-óuine muimíreacé féin—

"Ó' fás re zác uile acé ruair re zác uile."

Tá re t'ri céao-'deuz, t'ri roóir, ašur ré bliadóna 'deuz o rušacó Colmucille air an leic rin ríor, air a h-oppaladó ruar, aníú, íóóóairt ro-áóramáil an airínn. T'ri roóir ašur ré bliadóna 'deuz paó a beata air an t-parašal ro. Zo 'de mar éairt re no bliadóntaí ro? Zo 'de 'n cineal 'duine a bí ann? Zo 'de 'n pompla a éuz re 'óúinne le leanaint? ašur zo 'de 'n ríun a tamuro aš uol a 'deánaó aníú air lá moir a feil le airíur a 'deánaó air ionar zo m-beiró rínn air 'óóis éišin coramáil leir ann a beata?

"Rušacó é n-zairtair 'óó 'óeim  
'S zo h'ípoie é a' z-cille m'ic neom,  
'S 'óó baíreacó mac na meirí  
a 'óúllair 'de 'óóó z'airí."

Ais a baíreacó ruair re Colum mar amh o 'n t-parašair uaral C'ruicneacáan, a n-óiaró a baíreacó tušacó zo Cille mac neom é, an áit a 'dearacó e oileamín amearz puonnpáí óš ċiréonail a bí ais r'óoil leir, ašur a baíro é Colum-na-cille mar bí re le pašail a z-comínurde aca aš upnuíge píoimé 'n altoir.

Ann ro ruair re an céuro fošluim a m-béarái 'de, ašur leas re zo 'óóóáin 'óóóair an beata ionšantacé a bí leasca amác ais 'óia 'óó. "fošluim an óige a m-béarái 'de, ašur nuair atá r'íao rean ní éríešean r'íao é."—p'rob., 22 c., man 6. ašur, anoir, 'de b'íé zo maib a áairt ašur a máairt 'óó r'íol na r'íš, ašur puonnpáí píoir-uaral Eíreann, Alban, ašur 'óálaracóe, buó le na mac, Colum, zo cinnte ašur a z-ceairt, coróim na h-Éíreann a pašail, 'óá z-comínurdeacó re le na éuro puonnpáí féin a 'ó-ċiréonail; acé b' feáirí le Colum a beir 'óóct le Crioirt na r'íaróóir zán é. "Ír beannuíšce na boicé a r'píoracó, oir ír leó mušacé nemé."—matc., c. 5, p. 3.



AS PASAIL PLÁN AIS NA MÚINTIR, ASUR AS GLACAÓ DÍA MAR  
 Á OIGREACÓ, O' FÁS RE IAO LE "OCRAP ASUR TAPC A N-DIARÓ  
 NA CÓRA," ASUR ÉUARO RE A ÉUAPICHAÓ FÓGLUMA AMEARZ NA  
 NAOM, ASUR NA PZOLAIRÍ BURÓ MÓ A N-EIUNN, PÁSAIL NA DÍARÓ  
 A S-CILLE Mac Néoin rompla an páirca lora: pé rin le  
 rá, "A péir mar o' fár re a n-aoir o' fár re forta a  
 n-eólar asur a n-ziára, a lačairi Dé asur a lačairi an  
 tuine."—Luc, c. 2, rann 52. Air fad an ama ro, a bi re  
 as curtušad fóguma ríto Eiuinn, o máinirir zo mainir-  
 tir, o naom zo naom, o pzolairi zo pzolairi, asur o báro zo  
 báro, pé n-deiriró me pa o-taob de zo raib re oróce asur  
 lá, amác o 'n am a bi re as upnuige, aólarice, ann a éuro  
 leabhairó, a s-curoeacra aingeal na b-plaicear a bi as cum-  
 seal poluir leir zo mimic, a n-uoimneacra na h-oróce, as  
 aicrzióbaó na leabhairó naoma; asur foillreacra re zo  
 fad or cionn na pzolairi eile a n-šac uile rubaitce asur  
 cáilreacra asur tá 'n žman or cionn na reult.

AIS CUIS BLIADNA ASUR FICE DE AOIR JUNNEAO PASAIT DE,  
 ASUR ANN RIN ÉAMIC RE NA BAILE ZO TIPCONAILL AMEARZ A  
 ÉURO PPIONNPAÍ FÉIN, É LÁN ŠAC UILE RUBAITCE ASUR FÓGLUMA  
 A ÉIUREAR LEIR AN ÉPIORTAIGE ASUR AN T-EAGLAIREAC A  
 ÚEANAÓ IOMLAN. O' FÁS RE A BAILE LE OCRAI ASUR TAPC NA  
 CÓRA; ÉAMIC RE NA BAILE LÁN ASUR PÁRTA. "Ir beannuige  
 an oream a b-fuil ocrai asur tapc na córa orra, oir  
 párocar iao."—Matt. c. 5, rann 6.

LEAS RE AÓBARI A ÉURO MAINIRIRI A N-DUIRE, ASUR BI RE  
 FÉIN NA ABBA OR A ÉIONN AIR FAD CUIS M-BLIADAN DEUS. A!  
 BURÓ IAO RO NA CUIS BLIADNA DEUS ŠLÓPMAJA TO EIUNN ASUR  
 TO ULAÓ. De žmž zo raib re de řiol ro-uapal na řiož,  
 bi comácra an-moi aige amearz na b-ppionnraí, a žmaóuig  
 é le cion a s-curoe. Ni raib iuo air bič dóirdeánta aige,  
 de žmž nac raib iuo air bič ouilca to a o' iapreacra re;  
 acra pinne re uparo de na h-ocaroí ro a lig zo leir, a  
 s-curoeacra méao fóguma asur éažna a éus Dia to le

na éuro mainirreac a méaoužad, leir an éreideam a lan-  
 řiolraó, asur le žloir a éabairc to Dia. Sé ro mar pinne  
 Naom řól forta. Deir re péin linn zo raib re, air fad an  
 ama ro, as rnam a n-aoibnear Dé asur na n-aingeal, a bi  
 as cuinneilt curoeacra leir a s-comnuire, acra na úiaro  
 rin, ni raib řolar le pášal aige, oróce na la. Ca tuige  
 ro? De žmž zo raib an iuo amám, a bi as cognaó a  
 érore, a s-comnuire; asur ni raib ruabnear le pasail  
 aige zo s-epiočnočao re obair beannuige Naom řáo-  
 puic, asur zo n-ioménočao re trullrean an éreioim  
 fad le muinir na h-eireann a o' imčiz čar páile a n-aimirir  
 Naom řáopuic, asur a bi zo řoil "na ruige a n-uořeacra  
 asur a s-ceó an báir." Se ro an iuo amám a bi as cur  
 žeur-řian air a érore, asur coramail leir an treuoaige  
 máit, o' fás re an céuro acra caora na úiaró, asur éuaro  
 re a n-úiaró an caora a bi caillce asur an éaora rin forta  
 to muinir péin. Úi žrón asur buaroreacra érore amearz  
 na s-cléir, na b-ppionnraí, asur pzolairi na h-eireann;  
 buró oub-žrónac na báro as žul, asur oubairc Dallan as  
 reinnim air a élarraic—

"A! támuo coramail le abrian na clarriz žan žuč.  
 Šcaracra uainn air n-aročean uapal amú."

Ni řuil ionžantar ann ro. Úi řiao as caillacra a s-cařaro,  
 acra bi re na éřaro a s-comnuire acra, oir noi čreiz re  
 iao air lá a s-epuaročean. Acra bi a éar-žmaó air Dia  
 asur air anama na b-řažanač m-boč ar Eiuinn noi mó na  
 a žmaó naouřea, móri a'p mar bi rin air Eiuinn, asur as  
 tožail ruar a lám, asur as tabairc a beannačra uoib,  
 čuinnuiz re a éul air a "Oilean žlar úilir féin," asur  
 oubairc re le na óa abrcal deus, a bi leir, na řoča ro,  
 asur ir cinnce žur řiu a s-cuimnužad:—"A n-aimm Dé  
 cuiriró rinn ann řairge anoir, asur cia air bič aic a m-  
 buairiró rinn cuan—birdeacra rin air na capraiceacra řiaó-  
 anta řairge, no air oilean dear min—ann rin úeairaró



pinn cóinnuirde, agus bainfidh pinn fúinn as deanao úrnuige agus aitéirge air fadó ar raogail." Séol ríad leó amearg ceoil agus reimmie aingeal na b-plaigear sup éuir ríad arteac air dórt an Cúrraig, a n-oilean lóna—oilean an ríadanta, gan don dúine na cóinnuirde air aét eunaéa na fairge. A! nac iao a bí copamail le Mac a-Duine! "Ta a g-curo bpoacis aig na ríonais, agus tá a g-curo neaoraca aig eunaéa beaga na g-cnoc, aét ní fuil don aic aig Mac a-Duine le na ceann a leasao."—Luc, cab. 9, rann 58. A go ve'n méro a tiocfao a ríad pa 'n beata iongantac, a caite re air an oilean ro air fadó ceitpe bliadon deus agus ríde! Beata lán de 'n uile iongantap; lán de míorbulta, lán de fairdeacé, go mimie as caint go róilleair le h-aingle na b-plaigear air énoc na n-aingeal, agus go mimie, a lap an tuib gheimrú, a n-uaignear na h-oróce, na fearao a lochan uirge ruar go o-tí na gualao, agus a lámha rínnce amác as íarriao aécuinseaca o Dia, ar ron a múintir féin agus Eireann! Ní feudaim níor mo a ríad ann ro aét sup émochnuig re an obair beannuigé a' ríad re Eire pa éoinne a deanao. Oir bí trillrean an éreidm as roillriugaó anoir go blaépac, ní h-é amáin a n-Eirunn, aét forca amearg na n-deórai ar Eirunn a n-Albain. Air an aóbar ro bí re na cóim-abrtal a n-obair beannuigé naoim páorpuic.

O' ríad naoim Colum an t-oilean ríadanta ro na óiaró lán de naoim agus de ríolairí a bí as molaó Dé air fadó re céao bliadon a n-óiaró a báir. Molta go ríad ar naoim moir féin forca, a bí na ceuo abba-air an oilean!

Mar éainic re air an t-raogal o' ríad re an raogal mar g-ceutona. Rugao é air an leic rin ríor; ruair pa báir a g-cuimne an lae aníu trí céao deus bliadon o foim air leic eile; ré rin le ríad, leac na cille, roimé 'n altoir air oilean lóna. Ir leac a bí na leabaíó aige air fadó a beata, agus cloc paol na ceann; agus an t-eudac garb a caiteao

ré 'ra lá bí re da éimtoac 'ran oróce! A! ní fuil iongantap na leacaéa, na cloca, agus na tobaca ro a beite beannuigé. Bí cion agus ríad aige oirra le na colann a rmaétuao. Tá ríad ann ro ann ar mearg, an leac rin ríor, na laitéacé; a éobar agus an tuirar ro ruar: Úr garrain a ioméruar na deórai de boéta leó le iao a fábal o éinne agus o bátao, Tobair an Dún, beannuigé ann a dúine múintreac féin, leigéeoir O Ríel, a gúre go tuiraéac a patrún féin, anir na ríaitear air fadó na h-óct lá a caite re as úrnuige aig an tobair, le bríge, agus neair, agus cuimacé a éabair to 'n uirge an t-plainte a éabair to 'n arílan; agus táir aig an iomlán asainn, agus an oóimán móir, go b-fuil an bríge beannuige ro a n-uirge éobar an Dún. Air n-óige agus air n-óige, tá tobair garrain mar g-ceutona. Molta go ríad ainm ar naoim beannuigé ann ro, ann a paraire féin, a o-Tulla Dubglairé, a g-Cille Mac Néim, a n-Seleann Columcille, a n-oilean Thoiru, a Raé-boé, a n-Doire, a n-lóna, agus na céatatai de aiteaca eile a b-fuil re a g-coimuirde beó ann a éuro laitéacé, atá aníu, agus a beitear go deó, as deanao reannoir to 'n té a beitear as tul an beataé!

"Tá na cloca ta liaé anir na laitéacé gan ceann as deanao reannoir a g-coimuirde to 'n múintir ta ann."

Air fadó céao bliadon éoail enáma beannuigé ar naoim air oilean lóna nuair a h-ioméarao iao go h-Eirunn, an aic a b-fuil ríad aólaicé a n-uais amáin le naoim páorpuic agus Úrígro, a n-Dún-páorpuic.

Tuigeann ríad anoir an beagan agus an ro-beagan, a o-taob an méro buó éoir a ríad pa o-taob de 'n beata iongantac a caite ar naoim móir agus ar b-patrún air fadó na o-trí reóir agus ré bliadon deus a bí ré air a t-raogal ro. Cuimnuig Dia é le na céao lán gúra, agus ta re aníu trí céao deus bliadon na coimuirde amearg na n-aingeal a laéair Dé, agus ní fuil a beata aét ann a éur go fóil.



Δ! ρί ρο αν θεατα ιρ ριύ α βυιτ. Διρ αν αδβαρ ριν ρολλαμ-  
 νυζεανν αν θαγλαρ ρειτε α κυρτ ναομ αιρ λα α m-báir α  
 n-áit lá α n-zeineamuin, ve bpiǵ nac ριύ αν θεατα ραοζαλτα  
 α ευρ α ζ-comorcar leir αν θεατα ριορραιυε α mairpear  
 αιρ ραυ ραοζαιλ na ραοζαλ. Ιρ ριορ ζο β-ρuiλ ρε ρεαρτα  
 uaimn aniu, áct ιρ ριορ ρορτα ζο β-ρuiλ ρε α ζ-cómnuiυe  
 αζυρ α ζ-cómnuiυe α λαταρ αν τμονοιρ ρó-ναομτα αζ  
 θεαναυ εαυαρζυιυε αιρ αιρ ρον. Αζυρ μαρ τάρ αζαινν ζο  
 υ-τυζανν Δια ονοιρ αζυρ ειρτεαάτ υο ζαά uile ναομ αιρ  
 neam υο ρειρ αζυρ μαρ ευζ αν ναομ ceυθνα ριν ονοιρ αζυρ  
 ειρτεαάτ υο Όμια αιρ ταλαμ. Δάτ cia 'n ναομ ιρ μό α  
 ευζ ονοιρ αζυρ ζλοιρ υο Δια αιρ ταλαμ na ευζ αιρ ναομ  
 μόρ ρειν? Διρ αν αδβαρ ριν βιδεαυ ρινν εινντε ζο β-ρuiζ  
 ρινν τόρταυ αιρ ζυιυε ανιύ.

