Erin's Patron Saint

"HI TRES IN DUNO, TUMULO TUMULANTUR IN UNO, BRIGDA, PATRITIUS, ATQUE COLUMBA PIUS"

These words were inscribed above the figure of the three saints—St. Briget, St. Columba and St. Patrick—in the old abbey founded by De Courcy, the Saxon lord, who had the remains of the three translated into one grave at Downpatrick. The grave lies at the foot of a round tower, now vanished.

ST. PATRICK'S LIFE AND WORKS

"A stone lay deeply bedded in the clay until one of strong hand uncovered it, heaved it aloft and made it the capstone of a noble edifice." That is St. Patrick's own description of his life. He was a centenarian waiting for his death when he wrote it, and to his eyes the career of the Apostle of Ireland was a blend of human worthlessness made capable of lofty achievement by the call of God. It is a great man's humble estimate of his share in remaking a great nation. And it is correct as to the humble beginning, and the mighty accomplishment, and the abiding of humanity in the bosom of the man who wrought so mightily.

Patrick displayed no strong religious tendencies in his early youth; he suggests himself that his piety was limp and his morals murky. And he continued in this indifferent state until he was past sixteen. Then merited retribution came. King Niul, the adventurous Ardri of Ireland, slipped across the sea with a fleet of corraghs, and so surprised the native populace that large numbers were killed or taken prisoners. One of the captives was Patrick, who became the property of Chief Milcho of County Antrim.

Strange to say, he did not become embittered by the rough treatment Milcho gave him. His deepest sorrow was over the sad degradation in which paganism bound this fearless people, and the slave yearned with a never-forgotten longing for the conversion of his captors. His misfortunes he took to be just inflictions of providence. His piety kindled under adversity with a fervor which he himself admired in the declining days of his life. If the sixteen years of dalliance had made the noble servile, the six years of servitude made the slave noble. He was up and at his devotions before the dawn, "undismayed by snow or rain or hail." The long days were days of contemplation. In the solitude of the hills or deep in the forests he poured forth his soul in prayer a hundred times each day. His health never failed and his spirits never flagged. Thus he was transformed, until the time when the night voices prompted him to seek ship at a distant port and to flee away to Britain.

The next period of his life, something more than 30 years, is known to embrace a variety of events, but the order of their occurrence cannot be made out. It was for him a time of education in the Scriptures and of training in ascetical living. There were other captivities, trips through Britain and Gaul, some activity in the combating of Pelagianism. He traversed Europe when it was being inundated with successive waves of new peoples. He spent years at the historic monasteries of Marmoutier, Auxerre and Lerins. But all the time the men of "Hyberione" wrote letters to him in his dreams, and the people from the western sea called him to walk once more amongst them. A decisive step was taken when he approached Pope Celestine I for approbation of a mission to the Irish. A previous effort, St. Palladius', had failed. Many remonstrated with Patrick's purpose, either because they doubted his competence or because they appreciated the magnitude of his attempts. But there was no prevailing against a man who asserted nothing but his "rusticity" and his readiness, and who wanted but to be used by God. When he received the news of St. Palladius' death, he had himself consecrated bishop of Ireland by St. Amator of Ivrea (432).

Perhaps it was because he was intent on the conversion of his old master, Milcho, that Patrick's return to Ireland was near the place where he had spent his years of slavery. He came up through the narrows of Strongford Lough and went ashore at Downpatrick, in 432. His first missionary attempt was with the Ulster chief Dilchu, and resulted in the baptism of the chief and many clansmen. His first church was raised near the place of his entry, at Saul. He could not break down the proud resistance of Milcho to a religion taught by a slave. But at Dundalk he converted a young noble named Benin, who became to him what St. Timothy was to St. Paul.

