IRELAND'S GREAT SAINT IN FAMILIAR SETTING

S. PATRICIUS—BISHOP AND APOSTLE OF IRELAND
—From the New York Times.

Saint Patrick's Day In the Morning

On the good Saint's day—Saint Patrick's day—
Saint Patrick's day in the morning—
The sun shines down as sweet as May,
All Nature's heart adorning;
And Irish hearts are pleased to stay,
Come fog or sun, and fast and pray
On the Saint's good day in the morning.

On that day of days, for sacred lays,
In honor of her Patron Saint,
Let sons of Erin rise and praise
The faith so strong, and free from taint,
That banished from her landed ways,
From grassy down and pleasant braes,
Those days that wrought such sore complaint
To Erin's heart in mourning.

And gather all true hearts of worth—
Wherever Erin's sons are seen,—
In honor of New Freedom's birth:
Hold firm the orange, white and green;
To Erin's cause give larger girth;
More luster to her flag's bright sheen;
Make holy its adorning:
On the Saint's good day,
All true hearts pray,
On Saint Patrick's day in the morning.

—Chicago Tribune.

IRISH PARLIAMENT

Chosen Representatives of the Nation Meet Again

HOME OF GREAT

The birthplace of the

The Story of the Shamrock

"You tell us that there are three gods, and yet one," said the natives of Ireland to the holy Saint Patrick when he preached the gospel to them 1,500 years ago. "How can that be?"

For answer the saint bent over and plucked a shamrock growing at his feet.

"Do you not see," said he, "how in this wild flower three leaves are united on one stalk, and will you not believe then what I tell you, that there are indeed three persons and yet one God?"

Only Facts Known of Saint Patrick Are His Life and Works

Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, has been a prominent figure in story and legend for many centuries. Some have maintained that his existence has always been a myth, while others have held that the accounts that are associated with the name have a basis in fact. Those who stanchly support the theory that such a man has lived disagree as to his birthplace and nationality. One authority states with a show of certainty that St. Patrick was born near Dumbarton, on the Clyde, in Britain. Another states that the saint first saw the light of day in France. No precise locality is named.

It was not until 1882 that many points concerning the man and his works could be settled with any degree of finality, and even yet many phases are as much discussed as ever. At that time a student, delving among the musty manuscripts of many a forgotten writer, found a parchment in the Royal library of Brussels, on which was written an account of the life of St. Patrick, missionary to Ireland in the Fifth century. This manuscript, the Book of Armagh, as it is called, was written in the Ninth century and was copied from still older writings that are very probably lost. Among other interesting items, the Book of Armagh contains a copy of the "Confessions of St. Patrick." A partial picture of the man may be obtained from the opening paragraph:

"I, Patrick, a sinner, the modest and least of all the faithful, and contemptible to very many, had for my father, Calpornius, a deacon, the son of Potitius, a priest, who lived in Bannavem Taberniae, for he had a small country house close by, where I was taken captive when I was nearly sixteen years of age. I knew not the true God, and I was brought captive to Ireland, with many thousand men, as we deserved, for we had forsaken God, and had not kept His commandments, and were disobedient to our priests, who admonished us for our salvation."

During the first centuries of the Christian era Ireland was a powerful nation, divided into four kingdoms. At that time it was the practice of the Irish to raid the coast towns of Britain and France and return with captives whom they sold into slavery. The future St. Patrick was caught in such a raid and taken to Ireland, where he was sold to a farmer, who compelled him to look after his cattle. No one knows precisely how long he remained in slavery, but in his confessions he states that he spent nearly all of his time in prayer. Finally he escaped and made his way to the coast, where he found a ship about to sail for Britain. He was taken aboard and at last reached the home of relatives. Later, in a vision, he heard the "Voice of the Irish People" calling for him to return and make his home among them.

So much may be gleaned from the "Confessions of St. Patrick," but it is impossible to disentangle the mass of fact and fiction that obscures the real story of his life and work. It is practically certain that many years elapsed between the time he was in Ireland as a slave and his return as an accredited missionary. During that time he is reported to have studied with Germanicus, one of the greatest scholars of the time, and without doubt he was ordained to the priesthood. He visited Pope Celestine at Rome and was consecrated and appointed to Ireland. Previous to that time another representative of the church, Palladius by name, had been working in that field, but he had been expelled by the people. St. Patrick, as the apostle to Ireland, was given independent authority by the pope. At that time quick communication with Rome was impossible and the long delays between messages was one of the chief causes of his predecessor's failure.

St. Patrick is reported to have landed in Ireland in the year 432 A. D. and to have been well received by the people. At that time he is supposed to have been about forty-five years of age. For the next 30 years his time was spent in preaching, teaching and founding churches and schools. For centuries after his death many of his churches flourished and his schools continued the education of the youth of Ireland.

