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POETRY OF IRELAND.

HAS ESTABLISHED A CLAIM TO BE CONSIDERED FINE ART.

Modern Bards Have Penetrated Higher Realms Than Any Bounded by Distinctly National Ideas—Enriched English Literature.

In a recent article reviewing a volume entitled "A Treasury of Irish Poetry" the Chicago Times-Herald pays a tribute to the poetic genius of the sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle. It says:

If the reader takes up "A Treasury of Irish Poetry" expecting to find its contents all up to a high pitch of excellence, he is certain to be disappointed. Nevertheless this is a volume of great attractiveness. The gifts it brings with it in the present satisfy, and it is full of pleasing foreshadowings and hints of

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

greater things yet to come. The book aims to be a history of growth and development, and such it is. A marked and wonderful advance, perceptible even to the least discriminating, has taken place in the hundred years since Irish rhymesters first lisped in English numbers. Instead of the complete paralysis of the poetic faculty which we might expect to follow when Irishmen abandoned their ancient language for an alien tongue, they have attained today as musical an utterance as that of any Anglo-Saxon. In William Butler Yeats they have one of the first of living English writing poets.

Stopford A. Brooke, the principal editor of the volume under consideration, has a brilliant reputation as an editor and an authority on English literature. His "History of Early English Literature" has long been considered a textbook of the subject. Few who know him through his book are aware that he is an Irishman and a poet of considerable merit. He is president of the Irish Literary society of London, having succeeded Sir Charles Gavan Duffy in 1899. Mr. Rolleston, his colleague, is an Irish scholar and poet whose work is highly esteemed by English periodicals.

Some years ago Yeats, himself the sweetest singer of all, collected a volume of the best efforts of the Irish poets. Because Mr. Yeats had anticipated them, and also because of the exceedingly limited field of choice, covering practically only the last 40 years, our editors determined to abandon the idea of including only the best in their volume and to govern their choice of selections according to historical development. The anthology is therefore a history, through examples, of Irish poetry since it first began to speak in the English tongue.

To Sir Charles Gavan Duffy this anthology is rightly dedicated. He, as the founder of The Nation in 1842 and one of its editors, may be said to be the maker of poetic literature in Ireland. But the service which makes this dedication particularly appropriate was the publication in 1843 of "Irish Ballad Poetry," the first worthy collection of Irish national poetry.

Modern Irish poetry has only within the last forty odd years established claim to being considered fine art. Until of late its distinctive elements were passionate nationality, ardent religion, keen rebellion against England, and the note of misery through sword, famine and pestilence. The Celtic revival has been more concerned with poetry for its own sake than as a weapon of aggression against England. The note of rebellion, the cry for vengeance, has died away. Ireland has been depicted over and over again as a sorrowing maid with the woes of a thousand years in her dark but ever youthful eyes. Dark Rosaleen, Silk of the Kine, Rose of the World—with names such as these she has been apostrophized by her lovers, from famine stricken huts, from prisons and from foreign lands. Late poetry has lost much of this peculiar bitterness and sadness, due to oppression, injustice and want, and it is well. English literature has been made fuller by contributions of this kind (which Ireland alone could furnish, as Mr. Brooke shows), but today's poets have penetrated higher realms than any bounded by distinctly national ideas.

[illegible] remain, as they ought to remain, distinctively Irish, but they pass beyond Ireland also. They desire to do work which may be united with the great and beautiful song of the whole world. While they love Ireland dearly and fill their work with the spirit of Ireland, they also wish to be inhabitants of that high land of art where there is neither English nor Irish, French nor German, but the spirit of loveliness alone.

In translation from the Gaelic some of the best work of the Celtic revival has been done. George Sigerson's recent book of translations, "The Bards of the Gael and Gall," containing metrical versions of about 140 Irish poems, from the earliest unrhymed chant of the first invading Milesian down to the peasant songs of the eighteenth century, is a work whose importance it is difficult to overestimate. "The Blackbird's Song" is characteristic Irish verse, with its heptasyllabic line, internal chimes and alliteration. It was found written on the margin of an ancient manuscript, date about 850, and translated by Dr. Sigerson:

Great woods gird me now around,
With sweet sound Merle sings to me;
My much lined pages over
Sings its lover minstrelsie.

Soft it sings its measured song,
Hid among the tree tops green;
May God on high thus love me,
Thus approve me, all unseen.