Αζυρ μο ερμυαζε αζυρ μο ερμυαζε nac ρmuaineann ρινν  
 niop mionca αιρ αιρ ζ-cυιρτ μαομ μόρ ειρεανν, αζυρ nac  
 ζ-cóceanglann ρινν αιρ n-υρnuιζε αιρ ταλαμ le na n-ζυιυe  
 αιρ neam αιρ αιρ ρον ρειν αζυρ αιρ ρον αιρ υ-τιρ βοιέτ! Τάρ  
 αζαινν ζο ραιυ νιορ μο βρiζε, αζυρ ταβαάτα, αζυρ neapc, α  
 n-υρnuιζε Mοiρe αιρ βαρρ αν Cnuic αζ caint le Δια, na βi  
 α n-iomlan αν ρobail α βi αζ τμυιρ α n-αζαιυ α namυυρ  
 ανηρ αν ζλεανν ραοι. Μαρ ζ-ceυθνα, τά niop μό βρiζε,  
 αζυρ ταβαάτα, αζυρ neapc, α n-υρnuιζε Naom Páoyuic,  
 Oμυζιρ, αζυρ Coluim, αζυρ na ναομ eile αρ ειρυνν ατά ανιύ  
 αιρ apócnoc na β-ρlaiτεαρ αζ ζυιυε αιρ αιρ ρον ρειν αζυρ  
 αιρ αιρ υ-τιρ βοιέτ, na τα α n-iomlan αρ n-οιτέιλ βοιέτ ρειν  
 αζ τμυιρ α n-αζαιυ αρ námυυρ ρα n-ζλεανν βοάτ ρο na  
 n-θεόρ.

Θεάνραιυ ρινν ρύν ανιύ, αζυρ le κυρτουζαυ ζράρα Θε  
 κυρτερ ρινν αν ρύν ρο α ζ-ερτοιυε ο 'n la ανιύ amác; ρé  
 ρινν le ραυ, nac leiζpeρ ρινν λον ουδce amáin εαρτε ζαν αν  
 υρnuιζε θεαζ ρο α ραυ α n-οιαυ αρ β-ραιορρiν ρáιρτιζ:—  
 Δ Naom Páoyuic, Oμυζιρ, αζυρ Coluim, αζυρ ναομ ειρεανν  
 ζο n-uile! ζυιυε ορρμινν, κυννιζ αζυρ κυρτοιζ λινν, ανοιρ,

αζυρ αιζ uair αρ m-báir. Δν υαρμ ρύν ιρ εόιρ υύινν α  
 θεάναυ αιρ αν lá θεαννυζετe ρο, ionap ζο m-βέιρ ρινν  
 coramail, αιρ υόιζ éiζin, le n-αρ β-ραρρύν ανν α θεατα;  
 ζο n-θεάνραιυ ρινν αν colann α ρμαυόταυ co maic á'p  
 éiζ linn α n-ζαά uile nío, αζυρ ζο ρπειρεατα α β-ρeacaυ  
 amáin α βειρεαρ náipe, αζυρ βρión, αζυρ ρζμιορ ορρμινν ρειν  
 αζυρ αιρ αιρ υ-τιρ; ρé ριν ρeacaυ na μειρζε. Ό' ράζ αρ  
 ναομ ρειν ρompla μόρ αζαινν ανν ρο, οιρ υειρ ρζμιοβνοιρi  
 α θεατα λινν nar βλαρ ρε αρíam λον υεόρ υiζε α ραιυ  
 μειρζε ανν. Θεάναυ ρινν αιζ ζο léip υιτέοιυ μόρ  
 Muincir Δ Séanar iomlan α leáanuζaυ, αζυρ α μευουζαυ,  
 αζυρ α neapcυζaυ ανηρ αν éac ατά ριαυ αζ τμυιρ ζο ρεαρ-  
 mail ανηρ αν υioζóipe α n-αζυιρ αν ρζμιοραυοιρ ρο. Όυό  
 εοιρ υύινν υéαζ-ρompla α εαβαιρτε uaimn ανηρ αν nío ρο,  
 οιρ ρé αρ n-υéαζ-ρompla amáin αν cloiυeam ιρ ζéipe α  
 n-αζαιυ αν námυυρ ρο. ζυιυομιρ αρ β-ραρρύν ανιύ αιρ lá  
 μόρ α ρειτε ζο n-ορρμιαυ ρε ρυαρ ανροιρ Όια αν υρnuιζε  
 ατά me αζ tout α ραυ ανοιρ—υρnuιζεαρ éum α n-εαρβοζ  
 ρειν αζυρ ατά αζαινν αιρ éapta αν ζeallamuin:—

“Δ Cholumcille! ραρρυν λυιέτ α ρéanap iomlan, ανν υο  
 baile αζυρ ανν υο υεόρμυαυυεαάτ, ζυιυε Δια, cia αιρ βιέ  
 áit α υ-τυιτερi αρ ζ-εμανν, ζο m-βέιρ ρινν buanpeapmac  
 υο αρ n-ζεallamuin, αζυρ nac υ-ταβαρραιυ ρινν miéluζ ζο  
 βρiάτ, le h-λον μειρζε amáin, αιρ αν ταλαμ α ζρμυιζ tú  
 ζο υiιρ. 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. M'Neil, B.A.

Belfast—Mr. T. P. M'Ginley, I.R.

Donegal Committee, Glasgow—William John Shields,  
 John M'Cafferty, John Mulhern, Dominick M'Gready.

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. M'Gettigan, 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'Fadden,  
 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 Mcgrachy, Manorcunningham; Sergeant J. Coyle,  
 Lisclamarty, Manasses Mcgrachy, Manorcunningham; John  
 Thomas Coyle, Lisclamarty, Manasses Mcgrachy, Manorcun-  
 ningham; Wm. Crampsey, Lisclamarty, Manasses Mcgrachy,  
 Manorcunningham; James Hegarty, Lisclamarty, Manasses  
 Mcgrachy, 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 Gailagher, 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 M'Cormack, 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 failte* 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-

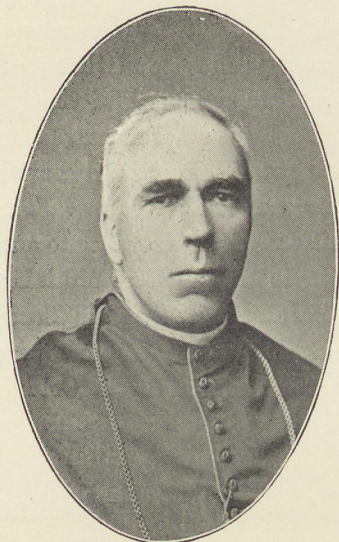
mate of All Ireland. Your Eminence needs no introduction to any one of us. We are glad that you are one of Tyrconnell's sons, and we are thankful that you have honoured this great occasion by your presence. I feel sure it will be no displeasure to your Eminence to hear the address of welcome read in 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:—

Óiteasra da Aitheóim Miceal ua Louos, Aithearbhos  
Armača, Aitheóeann Easlaire iomlan na h-Eireann,  
asur Cáirtoeal 'ran Easlaif Chaitleosaig.

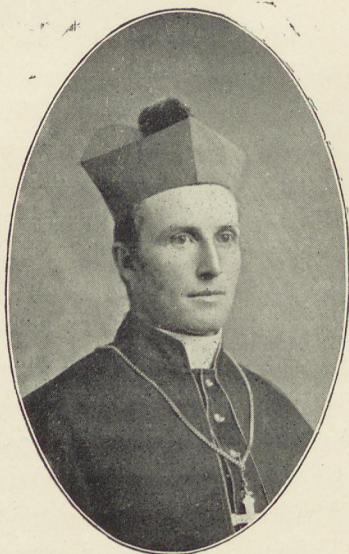
So o-taitniš pe le o' Aitheóim:

Tá do lačair ann ro anú, a Ísuim-easlaifig, da éur ann ar s-cuimne sur muasó aró-éleireac asur reolair eireac-tac ann ar n-aimeir féin, eómharaac do 'n áit a muasó Naom onoraac Šartain; asur, mar Columcille, fuair tú o' fošluim a s-Cillemacreanann ann o'oisge, asur tá turra, a Aró-uacóarain—ta bpo oirrainn a máo—le taob cáilí-óeacra eite Naom Cholaim, ronruigeac ann do čearšrao tíre. Air an tá ro, tá rinn as tabairt onóir do Naom Columcille de bpiš sur muasó é 'ra oširte; de bpiš so maš pe na mac céimeamail a o-Tirconail, asur de bpiš so b-puil pe na naom clúimair a n-Easlaif Dé. Air an aóbar ceutona tá rinn lučaireac, a Aró-easlaifig, so b-puil tú ann ar mearš anur an am ro atá le cuimniušaó ais clann na h-Eireann; asur tá pe na éur párao asur acair asainne so deairn ar n-acair naomča, an pára, muais ort le flaitear Naom páoruit a rtiúrao, asur a beic do šliccómairleac aige as muaslaó na h-Easlaire.





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 éúrra róilléar aig Calairte na Fraince, agus ann ar S-Calairte cliútao Mág-Nuasota go móir ann ar S-cuimne, agus ní eis linn san o' obair érom mar pasairt ann ar oigirte ro a beir a S-commuioe róimainn. Tá réarún aihuíte againn, á Tigearna aithearbois, go b-puil tu saolmhar leir an oigirte ro. Ueapairó rinn triáo air an am a bí curiam ppiomadalta agat air fean oigirte Naomh Adáinnain. Tá cuimne máit againn air do mašail éuir agus cinnte mar earbog ann ar oigirte ro or eionn pasairt agus daoine. Tá re ann ar S-cuimne, porra, mar buó mian leat, ann do móir-šriáo, éipeaóe a éabairt do 'n pmuain-teaó a éainic a S-ceann Ohoctuir MacŠeiteogain agus Ohoctuir MacÓáio; ré rin airo-teampoll Naomh Adáinnain a éur air bun a Leitir-Ceanain.

Fuar tuira, á Airo-eaglaisiž, pul ar pás tú rinn, curuizao an-móir do 'n obair naomta ro; agus tá pí ag toul air agairt air móo acá cliúmar do éionn Naomh Šairtain agus do mic agus nížeanaóa Širconail. Nuair a beirdear an teampoll doibinn aeóaraó ro cmoónuizte beiró re na éuir onoiré do oigirte aoróa Naomh Adáinnain, agus na šileir žloire a n-eaglais Dó. Tá am aihuíte ann do beaóa, a Airo-eaglaisiž, nuair a bí tú ar n-earbog 'ra oigirte ro, na aóbar ppeirialta le beir a S-cuimne na m-boóe.

Tá cuimne máit aig žac duine ann ar mearš air bliáo-antaí na n-šoré a éainic air na daoine. Éainic moran róžmair le oioó bárr, agus le na éoir rin pinne tigearnaí na tíre plait agus pšmuor air na daoine a bí paoi óiultair mašail-tíre an t-Saranaiz, acó pinne tuira, á Airo-uacóaraian, ann ar am éruaóalaó rin deapcaó agus óéirce air boóeain ar S-connoai. Ar an t-paoóar ro o'eiriz carantar ppeirialta againn ouit, agus tá acar móir ošrainn go b-puil tú ann ar mearš anú. Níšmro aómaí, le luóair móir, ar n-šriáo roir éleir Raó-boóe agus ar S-Cairdeanaí Uacóaraian a n-Airomaóa; agus mar clann na ppi-eaglaisre



τά ρινη ἀτάραξ σο ὁ-φυιλ τὺ το οιοε ἐρίοννα αἰς ἀρ η-ἀέταιρ  
 Ἡλομήτα, ἀη Πάρα πέηη να η-εαγλαίρε.

Τά ὁδούρ μόρ οηραινη, ἀγυρ ζυιῶμιτο σο ὁ-φυιζ τυρα, ἀ  
 ἀρο-εαγλαίριζ, ραοζαί ραοα ἀγυρ ρλάιντε τε θεῖτ ὁο ἔεανη  
 ἀρη εαγλαίρ να η-εηεανη.

Διη ταοῦ κομ-ἐρμινιζτε να ἔεαοαῶ βλιαῶα, εαρβοζ,  
 ραζαίρε, ἀγυρ τυαταίζ Ραῦ-βοῦ, ἰαηραμυτο ὁο θεαηηαῦτ, ἀ  
 μοη-ἀρο-ἔλειρηζ, ὁύινη πέηη, ἀγυρ ὁο 'η τ-ρεαη ὀζίρητε ἀ  
 ἔυρη Ἡλομ Ἀῶαηηαη Ἐοηυηηηε ἀρη ηυη.

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.

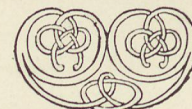
His Eminence, then speaking in English, said—My dear Lord Bishop, Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers, and dear friends—It was a great pleasure to me to come here to-day, and under

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 Donegal (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 whenever 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'Creedy, 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 1603.*

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.

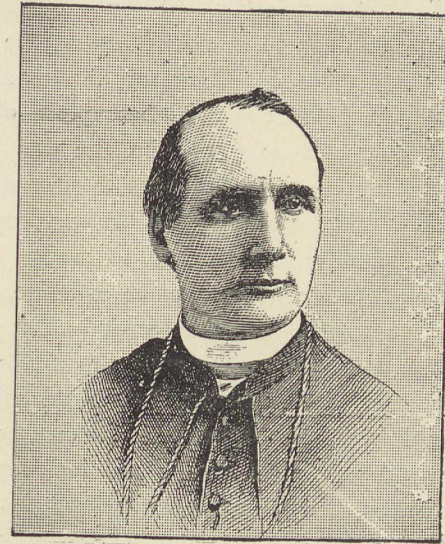


## LETTER

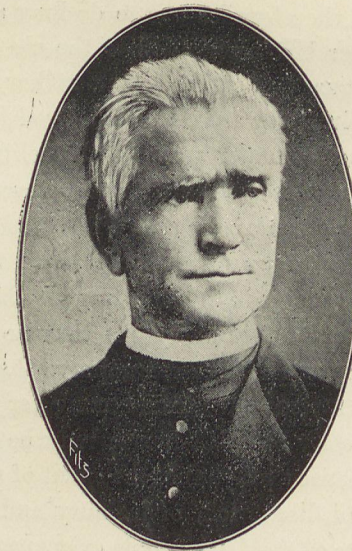
FROM THE

## 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 Gartan 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., Gartan:—

ΚΑΤΑΙΡΗ ΠΑΟΙΩ ΠΗΡΟΠΗΡ,  
ΚΑΛΙΦΟΡΝΙΑ,  
ΑΝ ΠΙΣΕΛΩ ΛΑ ΤΕ ΜΙ ΝΑ ΒΕΛΤΑΙΝΕ, 1897.

