

award the palm to the ancient Irish, whose burning zeal, unable to brook the bounds of their island home, urged them across the broad Atlantic to the shores of a continent which first received from them the light of the Gospel, centuries before the birth of Columbus, and in honor of whose exploits, this same American continent was called in the Scandinavian Sagas and on the maps of Edrisi, the famous Arabian geographer, 'Irland it mikla,' Ireland the Great.

W. J. KIRWIN, O.M.I.



AN AUTUMN CRY.

I HAVE reaped what I have sown !
Lo ! I planted Folly's root,
And I gather now her fruit ;
And the blame ?—hush, 'tis my own.

Oh, I scattered foolish seed
In the April in the sun ;
Now when summer-tide is done,
What have I for Winter's need ?

Here is all my harvest store—
Sin—and I have had my fill ;
God, dear God, oh, give me still
One more sowing-time—one more !

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE,
in the *Catholic World*.