

THE LEGENDS OF SAINT PATRICK.

Happy isle !

Be true ; for God hath graved on thee His Name
 God, with a wondrous ring hath wedded thee ;
 God, on a throne divine hath 'stablish'd thee :—
 Light of a darkling world ! Lamp of the North !
 My race, my realm, my great inheritance,
 To lesser nations leave inferior crowns ;
 Speak ye the thing that is ; be just, be kind ;
 Live ye God's Truth, and in its strength be free !



PROPHETIC words, and full of patriotic love, and fraught with noblest counsel for thee dear Erin ! What others could be fittingly placed upon the dying lips of one, who lighted the eternally inextinguishable beacon of thy Faith ?

Ponder them well, dear Queen of the Western Main ; let them form thy daily spiritual sustenance ; a staff to steady thy onward march in this pilgrimage of trial and hopeful expectancy. Thy Lord has placed upon thy finger the engagement ring ; a bond that will never snap in twain, a bond that, though for a little while uniting thee to his dolors, will eventually make thee a sharer in his joys. Carrying triumphantly upon thy brow the never-fading laurels of victory won, soar high aloft unto thy throne divinely made, regardless of those perishable diadems which nations, in Faith inferior, claim. Let the radiance of thy countenance illuminate this sin-beclouded earth from pole to pole, that nation after nation, guided by the reflection of thy Faith, and steered by the intrepid zeal of thy apostles, may reach the sighed-for haven otherwise sought in vain. To lesser nations leave inferior crowns, for, though in slavery, thou art free, though reviled, thou art exalted,

though mis-represented, thou art truly known. Thou art truly free, leaning upon the breast of Him who sustains even the little birds of the air, and in whose kingdom thy superior crown awaits thee ; thou art truly exalted before the Eternal Truth Himself, because in thee fidelity has been sought and found ; thou art truly known by those who, raised above the things of earth, contemplate thee in the realms of thy glory. Cling firmly to the eternal principles of truth, thy Apostle's legacy, and let the mirror of thy justice reflect the treasures of thy clemency. Such are the thoughts, humble in their simplicity yet sublime in their immensity, which are suggested by the few poetically-graceful lines we have chosen for the commencement of our essay. Arranged in the strikingly harmonious versification of Erin's now venerable and immortal bard, these are a few of the future-piercing words with which the great Apostle, Patrick, addresses the land of his heaven-blest conquest ere going to receive the thrice-merited reward of many a heroic vigil, and day of unremitting toil.

Only a short time ago we dwelt at some length upon the charming poetry of Mr. Aubrey De Vere. It would ill become us to omit, in this the Patrick's Day issue of THE OWL, a further reference to one whom we are proud to call the greatest living poet. 'Honor where honor is due'