

ST. PATRICK'S LIFE TRACED IN PLACES NAMED AFTER HIM

In His Pilgrimages the Patron Saint of Ireland Evidently Visited Many and Strange Localities to Preach His Gospel and Win Converts.

If you want to know the history of St. Patrick, look at the map. For everywhere the good saint went seems to have left his name behind him. If he sailed from a certain port or passed through a certain town, or founded a church, or built a barn, or stood on a rock, or drank out of a well, the port, the town, the church, the barn, the rock, and the well were all named after him.

To begin with, there is Kilpatrick, meaning the cell or church of Patrick, in Dumbartonshire, Scotland, where it is assumed, by some historians, the saint was born.

St. Patrick's Confession. One of the most forceful in the document called "St. Patrick's Confession," in which the saint wrote: "I, Patrick, a sinner, the rudest and least of all the faithful, and most contemptible to very many, had for my father, Calpornius, a deacon, a son of Potitus, a presbyter, who dwelt in the village of Bannavem Taberniae, for he had a small farm hard by the place."

After delving in the past, and investigating the archives, the majority of scholars and historians now agree in placing Bannavem Taberniae in Scotland, in the neighborhood of Dumbarton on the Clyde. Granting, then, that St. Patrick celebrated his first birthday in Dumbartonshire, at the next place he lived, in accordance to the map, was Dalpatrick, the district or division of Patrick, in Lanarkshire.

During this period of his career he is said to have visited certain rock near Inverness, which from that time on was given the name of Crugphadrig, the translation of which is the rock of Patrick. Then later, he founded two churches in this region, one at Inverary in Kirkcubright, and the other at Fleming in Dumfries. Of course, each of these was named Kirkpatrick in his honor.

When he finally sailed away to begin his life work as a missionary, the port from which he embarked was called Portpatrick. Upon reaching England, he is said to have preached in Westmoreland, at a place that was afterward named Paterdale, or Patrick's dale, to commemorate the occasion of the saint's visit.

While in England he left another landmark to bear his name by founding a church of Kilpatrick at Durham. Then he is supposed to have gone to Wales. While there, he walked across a causeway in Carnarvon bay, which for this reason was given the name of Sarn-badrig, meaning Patrick's causeway. Now, it is said, this place is covered by water and forms a dangerous shoal in the bay, but the name of Sarn-badrig remains.

Next, following the map and the historians who vouch for its reliability, he left for the continent, and sailed from Llanbadrig, or the church of Patrick, on the island of Anglesey. From here his footsteps have been traced to Innispatrick, the island of Patrick, where it is thought he made the first landing of his journey through Ireland. When he finally reached the Emerald Isle proper, he disembarked at Holmpatrick, another of the many places named after him, which is located in the county of Dublin.

It is believed by some historians that St. Patrick made a detour at this point and sailed northward again to the Isle of Man, which they consequently claim was called Innispatrick for some time after to mark the occasion of his visit. Here, too, he founded a church of Kirkpatrick near the town of Peel.

After this, it is thought, he returned to Ireland and began the great task he had undertaken. He landed in the county of Down, where he was greeted by the armed forces of the powerful chief, Dicu, a descendant of an Irish king. The chief and the natives believed Patrick and his followers were pirates, with which both land and sea were infested at that time, and so came out prepared to defend their possessions. When he learned Patrick was a harmless missionary, he was willing to bury the hatchet.

Made Convert of King. To Dicu and the rest St. Patrick preached the gospel with the result that he was able to convert the entire tribe and baptized the chief on his own threshing floor. So impressed was Dicu with the missionary and his teachings that he donated one of his barns to be used as a temporary chapel and also gave a large plot of ground on which the church was to be built. The only stipulation Dicu made in granting the land was that the church, when completed, should face north and south instead of east and west.

The Barn in which Patrick held the first religious services while his church was in the process of construction, was called Sathul-patrick, or the barn of Patrick, and from this came the name of the parish of Saul, which sprang up about it. At Saul, tradition claims St. Patrick died 50 years or more after his first meeting with Dicu. About two miles from Saul is the village of Downpatrick, near which are the ruins of Saul abbey, one of the many churches said to have been founded by St. Patrick, and where some claim his remains were interred.

