

MARCH 12, 1904.

may be mentioned "The Battle of Killiecrankie," and the "Farewell to Lochaber"—the original titles of which were "Planxty Davis" and the "Breach of Aughrim."

Nearly all the poetical productions of this period were, of course, tinged with the political spirit of the times. The two principal Jacobite bards were John O'Neachtan, of Meath, and John Clarragh MacDonnell, of Charleville. The numerous songs termed Jacobite were originally party songs, deeply tinged with prejudices. They were chiefly written in a sort of allegorical style; and though the allusions were obvious to every one at the time, they would require much explaining nowadays. Some of these Jacobite songs are still remembered and sung in Ireland, songs both of Irish and Scottish origin. The Irish songs are more pathetic in words and melody, the Scotch the more stirring and bold. The Irish bards used to clothe the aspirations of the people for freedom in a figurative dress. Erin, the goddess of the bards' worship, is often represented as a beautiful maiden, who has fallen within the grasp of the oppressor,—all the wealth of his language is expended in praise of her charms, her constancy, her sufferings, and her ancient glory. Her metaphorical names were many: "Roisin Dhu," "Graine Uaile," "Drimin Dhu," etc.; in this disguise the bards gave voice to their patriotic passion as if to an earthly mistress.

But all these bards must yield first place to Turlough O'Carolan, the last of the famous minstrels—bards and harpers—whose genius fired the souls of the Irish people in the past centuries.

This well-known harper was born in Nobber (County Meath) in 1670, of humble parents. His education was confined almost exclusively to the Irish language. The family of the O'Connors of Belangare interested themselves in directing and promoting the mental improvement of the youthful bard. While still a youth he lost his sight during an attack of the smallpox, which for ever deprived him of the aid of books.

His harp then became his constant companion and solace; and in his twentieth year he commenced as a professional minstrel by visiting the houses of the nobility and gentry throughout the country. His great taste and feeling in music insured him a hearty welcome in palace and cabin, where he was always treated as a guest, as he maintained the dignity of his profession, and was above receiving any pecuniary remuneration. He composed many beautiful airs, had a wonderful memory, and extraordinary powers of improvisation. He was at once a poet, a musician, a composer, and sung his own verses to his harp. Goldsmith, in one of his charming essays, tells us that being once at the house of an Irish nobleman, where there was a musician present who was eminent in his profession, Carolan immediately challenged him to a trial of skill. To carry the jest forward, the host persuaded the musician (Geminian), a famous Italian violinist) to accept the challenge, and he accordingly played over on his fiddle the fifth "concerto" of Vivaldi. Carolan, immediately taking up his harp, played over the whole piece after him, without missing a note, though he had never heard it before, which produced some surprise; but their astonishment increased when he assured them that he could make a concerto in the same taste himself, which he instantly composed.

Carolan's compositions are stated to have numbered in all about two thousand. His muse delighted to expatiate on the theme of female loveliness. The exigencies of space will only allow me to give the names of a few of his beautiful lyrics of this description; so I must refer the reader to the translations of them by Sir Samuel Ferguson, Miss Brooke, and to Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy for "Bridget Cruise," "Mild Mahel Kelley," "O'More's Fair Daughter, or the Hawk of Ballyshannon," "Monody on the Death of His Wife," and "Grace Nugent."

In 1733 Carolan was bereft of his wife, and five years later he passed away at the age of sixty-eight. Feeling that his hours were numbered, the blind bard called for his harp, and, in the excitement of what he felt to be a final effort, produced his "Farewell to Music," to which he gave an expression so captivating and touching as to dissolve all present to tears.

Much of his beautiful music is scattered to the four winds of heaven. At intervals since 1721 about two hundred of his pieces have appeared. Hunting roughly estimates the entire number at two thousand. Will the remainder of these priceless gems ever be brought to light? Have we

lost the key to these ennobling strains? Will a day come when the Irish people will cultivate once more their ancient music, as the Welsh are doing at their Eistedfods, and the Scots by their devotion to the incomparable music of their Highlands? All three have in common the spirit of the music that was sung before the Knights of the Round Table, that aroused the courage of Roderick Dhu and Wallace, and fired with immortal bravery many an Irish soldier on a thousand fields of battle—Robert M. Sillard, in the Catholic World Magazine.