William Allingham's poems have wide popularity in Ireland. His "Emigrant's Farewell," that "adieu to Ballyshannon and the winding banks of Erne," has become a classic lament among his own people. The power he had to produce æolian melodies with Irish atmosphere and charm his child's fairy song discloses, which begins:

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men.
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping altogether;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.

"The Donovans," "Irish Molly O" and "The Ould Plaid Shawl" stand for that popular song writer, Francis A. Fahy. The original, racy gayety in the midst of affliction, which is a marked characteristic of the Irish, lights up Patrick J. McCall's verse, as in "Herself and Myself:"

As down the lane goin I felt my heart growin
As young as it was forty-five years ago.
'Twas here in this boreen I first kissed my stoireen,
A sweet little colleen with skin like the snow.
I looked at my woman; a song she was hummin
As old as the hills, so I gave her a pogue;
'Twas like our old courtin, half sarious, half sportin,
When Molly was young and when hoops were in vogue.

Inspiration, sincerity and real melody mark the poetry of Katharine Tynan-Hinkson, called in this volume one of the foremost women writers of English verse of today. "An Island Fisherman" gives a faithful picture of tragedy in lowly lives:

I groan as I put out
My nets on the say
To hear the little girshas shout,
Dancin among the spray.

Ochone, the childer pass
An lave us to our grief;
The stranger took my little lass
At the fall of the leaf.

Jane Barlow, Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter), Frances Wynne and Nora Hopper are well known Irish women poets. Moira O'Neill has perhaps surpassed them all, however, in her delineations of the tender and wistful in the Irish nature. The poem from which we quote is widely known. In it that old, haunting strain of exile reechoes—

Over here in England I'm helpin wi' the hay,
An I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
Weary on the English hay and sorra take the wheat!
Och, Corrymeela an the blue sky over it.

The supreme task of Irish literature of the present day received a great impetus from Ferguson, but William Butler Yeats has comprehended it even better than he. To lead Irish literature to strike its roots into the Gaelic past and not into the mighty tradition of England is that task. The gods and the heroes of Gaelic mythology emerge from the imagination of this poet not as "symbols" of ideas, but as the very ideas themselves. His note from the first has been singularly strong and original. The mystic in him is strong, but so far his imagination has vitalized the terms of its expression. We echo the hope of the editor that Mr. Keats will keep out of the dreary waste of pure symbolism and abide within hearing of the music of woods and hills, which

Charmed away the merchant from his guile
And turned the farmer's memory from his cattle
And hushed in sleep the roaring ranks of battle,
For all who heard it dreamed a little while.

Direct, simple and humane work on actual life Mr. Yeats has to his credit, though the total sum of his verse is not large. Like all Irish writers, he celebrates in his best strain his love of his native land:

I will arise and go now and go to Innisfree
And a small cabin built there of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honeybee,
And live alone in the bee loud glade,
And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the vales of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a-glimmer and noon a purple glow
And evening full of the linnet's wings.
I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping, with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway or on the pavements gray
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

OUR SISTERHOODS.

A HIGH TRIBUTE PAID THEM BY A NON-CATHOLIC JOURNALIST.

The Self-Sacrificing Labors of the Little Sisters of the Poor and the Sisters of the Good Shepherd Which Won His Admiration.

The followng is from the pen of Edgar C. Markham, Albany correspondent of the Ripley, N. Y., Review:

In the city there is probably no organization which is doing more for the poor and the outcast than those of the Catholic Church. Protestant denominations might well take example from the unselfish devotion of the several orders of "Sisters." Everywhere we see them coming and going as quietly and patiently as the angels of God in their ministrations.

The "Little Ssters of the Poor" is an order that has no outside help or maintenance, but gather from those willing to aid money and the necessities of life and distripute them again with discrimination to those in need. Their lives have no recompense whatever, except that peace of mind that comes to those who go about doing good, and the promise that "inasmuch as ye have done it to these," shall you be rewarded in the life to come by the Master. Not a dollar comes to their purse for their own comfort. All that they have they give to the cause of charity. Even do they deny themselves food if others are suffering. Ah, how benign must be the smile of the Master as He looks upon lives like these.