No account of the life of St. Patrick, no matter how brief, would be complete without a reference to the story of the snakes. The tradition persists that St. Patrick drove them all out of Ireland. Some refuse to consider the claim seriously, merely asserting that it is just one of those legendary things that spring up, no one knows where or how, and which seem impossible to eradicate. Others stoutly affirm that there are no snakes or toads in Ireland today, and advance that in support of the claim that St. Patrick drove them all into the sea. In Ireland there is a cliff that is sometimes pointed out as the identical place where the serpents entered the water. Occasionally some wit points out a spot further down the coast where they all came ashore again! Whether fact or fiction, it nevertheless remains that whenever the layman thinks of St. Patrick he always thinks of that tale.

Irish Have Made Record as American Citizens

In their traditional love for their country of origin, Irishmen have found nothing incompatible with good American citizenship. The man who does not retain a strong affection for the land of his birth is poor material for citizenship anywhere. If he forgets the lessons of his home country, he will as easily prove faithless to the country in which he has sought the opportunity which was not open to him in his own. The man who is loyal to older ties will be more likely to be loyal to the new, as soon as he understands them and has assimilated them. The very large proportion of American citizens who are of Irish birth or extraction are among the most patriotic Americans and would justly resent any suggestion of disloyalty to the Stars and Stripes. So as they themselves would say, more power to them! and may the brighter days last in Ireland.—Philadelphia Press.

A Thrifty Spender

A Story for St. Patrick's Day

By Mary Graham Bonner

Johnny was very much in love with Ethel. There wasn't the slightest doubt about that. He couldn't have been more in love. He knew that. He enjoyed being in love, with his amorous Irish nature, but Ethel was different from all the others he had known and fancied.

Ethel loved him, too. It was hard to resist Johnny with his delightful ways, his grace and his ease and his charm. And if he did flatter, what of it? Truly his flattery was very sweet, and the slightest indication of a brogue made it even more attractive. And the twinkle in his eye! How Ethel did love that twinkle and surely that twinkle was enough to melt the hardest heart.

Ethel had accepted him. That was proof of her devotion, and it was proof of his that he wanted Ethel for the whole of his life. With her in the future, life would be a very roseate and glowing existence. She was

Saw Her Off at the Train.

so beautiful, so admired, so fascinating to the other sex, so much the envy of those of her own sex.

Men would admire her. That was as it should be. But she would be his. That, too, was as it should be.

Ethel was going south for six weeks before the wedding—which Johnny had persuaded her to have take place on the good old Irish saint's day. Ethel had been born in the South. She had lived her childhood and girlhood there.

As the time for her departure drew near Johnny lost much of his confidence. She was a flirt and attractive and she would be admired. And southern girls were fickle. He had known that from hearsay and experience. And with Ethel such a thing must not happen. He loved her too devotedly. Without her, life would be so dull and uninspiring—now that he had glimpsed what life with her would be like.

He saw her off at the train. His worries had somewhat diminished. At least he had put up a good fight.

Ethel came back in six weeks' time.

And on St. Patrick's day she married Johnny.

No one she had met had seemed to her nearly so loving and devoted and attentive as Johnny, for had he not sent her a telegram to every station from the time the train left New York until it reached her southern home? Not one town, where the train made a stop, no matter how small, had he failed to take the opportunity to wire her of his love and his devotion.

He was ardent. He was generous. How she thrilled over his love of her, so reckless and so wonderful.

And Johnny chuckled to himself. For he had typed the telegram blanks before Ethel had ever left New York and had addressed them to be delivered at the places the timetable showed were stopping places of Ethel's train.

And a dollar to the porter had done the rest!

The porter had brought in the telegrams, one by one, at the right moment, without a mistake.

Johnny wasn't going to let a southern girl get the better of him when she was the only one in the world he really loved.

So the twinkle in his eye on that St. Patrick's day was just a little more twinkling than ever before!

(©, 1916, Western Newspaper Union.)

Historic Irish Valley

The valley of Slieve-na-mon is a country rich in historical interest. Many of the stirring events which grace the annals of Irish history have been enacted there. Perhaps in no other section of southern Ireland will you find such a wealth of historic events, such a storehouse of folk lore and fairy legends and such typically Irish people as you will find in this section. It was here in 1848 that Smith O'Brien and the Young Ireland party gathered their forces; it was here a pitched battle took place between them and the Royal Irish constabulary and English military, and it was here occurred many of the stirring events of the Fenian rebellion.

OLD IRISH RELIC

Great Cross of Muiredhach. (A. D. 924.)