## Bishop Whiteside On Parental Duty.

The Right Rev. Dr. Whiteside (Bishop of Liverpool) paid his visit to St. Augustine's Church, Preston, last week end, and on Sunday evening delivered his visitation address to a crowded congregation, who listened with deep interest to his remarks. His Lordship said that in studying the life, passion, and death of our Lord, we must often have been struck by the value which He set upon an immortal soul. In addition to His own sufferings, for the souls of mankind, God had instituted the Church, priest hood, and sacraments in order to assist the soul to save its life. All this showed us that we had a serious duty to the souls of those with whom we mixed with every day, and if this were true of those towards whom we had not any special duty except in charity, how much was it true of those towards whom we had serious responsibilities? If this applied to anyone, it applied to parents with regard to their children.

Both father and mother had serious obligations which neither could shirk. Each was bound to support the other. At the same time, as a rule, the responsibility of the father rested more upon him when the children grow into their teens, and got out of the mother's control, while that of the mother was at the time when the children were young, and their minds impressionable as wax, when every word and action had an influence on them. Therefore he (the Bishop) considered no responsibility greater than the mother's, for they all knew how children drank the example given; even when the mother went about her household duties, or spoke to a child's brother and sister it observed her, and she was its one authority. She should realize that responsibility, and if through her fault, by word or action, the child's soul was injured or lost, at the door of that mother lay the responsibility, and she would have to answer to God for it. She should teach her children by word about God. How many mothers hesitate to speak to children about God and their religious duties? Some taught them their prayers, a though teaching them a lesson, but a mother should feel she had to influence her children by word and example.

He was afraid there was a certain number of mothers everywhere, and unfortunately they were on the increase, who gave bad examples to their children by drink, he did not say drunkenness, because that would be an extreme case. They knew that was a sin which excluded from the Kingdom of Heaven, and that a mother must lose all sense of decency and responsibility when she drank; but he meant those who drank a little now and then more than they should do. Those were the ones who did the harm to their children, family and themselves. First of all, they incurred responsibility before God for wasting money. How many people at the present day did not realize their responsibility with regard to money? Some people seemed to think they could do what they liked with what they earned. Of course, they had a strict right to it with regard to man, but they had not with regard to God, who gave them strength to obtain it. God would allow them to use their earnings for legitimate recreation, but after that they could not squander it as they wished. They would have to render a strict account of everything spent in that way. Again, how often did they injure their health? They would also have to answer to God if they shortened their lives through dissipation or excess of drinking. But these were secondary considerations. They were injuring their own souls, and also giving scandal to their little ones. What a shock a child got when it saw its mother had gone too far in the matter of drinking. Mothers could not be too particular about this; but unfortunately there were too many indulging in the habit in these days. They should avoid those who were inclined to

lead them into the temptation of it.

Parents had also another duty with regard to their children. When they reached a marriageable age, if they wished to marry a non-Catholic, they would probably tell the parents that they were sure the one they wished to marry would become a Catholic after the marriage. Against this His Lordship warned parents, quoting from the statistics of the parish of St. Augustine's figures showing that in their congregation at present there were 233 persons who had contracted mixed marriages. No doubt, the Bishop said, in the generality of the cases the Catholic had expected the Protestant to turn a Catholic, but out of these 233, 21 had become converted, while in 15 cases the conversions had been the other way, the Catholic turning Protestant. In that congregation there were 140 children of mixed marriages being brought up as Protestants. He blamed many mothers for these things. How often mothers were weak on this subject. If they did not help, at least they connived at it. If the Catholics would only stiffen their backs and force the non-Catholics to become Catholics before marriage they would thus make many converts.

His Lordship then spoke strongly about Catholics marrying at the registrar's office, and in Protestant Churches, and said they had far too many in that congregation who had contracted marriage outside the Catholic Church. He compared this to a child running away from home where her parents had always lavished kindnesses upon her to get married. Perhaps the parents would in time forgive her, but would they continue to treat her as before? Certainly not. And so these people could not expect God to continue to lavish his blessings on them as if they had contracted marriage in their own Church.—London Universe.