The "Sisters of the Good Shepherd" is an order whose mission it is to look after wayward girls, to reclaim them to socety from which their sins have made them outcast. Holy the cause, and devoutly do they do their work. Thus the spirit of good combats the spirit of evil among men. There is no sectarianism in the work that these Catholic Sisters do. Wherever the unfortuate are, libe angels of good, they come and go. Meet them anywhere you may, and they are everywhere, have you noticed the light of love and unselfishness and devotion upon their countenances? Their lives are better sermons than empty words ever gave to men. There is no theory of Christian living in such a life, but practical living. There are works with faith; practice with resolve; doing with saying. How sordid and mean and ignoble, upon the other hand, are the lives of that other class who rise to places of position and influence and wealth, using the bodies of their fellow-men as their stepping-stones. How miserable and contemptible the life of that society woman who sleeps and dawdles and plays out the span of her existence, with none to care when she dies, compared with the life of an humble "Little Sister." And even the life of the business man who has no thought for others, but works and plans and worries to build a fortune for others to squander—while humanity suffers at his very doors, compared with her whose labor is love and whose purpose is humanity.

The above beautiful tribute is a credit to Mr. Markham's broadmindedness. He was formerly editor of The Ripley Review, but his recognized talent won him a place in the State educatonal department at Albany.

Henry Austin Adams and Rev. Dr. D. J. Stafford will shortly deliver lectures at St. Joseph's seminary, Dunwoodie.

* * *

M. Forain, the most celebrated French caricaturist, who left the Church years ago, has returned to it, like Brunetiere, Paul Bourget, Coppee and other eminent fellow countrymen of his.

* * *

Miss Mary Louise Patterson, of Baltimore, grand-niece of the famous Betsy Patterson, who was the wife of Jerome Bonaparte, was received into the Church recently at the Visitation academy, Georgetown, D. C., by Rev. Henry Semple, S. J.

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bit of Church news—a curate was recently offered a good parish, but declined to accept. His name is Rev. Eugene A. Shine. The declined pastorate was that of [illegible].

ENCYCLICAL LETTER

ON CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY.

Concluded.

Let it, then, be remembered that Catholic zeal for the relief and elevation of the lower orders must be absolutely in harmony with the mind of the Church, and accurately correspond with the pattern she continuously sets before us. Whether such aims are to be designated by the name of Popular Christianity or of Christian Democracy, is a very small matter, so long as Our published instructions are entirely observed, and with a fitting obedience. But it is of the utmost consequence, in a matter of such moment, that the minds, the wills, the actions of Catholics should be one and the same. It is no less important that, as there are more helpers and means increase, there should be larger action and a wider scope. In especial, the kind assistance is to be invited of those whose rank and wealth and superior culture carry with them more influence in the State. If this assistance is not given, scarcely anything can be affected of real avail towards the improvement which it is sought to introduce in the life of the people. Doubtless, the path of improvement is better assured and more quickly traversed, the more we have the co-operation of leading men, with their wide opportunities of effectual aid. We would have them consider for themselves that they are not free to choose whether they will take up the cause of the poor or not; it is a matter of simple duty. People in a community do not live each on his own resources alone, but on the resources of the community, some are too poor to contribute to the general stock according to their proper proportion; others, who have the ability, contribute in larger proportion. What the weight of our obligation is, we may discover from the proportionate superabundance of the good things we have received; the larger it is, the stricter must be the account we shall have to render to God, who gave it to us. We learn the same lesson from the storm of calamity which, unless a remedy be applied in time, is going to burst upon us to the ruin and destruction of all ranks; he who neglects to take the cause of the poor, acts without regard to his personal interest as well as that of his country.

But if such social enterprise, which is, at the same time, Christian enterprise, should take a wide hold and flourish unprevented, it need not, by any means, result that other institutions which were established long ago by the piety and foresight of our ancestors, and still subsist, should die out or become as it were absorbed in the new organization. The one as well as the others, having the same religious and charitable design, and with no real antagonism existing between them, may advantageously and suitably work side by side, so as the better to provide, by the co-ordination of various beneficiary effort, for the daily increasing necessities and dangers to which the common people are exposed. Courage and combination are loudly demanded by the situation. Only too abundant is the harvest of miseries we have before our eyes, and formidable indeed is the impending danger of fatal disturbances, especially through the growing strength of Socialist opinion. Socialism cunningly works its way into the heart of the community; in the darkness of secret assemblies and openly in the light of day, by speeches and by writings, it excites the people to sedition; the restraints of religion are thrown aside, duties are neglected and only rights upheld; daily larger and larger crowds of the poor and needy are solicited, whose narrow circumstances make them more open to deception and more easily hurried into error. Civil society no less than religion is imperilled; it is the sacred duty of every right-minded man to be up in defense of both the one and the other.

