

they received from Saint Patrick under most extraordinary conditions, shown forth as a brilliant light-house beacon amid the rock and reef and congregated sands. Though all things else had failed and human misery had reached the zenith, the same of its intensity and British gold and other alluring emoluments and enticements were extended to them to abjure the faith of their fathers, yet they preferred to "die down in the ditches, wild, howling for bread," rather than sacrifice their precious jewel which Patrick gave them for any vain, fleeting temporalities. Here is one victory the British bayonet could not score, and this thought only augmented and increased their animosity.

An Irishman's faith is his chief characteristic. Ireland and Catholicity are inseparably linked together. Take his faith from him, he is nothing, if not evil. The adherence of the Irish through these tribulations is truly a crowding wonder. It men say the Catholic Church exists only on account of the grandeur of its liturgy, the beauty of its ceremonies, or the appeal to the sense, let him look to this down trodden land which sustained the faith when no light burned, no organ pealed, and all was desolate for centuries.

When the conqueror's yoke, due to a second Eve, was placed upon them did they humble and they bowed themselves to the will of the rapacious harpies who invaded their country? No! From the very moment that the hand of tyranny bore them down until the present moment, they have fought with unabated zeal and energy to ameliorate their conditions. Thousands perished in the attempt. Some of the best blood of the land was shed, but the hangman's rope, rack and gibbet had no terrors for them. Undaunted, undismayed, all down the trodden byways of the centuries they have suffered serfdom, they have made brave but ineffective attempts to throw off the yoke, still the fight goes on with as much ardor and interest as in other days.

The scene of war has shifted from the battlefield to the British parliament halls. At present we see champions of Ireland's freedom, infused with the same patriotic spirit as a Tone, a Russell, or an Emmet, and now have come true the words of one of the most illustrious exponents of Irish freedom and liberty—John Redmond—for Irish Home Rule is now a reality.

Ireland as a lettered nation has ever stood in the foremost rank. Her true learning dates from the fifth century, or more obviously from the time of St. Patrick. It is then we see this grand and martial people whose soldiers defied the legions of Rome and drove the Vikings from their shores, bow in submission before the banner of the cross and yielding to the strange teachings of the leader of that divine mission, Ireland's golden period of education was during the period of the seventeenth century. The two great universities of Paris and Pavia were founded by Irishmen, while in England, Scotland, Belgium and Switzerland more than a dozen colleges were founded by men who were born on the Emerald Isle. Irishmen have reason to feel proud of such facts. Within the sacred walls of Ireland's schools were trained philosophers, poets, and historians. She became the principal center of Christianity, the patron of learning and literature the home of almost every art and science.

Invasions and penal laws tried to crush Ireland's literature and her schools. But family after family defied the laws and sent their sons to European schools, which practice remained until the days of the immortal Daniel O'Connell. To extinguish the ideal of nationality in Ireland as soon as possible the language was made penal, and what is a nation without a tongue? Having been educated by the Irish, thus did England return thanks to Ireland. Notwithstanding the extremity of poverty of the "Isle of a smile and a tear" and the heroic sacrifices the people are making, they are again acquiring education reviewing their native tongue and making rapid progress in science and art. The time is here when we shall see that land, once a nation that held forth the beacon lights of knowledge again placed on its throne that it occupied centuries ago. With the passing of the Home Rule bill and with the assistance of the Almighty she will again become a nation and the world will exclaim:

"Unroll Erin's flag, fling its folds to the breeze, Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas! Lift it up! Wave it high! 'Tis as bright as of old! Not a stain on its green, not a blot on its gold! Though the woes and the wroths of three hundred years Have drenched Erin's sunburst with blood and with tears! Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom, And around it the thunders of tyranny boom, 'Tis the sunburst resplendent—far, flashing its cheer! Erin's dark night has waned, her day dawn is here!"

The highest and holiest sentiments that can animate the human heart are religion and patriotism. The love of God embraces all we may hope for in the life to come, the love of country involves all that is most precious in our earthly journey. These two ideals summarize all that is beautiful and true in the life of man or nation, these two ideals have

been the guiding stars of Ireland since St. Patrick crossed the western ocean and brought to Erin the light of faith.

The effect of his life and teachings upon the religious and national life of the Irish people are unmistakable. If you examine the history of that people you will find that whatever glory they have won in the church, forum, on the battlefield, in science, letters, or in art, are attributable to these two ideals—God and country. They are bound together inseparably and indissoluble.