Α ΑΤΑΙΡΗ ΟΙΛΗΡ ΜΑC ΗΙΑΛΑΙΡ,

Θερεανν πε λυτΑιρ τοδΑθαριτΑ τΑμ Α ελμυητιν ζο  
θ-φυιλ ριβ ΑΣ του Α ερμυνηζΑδ αν τριονΑδ σεΑδ τουζ  
πειτε ΠΑΟΙΩ ΟΝΟΡΑΙΖ ΧΟΛΙΜΕΙΤΙΛΕ ΑΙΡ ΑΝ ΘΑΛ-ΤΑΙΝΑΝ  
σευτοΝΑ Α ΡΥΖΑδ Ε, ΑΣΥΡ Α ΒΕΑΝΝΙΥΖ, ΑΣΥΡ Α ΕΟΙΡΡΥΖ ΡΕ, ΤΕ  
ΡΟΙΝΕΑΝΤΑΡ ΑΣΥΡ ΝΑΟΜΑΕΤ Α ΟΙΖΕ, ΤΕ ΜΟΡΑΝ ΤΕ ΡΟΛΛΑΜΝΑΕΤ  
ΑΣΥΡ ΤΕ ΕΡΑΙΘΕΑΕΤ.

Βεαννυζιμ τε μο εροιθε ζο η-ιομταν, αν τε Α ρμυαμ,  
ΑΙΡ Ο-ΤΥΡ, ΟΝΟΙΡ Α ΕΑΒΑΙΡΤ ΤΟ ΑΡ ΝΑΟΙΩ ΖΥΔΩΡΗΑΡ, ΑΣΥΡ ΤΟ  
'η ΑΙΤ ΑΝΝ ΑΡ ΤΟΖΑδ Ε ΤΕ ΡΟΛΛΑΜΝΥΖΑδ ΟΙΡΕΑΜΝΑΕ, ΑΣΥΡ  
ερφορταμΑΙΛ ΜΑΡ Ε ΡΟ.

Θυδ εοιρ το μμυητιρ ερπονΑΙΛ ΡΑΙΛΤΕ Α ΕΥΡ ΡΟΙΜΕ ΑΝ  
ΛΑ ΡΟ ΑΣΥΡ ερμυνηζΑδ ΑΝΝ Α ΜΙΛΤΙ ΑΙΡ ΘΥΡΑΕ ΤΟΕΑ ΖΗΑΡΤΑΙΝ  
ΤΕ Η-Α ΕΟΜΕΑΟ.

Θυρεανν πε μο εροιθε ΝΑΕ ΡΕΙΤΟΙΡ ΛΙΟΜ Α ΒΕΙΕ Α ΛΑΤΑΙΡ  
ΑΝΗΡ ΑΝ ΕΟΛΑΝΝ, ΑΕΤ ΑΝΗΡ ΑΝ ΡΡΙΟΡΑΟ ΒΕΙΕ ΜΕ ΑΝΝ.

ΝΑΕ ΑΔΑΜΑΙΛ ΖΥΡ ΕΑΡΤΑ ΑΝ ΡΕΙΤΕ ΑΝ Τ-ΑΜ Α Θ-ΦΥΙΛ  
ΡΥΡΘΕΑΕΑΝ ΠΑΟΙΩ ΑΔΑΜΝΑΙΝ ΛΙΟΝΤΑ ΤΕ Η-ΕΑΡΒΟΖ ΤΕ ΡΟΙΡ  
ΡΙΟΖΑΜΑΙΛ ΗΙ ΘΑΛΛΑΙΖ!



Τά αν τ-εαρβος Ο Όόμναιλ να λεαντοιρ πιύηταδ δε  
Cholumcille ann a εεαρ-ξμάδ τε τεαμπολλ Όέ α εοςαι  
ruar.

Όός ruar ar pinnirir peangloipe Τηconail Rač-voč  
o' Δόαμναι ανυρ το Cholumcille. Τα pinn εαμμαιν να  
οιαρδ ασ αιροιαδ αιροτεαμπολλ α λειτη-εεαναι το 'n τε  
α ιομεαμαρ σο μεαμαμαι βαεαλ ar o-παίρεε αρραιζε Rač-  
voč.

Μιορ φάσ ριαοραη ar ναοιή γλόμεαμα ζαν μαοιη, ανυρ ιη  
οόιρ οόιηηε ευροιαδ α εαβαρη ο' ar η-εαρβος uapal map  
s-ceurua.

Τά οόεαρ ανυρ σο η-οεαρηαδ αν ναομαδ λα δε 'n  
Μηερεαμ αδβαρ αεερηιηηεε μοιρ ο' φηρ Όηύν-να-ηζαι,  
τε η-οηόιρ α οεαηαδ το 'n ναοιή ευοδ μδ αν ar ζ-οηηοαί,  
ανυρ α εαρηεαν σο ροιλλεαρ α η-οιληρεαετ το 'n εαρβος  
αεά ανιύ α ρεαν Τηconail.

Τά με ρεαετ μητε μητε ar baile, α ζ-εαταρ ηαοιή  
ρηροηρηρ, αν οεαηαδ μο οιεειλ αν μο οοιζ ύμηαλ ρεην  
τε εύρ Cholumcille α εύρ ar ανυρ. Μηρηεαηη ρο, α  
μοδ είζιη, αν ρεαρηεαρ α μοευηζιη ηαε η-βερό ρε αν μο  
εύμαρ α βερε αν ευρ λαεαρ ar λα να ρεητε.

Όεαηηαετ Όέ ar ευρ η-οβαρη. Τά οόεαρ ανυρ σο  
η-βερό ρευν ανυρ ροηαρ ar αν ιοηηαν ανυρ.

Ραηαιη σο οεδ οεδ,

Όο εάρα ριορ,

SÉAMUS MAC PHÁDROÍN.

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'Fadden 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.”

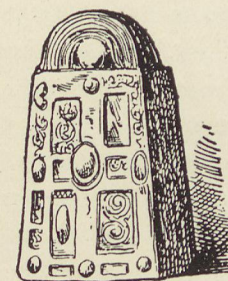
---

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 nac b-puil me ann bui meafis mar buó maic liom,  
tá me a n-intinn asur a ppioras ann bui s-cuinniuḡad a tá  
cuinnighe go léir a n-onoir t’iconail asur Coluimcille;  
asur cuim mo beannaét eḡasib o Colairde na n-Éire-  
annaé i b-pair.

PAÍTORAIC UÁ’ DOĀRTAIG.





## CHAPTER VI.

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

## LETTER

From the New York Gaelic League.

Cumann na Gaeóilge,  
nuad Eabhrac, U.S.A.,  
26maó Lá de mí na Bealtaine, 1897.

Do'n Acair Urramác,  
A Acair Oilir,

In ainm Cumainn na Gaeóilge Nuad Eabhrac cuirimid teadairpeadé beag éugaid air an ócáid mórí reó atá i lácair. 1. an triomad ceud deug lá féile Naomh Colum Cille. Duó ro-mairé a éuillead an t-ainm "Oileán na Naomh aSúr na n-Ollam" le h-Eirinn air fead loipe Orda na h-Eaglaire, oir ip iliomad na fip leigeanta naomta do iugad aSúr do togbad air a h-uét glair air fead na o-tri s-ceud bliadan tar éir teadta Naomh Pádraic; adé de'n iomlán ni raib don aca niof naomta, niof leigeanta no niof oirdearica 'na do bi Colum Cille é féin. Duó naomh óf cionn na naomh é, adé 'ran am ceatona buó h-Eirianneac óf cionn na n-Eirianneac é. Tus fé a ceud gíad do Dhia mar buó éoir, adé éug re an oara gíad san roinn do'n tair álúinn in a iugad é aSúr in ná'f feud fé a comnuioe do deunam; óir pinne re oibiread go toilteanae de féin cum Crieomh Ciuoro do rgarad imearf na n-oaomead m-boct ainbriorae do mair i n-oircaoar páganaeata inr na tairib comhgaraca. Adé air fead a beata fáda imearf na s-coisgeirgead bi a éroide in Eirinn le na-muintir fein, aSúr "buó mór na deora in a fúil gairim 'nuair o'iomruig fé a iadaire cum oileán álúin a óige."

Ni h-ionghad é go o-tugann Clann na n-Gaodal ónoir aSúr urraim o' ainm aSúr do cuimne oilir an Naomh móir aSúr an Ollam leigeanta reó. Go h-áiruigte ip ro-oirdeannae go m-beidead móruad a féile aSair-re air an m-ball talman beannuigte rin in a iugad aSúr in air oirgead reult naomtaeata aSúr róglumta na h-Eaglaire Eirianneige, aSúr Ciuoroisgeoiuioe na h-Eorpa, tpi ceud deug bliadain ó roin.

Adé gíó gur geinead Colum Cille imearf pléibtead riadaim álúin Oúin na n-Gall, aSúr gíó gur raofruig fé móir-éuro o'a raogal air oileán lom uaigneac Iona, fóf ni'l a éail ceangailte do'n oá ball talman rin amáin. Ip leir an toman móir Ciuoroamail a élú, óir ni'l don tair air oirum na cruinne a n-oíú ná'f cuiread Crieoemh Ciuoro air bun nac b-fuil an Crieoemh rin o'a éotugad le veir-cioadair aSúr le comuicéaraeab Naomh Colum Cille innti. Mar dearbhad air rin beid loóbaire aoraimail an airpunn toirbiree air a fon in iomao teampall air fuo fairringe na móiréire reo air an naomao lá Meitim; aSúr air an lá ceatona rin 'nuair a tá ríbre i n-Gairtán, áit a breite, ag oirail ruar airpunn móir aSúr ag tabaire molta aSúr glóire do 'ran t-rean-Gaeóilig úo do lábair an Naomh é féin aSúr máf rgruob aSúr in air feinm fé a éainticidie miltre do Dhia, beid comalta an Cumainn reo 7 air s-cairee cruinnuigte in air miltib 'ran h-Álla ip mó inr an s-caeair reo, tpi mile mile i s-céim uaire, ag éirteact le h-Eaglairead poleigeanta de róir na n-Gaodal (gíó nac b-faca fé talam na h-Eirianne airam) ag traet go liomta linn air érabadé aSúr air éioeámlaet Cholaim Cille, aSúr ag tairbeant na méioe do pinne fé air fon Ciuoroisgeaeata na h-Eorpa. Mar rin de. gíó gur fáda i s-céim atámaoio, san ootéar ag móran aSainn b-feicrimio "Eire na Spuean" go deó arur, tá ár s-eroidé lib in gac nio a baiear le onóir aSúr le élú na n-Gaodal.







Δετ τὰ οδαιρ αζαμ ιε θεαναθ ανη ρό, αζυρ εαιεπρό με  
 ραναετ.

Ιρ δεαννιζτε αν αιτ ζαρταν ταρ αιτιθ να η-ερεανη ο'η  
 λα ρην α εοναρε αρ Ναομ αν ρολυρ ανη αιρ ο-τύρ.

Βυρθεαεαρ το Όια, νιορ εαιλλ Τιρ κοναλλ αριαμ αν ερει-  
 θεανη α βι αιει ο λαετιθ Columcille. Βι δεανναετ αν  
 Ναομ υιρη α ζ-κόμνυρθε ο'α κομνευο ραορ ο ζαε βαοζαλ.

Ιρ κόρη ούινη, μαρ ρην, ονοιρ, αζυρ ζηρό, αζυρ βυρθεαεαρ  
 α εαβαρητ το αιρ αν λα ζλόρημαρ ρο.

Ζο ραιθ δεανναετ Θε αζυρ Μυρη, Ράοραιε, αζυρ Colum-  
 cille αιρ Τιρ κοναλλ ζο βραε.

Ιρ μυρη, α Δεαιρ ούιρ,

Το εραο,

SEAMUS C. MACCINNΨΑΕΛΑΡΘ.

A message was also read from Mr. George M'Ghee, Chair-  
 man 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 re-  
 main. The Most Rev. Chairman paid the warmest compli-  
 ments 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 Donegal should share with lonely Iona the memories  
 and the glories of St. Columba.

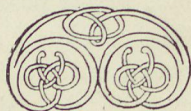
“To speak of his labours and their enduring results  
 would, to any assembly of Catholics acquainted with the  
 Church History of these islands, be a waste of time and  
 words. St. Columba had christianised the West of Scot-  
 land, long before St. Augustine had landed in England, and  
 he would 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 deso-  
 lation, these grey walls reproach us with our want of enthu-  
 siasm 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.

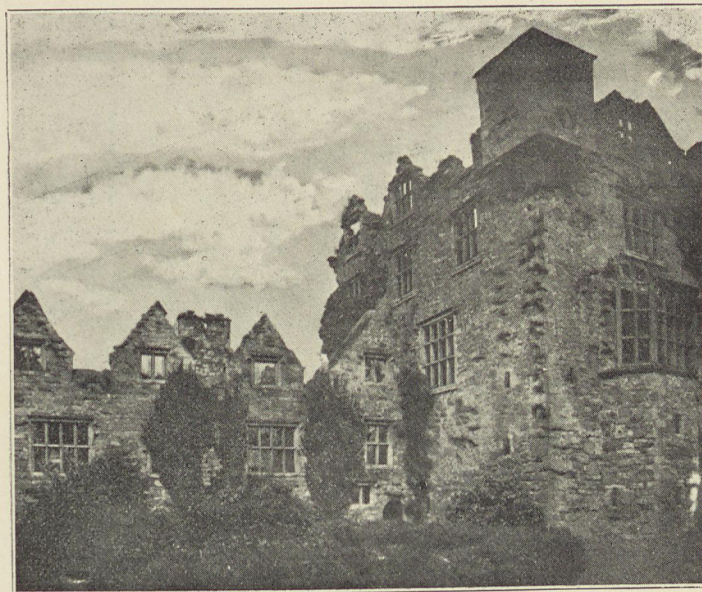
### ADDRESS

Of the Rev. John Boyle, C.C., Ardaghay, 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.



Loe Deary.

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.