## The Redemptorists In France.

The Paris correspondent of the Dublin Freeman says:

"The Redemptorists continue to maintain a bold and firm attitude, like the Barnabites of Paris, in presence of M. Combes and his myrmidons. Father Riblier, formerly Superior of the Redemptorists at Sables d'Olonne, on the French western coast, is still in conflict with the government bailiff who has to collect fines and taxes. This emergency parson wanted Father Riblier to notify the Redemptorists who had been proceeded against the fines which they had been condemned. The venerable Redemptorist replied that his brethren were no longer with him. Three lodged in the towns so as to avoid judicial proceedings, and the others have gone to countries wherein they find much more liberty than in France." Father Riblier facetiously added that he could send the notifications to the Redemptorists who had gone to the lands of liberty; but, unfortunately they were on the increase, who gave bad examples to their children by drink, he did not say drunkenness, because that would be an extreme case. They knew that was a sin which excluded from the Kingdom of Heaven, and that a mother must lose all sense of decency and responsibility when she drank; but he meant those who drank a little now and then more than they should do. Those were the ones who did the harm to their children, family and themselves. First of all, they incurred responsibility before God for wasting money. How many people at the present day did not realize their responsibility with regard to money? Some people seemed to think they could do what they liked with what they earned. Of course, they had a strict right to it with regard to man, but they had not with regard to God, who gave them strength to obtain it. God would allow them to use their earnings for legitimate recreation, but after that they could not squander it as they wished. They would have to render a strict account of everything spent in that way. Again, how often did they injure their health? They would also have to answer to God if they shortened their lives through dissipation or excess of drinking. But these were secondary considerations. They were injuring their own souls, and also giving scandal to their little ones. What a shock a child got when it saw its mother had gone too far in the matter of drinking. Mothers could not be too particular about this; but unfortunately there were too many indulging in the habit in these days. They should avoid those who were inclined to

## Patent Report.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Can., and Washington, D.C.

Information relating to any of the patents cited will be cheerfully furnished free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

Nos.  
83,118—Frank Whitecomb, Smith's Falls, Ont., threshing machine.  
85,486—Joseph V. Martel, L'Assomption, Que., acetylene gas generator.  
85,554—Messrs. Picard & Bureau, Quebec, Que., automatic pump.  
85,568—Gavin Shaw, Lindenwood, Ont., feed trough.  
85,567—Theodore H. Strehlow, Chicago, Ill., clothes pole tip.  
85,603—Bohn D. Landers, Winniweg, Man., train signal.  
85,631—Wm. S. Bagley, Lorne, Que., wire stretcher.  
85,712—Messrs. Michaud & Desjardins, Montreal, Que., sleigh.

# A ST. PATRICK'S CROSS.

"What a typical March day," said young Mrs. Loughlin, glancing between the curtains of a dressing-room window, which was now further muffled by the haze of the atmosphere within.

Only a sense of maternal duty assisted the lady in this, her unaccustomed effort at early rising, for notwithstanding all the luxurious accessories of fleecy gown and turred shoulder wrap, her imagination persuaded her that the chill of the outer world must certainly be noticeable within the shelter of her luxurious home. The gilded time-piece on her dresser told her that it still lacked some minutes to seven, and she had promised—in fact proposed—that at seven o'clock she should be ready to take the nurse's place by the bedside of her own small son, now convalescing from a tedious illness—"Miss Keating has been so self-sacrificing while dear Gerald really needed her"—Mrs. Keating explained to her husband—"that I could not but offer to do this when she spoke of wishing to go out early this morning, and yet being unwilling to have Gerald perhaps wake up during her absence."

"I should think Winnie or the new maid could have taken her place, if you had arranged it so," remarked Mr. Loughlin, accustomed to his wife's partiality for late rising.

"They were going out, too; I forgot to ask them why, but I know it was to Church, and I am sure I heard them pass downstairs before daylight. This is not Sunday! What is it, Jim?" With her hand on the doorknob, Mrs. Loughlin waited her husband's reply, and in the instant's pause realized, too, that she was perhaps breaking a settled rule of her married life, which was never to recall to his mind the religion or religious observances he had apparently committed to oblivion since their wedding day.

His hesitation in answering her question was no affectation.

The Hon. James Loughlin, capitalist and politician, had managed to forget many things with which Jimmie Loughlin, the bright faced Irish immigrant of twenty years before, was pleasantly familiar.

"Let me see—yesterday was March the 16th, was it not? This is the 17th! O, this is Patrick's Day—an Irish holiday; the girls like to go to Church, I suppose!"

"I should say they did!" thought Mrs. Loughlin, as she hastened through the dim hallway to her apartment, "they must like to or they would never venture out on such a morning as this."

Pretty Miss Keating, the trained nurse, was a Catholic too, and always during Gerald's illness, arrangements were made for her attendance at Sunday Mass. Now she stood outside of the sickroom, drawing on her warm gloves, while she waited the mother's coming.

"I am sure he will not trouble you any," she whispered, "he may not wake before I come in, but I thought it was best to be certain."