Though the truth of Christianity came to them without the shedding of martyr's blood, no nation has ever followed this ideal so tenaciously, or poured out blood and treasure in such abundance to preserve it. For centuries its green hills have been slippery with human blood shed in its defense and every valley bore the name and memory of the saints of the Irish Church. It is an ideal that oppression can never mar. If this were possible Ireland would acknowledge the king of England as head of the Church and not the Pope of Rome. She has maintained the faith through centuries of royal misrule and regal crime. The bayonet has been held at her throat while her religion was insulted and persecution took as many forms as Proteus.

England's rule o'er Ireland has been the supreme crime of the Christian era. The oppression of the children of Israel has been repeated for centuries. The history of the Indian massacres are incomparable to the scenes of Drogheda and Wexford. Gottaam says "England in her government of Ireland has gone to hell for her principles and Bedlam for her discretion." The cruelty which she has wrecked upon clergy and religious, the ruin she has wrought on Erin's venerated sanctuaries of religion would not be tolerated even in darkest Siberia. England's armies preyed upon the land until her fruitful valleys became a synonym for poverty and suffering, her authority a malediction and his suffering was all for what? For her two ideals. "But thank God there now shines a star of hope. The battle has been won and her ancient faith preserved. From inhuman debasement she has risen, glorying in the prospect of a grander tomorrow, when new creeds are forgotten, when the names of Cromwell and Crommer serve only to dim the pages of history, when the Crommer corrupted rites of Rome forced upon her against her will, are buried beneath her ruined forces, the smoke of incense will rise from her altars and the green flag will stream triumphantly over the grave of tyranny.

Now emanating from the first ideal is the love of country. Unless we are false to this ideal we must be willing to do and die for the flag we follow. Many have been forced to seek homes in other climes, but in whatever country they have sought refuge they have been as loyal to the second ideal as to the first. On every battlefield where waved the English flag Irish soldiers have shed blood in its defense. The English army at Waterloo and "In the Charge of the Light Brigade" was officered by Irishmen. They followed Wellington from Togos to Toulouse and helped to place upon his brow the laurels of Waterloo. They have followed the British lion, his fangs dripping with their own blood, into every country where British rule predominated.

Since the stars and stripes have been the emblem of liberty it has not floated over a field of battle not dyed by Irish blood. They were the first to move for the independence of the American colonies and thirteen enrolled their names upon the sacred document, the Declaration of Independence. Major Generals Wayne, Stark, Conway, and Generals Tompson, Pickens, Sullivan, Haad, Poor, Maxwell, Stuart, Rutherford and Mlan were seized in American waters were taken captive by Jerry O'Brien. The first American flag ever flung to the wild winds of the seas was raised by Captain Jack Berry, the father of the American navy, and when asked by a British commander "What ship is that?" he replied:

"This is the ship Alliance, from Philadelphia town, And proudly bids defiance to England's king and crown, As captain on the deck I stand, to guard her banner true, Part Yankee, but whole Irishman, whose tyrant's slaves are you?"

No one knew better the part the Irish played in the revolution than Washington and the English parliament. Lord Montjoy cried in the house of peers, "You have lost America through the Irish." At the evacuation of Boston, Washington gratified their national feeling by naming General Sullivan brigadier of the day and St. Patrick as the counter sign, and when the strife was over gave them a letter of thanks.

Time will not permit naming all the Irish commanders of the Civil war, but we cannot pass without mentioning Meagher, Nugent, Shields, Sheridan, Sullivan and Thomas. Who can read the history of those four years without hesitating for a moment at the bravery shown by the Irish brigade—the Sixty-ninth regiment of New York? Never at Fontenay, Albuera or Waterloo was more undaunted courage shown by the sons of Erin than at Fredericksburg at the foot of Mary's Heights. "Noonday was turned to dusk by the smoke and storm of battle, and when the destruction ceased two thirds of the officers and men lay dead upon the

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hillside thick as autumn leaves.

Thus I have tried to show the two ideals of the Irish race. Guided by the first, helmeted by the second, her children have gone forth, carrying out the plans of God and the teachings of St. Patrick. True, not all have remained faithful to both these ideals, but we must remember human nature is imperfect and not all can stand the sufferings leading to a martyr's crown of glory. With these ideals what difficulties can they not conquer? Her earthly rewards have been won and soon we will see the long, down-trodden flag of green and blazoned with its golden harp that waved through the sixth century in the world's palmiest enlightenment, fluttering over an Irish parliament, and her vine-clad castles. Now shall St. Patrick be their Washington, Emmett their Warren, O'Connell their Lincoln, Moore their Longfellow and Grattan their Webster. Now may Emmett's epitaph be written and the harp sound once more in Tara's halls.

