

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE

L'ave the yellow gold to Jew—
Fur it's little that they lose—
L'ave the balance o' world power to
the Saxon:

Though they scarce could do it
worse,
L'ave them run the universe,
'Tis fur little that they have that
we'd be axin'.

Sorra wan of us that cares
Fur their high an' mighty airs,
Or the robes o' r'yal purple an' the
linen stiff wid starch,

But there's wan day in the year
When they musn't interfere—
Shure, the whole world is Irish on
the seveneenth of March!

O! It's little that we hold
Of dominion or of gold
In the blessed Isle that saw us first
a nation,

But we made all lands our own
As we spread from zone to zone,
So come all o' ye! an' share our
jubilation.

O! The music in the air!
An' the joy that's irrvywhere—
Shure, the whole blue vault o' heaven
is wan grand triumphal arch,

An' the earth below is gay
Wid its tender green th' day,
Fur the whole world is Irish on
the seveneenth of March!

—THOMAS A. DALY

SAINT PATRICK

Of Celtic origin, whether born in
Gaul or Britain, acquainted with
Gaelic language and customs by six
years' residence as a slave in Ire-
land, trained in Christian perfection
by the monks of Lerins and in
Apostolic doctrine and practice by
St. Martin and St. Germain, and
commissioned by Pope St. Celestine
to bear the teachings of Christ to
the children of Ireland, who had
been in his thoughts by day and his
dreams by night, Patrick unarmed
except with the Crucifix and his
trust in God, landed in 432 with a
few companions on Ireland's shore,
and

"Blessed forever was he who relied
On Erin's honor and Erin's pride."

Though many his toils and trials,
it may be said that under his
inspiration Ireland, like the fabled
tree that grew and blossomed and
fructified in a night, sprang at
bound to the full splendor of a
Christian nation. The subtle training
of the widespread and well-
graded orders of bards and jurists,
and, above all, the provisions in the
elaborate Brehon code for the equal
rights in law and property with
man of womanhood and wifehood,
naturally disposed the Irish nation,
morally and mentally, for the
reception of Christian tenets. It is
Patrick's glory that he knew how
to build on what good they had and
lead them to a perfection of Chris-
tian practice and a devotion to
Christian ideals that no nation had
before or has since attained under
the guidance of one Apostle. Their
difficulty at Tara about the coexist-
ence of trinity and unity in God
bespoke trained and cultured minds;
his illustrations of the solution by
the trefoil that strewed their land
—became thereafter the emblem of
Faith and Nation—indicates that
the wit of the Celt and the grace of
God were combined in the Apostle
of Ireland.

He made the Irish bards and
druids and the youths he trained
priests and bishops of the land, he
took with him through the island
the chief jurist to impress the
purified Brehon code on the people,
together with the law of Christ;
and, inspired by his character and
sanctity and the grace he brought
them, "the sons of Chiefs and the
daughters of Kings became," in the
words of his Confession, "monks
and virgins of Christ, and all the
people are called sons of the Lord
and children of God." And when
through his myriad toils and pen-
ances and prayers he had seen ful-
filled in his person God's olden
promise: "I will deliver to you
every place that the sole of your
foot shall tread upon, and no man
shall be able to resist you all the
days of your life," he wrote down
amid penitent tears the Confession
of his manifold defects and signed
himself, "Patrick, an unworthy and
sinful man."

He founded at Armagh in 450 the
first Christian school of Erin, the
progenitor of the long line of
colleagues that made her famous as
the "island of saints and scholars,"
and of many a school on the
European continent and on other
continents of later discovery, even
to our day. He went again to
Rome to receive the confirmation
and blessing of Pope St. Leo;
returning, he told his people: "As
ye are children of Christ, be ye
also children of Rome;" and he
won, by a vigil of forty nights on
Croaghpatrick, the promise of God's
angel that the Faith he planted
would never die in Ireland.