"O of course I shall enjoy sitting with him now that I am really awake, but must you go to your Church this cold morning? Would not the afternoon do; can I take your place then just as well?"

"Thank you for the offer, it is not at all compulsory for us to go to Church to-day, but father and mother—they are both dead now, said the pretty nurse sadly—liked to keep this day as it was kept in their old home. They always went to Mass and took us, too, and now I like to offer a Holyday Mass for them."

Mrs. Loughlin did not quite understand, but she said no more, only when sitting idly beside the sleeping child, whom even the rustling of the morning paper might disturb, she continued the train of thought started by this simple evidence of her employees' devotion to their parents' faith. Why did it mean so much to them and apparently nothing to her own husband? Was it because worldly success and riches sufficed as a substitute? Not in all cases, she knew, for there was their neighbor, Judge Grace—moneyed, influential, with the added prestige of descent and inherited position, and he was the acknowledged pillar of that same little Church, frequented by Winnie, the cook, and Margaret Keating. Indeed she had heard the former refer casually to Judge Grace "taking up the Sunday collection" there, and it was well understood that from his private purse were supplied the deficiencies of Church income. It was true, she reflected, that her Presbyterian father, whose helping hand has assisted young James Loughlin to his sudden rise, might have refused his daughter to an aggressive Catholic, as was Judge Grace, for instance. In her heart she owned that it would have been embarrassing dur-

ing the days of courtship and engagement, to introduce into the gay circle where she moved a lover of such straight laced tendencies as Catholics must needs possess.

"Jim" had been simply perfect in this light, never mentioning religion that she could recall, and since their marriage he was equally satisfactory. Only once she remembered—when Gerald was extremely ill, the father had spoken some incoherent words, in which mention of his own sins and his boy's baptism were strangely mixed, but then he was entirely unstrung by excitement and suspense, and Miss Keating had led him from the room and talked soothingly to him in the library while his wife stayed with the relieving nurse, to await the doctor's verdict.

With such thoughts as these, which meant little and led nowhere, Mrs. Loughlin was engaged until the nurse's pleasant voice sounded on her ear, and she roused herself to report that the little patient had hardly moved during his mother's watch, and that his sleep was so tranquil she would not even kiss him lest he be disturbed.

A gloomy day of rain and chill verified the morning's threat, and Mrs. Loughlin welcomed gladly that afternoon hour with her little son, allowed her by the doctor's rules. She found him bright and merry despite the weakness that still remained, and now quite busy, arranging against the white counterpane, and amongst the snowy pillows of his bed, the many toys and knick-knacks with which he had learned to while away the long hours of his unoccupied day. In a curtained alcove of the big room, the nurse sat, arranging the contents of a neat portfolio, in anticipation of her nearing departure from the house where she had spent almost the entire winter.

"Miss Margaret gave me these pictures, mother!" the patient announced gleefully, "fast as she found them in her box, and I'm to keep them all 'cepting just this one, and it belonged to Miss Margaret's mother, so of course she must keep that."

With a child's instinctive delicacy, the little fellow lowered his voice while he drew the special picture from its yellowed envelope and held it towards his mother. "It isn't just a picture, is it?" he said in a puzzled way. "Soon as Miss Margaret is through writing, she will tell me about it."

"And she may tell me, too, pet, for I do not know what sort of picture it is. What is this, Miss Margaret?" Mrs. Loughlin asked, lifting between her jewelled fingers the circle of stiff white paper, on which was laid a cross formed by bright colored ribbon outlined by shining beads.

"O! that," answered the nurse, coming forward—"is something I meant to explain to Gerald; it is called a 'Patrick's Cross'; in my dear mother's time all the Irish children wore such 'crosses' on their shoulders on St. Patrick's Day; this is St. Patrick's Day," she added in an explanatory tone.

"So Mr. Loughlin told me this morning," said Gerald's mother, still examining the Patrick's Cross with interest. "Perhaps he remembers—" As she spoke the heavy portieres that helped to exclude all household noises from this quiet room were parted quickly and Mr. Loughlin stepped to his little son's bedside.

"See, father," exclaimed Gerald, even while he lifted his face for the kiss of greeting, "this is a Patrick's Cross the Irish boys and girls wear them to-day, Miss Margaret says."

"I do not know that they wear them to-day, dear," corrected Mrs. Loughlin gently, "they wore them when my mother was a little girl there."