In pleading for her liberty Ireland asked for no boon, she asked only for her rights. Every nation possesses, her rights, the right to rule itself, for that nation and no other one can wield the scepter with satisfaction and equity. Ireland was denied this right. Should she not possess it? Has she not a history? Has she not heroes? Is she not singular among the nations of the world? Once was she not the teacher and the civilizer of Europe? "A land without ruins is a land without memories and a land without history." A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see, but twine a few cypress leaves around the brow of a land and be that land barren, beautiful and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow and it wins the sympathy of the heart and of history. Crowns of roses fade, thorns endure. Calvaries and crucifixion take deepest hold of humanity, the triumphs of might are transient, they pass and are forgotten, the sufferings of right are grave, the deepest on the chronicles of nations. —Intermountain Catholic.

RECEIVED INTO THE CHURCH BY NEWMAN

He was not long at Winchester before he distinguished himself in classics and mathematics, and the sporting student when he sat for examination came out second in Moderations. At New College, Oxford, he pursued his studies, took his degree, and eventually became a Fellow—the first Catholic Fellow since the Reformation—after the abolition of tests in the year 1871. That association with his college remained to the end.

On leaving New College he turned to his scholarship to account for a short time at Worthing as an army coach, but in 1863 he was drawn to the service of the Church, as he then understood it, taking curacies in succession at St. John's Common, Burgess Hill, at Clever Parish Church, and at St. Andrew's, West Bromwich. Then he commenced that career of preaching on which he concentrated all his gifts of eloquence and learning. His passionate love of truth, his force of character, his logical mind, and his fine faculty as a public speaker, and at last he presented himself to Newman at Birmingham. The story of that interview is an oft-told tale. He declared he had lost all faith in the professions and doctrines of the Anglican Church. "Well, you know, I cannot give you the faith of the Roman Catholic Church," replied Newman. "I don't want you to do that," said Robinson, "I have it." "Are you certain?" questioned Newman. "If the Church were to teach," was the prompt reply, "I should believe it." His conversion was effected in 1872. He went to Oscott for a theological course of study for three years, passed on to Rome, and thence entered upon his Catholic career.

A POLEMIC PREACHER

His first appointment was as Vice-Rector of the newly formed Catholic University at Kensington, of which Mgr. Capel was rector. Mgr. Capel was at the time at the zenith of his popularity as a preacher. His name recalls a group of distinguished converts he gathered round him at that ill-starred University, all great personal friends of Mgr. Robinson, and singularly able men, and all long since passed away—Father Robert Clarke, D. D., Mgr. Moore, Father George Angus, Professor Mivart, Professor Barf, Mr. Grindal, and others, and the lectures they gave were of rare distinction. The priests became associated with the Pro-Cathedral, and it was there that Mgr. Robinson

laid about him in a controversy raised by the Globe about a conversion made by Mgr. Moore. "The Priest in the Family" was the topic of the hour, but it is curious to note that the aggrieved husband who raised the storm was himself subsequently received in the same church. Mgr. Robinson at that time, and ever since, filled the old Pro-Cathedral as no other preacher filled it after Mgr. Capel. In 1878, after the failure of the University scheme, he was appointed Chaplain of the Kensington Workhouse, and he endeared himself to the old people, whom he in turn truly loved. At the instance of Cardinal Vaughan he instituted the Historical Research Society at old Archbishop's House, for which work he was pre-eminently qualified, and, further, he engaged in the vigorous campaign of lectures by Catholic priests to non-Catholics in public halls, in which he was associated with Bishop Vaughan and others. His central, concentrated, and earnest energies were given to preaching in the churches, and giving retreats, in which he was in great demand in all parts of the British Isles. A master of eloquence and learning, he was also a student, for it was his settled practice to read theology and allied subjects for two hours every day. For that reason his sermons were always instructive and bore good fruit.

SOME JEWS WHO BECAME CATHOLICS

His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, will receive under the will of Eliza Andrews, a Baltimore lady noted for her good works a bequest of \$282,055.