That Faith waxed warm and
strong and soon went forth in
mighty waves borne forward and
illuminated by Irish apostles and
scholars from the Mediterranean to
the Northern Seas. At home it
flourished in the sunshine and was
more firmly rooted by the storm.
For storms came, as they came on
no other nation, and Patrick may be
said to have been crying out to his
people through all future times
what he addressed to his converts
who were carried into slavery by
Corcetics:

"Oh, my most beautiful and most
loving brothers and children, whom
in countless numbers I have begotten
in Christ, what shall I do for you?"

Am I so unworthy before God and
men that I cannot help you? Is it
a crime to have been born in Ire-
land? And have we not the same
God as they have? I sorrow for
you, yet I rejoice, for if ye are
taken from the world ye are
believers through me, and are gone
to Paradise.

At home and in many a foreign
land since then the treatment of
Patrick's children and their inradi-
cable Faith has often prompted the
question, "Is it a crime to have
been born in Ireland?" But
wherever through the earth they
traversed by force or choice, that
Faith they planted and made strong,
and their race is now more widely
apostolic than even in the days of
Columbanus and Columba. True to
God and principle, Patrick's sons
were true to their manhood: brutal
force could chain their bodies but
never chained their minds. At
home and in adapted lands they
have been true to the Preacher's
counsel: "Strive for justice for
thine own soul and fight for justice
even unto death; and God will
conquer thy enemies for thee."

God has done so. Ireland has
conquered the world's sympathy in
her persistent struggle for civil and
spiritual freedom. She has con-
quered her conquerors by winning
for them and maintaining religious
liberty, and her representatives
today stand supreme in the legisla-
tive halls of her erstwhile oppressor
with the restoration of her liberties
in their grasp. For the preserva-
tion of her inextinguishable spirit,
and the freedom of her sons as men
and as children of God, Patrick has
been the impulse, the stimulus and
the sustenance. In making his Day
coextensive with the world, to him
they attribute the glory.—America.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

ST. PATRICK'S DAY HYMN

"The Irish language, so far as
I know," writes Father O'Reilly,
C. M., in the Austral Light, "is
the only one which has two words
to express the proper name, Mary,
and for this reason one of them
is reserved exclusively for Our
Lady. The fact that they will not
give the special form of the name
to any other woman, no matter how
saintly, shows on what a pinnacle
the devotion of the Irish people has
placed the Muire Matair." Trans-
lated: O! Mary Mother.

Daughter of the Most Holy One,
A Muire Matair,
Mother of the Eternal Son,
A Muire Matair;

Spouse of the gentle Paraclete,
Behold us kneeling at thy feet,
Thy Blessed Babe and Thee to
greet,
A Muire Matair!

Then bless with all the gifts of
grace,
A Muire Matair,
The faithful suffering Irish race,
A Muire Matair;

'Mid anguish greater than the sea,
Throughout a nation's agony,
They only clung the more to Thee,
Their Muire Matair.

They love thee still: the Irish shore,
A Muire Matair,
Belongs to thee for evermore,
A Muire Matair;

Tender and kind, and true in all
The knightly deeds of camp or hall,
Their voice is softer when they call
Thee, "Muire Matair."

Thy love goes down from age to age,
A Muire Matair,
Their children are thy heritage,
A Muire Matair;

Nor those of Irish birth alone,
But sons, like desert dust, far-
blown,
Proclaim thee as their very own,
Their Muire Matair.

O bless us, too, dear Mother, bless,
A Muire Matair,
Our sunny land with thy caress,
A Muire Matair;

And we will spread the love of thee,
Thy gentleness and purity,
And, dearest Mother, thou wilt be
Our Muire Matair!