His course southward toward Tara, seat of the royal authority, was big with omen for the faith in Ireland. Here he was appealing directly to the head of the nation and aiming to wrest from the Druids the advantage which entrenched privilege gave them. When he reached the hill of Slane, he looked across a valley to the eminence of Tara. Holy Saturday of the year 433 had dawned. By the Ardri's order no fire was to burn that day in the borders of Erin till the blazes of Tara's Druid feast had flung their message of rejoicing to all the hills. But Patrick defied Druidism. He passed on Slane to kindle the Eastern fire and light the Paschal candle. That fire broke through the gloom which paled Erin, and its rays have been the rays of the "morning light-bearer who knows no setting."

It was not the end of opposition, it was not the end of resistance on the part of Druids and chieftains, it was not the end of malicious plots and bloody assaults against the saint and his followers. But it was a passport for the spokesman of Catholicity which prepared a welcome for them in every remote spot of the island. The persuasiveness of the bishop and the potent aid from heaven given him in manifold ways made his conquest of Innisfail both rapid and complete.

His Birth and Death

St. Patrick, apostle of Ireland, was born at Kilpatrick, near Dumbarton, Scotland, in the year 387, and died at Saul, Downpatrick, Ireland, March 7, 493. This statement is according to Patrick Francis, Cardinal Moran, a dignitary of the church. Other writers are not so sure of either the date of his birth or death. Probably there is no other saint in the Roman Catholic hagiology about whom so much uncertainty exists, but there is no doubt that March 17 is celebrated by Irishmen wherever they happen to be as a day set apart as his festival, and the shamrock is worn for the reason that when he preached the Gospel to the pagan Irish, he illustrated the doctrine of the Trinity by showing them a trefoil, which was ever afterward worn upon his special day.

ANCIENT IRISH CROSS.

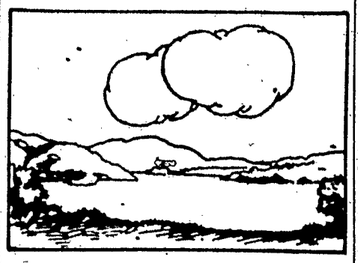
This most beautiful specimen of the Celtic cross is at Monasterboice, near Drogheda, a monastery founded by Buithe, in the fifth century.

Killarney's Lakes in Song and Story

Among the many legends and stories that abound in the Emerald isle, there is none perhaps more romantic than that which is attached to the beautiful lakes of Killarney.

The story goes that years ago, when fairies roamed over every Irish hillside and Ireland was an enchanted land, there lived not many miles from these wonderful lakes a great and noble warrior named O'Donohue. He was beloved of all the people for his deeds of heroism and courage and for all the noble qualities possessed by the valiant knights of old. He was a great horseman, and clad in glittering armor made a most romantic figure when seated astride his spirited charger. His fame spread all over Ireland; his deeds of daring were told in story and song by glowing peat fires in the hush of the evening and many a maiden's heart went a-flutter at the mention of his name.

But one day a hush fell over the land—it was the morning of May day



Killarney.

—O'Donohue was dead—the dashing, gallant horseman had taken his last ride. And so the people thought he had passed out of their lives forever. But for many years after his death the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen the morning of May day, seated astride his favorite horse and gliding over the waters of the lake to the strains of enchanting music. And preceding him were dozens of youths and maidens who scattered flowers all over the water in his pathway.

And the story goes that there was a young and beautiful maiden, whose mind was so impressed with the romance of the visionary hero that she believed herself in love with him, and one beautiful May morning, just as the sun was rising and the dew lay heavy all over the land, she threw herself into the lake and the white-capped waves (which the boatmen call O'Donohue's white horses) closed over her and she was seen no more. And from that time on the vision of O'Donohue was only a tale to be told—he was never seen again.

THE SUBMERGED CITY.

Up in the north of Ireland, where Lough Neagh washes the shores of five counties, being over 50 miles long, you will hear the story of how this large and beautiful lake came into existence. There was a large well in the heart of the district, which supplied all the people in the neighborhood with water. This well was always kept tightly covered, for from an older generation the story was handed down that should the well be left uncovered the water would arise and flood all the surrounding country.

Old Irish Cottage.