To attain the desired unity of will it is essential moreover that we should abstain from contentions occasions, which may give offence and cause division. Let there be no discussion in newspapers and popular meetings of subtle and generally quiet improfitable questions, which are difficult to expound, and demand for their understanding suitable qualities of intellect and no ordinary study. It is, indeed, natural to find doubts on many subjects, and for different people to hold different opinions; yet those who conscientiously seek the truth will keep in matters of dispute a calm temper and express themselves with modesty and with courtesy toward others; they will be afraid of conflicting opinion lest it should grow to a conflict of wills. But in questions admitting of doubt, whatever anyone prefers to think, let him always have such a disposition as to wish to submit to the Apostolic See with religious obedience.

The action of Catholics, of whatever sort, will proceed with a larger effectiveness, if all their associations, while the rights of each remain secure, have one and the same directing and moving force at their head. In Italy, We desire this office to be undertaken by the Institute of Catholic Congresses and Assemblies, which We have often had occasion to commend; this charge of controlling the common action of Catholics, but always subject to the guidance and direction of the Bishop, was committed to it by Our Predecessor. Let the same be done in other [illegible]

to which the office may legitimately be entrusted.

In any enterprise of this kind, with which the interests of the Church and of Christians are so closely bound up, it is clear that the priesthood ought to be throughout concerned, and that it may assist in many ways by its learning, its prudence, and its charity. More than once, after speaking with some of the clergy, We have thought it right to declare the advantage in these days of going amongst the people and speaking to them in a wholesome way. Often in letters addressed to Bishops and others in Holy Orders, even within recent years (To the General of the Order of Friars Minor, November 25, 1898) We have praised this particular loving care of the people, and have said that it specially belonged to both orders of the clergy. In the performance of this duty, however, let them proceed very cautiously and with prudence, according to the example of the Saints. The poor and humble Francis, or Vincent of Paul, the father of the unfortunate, or many others within the annals of the Church, were accustomed so to regulate their constant assiduities toward the people, that, without being unduly distracted or forgetting themselves they might, with equal ardor, cultivate their own minds so as to attain perfect virtue.

We should like here to add, a little more explicitly, how not only the Ministers of sacred things, but all who are zealous in the people's cause, may do the best service, without finding it difficult. They must, along with their charitable efforts, strive, as opportunity serves, to instil into the souls of the common people with all brotherly manner of speech, these five things: To beware of sedition, and of seditious persons, wherever found; to hold inviolate the right of every one else; to show willingly due deference to their masters and do honest work; not to get a distaste for the life of the home, which is in many ways so fruitful in good; to attend especially to religion, and seek in it their sure consolation amid the hardships of life. In carrying out these suggestions, great assistance may be obtained by recalling the supreme pattern of the Holy Family of Nazareth, and recommending its protection being sought, or from setting before anyone the examples of those whom the very poverty of their lot was led to the summit of virtue, or even from inspiring the hope of an abiding reward in another and a better life.

Finally, We again enjoin, and with greater insistence, that whatever schemes people take up in the popular cause, whether individually or in association, they should remember that they must be entirely submissive to episcopal authority. Do not let them be beguiled by an excessive ardor for charitable enterprise, which if it induces any relaxation of due obedience, is itself false, unproductive of solid benefit, and displeasing to God. Those who please God are those who are ready to give up their own ideas and listen to the bidding of the rulers of the Church, absolutely as to His own; to such He readily gives aid, even when attempting very difficult enterprises, and is wont, benignantly, to bring their undertaking to the issues they desire. Let there be given, moreover, a consistent and virtuous example, especially such as shows the Christian to be a hater of sloth and self-indulgence, giving in friendly-wise of his abundance to the necessities to others, strong against calamities, not cast down. Such an example has great effect in exciting healthy dispositions among the masses, and it has an increased force when it is the life of some leading man that is so adorned.

We exhort you, venerable Brethren, to see to these things with your wonted prudence and assiduity, as the individual and local circumstances demand, and take counsel with one another about them in your customary meetings. But let your vigilance be on the watch and your authority exercised, regulating, restraining, and resisting, that on no pretext of promoting good the vigor of holy discipline be relaxed, or the rule of order disturbed which Christ laid down for His Church. With right and harmonious and progressive action on the part of all Catholics, let it the more conspicuously be seen, that orderly tranquility and true prosperity especially flourish under the favor and protection of the Church, whose most holy office it is to admonish all of their duty according to the precepts of Christ, to unite rich and poor in fraternal charity, and to uplift and strengthen the spirits of men in the adverse course of life's affairs.