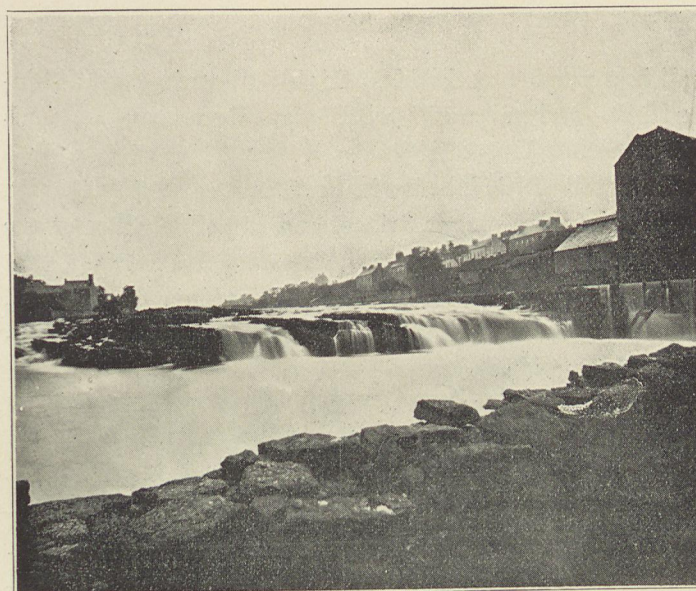
O, ask me not! At minstrel string  
My heart from infancy would spring,  
Nor can I hear its simplest strain  
But it brings Erin's dream again. —Scott.



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



ΕΑΡ-ΔΟΡΙΑ ΡΗΑΡΩ.

Waterfall at Assaroe, 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 fore-knowledge, 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.

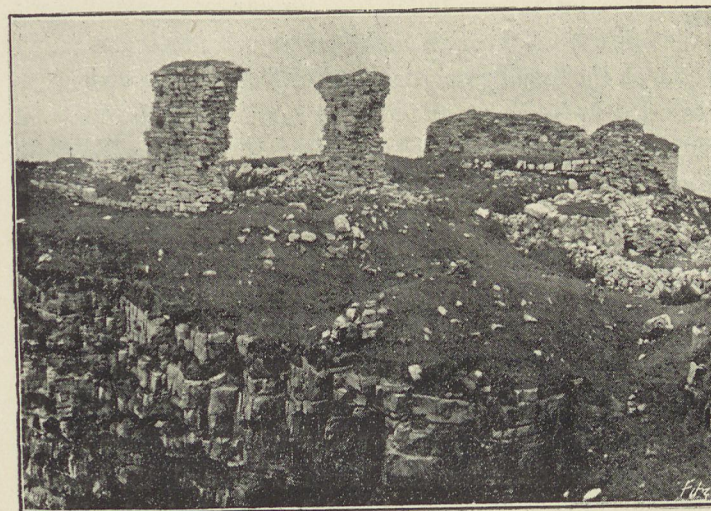
## ADDRESS

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.



Muckross.

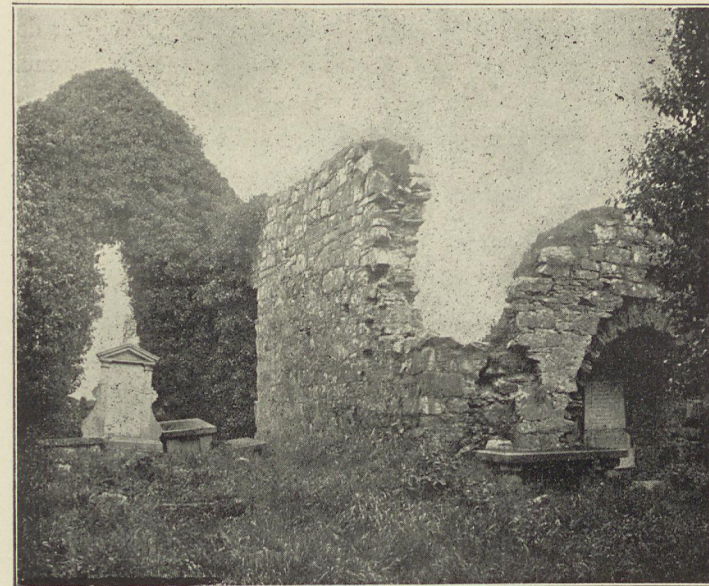
MUCKROSS, DUNCAR.

From a phot by Lawrence Dublin.



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.



CILL TH' O'DONNAILL.

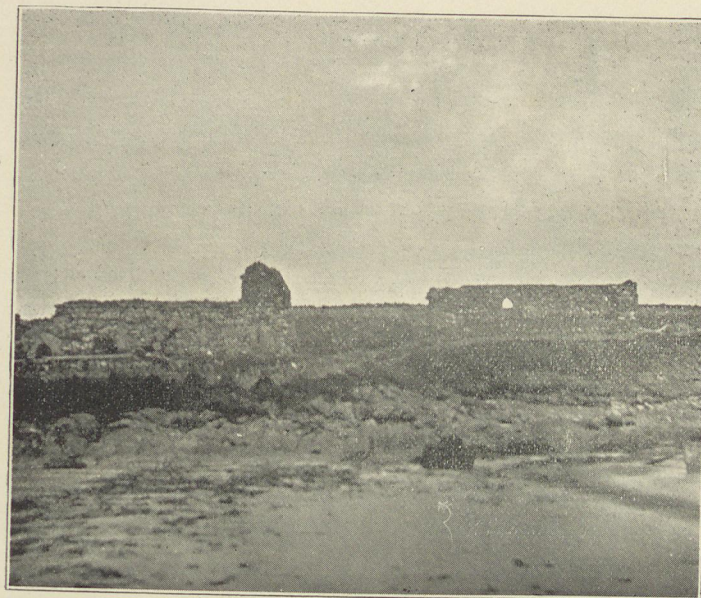
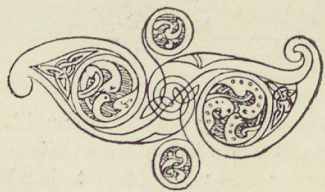
Kilodonnell

“ 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

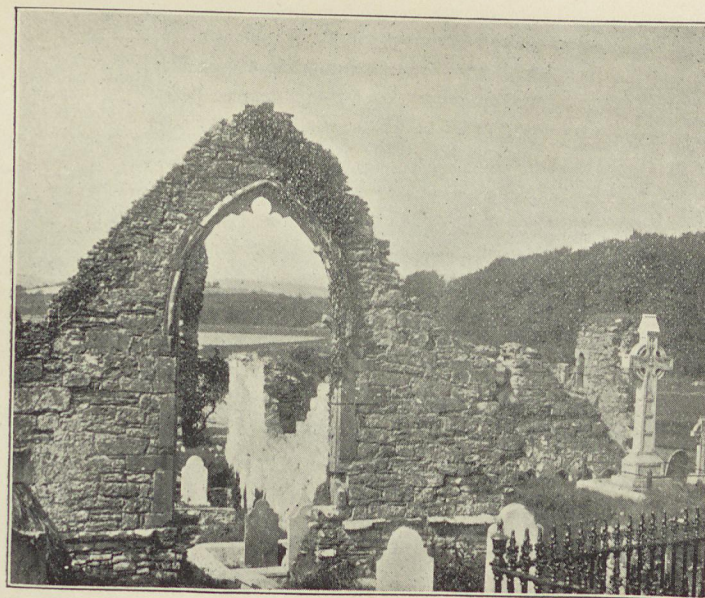


downfall. They were brave, but they were disunited. Must it be ever thus? I have mentioned only a few of the many hallowed and historic spots which are scattered over Donegal, and are to be found in almost every parish from Abbey Assaroe, at Ballyshannon, to Royal Aileach, in Inishowen, and which speak 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.



Inis Ceolain.]

[Inniskeel.



Mairiortin Tóin na nGall.

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:—

ΛΑΟΙΘΗ ΑΝΝ ΟΝΟΙΡ ΧΟΛΟΥΜ ΟΙΛΛΕ.

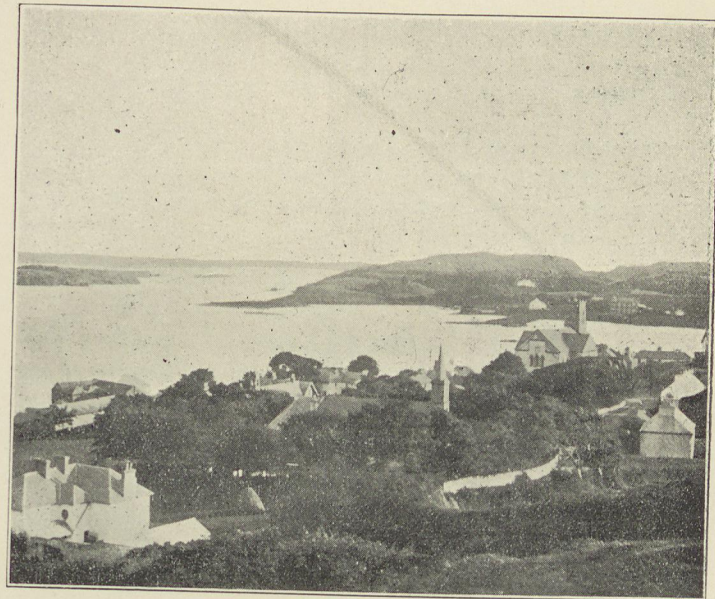
Τά ζυε βρόδαίμαι Τήρι-Χοναίλλ ζο η-άλυν ανουζ,  
 Δ' μυρζλαό 'η mac-αλλα ζο η-άρο 'ρ ζο τινζ;  
 'S ελέιμζ 'να ζ-κόιρτιβ ζο ζαρταν Δ' τριάλλ  
 'Ο βαίρτιβ η-α Conoae ζο ημαρ 'ρ ζο φιάλ.

Τά 'η pobal ζο εμιάβτεαό αζ ηρηνιζ 'ρα ζλεανν,  
 'S ζαν παρζαό αν ηζάέλλαν πέην εμίποαό Δ ζ-εεανν;  
 Τά ηα παζαηε μαιε κόιμζ 'ρ αν τ-αιρημονν το μιάό  
 Αηη αλτοιη αν-ηζιαμαί λε μό-βεαζαν ηζάε.

Τά Clann Chonaill ζο céimeaimail 'ρ ζο τρηυνήμαη ανη πο  
 Le ηρηονηρα άη η-εαμπολλ 'ρ τίζεαηη' εαηβοε Ραε 'βοε;  
 Ταβαηε βυθόεαεαρ 'ζυη αλτεζαό το Όηια μόηη ζαν ηοιλλ,  
 Αηη ροη ηα ηζμάρα το ηρηονη Sé αηη ηαοήη Cholum OilL.

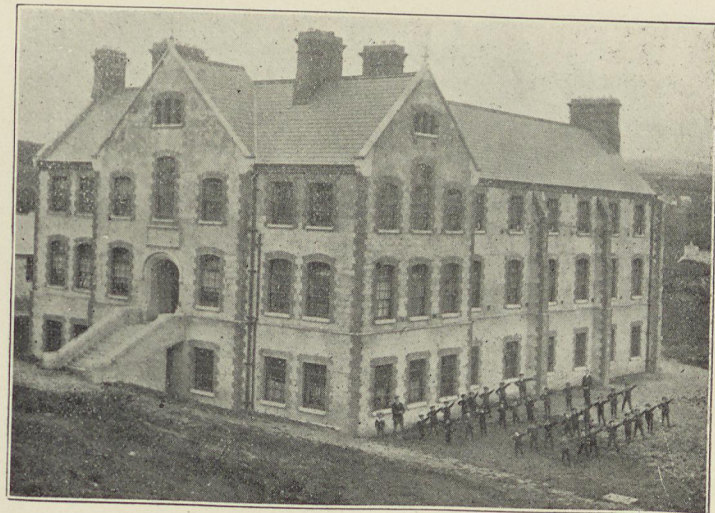
ηαοήη Colum ζαν αήμυη Δ' η ζ-columan πέηη,  
 Ρυζαό αηη αν λειε ρο τά εείηηε έεω θευζ βλιαόαηη;  
 Mac ηερόλμυό 'ζυη έίηηε ό'η ηυιλ ηαπαλ ηο έαλλ,  
 Slioέο Χαέαηη ηόμυ αζυη ηιάλλ ηα ηαοι ηζεαλλ.

Sean Chruiteheadan oíliη έυη ηηρζε αηη Δ έεανη,  
 'S αν αηηηη ηα Τρηόηοηο' ζλαν ηεαεαό ηα ηεανη,  
 'Ζυη βαηρ αν ηαοήη ουηηη ηη μό, βαηρθεαό 'η έηηηηηη αηιαήη  
 1 μιοηβυιλτιβ, 1 ηζμάρα 'ρ αν έηεαέο Δ ζηόηηη.



Cealla beaga.

Killybegs Harbour.



St. Columba's Marine School, Killybegs.



τά 'n τ-ιομηαό ζο κοιτσεανν ζυρ αιρ ιζοιτ αις μαζ βιλ',  
 Δ βαρθεαό το έεαο υαιρ αν Columan Cill';  
 No ζυρ Cyméταν δυό αιμμ τό ρα τίρ ρ-αιζε πέιν  
 ρα ζηαρταν αν Όυβζλαιρε 'r ρα Chilib-Mhic-néin'.

naé iomóa rin áit a b-puil loηz a láim,  
 mullaé pléibéaó ρυαρ ρíontaé 'ζυρ ζλεαντταμ ζαν τάιμ;  
 αιρ οίlean lom υαιzneáé ραοι ευζ-φυαιμ na o-tonn,  
 ρευέ a έlog-τέαé τριom-λοιτιζέ' 'r a έεampoll ζαν bonn.

δυό é mían a βειé ζ-κόμνυιόε αις υρμυιζ' no ιζηιόβ,  
 no τεαζαρζ na βρλίερε a b-ρόζλυιμ na naom;  
 a' ρεimm na Sailm le luaé-έeol na n-éun,  
 no 'ζ όρμυζαό na σοιρζει le na μαζιρτοιη-λάιμ πέιν.

πατρύν λυέο ρόζλυιμ, cαpατο οίλιρ na m-bápo,  
 le λαιζε neam-loéoaé, le ζυé μιλιρ, ápo;  
 pléaοail ρe 'r θυαιó' ρé a b-ράρουn ó'n ρίζ,  
 Ció ζυρ έpom oómáin a ζ-coηéa, i n-éυoain a' oλίζ'.