ST. PATRICK'S SISTERS

We seldom hear of St. Darcree,
whose feast day is commemorated
in various martyrologies on the
twenty-second of March. St.
Darcree was St. Patrick's sister.
She was the wife of Conis, who was
buried in Brittany. After her
husband's death Darcree and her
little family emigrated to Ireland
and found a home in Leinster, near
one of the monasteries founded by
her brother, St. Patrick. Seldom
indeed was a mother's care so richly
blessed as St. Darcree's. Her sons
became priests and the most dis-
tinguished of them, St. Mel was
first Bishop of Ardagh, and he and
his brothers, St. Moch and St.
Minnis, were remarkable for their
wisdom, zeal and ardent pastoral
love. Another brother, St. Riach,
founded the celebrated school at
Lough Mee, to which many foreign-
ers sought admittance. History
also preserves a record of Darcree's
daughters: Achea, whose life was
spent in the service of the sick
poor, and Oileca, who could scarcely
withdraw herself from continual
prayers, so rapturous were the
hours she spent in converse with
heaven. In each and all, their
mother's spirit lived again. Her
faith, her charity, her patience,
could be distinctly traced in her
children.

THE ONLY WAY

We will soon be in the midst of
Passiontide. Our steps will lead
over the road that goes from Geth-
semane to Calvary. The Church

will veil her pictures and statues
and clothe her ministers in the
purple of penance. Every word of
the Liturgy speaks her sorrow.

Holy Passion Time preaches its
sermon from the pulpit of the Cross.
The way to Heaven is the way
of the Cross. The Saints learned
their lessons in sanctity not so much
from books as from their crucifix.

The one great consoling thought in
life, the thought that gives us cour-
age in time of danger, strength
against temptation, comfort in
sorrow, is the thought that Christ
loved us so much that He was will-
ing to die for our salvation. All
our hopes of Heaven find their
source at the foot of His Cross.

It is a hard way, the way the
Saviour trod. His Feet were
bruised and torn when He made the
journey. He knew that the end
was worth the means. If we would
follow Him we must take up our
cross. We too will find the way to
Calvary hard, but it will end in
the glory of Easter.—Catholic Sun.

FEAST OF ST. JOSEPH

The Feast of St. Joseph occurs on
March 19. St. Joseph as Spouse of
the Blessed Virgin and Foster
Father of our Divine Lord, comes
next to our Blessed Lady in the
religious affection and veneration
of the faithful. The great theo-
logian Suarez, maintains that St.
Joseph, next to Mary, surpasses all
the other saints in merit and glory.

He is a patron of a happy des-
tiny and protector and patron of the
Universal Church; and to all Chris-
tians a perfect model of simple
faith in the most sublime mysteries;
of prompt obedience to the calls
of divine Providence; of perfect
resignation in all things to God's
holy will; of immaculate purity of
soul and body; of a laborious and
holy life; and of a happy death in
the arms of Jesus and Mary.

PASSION SUNDAY

There is a curious misinterpreta-
tion of the Christian spirit in the
saying, "Be good and you will be
happy." It is true that if we fol-
low Christ, we shall attain that
nearest approach to happiness pos-
sible in this world, the peace of a
good conscience. But this follow-
ing implies suffering. Our Lord
never promised His friends tem-
poral prosperity. On the contrary,
He promised them a cross. And
His great apostle, St. Paul
expressed this truth in striking
language, when he said that every
son whom God receiveth He scourgeth.

Why God allows us to suffer is a
mystery, even as is the presence of
pain and sorrow in the world. We
are assured in a Faith that cannot
be shaken, that to those who love
God, all things work together unto
good. Whatever afflictions come,
we shall, in the spirit of faith, kiss
His fatherly hand, knowing that He
doth all things well. Throughout
life runs the mystery of pain and
loss and death. Unless the grain
of wheat die, it remaineth alone;
but if it die, it bringeth forth much
fruit. He that loveth his life shall
lose it, but he that hateth his life
in this world, keepeth it unto life
eternal. All that will live godly in
Christ Jesus must suffer persecution,
and any man that would be
worthy must follow Christ to the
cross. Death, then, is the condition
of life, and suffering, even as it
must precede death, may be made,
by His mercy, the bridge that takes
us securely from life to the portals
of the everlasting City of God.

