

Ireland and the Irish

BY REV. H. W. CREWS, M.A.

NATURE has done much for the land of the Shamrock. Ireland is a land of great fertility and many resources. Her crystal lakes, bold, majestic hills, and fields eternally green, give it a scenery of very much attractiveness and beauty.

The people of the Emerald Isle inherit from their Celtic ancestors minds characterized by perception, alertness, and a sense of wit and humor which have become proverbial the world over.

Ireland is the land of such men of genius as Burke, O'Connell, Moore and Goldsmith, and yet we say "Poor Ireland"! Why should such a goodly land be the subject of our commiseration any more than England or Scotland? The answer is



AN IRISH MARKET CART
(Photo by H. W. Crews.)

at hand—Ireland is retrograding. She is less in population by many thousands than a few years ago, multitudes of her people are paupers. In the stately city of Dublin you will see as many beggars as in Naples. The wages received by the average working man are sufficient only to maintain a meagre existence.

Having heard of the poverty of many of the Irish peasantry I with three ministerial friends resolved to draw our own conclusions from personal observation. Hiring a jaunting car, we asked our driver to take us to the most comfortable farm home in the district of Killarney and afterward to take us to the poorest. He did his work well. The first home visited was a lowly thatched cottage, well coated with whitewash and bearing every evidence of thrift and cleanliness. A genuine Irish welcome and Irish hospitality were accorded us. The farmer was one of the number who had been benefited by the recent legislation of the British government. He had a herd of twenty cows and fruitful fields which gave evidence of thought and industry. We were afterward taken to two homes which in western parlance would be called shacks. Both were untidy and unkept. The entrance to them resembled a barn yard more than a door yard. On entering one of these cottages we were surprised to meet with three calves which were quietly eating cabbage leaves. These calves formed part of the family and were being well cared for because of the part they were to take in affording a living for mother and four children who occupied the home. In the other cottage we saw the room where his majesty the pig resided, although his majesty did not happen to be in when we called. We were pleased to know that there were not many of these kind of homes on the island.

Various reasons for Ireland's distress might be given by the sociologist. Not the least of these I am sure would be the drink evil. The average Paddy loves his glass. The town of Killarney, having a population of about 7,000, has eighty saloons, while Toronto, a city of 275,000, has about 165 licensed drinking places. Crossing over the Killarney lakes we asked one of our oarsmen if they had any snakes in Ireland now. His quick and witty reply was "No, shure St. Patrick drove them all out, and the only time we see them now is when we drink too much 'Ginniss'." Then with a playful twinkle in his eye he added: "And we don't see them half often enough." The large brewery interests of Guinness in Dublin are capitalized at about £14,000,000 and overshadow every other institution in the city. The linen industries of Belfast are capitalized at a similar amount. To what extent these facts account for the difference between the condition of the North and the South of Ireland, which is so marked, the reader may judge.

We would advise our friends when they cross the brine to visit Ireland and become acquainted with her genial, chivalrous people. Go to the North and admire that great natural wonder—The Giants' Causeway. Take a ride on that unique means of locomotion known as a jaunting car. Cross the matchless lakes of Killarney and don't forget to pay your compliments to Blarney Castle and kiss the historic stone whose talismanic touch is said to make all who come in contact with it witty and eloquent.

Guelph, Ont.

From a Forge

BY J. MARVIN NICHOLS

Nothing but man can smile.

The joy of life is living.

If you must copy, copy from a masterpiece.

When dignity is not larger than the purse it is all right.

The mad race for wealth breaks the wings of happiness.

Character never rises above its plane of thought.

A diamond glitter is incomparable to the flash of the human eye.

A face that cannot smile is like a rose that cannot blossom.

The real secret of a happy life is putting forth one's powers as far as they will go.

I'm for the fellow that toils for bread—and does it because he loves his own.

Work is as essential as breathing, and under normal conditions, is as joyous.

The most ignoble character in all the world is the mere money-getting American.

A real friend is the first person who comes in when the whole world goes out.

Both are evils, but the moneyless man is far better off than he friendless man.

Nothing has quite so delicate a poise as character. Whisperings may dislodge it.

That is a real friend who stands by you when the whole world forsakes and despises.

The struggle for life is the order of the world at which it is vain to repine.

Invest in brains. Every scholar adds something to the riches of a commonwealth.

Extreme wealth, like extreme poverty, is an atmosphere laden with deadly poison.

Out of heroism comes faith in the worth of heroism. Believe in yourself and your ultimate triumph.

Forget the chill and damp of these low lands. Hurry across the valley to the hills beyond.

Only the truly great can stand alone. The man of Galilee was majestic in his solitariness.

Love is the only power of the human heart that grows absolutely by giving itself away.

Our barques strand on hidden reefs. Ships do not often go down on high and open seas.

The majesty of man cannot be measured until he is seen standing in a magnificent minority.