αιρ ριοcαιρ το οίβιρε έαρ αν τ-ραile anonn,  
 ann το έυρμαé βεαζ ρυαμαé αιρ υέο βán na o-tonn;  
 'náit το cóμνυιόε ζυρ ευζ tú αιρ οίlean ρann máol,  
 b-ρaο ó έρμυn το ρεαρ-ζημάó 'r το έáιρτοιβ ρíom-ζaol,  
 ní labpáim; n' αιρ ρζεul tá ζο λαéέαμαil i m-béil  
 cταpυιό 'r λυέο υζοαρ, αις τυαταιβ 'r αις eléipe'  
 no αιρ έaοnaé Chúil Όpémíne báite le puil  
 τpí míle ρεαρ ζpéιζεαμαil o' ρύζ oίlleaéτα ζol.

ρaο 'r βεpóεαρ τυιλλτε na n-ápo-cnoc 'na μιοé'pa "τ-Sean Zhleann,"  
 no tonnaio έpéun έhoμαιζ a' ζpεaοaó na m-beann,  
 no aηzle zeal Όhoιpe αις eiteall' αιρ neam,  
 no έpζ λυéμαρ loé ζηαρταin ζο μέpμαé 'pa τ-ρμυé;  
 βειó cυimíne αιρ a' lá po 'pna βλιαóantaib le έeáct,  
 αις υaéοpμαn' na n-am rin a 'r a m-béio ρaοι na pinaéto,  
 'S ní έpíonpαiό, 'r ní pínolpαiό 'r ní μαéπαiό αιρ moill,  
 Όpío beannuyéte Chloinn Chonaill ap naom Cholun Cill'.

Δ naom neapmáρ αιρ ταλαίμ 'r noρ cυimáétoyιζ αιρ neam;  
 Όεαρ anuap αιρ an έpυinnuyéaó po i n ζαρταν anótiuz;  
 'ζυρ páz óuinne tá oίbeapéa i n-ζleann po na noeop  
 βειé λεατ-ρα ζο píoρμυiόe moiaó Oia anpα ζlóiρ.

## PAPER

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

Rev. Dr. Maguire explained that Rev. Jas. M'Fadden, P.P., Glena, 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—"r τpυαé."—*i.e.* "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

intercede 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:—

Δ Κομμαδα Ρό-οιμβρόμιζ Ναομή Πάτορμας, Δ Τίξεαρμα  
 Εαρριου, Δ Χτεη, ΑΣΥΡ Δ Όλοιμε υαιρτε ζο η-υιτε,  
 Ρυιζφρὸ μιρε ΑΣ ΝΑ Η-ΕΑΣΤΑΙΡΙ ΦΟΖΛΥΜΕΤΑ ΑΣΥΡ ΑΣ ΝΑ  
 ΌΛΟΙΜΕ ΦΟΖΛΥΜΕΤΑ ΕΙΤΕ ΑΤΑ ΑΝ ΡΟ ΜΟΙΟΥ ΤΡΑΧΤ ΤΙΒ ΑΡΙ ΟΛΥΜ-  
 ΟΙΤΤΕ Δ ΟΤΑΟΙΒ Δ ΕΡΑΙΒΤΕΑΕΤΑ, Δ ΕΑΡΤΑΝΑΕΤΑ ΑΣΥΡ Δ ΟΥΕ-  
 ΡΑΕΤΑ Δ ΡΕΙΦΒΙΡ ΟΕ, ΑΣΥΡ ΡΑ ΝΑ Η-ΟΙΒΡΕΑΕΑ ΙΟΝΖΑΝΤΑΕΑ Δ  
 ΡΥΝΝΕ ΡΕ ΑΣ ΤΑΒΑΙΡΤ ΡΑΣΑΝΑΕ ΝΑ Η-ΑΥΒΑΝ ΑΝΡΟΙΡ ΕΡΕΙΘΕΑΗ  
 ΟΡΥΟΡΤ. ΛΑΒΑΙΡΦΡὸ μιρε βεΑΣΑΗ ΡΟΑΤ ΤΙΒ ΑΡΙ ΟΛΥΜ-ΟΙΤΤΕ  
 ΡΑ ΟΤΑΟΙΒ ΟΕ 'Η ΖΥΑΔ Δ ΒΙ ΑΙΖΕ ΟΑ ΕΙΡ ΑΣΥΡ ΟΑ ΕΙΝΕΑΔ ΑΣΥΡ  
 ΟΟ ΖΑΕ Δ ΒΑΙΝ ΟΟΙΒ ΡΟ; ΖΟ ΡΡΕΡΙΑΕΤΑ, ΑΝ ΟΥΙΤ Δ ΒΙ ΑΙΖΕ  
 Δ ΟΤΕΑΝΖΑΙΔ ΑΣΥΡ Δ ΤΙΤΙΡΕΑΕΤ Δ ΕΙΡΕ. ΤΑ ΌΛΟΙΜΕ ΑΝ ΜΟΙΟΥ  
 ΝΑΕ ΘΡΥΙΤ ΜΟΡΑΗ ΜΕΑΡΑ ΑΕΑ ΑΡ Δ ΟΤΙΡ ΝΟ ΑΡ ΔΟΝ ΜΙΔ Δ  
 ΒΑΙΝΕΑΡ ΤΕ Η-Α ΟΤΙΡ, ΑΣΥΡ ΝΑΕ ΘΡΥΙΤ ΑΕΥ ΑΕΤ ΑΣ ΖΑΙΡΦΡὸ ΜΑΣΑΔ  
 ΡΑ ΟΥΙΝΕ ΑΡ ΒΙΕ Δ ΖΥΑΕΑΡ ΡΑΟΕΑΡ ΑΡ ΒΙΕ ΜΑΡ ΖΕΑΤ ΑΡ Δ ΕΙΡ.  
 ΝΙ ΜΑΡ ΡΙΝ ΟΟ ΟΛΥΜ-ΟΙΤΤΕ. ΟΙ ΡΕ ΕΥΡΑΜΑΕ ΡΑ ΖΑΕ ΜΙΔ Δ  
 ΒΑΙΝ ΤΕ ΛΕΑΡ ΝΑ Η-ΕΙΡΕΑΝΝ, Ο Α ΟΙΖΕ ΖΟ ΟΕΙΡΕΑΔ Δ ΘΕΑΕΤΑ,  
 ΑΣΥΡ ΤΕ ΝΑ ΟΟΙΡ ΡΙΝ ΖΟ ΡΑΙΒ ΡΕ 'ΝΑ ΟΕΟΡΜΑΙΘΕ ΛΕΑΤ Δ ΡΑΟΖΑΙΤ.  
 ΙΡ ΙΟΜΘΑ ΥΑΙΡ, ΙΝΡ ΑΝ ΟΙΤΕΑΝ ΥΑΙΖΝΕΑΕ ΡΙΝ ΜΑΡ Α ΒΙ ΡΕ 'ΝΑ  
 ΕΟΜΝΥΙΘΕ, Ο' ΟΡΡΑΛΑΔ ΡΕ Δ ΕΥΙΘ ΥΡΝΑΙΖΕ ΟΟ ΌΙΑ ΤΕ ΝΑ ΡΑΟΡΑΔ



ó buairóire éigin no contaóaire éigin a tógáilte dá éaireí  
 agus dá daoimib muinteartha i n-Eirinn. Cualairé rínn  
 iontráó forta mar éug re air réan bhráoir feileacé agus  
 oideacé a táóaire do éoiri, no eun moir a táiníe ar Eirinn  
 go dtí an oilean rin mar a bí ré.

Tairbeanann na neite ro an meiró ghráda a bí ag Naomh  
 Colum-cille ar a tír féin, agus bí an oipeao ceatona  
 ghráda aise ar éanóairé agus ar litireacé na tíre. Tá  
 ríor aig an traogal móir mar tógáó impearan eoiri Colum-  
 cille agus Óiaruuir, áro-rí Éirean pá éoir leabair ar  
 éuir an naomh dúil ann, agus gur bé rin aóóair a óibire ar  
 Eirinn. A bhrá 'na óiaré rin, nuair bágair áro-rí eile.  
 air na báro agus do bí ar tí iao a éuir ríor agus a  
 n-óibire ar an tír, ir é Columcille a rinne eaoarróain  
 agus reíótiugáó eaoirra agus ruair real cáirte do  
 na bároair. Ní raib aóóair ionóantair ar bíe ann ro mar  
 bí Colum-cille é fein 'na báro agus 'na ríle, agus  
 róiróe re móráin ríligéacé, oán, agus ábrán. Acá roinnt  
 dá éuir ábrán le ráóóair go fóill agus ir oánta ríó-ríilire  
 gaeóilge iao. Mo míle éruais! go b-fuil ríao ro agus a  
 leiteir eile caillte go léir ar Éireannaisó neim-bróó-  
 mára na h-aimpíre ro acá ag roóair i n-óiaré baor-nóir na  
 Sacpanacé agus ag raluóáó a m-béal le h-ábráin Amuir-  
 oacéó Sacp-béairta. Bí oaoine galanta ann i n-aimpíre  
 Colum-cille, mar acá anoir, nac raib an gaeóilge maic go  
 leor aca, agus ir í Laidion a róiróe an oipeam úó; acé  
 ní óioó Colum-cille. Bí teangá a tír féin maic go leor  
 aise-rean, síó go raib Laidion aise mar an éuir eile.  
 agus rin an raé a bfuil an oipeao meara agáinn-ne ar  
 a róiróinn inóir a b-fairar 'r na oaoine a róiróe a  
 Laidion. Ir aóóair uéóais óúinn-ne inóir, acá ag ríóir a  
 n-áóairé Véairta Galloa na haimpíre-ro, cuimíugáó go  
 raib an Laidion uair amáin beagnacé éom fairiúnta a  
 n-Eirinn a 'r tá an tSACP-béairta anoir, agus nac bfuil innti

inóir acé teangáiré márb, agus go bfuil an gaeóilge beo  
 beacáigeacé go fóill. Tá ríil agus, mar an gceatona,  
 go mbéó an gaeóilge beo a n-Eirinn nuair nac mbéó focal  
 Sacp-béairta dá labair ar éalam an oóóain.

Ir ceairt óúinn-ne rmuaineacé goóóé óeanraó Colum-  
 cille dá mberóeacé ré in ar mearg inóir. Ir cinnte go  
 n-óeanraó ré móráin maicéara oe gac uile ríor; agus ir  
 fóllur oam-ra go n-óeanraó re, imearg na coóa eile, a  
 ríóóíll le teangá an gaeóilge agus litireacé na gaeóilge  
 a éuir in áiróréim arí, agus leiginn mí-éráibéacé allmíracé  
 a éuir ríor agus a óibire ar an tír. Leanamuir a óeacé-  
 rómpla agus tógamair ruar gac nro a bánear le  
 honóir agus le cáil ar oíre; agus na bímir níor mó ag  
 reair-leannáin agus ag aicéur ar na galloib in gac nro;  
 acé bímir 'n ar n-Eireannaisó Laidie, reairáilá, tuigíonacá  
 buairreairmáca, mar Columcille.

Delivered by Mr. Murray Sweeney, Dungloe :—

BEANNACHT COLUM CILLE AIR NA ROSSA.

(St. Columkill'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 sens; 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 those 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 113, Cross at Church, Glencolumbkille) 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:—

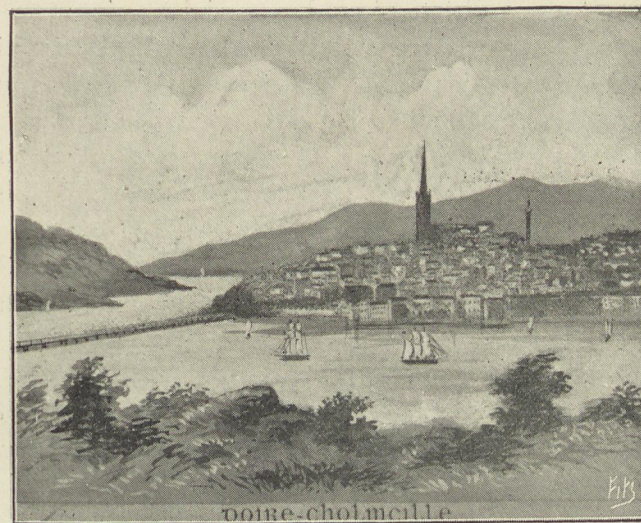


HE speakers who have preceded me have given us a very graphic and a very interesting account of the birth, early life, and education of St. Columba, leading up to the time when he entered upon the great work of the apostolate. I

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



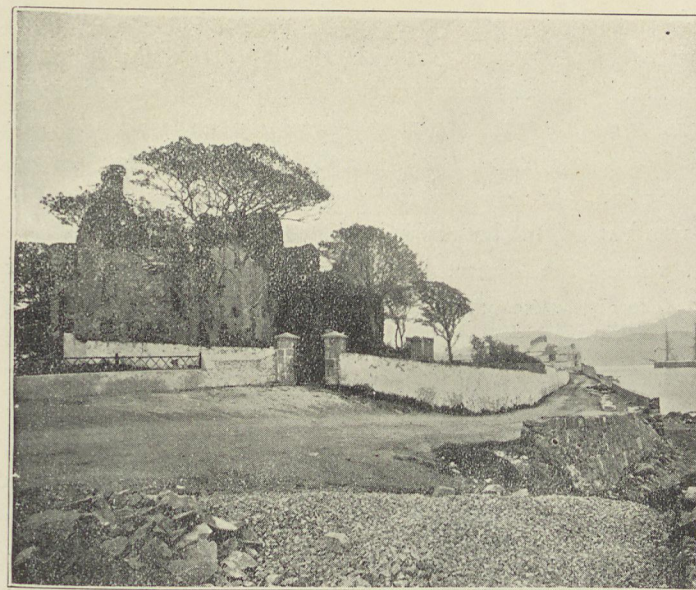
Sleann Feir

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



ΜΑΝΙΡΤΗΡ Η ΡΑΤΑ ΜΗΑΟΛΑΝ.