These things we know by faith,
yet often are we not aware of our
anguish while the thorn is fastened.
All over the world, the poor are
oppressed and the innocent suffer;
the rich are filled with costly
viands, while the children who beg
for bread find none to hearken to
their cry. In the houses of the
great is heard music and the voice
of rejoicing, but in the hovel of the
poor, the sobs of mourners and the
tears that fall. Why are these
things? Why must they be?

To the Christian, there is an
answer as clear as the Voice that
sounded above the thunders of
Sinai. It is not in the vain wisdom
of human philosophers; we find it
only when we turn to the Figure of
the Crucified. He, the innocent
Son of God, suffered all our woes,
and from His tortured Heart came
the cry of the Psalmist, "Save Me,
O my God, for the waters are come
in, even unto My Soul. I am come
into the depths of the sea, and a
tempest hath overwhelmed me."

The Crucified Son of God is our
Model. As far as the frailty of our
nature will permit, our lives must
be made like His life, with its
poverty, its suffering, its bitter
dereliction, its lonely Crucifixion.
For God hath called us not only to
believe in Christ Jesus, but to suffer
with Him.

But to suffer with Him, is to
reign with Him. If sorrow is our
present portion, God has taken us
by the hand to lead us more
securely to Himself. That is His
promise. "The God of all grace,
who hath called us unto His eternal
glory in Christ Jesus, after you
have suffered a little, will Himself
perfect you and confirm you and
establish you." In these words we
have the first lesson of the holy
season which the Church begins on
Passion Sunday. It is the lesson of
suffering, and the answer to the ques-
tions of troubled hearts, that
through many tribulations it be-
cometh us to enter with Christ
Jesus, the Eternal Lover of our
souls, into life everlasting.—
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PAYS TRIBUTE TO MONKS OF OLD

COLLEGE PRINCIPAL SAYS PEOPLE OF
TODAY OWE ALL THEY HAVE OF
VIRTUE AND LEARNING TO
MONKS

An eloquent tribute to the monks
of olden days is paid by Principal
Laurie, M. A., D. Sc., F. R. S. E., of
Heriot Watt College, Edinburgh, in
a recent article. Coming, as it
does, from a non-Catholic source,
the praise bestowed on the holy re-
ligious of the Church is all the more
interesting.

In the article Principal Laurie
said:

"Today we owe all we have of
virtue and learning to the monks of
old, the conservers of what was
good in the Roman civilization and
the teachers of a new and nobler
ethic. To conquer the world three
rites were essential—poverty, cel-
bacy and obedience. We are not
tried so high, yet with us, too, serv-
ice must come first. I was looking
the other day at the ruins of Tintern
Abbey. The dwelling places of the
monks were humble and simple.
Their wealth and love had been
lavished on the abbey church, the
Temple of God. The time came for
them also to perish, but what a
glorious story they have written on
the pages of history. And to us of
the teaching profession, whether
teaching in an infant school or lec-
turing from a professorial chair,
how noble a task has been entrusted
and how overwhelming a responsi-
bility. We have much to learn
from the other great professional
organizations of Law or Medicine,
and of the Churches, and above all
from the Church of Rome. Within
their ranks there is no distinction of
persons. This is pre-eminently true
of the Church of Rome: the village
cure and the Pope in Rome are both
consecrated priests, there can be
nothing higher or more sacred, and
the peasant priest of the tiny village
may himself be raised to the Papal
Chair."

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should know. If you have heard noises and
can't hear, don't let it go until it
is too late; or, if you are almost totally
deaf, there may be a chance of helping your
hearing. This pamphlet will tell you. It
also explains about a

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about our great 10 Day Free Trial Offer.
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proved. But first write for the free litera-
ture. Now, before our supply is exhausted,
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sacrifices to purchase a Royal. All
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and the balance may be met in easy
installments.

BLMYER
CHURCH

Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

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