St. Patrick's Church in Dublin. Judging further from historical maps, St. Patrick next journeyed to East Meath, where he founded an abbey called Donnach-Fading, or the house of Patrick. From there he went to Dublin, where he founded another church, which it is believed, occupied the site where St. Patrick's cathedral stands today.

Other places which bear St. Patrick's name as evidence that he had some historical connection with them are, St. Patrick's purgatory, on an island of Lough Deer in the county of Donegal; St. Patrick's Wood at Leinster; St. Patrick's rock at Cashel; and the St. Patrick's wells, at which the good saint is said to have refreshed himself here for 600 generations to mention separately.

In his old age he returned to the place where he first started his labors as a missionary in pagan Ireland with the chief Dicu, and spent his last days in the village of Saul, where he is believed to have died on March 17, 493 A. D., at the ripe old age of one hundred and twenty-one years.

LIMIT HAD BEEN REACHED

Good-Natured Irish Woman Evidently Was Willing to Overlook a Good Deal, but—

The woman, according to her promise, went to the suburbs to take dinner with friends. She boarded a passenger-car and "settled" down for a long ride. Soon her attention was attracted by the entrance of a big, fat woman with a large market basket and a huge bundle. She sat in the seat nearest the door on the left, set the basket at her feet and then puffed the loosely wrapped bundle on top. All went well until a man got in at the next block. Then, as the car gave a lurch, he fell over the basket and knocked off the bundle, which burst open and a turkey rolled on the floor. "Beg your pardon," she stammered, utterly confused, while the woman picked up her turkey, rewrapped it and put it back in place.

"Ah, and there's no harm done. It's all right, God bless ye." The car jolted on and presently wrapped again to take on another passenger. A second gentleman dropped in his fare, lurched forward and tripped over the basket. Again the ill-fated turkey tumbled from the dust. The passengers giggled, but not the woman. She rested her elbows on her hips and eyed the man with a suspicious light in her eye.

"Sorry, madam, but—" he began. "Ah, it's all right this time. God bless ye. But—I'll give the devil to the next poor fool who comes in." And the girl in her eye told how much the next passenger would have to be thankful for if he watched his toes and avoided that basket—New York Sun.

FINALLY SAW GREAT LIGHT

New Distraction Accorded George Washington by Washington's Little Indiana Youngster.

Because Millburn had been reading about George Washington at school, his mother gave him an illustrated book about Washington, and the Indianapolis News. The first picture in the volume was that of George Washington on a horse, galloping with a rap expression as a part of the country of which he was supposed to be the parent. Under the picture was the caption, "George Washington, the Father of His Country."

Millburn opened the book and began to read, "George Washington—George Washington, the father—" but there he halted. Finally, he appealed to his mother. "Study the picture for a while, and see if you can't make it out," his mother advised.

Millburn did study the picture. Suddenly he had an inspiration, and at once bursting with pride, he shouted, "The picture is George Washington, the father of the nation."

Up-to-Date Advertising.

As the late party-going opened the door he saw a man wearing a burglar's mask kneeling before the safe. The next moment the man had returned and placed a revolver at the other's head. "Throw up your hands," cried the intruder.

With the swiftness of a lamb and the speed of an express train, he obeyed.

"You understand," remarked the man, pleasantly, "that I can't in the present circumstances, but the premises at my pleasure."

"I do."

"You realize that you are at my mercy?"

"I do."

"Well, then," cried the masked man, "you will be interested to know that I got in through your dining room window without the slightest difficulty. Had it been equipped with Popson's patent safety burglar alarm this could not have happened. Installed complete with battery, \$25. Allow me to hand you a circular and I wish you the best of good evenings and all the pleasure of the season."

DEATHS

Hart—Florence Jane Hart, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur T. Hart, 289 Alphonse st., died March 10. Funeral March 12.

Larkin—Mrs. Anna Larkin, 70 Olean street, died March 10, at St. Mary's Hospital. Funeral March 13, Immaculate Conception church.

Maloney—At his home in Rush, on March 10, John Maloney, aged 72 years. St. Joseph's church, March 13.

O'Connell—Mrs. Ann O'Connell, 230 Brown st., March 10, Lady Chapel, Cathedral, Mar. 13. Soehner—Miss Mary J. Soehner, aged 49 years, 537 Hudson ave., March 10. Holy Redeemer church, March 14.