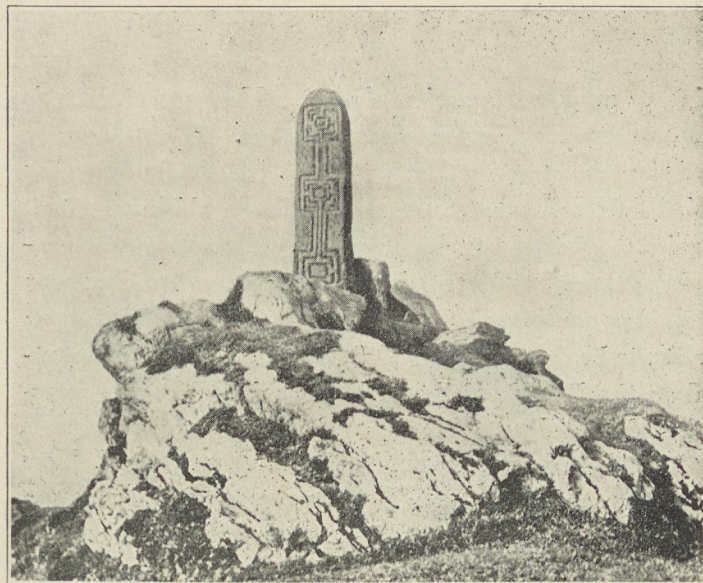
Rathmullan Abbey

*From a photo by Lawrence, 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 Cholum Cill.

Cross at Church, Glencolumbkill.



Deafnar m'p.

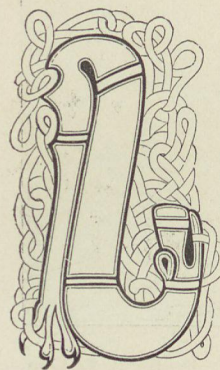
Barnesmore.



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."

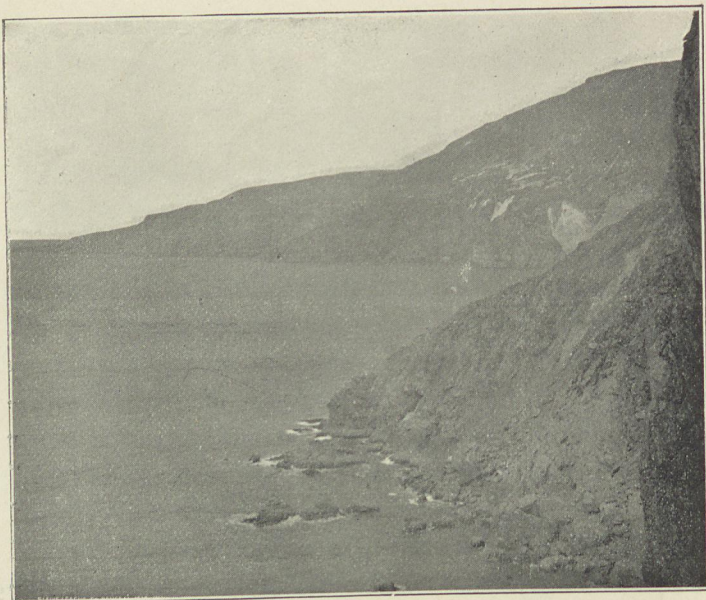
## ADDRESS

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

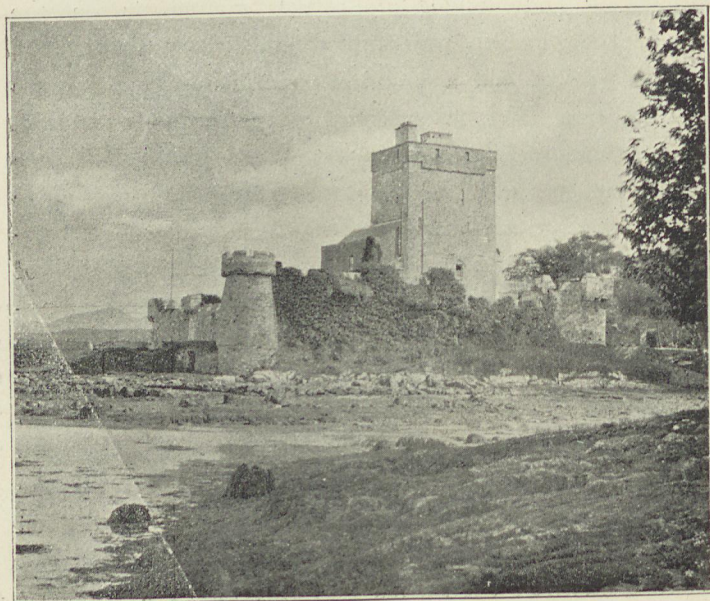




Σλιεβ Λιλες.

*From a photo by Lawrence, Dublin.*

Slieve League.



Δοεπλεάν νὰ ο-Τυατ.

*From a photo by Lawrence, 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 "turrus," 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, "Dubduaib-seiseac," and obliged them, after fierce resistance, to join for ever the congenial company of the sea-serpents.



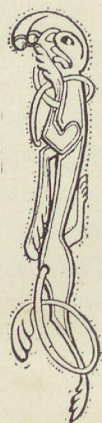


## CHAPTER V.

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

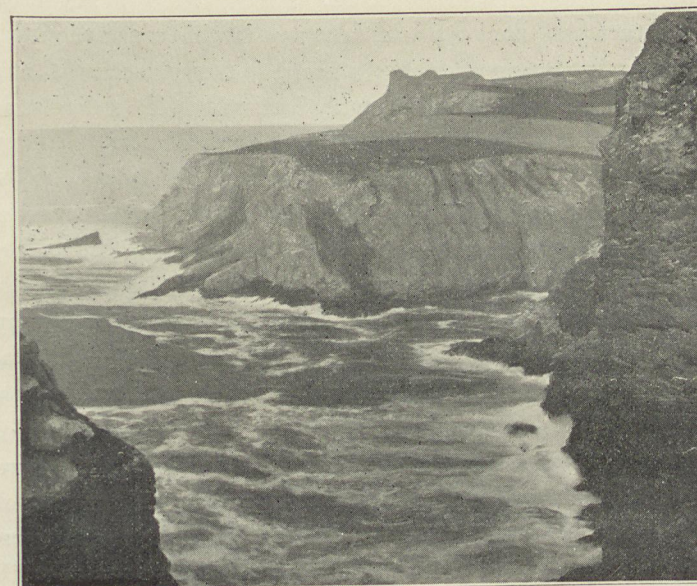
## ADDRESS

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 footsteps 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 states—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, unfailing, 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? Gartan was not always so bare as we see it. But what the good monks of Kilmacrennan and of Doe 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-

ured 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 Gartan 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 M'Glynn, P.P., V.G., Stranorlar.

---

Δ Τιζεαρνα Εαρβοις, α Διτρεαδα ργυρ α Όαδινε Ηαιρτε.

So tá glóimhar 7 tá aearac ro éiann Connait 7 ro Eimionnais ério an róman so h-uile tá féite Columcille. So e an tá a ériochnuigeap an érioimad céuto veuz biaodan anóeis a báir. “H tuacimhar an amharic an Tigearna báir na naoim.”

Tá pmoim-éleireac eadlaire na h-éireann, pmoimha ap ro-teampoll, tá eaproc uphamac 7 ónorac Raé a' Úot, tá éleiruz 7 tuata ó'n uile páraiproe anhr an róioziore móir ro eiminnuigete anhr ro anóiuuz i n-Íarpan, anhr an áit anhr ap bogad an naoim anhr an éiaban, leir an τ-Διρμoim naomta



α εοιρηθιρε το οια μορι να ζλοιρε αιρ ρον να η-ιομαο ζηάρα  
 7 τιαδλααο το ρρον. Σε αιρ Cholucille αζυρ τυρο-ρε  
 αιρ Ειρεανηαιζιβ 7 αιρ οαοιμβ να τιρε ειτε α ρυαιρ εολαρ  
 αν ριρ-επειοιμ τυρο-ραοταρ αζυρ ρόζλιμ να μάηαιζ ηαομτα  
 α ο'ράς ρε 'να οείζ ανηρ να η-ιομαο τιζε ηιαζατα α ευιρ  
 ρε αιρ bun.

Λαβαιρ ευρο δε να εαιηεοιηυοε ανηρ ρο ανόιυζ αιρ θεατα  
 άρ ηαοιμ ανη α μοριαν οδιζεαηνα αετ ιρ μιαν ηιομρα τηαεο  
 αιρ μαρ ρεαρ ρυιβηοε αζυρ μαρ οεαζ εομαιοηιζεαε, αζυρ  
 ο'ε'η ηαιοεαρ αζυρ αν ταιηθε οο α ετιρ αζυρ οο 'η εαζλαιρ  
 α ο'ειρυζ αρ α ευρο ζηιομαρταο 7 κομαιοηι. Τηαιηι ρε  
 οε'η ρυιρ α β'υαιρλε 1 α β'αιρθε 1 η-Ειρμυ. Ουο ε Conall  
 ζυλβαν, μαε ηιαηη να ηαιο η-ζεαηη αρο-μυζ Ειρεαηη, α  
 ζαπαταιρ. Αιρ εαοιβ α μαεαρ βυο δε ρλυοεο ηυζ λαζιη η.  
 Αιρ αν αοβαρ ριη βι ρε ανη α εμαρ κομαιοηι οο ευρ αιρ  
 μορι-ευρο. δε ηιζεο 7 δε υαεοραηαιβ να τιρε. ζο η-οζ  
 ανη α ραοζαη ρυαιρ ρε τεαζαρζ 7 οιοεαρ ηαιο, μαρ ο' οιρ  
 οο'η ρλυοεο ηιζεαηαι αιρ οε ε. Οι ρε αροηηηηεαε,  
 ηειρηεαηαι αζυρ ζαιρζεαηαι ανη ζαε κοηαβαηηε αζυρ  
 ηιορ μο τυζτα οο θειτ αιζ οεαηαο ζηιομαρτα τηευηα,  
 εαημα, ηα θειτ αιζ ηηηαιζεαεαρ. 'Να ευροεαετα ρο βι  
 ηηηηηη οαιηζεαη, οοεεραε 7 ελαοηα λαοιρ αιζε, αζυρ  
 ηυαιρ α βι ριαο ρο οηηυζε-μαρ βυο εοιρ ιρ ηηηη α ευζ  
 ριαο βυαιο οο 7 λαη-αν-υαεοαιρ αν ζαε ζάβαο αζαρ ευιρ  
 αεραηαε α εαιηηη ροηηε.

Ηυαιρ α εαιηηη αν τ-αη αιρ βυο εοιρ οο α ζαιρμ θεαταο  
 εοζαο, ευζ ρε ρυαρ α εεαηε αιρ ηιζεαεοτα Τηιρ-Χοηαιη  
 αζυρ β' εοιρ αιρ εοροιη αρο-μυζ Ειρμυ 7 ζλαε ρε μαρ ηαεζα  
 α θειτ 'να ηαηαε 7 ευζ ρε ε ρεηη ρυαρ ζο ουεραεοαε οο  
 ρειρβιρ οε 7 οο ρλαηυζαο αηαη. Οι ηιορ μο δε ηαουιρ  
 Μαρτα αιζε 'ηα δε ηαουιρ Μαηε, ηιορ μο ουιρ αιζε 1  
 η-ζηιομαρταιβ 'ηα αηηα ρηυαηεαο. Χυιρ ρε να εεοτα  
 οε τιζε ροιβηε 7 οε ηαηηροιρβ αιρ bun 7 ηιαζλιυζ ρε ιαο;  
 ο'ιομραιοζ ρε να ηηηε οε ραζαηαιοζιβ 'ηα ζ-εοιροραιοζιβ;

εεαζαρζ ρε να βηαιοηε; ρυοβαη ρε αιρ ραιρζε 7 αιρ ταλαη  
 αιζ οεαηαο να η-οιβηεαε ρο, εαραο αν ηομαο οε οαοιηβ  
 άρτο 7 ηιοιρ αιρ, 7 ρυαιρ ρε ηεαρ, οηοιρ, ηηηαηη 7 ζεηηρτεαη  
 υαιβ υιτε αζυρ ηι οεαηη ουηη αιρ βιτ ηαιο οο 'ηυαιη ηαε  
 β-ρυαιρ οιοηυιζεαεο αιρ α ρον, αζυρ μαρ α ζ-εεαοηα ηιορ  
 ηαηρλιυζ 7 ηιορ εαηευιρηηζ αοη ουηη ε ηαρ εηρυζ ηιοεαραο  
 οο. Ουο εοραηαιη Colucille ηε ράεαε αηεαρζ 'ηα  
 η-οαοιηεαο α εοηηηυοε ανηρ αν ρειρεαο η-αοιρ αζυρ  
 ευαιο α ελυ ιρ α εαιη α β-ραο 'ρ α ζεαηηρ.

Ηυαιρ α εαιηηη αηεαηη α θειτ 'ηα ηιζ αιρ να η-Ειρεαη-  
 ηαεαηβ α βι ροεραηοε 1 η-Αλβαιη βυο ηαιο ηειρ οα η-οεαη-  
 ραο Colucille ε α εοιρηεααη. Τηυζ αν ηαιοηη αν αεεοιηηε  
 ρο οο, ηεαζ α λαηηα αιρ, θεαηηυζ 7 εοιρηεαε ε, αζυρ βυο ε  
 ρο αν εεαο ηυζ Εοιροραηαιη α οεαηηαο ηειρ ε. 'Να οείζ ρο  
 εαιηηη ρε α θειτ 'ηα ζηαεαρ οο ηιζεοιβ Οηαηηαοα α ουι ζο  
 η-ηοηαη ζο η-οεαηηαο αν τ-αβ α ζ-εοιρηεααη. Ουο ζηαεαε  
 ηειρ να η-Ειρηοηηηαεαηβ α ηυζηηε αιτ εοηηηυοε 1 η-Αλβαιη, ρυο  
 'ρ ζο ηαβ α ηιζτε ρεηη αεα, ειορ α οιοι ηε ηυζεοιβ να η-Ειρεαηη.  
 Ουο ηειρ οο Cholucille ζυρ βυο αοβαρ βηυιζιηηε 7 κοζαο  
 α θειτ εαο ανηρ αν εαιη ρο, αζυρ ρυαιρ ρε ηαιοηε ε αιζ  
 ερυηηηυζαο μορι α βι αεα ανηρ αν η-βηαοαηη 574 αιζ  
 Ορυηηεατ 1 ζ-κοηοαε Οοιρ, ρυο 'ρ ζο ηαβ ριαο αιζ ουι  
 ανη ηροαα αετ εοηηηαηζ ρεαηηη 7 εομαιοηιηε αν Ειρεαηαιε  
 Cholucille υα ιαο.