One day a woman went in haste to the well for a bucket of water, leaving her child alone in the cradle. Nervous about the safety of her child, she hastily left the well, forgetting to close the heavy cover, and the water arose and flooded all the surrounding country.

To prove the truth of this legend the fishermen say that on fine evenings they can see the spires of churches and towers reflected in the water. Moore has described it in verse:

On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear, cold eve's declining
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining.

FRONT AND REAR

By JANE DARLINGTON.

Ethel watched her piano being hoisted to the fourth floor with eyes that sparkled their joy. For two years the precious instrument had been in the storage house while its owner worked for sufficient money to get it out and insure a year's study.

Now with a clear year ahead and a small part in a musical comedy as well as a lease on the quiet if small room on the fourth floor rear, Ethel felt a security she had not known for many a long day.

Her piano, because it could not be carried up the stairs, had to be hoisted into the front room and thence to her back, one through a more or less complex arrangement of doors. After futile struggle these doors balked firmly at further progress of the piano. It was then Ethel felt the tragedy of her position.

There was her piano in a stranger's room and refusing to go into her own. Either it must stay where it was or go back to storage.

Ethel did the only thing a woman can do when she is driven quite beyond her strength of endurance.

She sat down on her piano stool and wept.

It was at that psychological moment that the stranger and owner of the room appeared upon the scene.

He viewed the picture with apprehensive eyes, then asked what it was all about.

The information was volunteered by one of the movers.

"The young lady's piano ain't goin' into her room through them doors. It wouldn't go up the stairs, and we had to hoist it through this here room. She feels kinda sore about it."

"I would say she did," sympathized Tom Cheney, and the fellow-feeling softening in his voice brought on a heavier set of sobs. But Ethel looked up through the well of tears and Tom found himself gazing into a most wonderful pair of eyes.

Tom motioned the men that he would take charge of this beauty in distress and they filed out.

"Now," said Tom cheerily, "when the showers are over let's have a chat about it and see what can be done."

Ethel vouchsafed him the rarest of smiles.

"There's n-nothing to b-be d-done," she affirmed, trying to bring the shower to a stop.

"Oh, yes, there is," said Tom, "you might drape your furniture around the piano here and shift my junk into the other room, or you can just leave the piano here and use it as your own room. I travel a lot and my room is vacant sometimes six days out of the week."

"Oh, that wouldn't be decent," Ethel opened wide but hopeful eyes full on Tom so that he nearly lost his breath. "And I can't possibly pay the rent for the front room, good as it is of you to offer to change."

"Decent nothing!" scolded Tom. "I will telephone you every time I expect to burden this room with my presence and you can skip to that we need never come in the slightest contact with one another."

"My entire future is at stake," she told him. "I have worked to get my piano out of storage and have secured a small part in a musical comedy, but I absolutely must keep my voice up. The manager has promised me a splendid part with exquisite songs if I will just bring out certain tones in my voice. You see—there was a reason for—the showers."

"I should just say there was," Tom agreed heartily.

"Well—since I cannot possibly pay the highest rent for the front room, and if you were perfectly sure my piano won't be in your way——"

Ethel laughed happily straight into Tom's eyes. "And you will always telephone me to go to my own room—when you are coming home?"

"Unless I want you to go somewhere else," said Tom.

Ethel dropped the heavy fringe of lashes that were soon to know the weight of cosmetics.

"Then we can consider everything settled?" she questioned, rising.

"Pretty near everything," Tom said, then boldly, "I would like it settled that I am to see you safely away from the stage door every night—that is, unless there is some one else."

A flush stole into Ethel's cheeks. "I would appreciate that fully as much as your letting my piano remain here," she told him.

That, too, was settled then and in his mind's eye Tom could also see the front and rear rooms being a most delightful little honeymoon flat.

Early Egyptian Customs.

The earliest race of Egyptians lived in the Nile valley about 4000-3700 B. C. Men have found their cemeteries in numbers, although most traces of their villages and their art have disappeared. In that era mummies had not yet come into fashion, although some idea of a hereafter was theirs, as it is every primitive people's.