"And what is their meaning? A badge of some sort?" inquired Mrs. Loughlin, who as a member of the most advanced women's literary club in the city, was naturally "keen" on folk lore.

"Well, a badge of Catholicity, I suppose we should say," Miss Keating answered. "The cross is the central idea. That was St. Patrick's gift to Ireland, of course, and so while the men wear the shamrock, because he used its leaf in explaining the Holy Trinity, the little folks wear the pretty Patrick's crosses as a kind of pledge, I think, that they, too, would follow the Faith he taught."

Perhaps, for the moment, Miss Margaret forgot her surroundings, and that while Gerald's mother was not a Catholic, Gerald's father should be one, a fact she had learned in the days of Gerald's danger; at all events two auditors listened to her attentively now, the child with parted lips holding out an eager hand to receive the treasure from his father's hand—the mother fingering the pencil on her dainty chatelaine as though

eager to note down this new item for her club paper.

But the father, the busy man, who found it difficult to spare these few afternoon moments to the boy he idolized—why did he not relinquish the badge at once, and proceed with his usual inquiries regarding the patient?

His delay and silence attracted his wife's attention.

"Have you ever seen one before, dear?" she inquired, divining easily enough, that her silent husband was deeply moved.

"I have worn such a Patrick's cross," he answered—not hesitating now, as he had done in the morning when she questioned about the holyday—"It was pinned on my breast by a mother who would rather have seen me lifeless at her feet, than to know that I should live to deny it."

There were tears surely in his voice but the listeners could not see his eyes, for he rose quickly and passed from the room, laying the "cross" gently on his boy's pillow.

There was no use in trying to ignore the happening, so Miss Keating turned to the wife who had also risen as if to follow.

"I am more sorry than words can tell," she said, "but how could I foresee this?"

"There is no need to be sorry or embarrassed at all, Miss Margaret. Come to me, when Gerald can spare you, and we will talk about it; tell him now, something more of the customs of his father's country, for father is so busy, he had to hurry away to-day."

In the library Mrs. Loughlin found, as she expected, a distressed and unmoved man, in whom his associates would never have recognized the daring organizer of financial and political parties.

"Tell me what this means, Jim," she said bravely, without any attempt to ignore the situation, and the man who had been so long sunk in the depths of moral cowardice recognized the challenge and rose to it.

"It means that I see myself this moment as God's angels see me—that pitiful thing—a renegade from the Faith in which I must always believe! I wore the Patrick's Cross: the childish pledge that Miss Keating speaks of, and to-day when I touched these faded ribbons, they seemed like scorpions, stinging me into remembrance of my dastardly sin! Oh, what am I to do?"

"Perhaps I am not competent to answer that question," replied the weeping wife, "but I know where it can be answered—you can go to the Church where Winnie and Miss Margaret go, and the priest there who seems to solve all their difficulties will help you?"

"O, my wife, you do not even yet understand what a traitor I have been. When Gerald appeared almost lost to us, I vowed that if he were spared—I should do something—I hardly know what, but I meant baptism for him in the Catholic Church. Miss Keating heard my promise."

"Let us call her, then—perhaps she can help," and at Mrs. Loughlin's call the nurse came, looking pale and disturbed for all her efforts to conceal matters from little Gerald. She listened to the wife's few words of explanation, for Mr. Loughlin, with his head resting on the carved mantel against which he leaned, made no sign at her entrance.

"And now for my confession," said the nurse firmly. "I had meant to defer it a few days longer, but it may ease your conscience, Mr. Loughlin, to know that I saw to the fulfilment of your vow. Gerald was baptized during that dreadful spell of unconsciousness, on my assurance to the priest, whom I called in that day while Mrs. Loughlin was forced to rest, that you, his father, not only consented, but had promised God it should be done. From that hour I, for one, date his recovery."

"Thank God," came from the lips of Gerald's father, and then he turned to his wife, "You will not blame Miss Keating for this, Louise?"

"There is no room for blame," was the answer, "rather should I remember with gratitude that my boy was miraculously restored. I do not understand the Faith that is so much to Miss Margaret, and was so much to your mother, but I am satisfied to have my boy trained in it, if his father leads the way."

And so it was that through a Patrick's Cross of "faded green and tarnished gold," one weakness was restored to the fold of his fathers where entered with him the cherished darling of his home, and where, too, there came later for admission, the wife whom that Patrick's Day experience changed into an earnest and conscientious seeker after Truth.—Margaret M. Halvey in the Orphan's Friend.