Χηομιοη α ερηνηηαετ μαρ α ζ-εεαοηα 1 ζ-ευιρ να η-βάρτο.  
 Οι αν ηομαο οιοβ ανηρ αν τιρ 7 βι εαραηεαεα μορα 'ηα  
 η-αζαο 7 ηυζηηε αν ηιζ, αεο ρυαρ α ηηηηηη ιαο ρζηορ ηο α  
 η-οιβηηε, αετ αιρ εομαιοηιηε 7 αιρ εαοαηρζυοη Cholucille ηι  
 οεαηη ρε ρο, αετ λαζαοιηζ ρε α η-υηηηρ αζυρ ο ριη αηαε βι α  
 ζ-εεοι 7 α ηοαηηα τυζτα ρυαρ ζο μορι οο'η εαζλαιρ 7 βι αν  
 οηρεαο ριη βυοεαεαηρ αεα αιρ αν ρεαρ α ραβαη ιαο ζυρ ευμ  
 αν τ-αηοοηηαη, α βι ορ α ζ-εεαηη, Οαηηαη ροαηαηη, οαη  
 οο, αετ ανοειζ ε ελυηρτεαη, ευζ αν ηαιοηη αιρ ζεαηηρταη  
 ηαε ρειρεαο ρε ε εομ ηαοα 7 θειτ εαο ρε ρεηη βεο αιρ



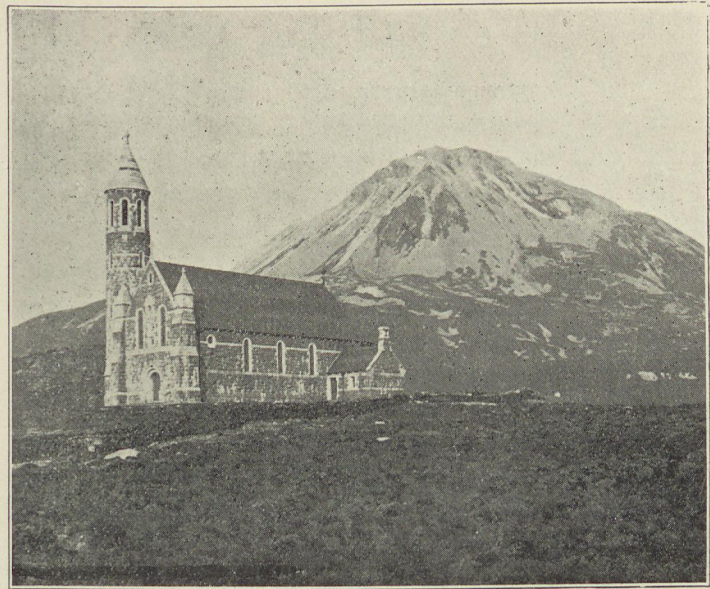
eaḡla roimé an bhró. Air feadh am fada 'na dhéiḡ rin éongbairé na báiré pporriairé na tír-ḡráda beó i n-Eirinn aḡur ḡiú ḡur feuc níḡte na Sacran ḡ ḡo h-áir'ḡte bain-moḡan l'pebeal iad a' d'iol air fon feinm' toib, ní feinfeadh ríad an b'oré aḡur ní éumfadh ríad an rann oi.

Ais eirinnuḡadh móir Óruim-Cheatta eus Colum Cille mar moḡ-áco-ḡean ḡlic an comairle d'eiḡeannaé ia air éalaim na h-Eiréann do na níḡtib, earboisib, cléirib, uácoarairé do'n méiré eile á b'í ann rinn ar Albain ḡ ar Eirí, re rin, a' beir ríocéanta caréanaé aḡur oílir do a céile aronair toimácuré, na deoiréiré oibíriúe a' éabaré arair. Mo f'earadh air an éalaim naomta ro i n-ḡairtan, an áit ann ar muḡadh ar naom' beannuḡte, beirim-re an éomairle céadna do éaoiréadairé ḡ do d'aoimib na h-Eiréann ḡo h-iomlan. Táair ais ḡoiré d'á mílliuin ḡo leir punta 'ra bhiaḡdair uainn; tá na daoine ais iméadé ar an tír 'na míltib; támuiré ais eirḡ moir bóicúe; tá na pporriúnaḡe ais cailleadh a ḡ-céill a pporriúin Sacranairḡ; tá'n bunadh a curfeadh ar ḡ-cuiré ḡabalairé tréiḡte feudaim a ríad; áct da m-béiréadh ríocéan ḡ doiréadé ḡ caréanar éaoiréann beiréadh an léiḡear ann ar lám' fein, aḡur tuille.

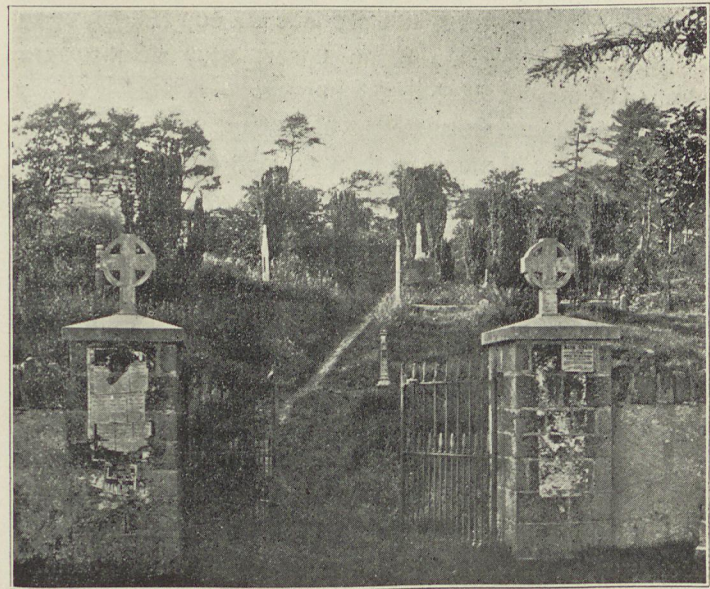
Space will not permit us to insert more than an abridgment of the admirable paper of Mr. Anthony Doherty, N.T., of Cruit Island.

A' t'ḡearna éairéimé, a' t'ḡearna earbois, a' a'iréada oib'iréneada aḡur ro-oib'iréneada, a' f'eara aḡur a' m'na tíre-éonair:—

Cualairé ríbh oiréad a n-oiu, i m-béiré aḡur i n-ḡeóilis, fá beada aḡur fá ḡníomairéaiḡe Naom' Colum-cille, aḡur naé b'puit re muáctanac aḡamra móran a' éur leir. Tá daoine eirinnuḡte annro a n-oiu ar i n-ḡearr' r' i ḡ-céim le h-onorúḡadh aḡur le h-áruḡadh a' d'eanadh air éumine an



Dun Luḡadh aḡur Airéḡal. Catholic Church, Dunlevy and Errigal.  
*From a photo by Lawrence, Dublin.*



Éongbairé.

Conwal Ruins.



Naomh móir a éiríonn a ceo anall air an ionad naomh na ro—Naomh aca ainmníche aig úgtoir go h-uile an Naomh ip mó aigur ip aithe cáil a máir aríam de íreab na h-Eiréann. Can mar zeall air lá oíomhoimeair no lá pléarúir oúinn fein a éirí i g-ceann a éite rinn aig annro? Ní h-eaó; buó éoir oúinn rún aigur fáe níor tairbige a beic aigainn air ron ar o-turuir. Saé uile lá le cúpla mí bímir aig aig obair go cruair le iur éigin a éirí a g-cruic a maéa 'na buntairíe aigur ann tairbe oúinn 'ran am le éeacé—a' oeanraó an talamh réir oó'n báir, o'a g-cuir, aig cur oirre oirra, aigur a' tabairt prearóil oirb. Saolpreaómuir lá air bíe a beic amuza nuair naé o-tiocraó linn níó éigin a oeanao aig cur 'un toraig na n-ghoite ro. A n-oiu, mar g-ceúona, buó éoir oúinn féuáint le tairbe éigin air ron an ama a ta le éeacé a ghoéugaó oúinn fein ar ar n-airíeair annro, aigur ar a b-facamuir aigur a g-cualamuir. Ma éiréann muid an lá éiríann go pléarúir, aét go neamhroiríeacé, nílmir aét o'a éirí amuza, aigur leigimir pleamhnaó o'o uainn breas aigur o'o meadóin bhoigmar le maic a oeanao oúinn fein.

A n-aimpí Naomh Columcille bí leabairéai an-gann aigur air an aóbar rin bí mear an-móir go oé oirra. Nuair a gheóbaó pé ceann ni pílreao pé oaoair panaé na fúige oiróe aigur lá o'a ríuic go m-béiréao leabair úir oéanta aig féin ar. Ip é an oírreugaó-géan ro a bí aig Naomh Columcille aigur aig céaótaí o'e naomh eile na h-Eiréann, a éus o'o ar o-tír a h-ainm arra, bpoóamhail, "Oilean na Naomh aigur na n-Ollamh." Oo píl gíao na pógluime ro anuar púo ar rinnirí air fáo moian gmeatae, aét 'ran am a laéair tá eagla oim go b-fuil rinn aig leigéann oó báir a fáaail ann ar mear. Oálla oaoime tíreá eile tá rinn aig éirí níor mó tugéa o'o na pígneaca, na ríll-neaca, aigur na puntaí na o'o leabairéai aigur o'o leigéann.

A n-aíor ar éairt o'o ar b-páirí a beic faoi éuram a

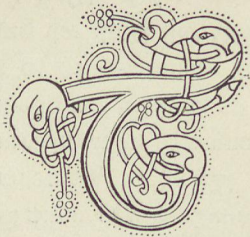
muiníre aigur a maigíreir, táeair o'a o-tiomaint a fáoir-éugaó tuaróail ruarraig amearg na rrainprear. Ní h-amlaíó buó éoir a beic, go rprealca, ann na h-aimpí oiréanaeá ro, nuair aca 'n póglum aig an ooir aigainn go. Ní oógráir Eiré a ceann go oé m-béir ar b-páirí múinte mar bí ríao fáo o íoin. Air an aóbar rin buó éoir saé gairí aigur giorrae a éuinneit go buan air an ríoil go m-béir ríao o'a bliadóin oeuo o'e aoir, air ríoir air bíe. Aigur aig tráe air leigéann, ni éoir oúinn oearmao a oeanao air ar o-teangair oíur féin, an teangair a oearm Naomh Columcille aigur mílte o'e naomh eile na h-Eiréann caint aigur uirúige, teagair aigur ríuicbaó, ríuicéacé aigur ríuicéacé innti. Cinnce, an teangair a bí maic go leóir acapan ta rí mó-maic aigainne. Éis pír pógluméa ar an íráine, aigur ar moian o'e tíreá eile, go h-Eirínn le blar éairt ar o-teangair a pógluim; aét rinne, ar péoir oúinn í a beic aigainn gan raóair no ríoblaí air bíe, ní ríleann rinn oaoair oí. Nuair a éirí rinn an mear móir aca air an gaeóilg a n-áiteaca eile, buó éoir o'o aíteaca aigur o'o maicreaca na h-Eiréann oirrugaó a n-uirúige aigur a o-teagair Críoraige a éirí ríome a b-páirí a n-gaeóilg, labairt Leo, aigur tabairt oirra preagar a éabairt oirra a n-gaeóilg. Céao aca í a élaeóao saé lá aigur saé uair, oir a n-oiaí a g-eríomh ip í an oirreacé ip luacmára a éaimc anuar éugainn o n-ar rinnirí. Go g-cuirí o'ia maé aigur maamnar, aó aigur aoirnear, air múiníre na gaeóilge, aigur

Go Sabalug Dia Eiré!



## CHAPTER VI.

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



THE Rev. E. Cassidy, C.C., Donegal, delivered a short address in Irish, and was followed by the Rev. J. M'Atter, 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.

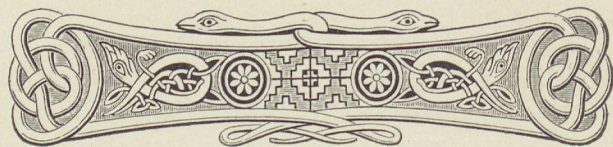
The most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, said,—My Lord Cardinal, and dear people, I have been paying close attention all day long to the addresses, thinking that something might be omitted that towards evening I could supply out of a very small store of knowledge; but no such omission has occurred. The artists who 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. ADAMNAN, 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.



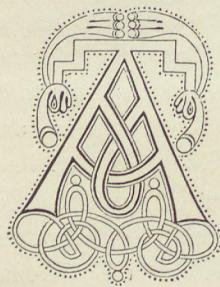


SECTION V.

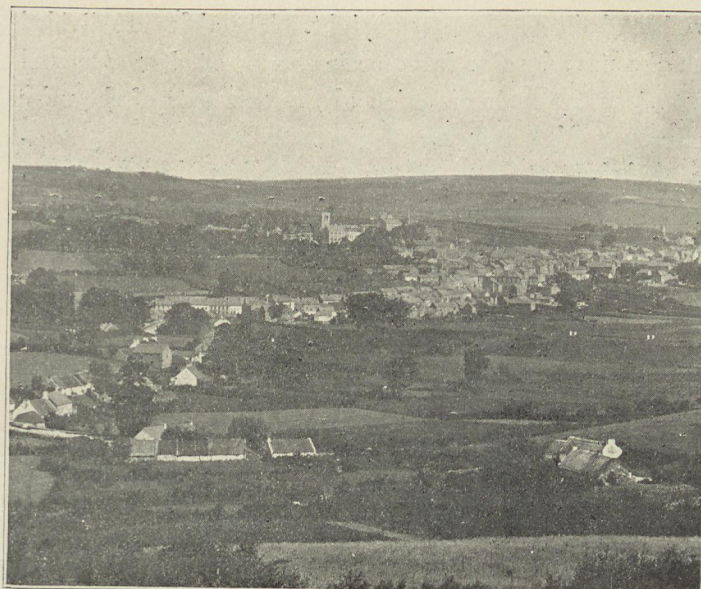
SECOND DAY.

CHAPTER I.