Their earliest burials are reminiscent of Indian finds in our own country. The dead were laid in a contracted position in the grave with pottery and stone vessels containing (obviously) food and drink, and flint and stone implements of the chase; they are found upon the left side, with head toward the south and knees drawn up—"in an embryonic position ready to be born into a new world."

THE [illegible]

By JESSIE [illegible]

CLERICAL WORK

During the war [illegible] railroad work in [illegible] and took over jobs that [illegible] to them, because the [illegible] to be filled. Since peace [illegible] they have left these [illegible] many women are still working [illegible] railroads in clerical positions [illegible] are liked for the work. The [illegible] are good, and the treatment [illegible] women is said to be excellent. [illegible] these are required the railroads [illegible] provided rest and lunch rooms [illegible] there are matrons whose business [illegible] to see that the women are comfortably situated and cared for.

In the banks, too, women are going more and more into clerical work. They are working as cashiers and assistant cashiers, and in the branches for women customers they hold jobs as paying tellers and adjustors. The work is agreeable to women who have a sound training in book-keeping, the associations are pleasant, and there will be more opportunities for advancement as the strangeness of having women work in banks wears off. In many banks with a large women's clientele a woman is employed to advise these clients in regard to investments. This is a position of trust and importance.

One high official of a large bank that employs many women in various positions said that he found them efficient, trustworthy and capable.

"I don't know whether we shall ever have many women as presidents of banks, but I don't see why we shouldn't," he remarked. "After all it's up to the women."

(Copyright.)

Mother's Cook Book

Spring in her wianing smiles that bloom
Wreathed in garlands that deny caress,
Trips in her lightsome eagerness
Before the merry throng.
—Sophia H. Hall.

SOME NICE DESSERTS.

All desserts are not suitable for children, but simple [illegible] gelatine jellies or a not too rich ice cream are all good.

Vanilla Rice Pudding.

Blanch one-half cupful of rice, add two cupfuls of water and one-half teaspoonful of salt and let cook until the rice is tender. Scald one and one-half cupfuls of milk in a double boiler; stir into the hot milk one-half teaspoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and one-half cupful of cold milk, all well mixed together. Cook until thick, cover and cook ten minutes. Beat the yolks of two eggs, add one-half cupful of sugar and beat again, stir into the hot mixture, add the dry cooked rice and one teaspoonful of vanilla. When cold garnish with whipped cream and spoonfuls of jam or jelly.

Apricot Whip.

Press through a sieve enough apricots to fill a cup; add one-half cupful of sugar and the juice of half a lemon; mix well. Fold in the whites of four eggs, beat until light and turn into a buttered and sugared baking dish. Bake, placed in a pan of hot water until the pudding is firm in the center. Serve hot with cream.

Foamy Cream Sauce.

Soften a scant half-teaspoonful of gelatine in two tablespoonfuls of water and dissolve over hot water. Add one cupful of cream from the top of the milk bottle, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one teaspoonful of vanilla; mix thoroughly and when cold beat until frothy.

Nellie Maxwell

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HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

By C. N. LURIE.

Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them.

'AGGRAVATED' AND 'PROVOKED'

"I WAS so aggravated that I almost became ill," said a woman to whom something vexatious had happened. She was guilty of an error of speech which is quite common, and which is condemned by all authorities on English. The word "aggravate" is derived from a Latin word meaning "to increase in weight," and in English usage should be employed only to mean "to increase in gravity or severity, become worse." Therefore, it is correct to say that a disease or a misfortune may be aggravated, but not that a person who has the disease or is subject to the misfortune.

But this is drifting somewhat from our subject. It is to be borne in mind that "aggravated" does not mean and should never be used in the sense of "angry," "vexed," "exasperated," "irritated," etc. In the sentence with which this article began any of these words, or a word of similar meaning, should be substituted for "aggravated."

(Copyright.)

The Reason.

"The man you [illegible] my son was not [illegible]."

"Then take another."