It is interesting to remember that Cardinal Gibbons was remembered a few years ago in the will of another resident of Baltimore. This testator was a Jew, and left the Cardinal \$2,000. Comment on David Goldstein's letter in explanation and defence of his conversion from Judaism to the Catholic Church is beginning to come in. A recent issue of Truth, a Catholic Magazine, has an article on Jewish conversions, among which it notes the following which took place during the nineteenth century: "A Drack, called a deep well of science, whom Gregory XVI. made librarian of the Vatican, and whose of commentaries on Holy Writ; Father Liebermann, founder of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and of the Sacred Heart of Mary, who was declared venerable by Pius IX.; Father Hermann Cohen, the great Carmelite, who, during the Franco-Prussian war, fell a victim to his charity toward the French soldiers made prisoners in Germany; the Dominican, the Rev. Father Levy, who afterward gave his life for the Faith in Mesopotamia; the Abbe Olmer, at Paris, whose entire family followed his example, two of his sisters entering the religious state; the pious and eloquent Lehman brothers, both of whom was Superior of 'Saint Louis of the French,' at Rome; the famous Father Voit, one of the most eloquent preachers in Austria. To these may be added such names as Rothschild, Miers, Pereira and others, who have yielded to the divine attraction and become devoted Catholics."

Yet this list, notable as it is, does not include the famous Ratisbon women who followed their example. The conversion of a sincere Jew to Catholicity is the most logical thing in the world. It is merely a going forward from prophecy to fulfillment. —Boston Republic.

A DAILY PREPARATION

The late Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his consort taught a careless world a needed lesson in their preparedness for death. A correspondent of America, writing from Sarajevo, Bosnia, where the tragedy took place, gives this account of how they died; and incidentally reveals the source of their strength and courage in facing death: "The Archduke was hit first. As the bullet pierced his neck, the Duchess leaned over him in a vain attempt to shield him from further harm. On seeing the action of his wife he gasped: 'You must live for the sake of the children.' At that instant a bullet struck the Duchess, went clear through her body and fastened itself in the Archduke's leg. The victims were carried into the government buildings where the Bishop of Mostar gave absolution. Extreme Unction was then administered. The Duchess was certainly interred. Her lips moved in prayer while the anointing was taking place. Both the victims were Godly people. They went to confession and Communion every First Friday and spent considerable time every day in prayer. The morning of their death they assisted at Mass with great devotion. On the Archduke's body were found his scapulars and a small relic in a golden locket, probably a gift from some dear friend. The cruel murder was the most senseless of the many committed in Europe during recent years. Both victims were just and charitable, doing all in their power to further the interests of the people and giving liberally in time and money to the poor. The Archduke himself lived in expectation of just such a death. He repeatedly spoke of it, and never failed to go to confession

and Communion before leaving for a journey. Writing on the same theme in the Catholic World, Mrs. Maria Longworth Storer tells of the devotion of the Archduke and Duchess to the Blessed Sacrament and of their happy family life: "I have never seen a happier family. It makes one's heart ache to think of the orphan children in the beautiful castle of Konopischt, with its marvellous flower garden, waiting for the father and mother, who went away strong in health and happiness, never to come back again. The last time I saw the Archduke and Duchess of Hohenberg, was at the Emperor's reception at the Hofburg palace, at the time of the Eucharistic Congress at Vienna, 1912. The Emperor was alert, genial, and seemed especially happy that evening. The great procession of the Holy Eucharist was to take place the next day; 150,000 Catholics. It has been organized by the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and Prince Edouard Liechtenstein.

RELICS OF CATHOLICITY

LONDON MUSEUM HAS BOWL, INCENSE BOAT AND CENSER WORTH \$50,000—MEMORIALS OF THE PRE-REFORMATION CHURCH IN ENGLAND

Three aristocrats of the metalwork world stand in a case at the London Victoria and Albert Museum. They are a bowl, an incense boat and a censer, and are worth between them no less than \$50,000. Two of the three are a loan and are on exhibition for six months. The third, the Studley Bowl, has been secured for the nation.

It was first exhibited in a case by itself about a month ago, and it has only just been joined by the other two magnificent specimens of old English craftsmanship. The bowl has the letters of the alphabet engraved round it, and it was probably intended as an aid to study, for the child who first took his porridge from it some five hundred years ago was able to learn his "a b c" at the same time.

The second of the precious trio is known as the Whittlesea Incense Boat, and around it hangs a romantic history. This supremely designed piece of silver first figured in a church in the year 1380 or thereabouts. No one knows exactly where it was used first, but experts deduce from its design that it was fashioned for Llanthony Abbey. Each end is decorated with a ram's head.

At the time of the dissolution of the monasteries some monks flung it into the water rather than let the precious relic be melted down by the officers of Henry VIII. It lay in Whittlesea Mere, Cambridgeshire, until fifty years ago, when draining operations disclosed it. With it was found the censer, a superb example of its kind, the value of which is little less than \$20,000. Its shape is that of a Gothic church, and the gilt which covers the silver has survived, un tarnished by the passing of the centuries.—St. Paul Bulletin.

By falling before God, we rise towards Him.

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