Eckert—Barbara Eckert, aged 72 years, died March 11, at 507 Maple st. Holy Family church on March 14.

O'Regan—Charles J. O'Regan died at Memorial Hospital, in Niagara Falls, N. Y., on March 9. Funeral from Sacred Heart church, Niagara Falls, N. Y. Burial in Holy Sepulcher cemetery, March 12.

O'Brien—Mrs. Ada Miller O'Brien, aged 52 years, died Saturday, March 10, at 39 Manhattan street. Funeral March 16, from St. Mary's church.

Somers—Leonard J. Somers, M.D., died March 12, in this city. Funeral March 14, from St. Mary's church.

Dunn—John Dunn, died March 14, at 18 Sherwood ave. Funeral March 17, from St. Augustine's church.

Garvey—Miss Mary Garvey, 301 Genesee street, died Mar. 14. Funeral March 16, St. Patrick's Cathedral Chapel.

Linn—Philip Linn, 141 Weeger st., March 13, aged 92. Holy Redeemer church, March 17.

Murphy—Margaret T., at 273 Frank st., March 13. Lady Chapel, Cathedral, March 16.

Berry—Eleanore Berry, aged 61 at 822 Alexander st., March 15. Funeral from Our Lady of Victory church, March 19.

Dengel—Frank Dengel, aged 75 years, died at 526 Glide street March 15. Holy Family church, March 17.

Lavey—James Lavey, March 15. Funeral St. Mary's church, March 17.

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Dear Harp of my country! In darkness I found thee, The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long. When proudly, my own Island Hero, I wakened thee, I gave all thy chords to light, Freedom and song. The warm life of love and the light note of gladness Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill; But so oft that thou ebb'd the deep sigh of sadness, That woe in thy mesh it will stand from these still.

Dear Harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers, This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine; Go sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy members, Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine. If the pulse of the patriot, soldier or lover Has throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone; I was but as the wind passing heedlessly o'er And all the wild sweetness I waked was thine own. —Moore.



When St. Patrick came to Ireland the King Leaghair ruled at Tara. One Saturday, the day before Easter, on the king's birthday, and every year on that morning no fire was permitted to be lit in Ireland until the fire from the palace at Tara first flamed forth.

St. Patrick stood on the hill of Slane and gazed afar over the dewy land. He saw the king in a silent prayer, kneeling in his holy hands, and from the hill of Slane arose a column of gold—'twas the palace fire. The King Leaghair from his palace steps saw the fire and was his kindly ire.

It was the one who has dared to light the fire on the hill, who has dared to light the fire on the hill, who has dared to light the fire on the hill, who has dared to light the fire on the hill.

Tara's palace steps must leap to the sky—the first that morn, through all of Erin's greening land, when shall rise when the king is born.

Warriors stood with swords all drawn, the will of their lord and king, and their garments and their arms, and their hearts, and their souls, and their spirits, and their minds, and their hearts, and their souls, and their spirits, and their minds.

Leaghair spoke and to Patrick said, who bade him come at noon, who bade him come at noon, who bade him come at noon, who bade him come at noon.

How many knights were hid, how many knights were hid, how many knights were hid, how many knights were hid.

And none did they see upon the way, and the twelve that the king had waiting there. When Patrick's priests went chanting by, they heard high above them the song of a lark, and gazed afar at the shining sky.

The king, in his royal robes of state, sat by the gates of the palace grand, his chiefs and nobles were ranged around. His royal scepter was in his hand, he spoke to the Druids as the saint drew nigh.

His heart was filled with a fear and a dread, the twelve in waiting had laid him a plan, and he said to the Druids, "Let none salute him or bend the head."

The chief bard, Dubtach, on Patrick gazed, and into his soul some strange thing crept. With head bowed low and hands clasped, on the floor of stone he slowly knelt, and the warriors all felt some strange awe.

And none could speak and they held their breath, when Patrick told of the Lord above, and the things of Life and the things of Death.

When Patrick spoke to the Druids that day, from shore to shore on the island green, a stupor lay o'er the smiling land, nor murmured the brooks or willows green.

And the lark and eagle forgot to soar, and no flower or leaf in Tara stirred, and the king cried out in a voice of fear, "Let him who will believe the Word."