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



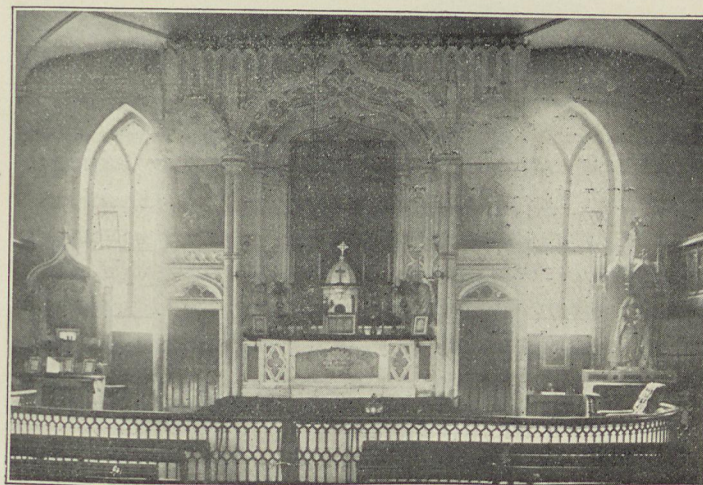
LARGE proportion of those who came to witness yesterday's centennial celebration still remain in Letterkenny, and to-day the new cathedral in course of erection was inspected by a considerable number. Rapid progress has been made with the work, and though the walls of the sacred edifice are not yet raised 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 Cannanagh.

*From a photo by Lawrence, Dublin.*

Letterkenny.



Interior Old Church, Letterkenny.

*From a photo by Lawrence, Dublin.*

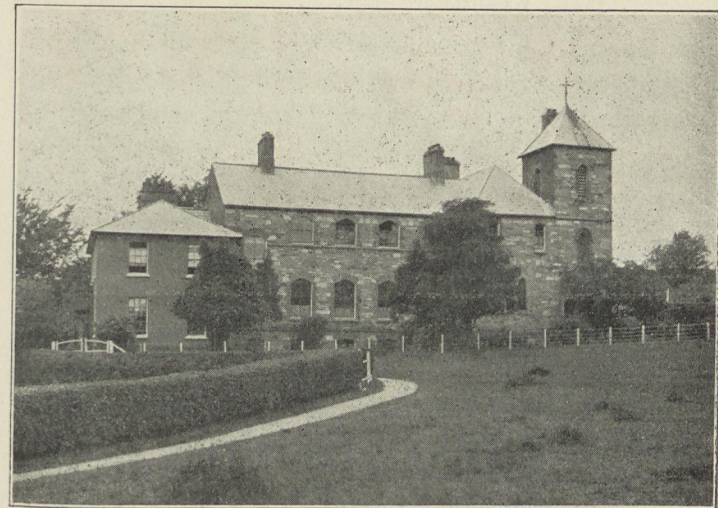


have been built to clerestory height. The aisles are divided from the nave by five lofty arches, supported on clustered columns, and at the intersection of the transepts of the nave are four very high arches resting on massive shafted supports. The choir is in the form of an apse, ending with nine sides, 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,  $66\frac{1}{2}$  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 part 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., Killcar; 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 unfailling 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'Dennell, 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., Falcarragh, and others sang a number of Irish songs before this very pleasant meeting was brought to a close.



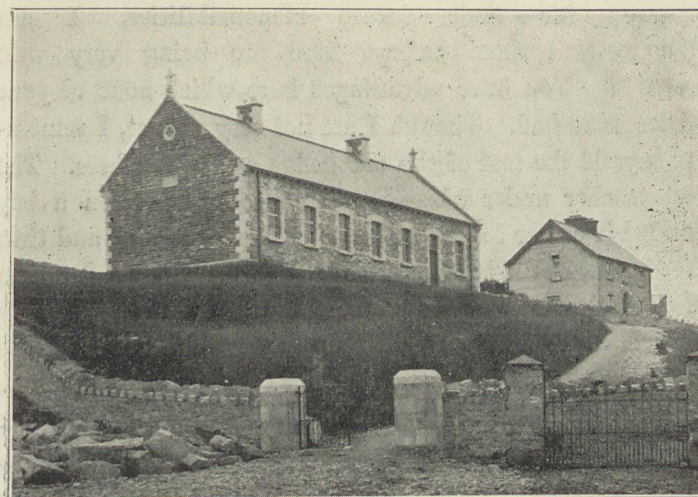
THE PRESENTATION BROTHERS' SCHOOLS AND  
THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

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



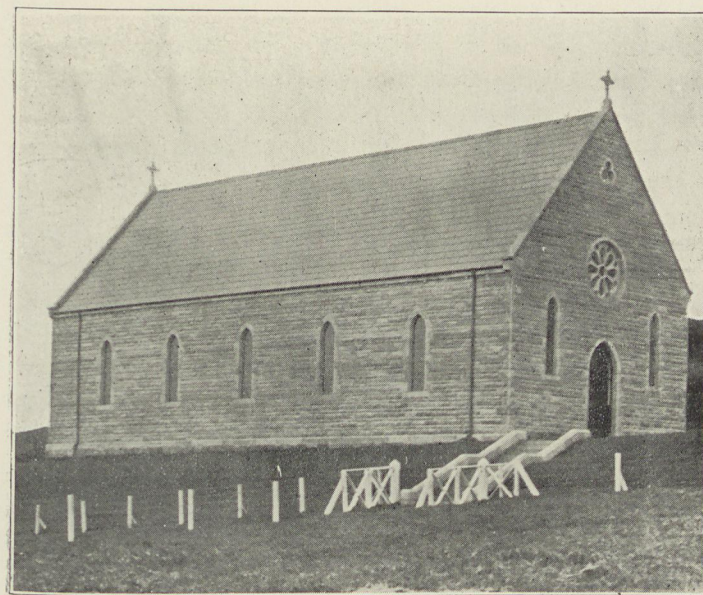
Presentation Monastery Schools, Letterkenny.

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 career 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



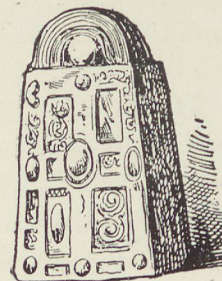
ecclesiastical property. Close by the ruins of the ancient Abbey is a great Celtic cross said to have been brought by St. Columbkille from Clonmacnoise, which is still in a fair state of preservation, and continues to excite the wonder of the curious and the piety of the faithful. A short distance away 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.”

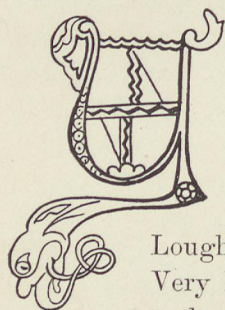
The feast of the saint has always been observed as a day of special devotion and cessation from labour in the district of Durrow, but never was the festival marked by such religious solemnity as on the present occasion. The Very Rev. Hugh Behan, P.P., V.F., Tullamore, who since his appointment to the 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. Gilsean 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 M'Donnell, 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 M'Nelises, 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'Nelise, 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. M'Ginley, 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 M'Glynn 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 M'Glynn 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*.

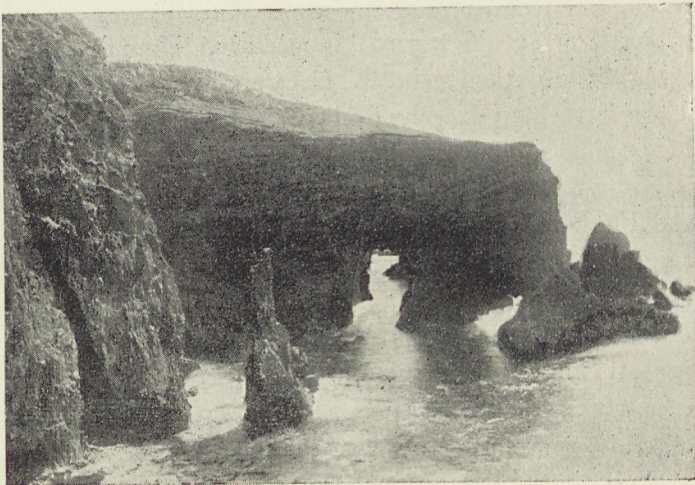
---

"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 M'Mahon, that was cut to pieces within two miles of Letterkenny. Since that fatal day, the 21st of June, 1650, when Scariff 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 enoble 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. Fiuan of Cloghaneely, St. Mura of Fahan and St. Maelisa of Clonmany, St. Cairneach of Clonleigh, and St. Dabeoc 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 redimiti euntis

Personat orbis.

Illa fortunata aliena tellus!  
Cælitus missum, soboles Potentum,  
Exulem te gestit, genuisse nostra  
Terra Conalli.<sup>1</sup>

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

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

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

Nunc domus claræ posuit nitorem,  
Indolem regum tamen expiatam  
Servat, ac cælestia contuetur  
Corde calente.

Benchor<sup>2</sup> excellens, Cluan inde Erarda<sup>3</sup>  
Emicans passim (simili magistri  
Nuncupantur nomine, Finiano)  
Concelebravit.

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

Insulæ natalitiæ saluti  
Providus—nam gloria posterorum  
Præsulum jam diluculo videtur  
In juveni almo—

Denique in fines rediens paternos,  
Struxit Ædem, Cœnobia apparavit.  
Mente complectens variæ quot artes,  
Pandere verbum.

Quos labores, ostia Faille<sup>4</sup> juxta,  
Cui loco nomen Daire-Colga<sup>5</sup> notum,  
Cecipit gaudens, iterum precando  
Pignora dia.



Eligit vitæ socios beatæ  
Quos Deus monstrat meritis repletos ;  
Cura fanorum bene devoluta

Integra durat.

Templa primus Rathbotiæ struebas,  
Ast Adamnano ut honor Patroni  
Restet haud invitus. Et intuentes

Mira patrantem

Te stupent omnes ; faber en molaris  
E rota rivum in rapidum evomente  
Volvitur letho ; precibus Columbæ

Spiritus adflat.

Heu ! Coloni vomeris haud potiti  
Artificem exquirunt, cui gnara fornax ;  
Quid juvat ? Fernam juvenem edocebat

Mirifice Abbas.

Dicitur Phœbus mediis in orbis  
Partibus, Delphis, habitasse : constat  
Nobilem fundasse domum Columbam

In media Ierne.

Daire-Magh<sup>6</sup> circa radiavit ejus  
Fulgor ; etsi mox nova quærit 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  
Inclutum exemplar dedit in libello  
Quem vocant “Kenlis”<sup>7</sup> ; ibi perpolivit  
Biblia sancta.

Viribus cultis minus ecce fidens,  
Optimus scriptor sapienter optat,  
Ipsa quæ, dictante Deo, exarata,

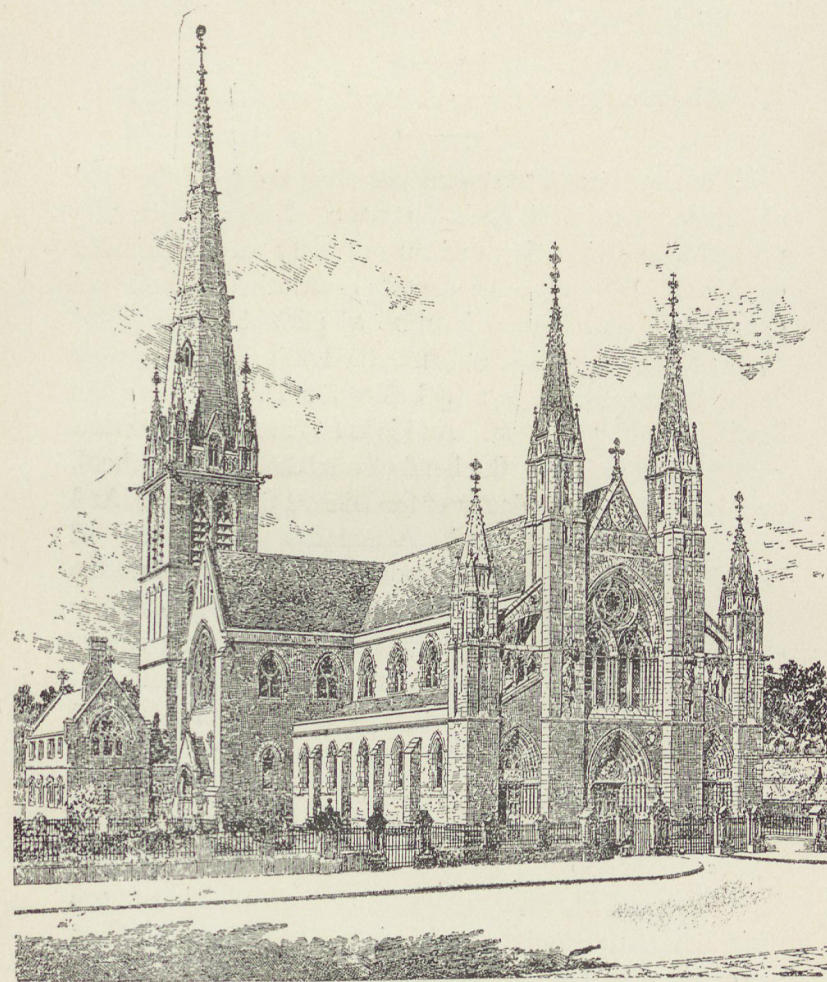
Multiplicentur.

Insulam nostram docilemque sanctam  
Sæpibus 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, dicit  
Terra Conalli ; memor, O Columba,  
Respice plebem.

1 Terra Conalli=Tirconnell. 2 Benchor=Bangor. 3 Cuan-Erarda=Clonara  
Faille=Foyle. 5 Daire-Colga=Derry. 6 Daire-Magh=Durrow. 7 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 disdainng 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:—

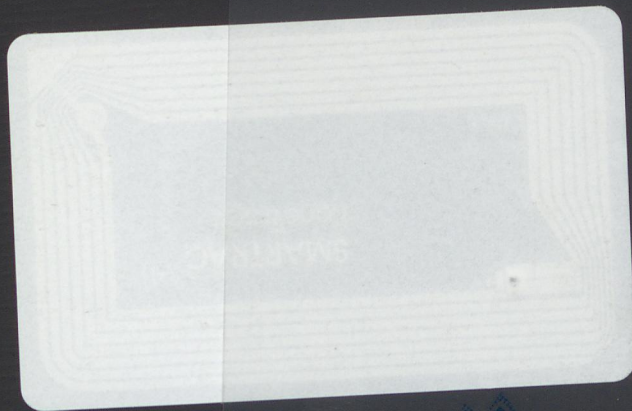
“To his Eminence Cardinal Logue,

“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.”







Made in Italy

01-14 STD



8 032919 991409

[www.colibrisystem.com](http://www.colibrisystem.com)