Let Our directions and wishes be recommended to you by that exhortation of St. Paul to the Romans, so full of Apostolic charity. "I beseech you * * * be reformed in the newness of your mind * * *. He that giveth with simplicity, he that ruleth with carefulness; he that showeth mercy with cheerfulness. Let love be without dissimulation. Hating that which is evil, cleaving to that which is good. Loving one another with the charity of brotherhood, with honor preferring one another. In carefulness not slothful; in spirit fervent, serving the Lord. Rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation; instant in prayer. Communicating to the necessities of the saints, pursuing hospitality. Rejoice with them that rejoice, weep with them [illegible]

[illegible] but also in the sight of all [illegible] (Rom. xii, 1-17).

Of which good things let [illegible] a pledge the Apostolic [illegible] which We impart most lovingly [illegible] Lord to you, venerable Brethren, your Clergy and people.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's [illegible] eighteenth day of January [illegible] year 1901, the twenty-third [illegible] Pontificate. LEO XIII, [illegible]

THE END.

THE IRISH LOURDES.

OVER TWENTY YEARS SINCE THE APPARITIONS AT KNOCK.

Many Pilgrims From All Quarters of the Globe Go Annually to the Sacred [illegible] to Celebrate the Anniversary of the Event.

It is now over twenty years [illegible] the simple, purehearted peasants [illegible] Knock clustered together round [illegible] gable wall of their little rustic [illegible] where they gazed in holy awe [illegible] glorious vision before them, says [illegible] F. K., in the Irish Catholic. [illegible] Beirne, the first to witness this [illegible] only sight, was at that time a [illegible] young and pious maiden, and [illegible] she has since become a [illegible] and mother, she is never tired of [illegible] ing back and telling the facts of [illegible] eventful night.

The parish of Knock was too [illegible] to employ paid women to clean [illegible] little chapel, yet at all times [illegible] would be found some young girl [illegible] ing to spend her well-earned [illegible] tion usefully and happily near [illegible] tar. Thus it was that on the [illegible] of Aug. 21, 1879, Mary Beirne, [illegible] carefully performed this [illegible] and then proceeded to [illegible] field which [illegible] She had only gone a few [illegible] she noticed on the [illegible] bright light which [illegible] from behind her. She turned [illegible] see what could have [illegible] dazzling sight met her [illegible] ble wall of the church [illegible] with glowing flames. [illegible] frightened and thought that [illegible] place was on fire, and [illegible] nervously toward the wall [illegible] ined it and saw that it [illegible] blaze of a fire, but of an [illegible] parition too strangely [illegible] tiful to be [illegible] ness. Unconsciously [illegible] in fervent prayer, still [illegible] the brilliant sight [illegible] ally becoming clearer [illegible] her eyes grew [illegible] brightness. Then she [illegible] in the midst of the light [illegible] three figures, the Blessed [illegible] the centre, with her hands [illegible] attitude of benediction [illegible] such deep love expressed [illegible] that would bring comfort [illegible] wretched of sinners. [illegible] right side was St. Joseph, with [illegible] head, and at her left [illegible] holding an open book, while [illegible] background stood [illegible] white lamb bearing a [illegible] of its shoulders. The [illegible] was raised about [illegible] ground and seemed [illegible] a little out from the [illegible]

Mary Beirne stayed [illegible] solitary rapture, and [illegible] resolved to [illegible] her friends and [illegible] could find, so that [illegible] her eyes were [illegible] a few minutes [illegible] had gathered [illegible] and all [illegible] of her wonderful [illegible]

The vision remained [illegible] fully two hours [illegible] barefooted peasants [illegible] wants and wailings [illegible] heaven—the gray-haired [illegible] men speaking in [illegible] Irish, while the little [illegible] dren warbled out [illegible] they had been taught [illegible] all were equally [illegible] words were straight from [illegible] Irish hearts. [illegible] apparition slowly [illegible] eyes, and then the [illegible] discuss the wonder [illegible] Others who were [illegible] pied paid daily visits [illegible] after earnest prayer [illegible] walk unhelped toward [illegible] order to return [illegible]

From that time [illegible] have thronged to Knock [illegible] ent parts of the world [illegible] ories, and I have often [illegible] that they never [illegible] tented, and that [illegible] not obtain their special [illegible] were certain to receive a [illegible] another way, either [illegible] poral. But at the [illegible] is a large collection of [illegible] etc. left behind [illegible] The original [illegible] ly disappeared [illegible] pilgrim after [illegible] [illegible]