

MISCONCEPTIONS CONCERNING IRISH LITERATURE.

In a letter by Charles Welsh to the Boston Transcript, he says:

A paragraph quoted by you the other day—apropos of the establishment of a Celtic chair in one of our universities—would seem to call for some remarks, because of the ignorance it implies of the fact that there exists a literature in the Irish language which is as well worthy of study as that of any other race.

When all Europe was in the midnight of the Dark Ages, Ireland was the "Island of saints and scholars"—the land of intellectual "light and leading" in Europe. It was, to quote Dr. Johnson, "the school of the West, the quiet habitation of sanctity and literature," and its literature as a living intellectual force dates back much further even than this.

I could not hope for space in your columns to bring forward evidence in proof of these statements. Are they not to be found in Dr. Hyde's fascinating book from which I have already quoted, and in his latest popular exposition of early Irish literature printed in the second volume of the "Anthology of Irish Literature" reviewed in your columns the other day? In Dr. George Sigeron's writings on the influence of Ireland on European literature, and in the pages of the Revue Celtique, and of the Gaelic Journal, which have been bringing to light during the past twenty years or more the riches of the literature of the Irish race in the Irish language from the earliest years of the Christian era?

One of the causes for slighting the Irish language is the grotesque misconception that there is nothing to read in it, that it contains no literature, and this, after the labors of Zimmer, Zeuss, Windisch, D'Arbois de Jubainville, Dr. Whitley Stokes, Dr. Kuno Meyer, Jeremiah Curtin, Miss Eleanor Hull, Lady Gregory, Standish O'Grady, Eugene O'Curry, John O'Donovan and others far too numerous to mention!

Why, a knowledge of the history and the development of the laws of rhyme and rhythm and versification is incomplete without a knowledge of the work of the early Irish writers. And the sagas, the bardic literature, the myths and the legends—all that weird world which sleeps in Irish lore—are as rich and as poetic as those of the ancient Norsemen, of the Greeks, or of our own Arthurian cycle.

This grotesque misconception is to be found among men in high places, as well as in the ranks of anonymous journalism, as the following will show:

A high official in Dublin Castle—an Englishman of course—for Government appointments are rarely given to Irishmen and as for Nationalists; these positions are still kept to bribe Unionists with!—and therefore utterly unable to understand things Irish, entirely without sympathy for the sentiment, character and feelings of the Irish race—wrote to me only the other day, saying, "I am not in sympathy with any movement for the revival of the Irish language. It is nearly a dead language and has no literature worth speaking of; besides it is at least a political movement and I have no politics, and positively detest them." (A man who has no politics deserves to be "a man without a country!" But this by the way.)

And this in the face of the fact that over one million out of four and a half million people left in Ireland speak the language to-day, and hundreds of thousands besides have more or less knowledge of it! and that over 12,000 copies of books in Gaelic are sold in Ireland every month! There are at this moment over 200,000 people studying Gaelic—over 5,000 being registered as doing so in Chicago alone!

And if it be a political movement—a movement towards greater freedom for Ireland, a step toward its recognition as "a nation once again"—it will surely evoke the sympathy of the liberty-loving people of America! Lady Gregory, who is in the forefront of the movement for the revival of the Gaelic language, wrote to me not long ago, "If we are not working for Home Rule we are preparing for it." The movement then is sure of support on this side, no matter what high and ignorant English officials, or irresponsible anonymous journalists may say.

But more than all this; the language and literature of Ireland has a special interest for the great American nation, which is constantly being evolved out of the blood of all the races of the world. We inherit, we are infused with, and we are transmuting into terms of national individuality, all the romance, all the culture, all the art, and all the literature of the past and the present, of all the nations of the world. Thus we are evolving a culture distinctly American, a literature distinctly American, and an art distinctly American. But there has entered, and there will enter, into the composition of this new and individual race, a greater infusion of the Celtic element than of any other, and it is therefore not a little important that the literature, in which this element was cradled, the literature to which it responds most quickly, the literature which has preserved its racial characteristics for nearly two thousand years, should form part of the mental nourishment of our young people, and that our men and women should have the opportunity of learning about its sources, and of drinking deeply of its well-springs should they desire to do so.

Newfoundland Correspondence.

The annual parade of the Star of the Sea Association, which took place on the feast of the Epiphany at St. Patrick's Church was a great success. Before the society left their hall several new members joined. At the Church the scene was one of grandeur and beauty, while the music of the fine choir lent an additional charm.

more remarkable since the duty has been taken off several articles entering the colony. The Bond Government is building up Britain's oldest colony in capital style and to-day every part of the island enjoys the priceless boon of prosperity. Long may it continue.

A few days ago a vestige of a wreck was washed ashore at Cape St. Mary's. It was part of a large barque belonging to St. John's, and was coming from Liverpool. She was 113 days overdue. During the late storms on the coast the captain must have lost his reckoning and the ship was driven on the rocks and all hands drowned. Cape St. Mary's and its vicinity is justly styled, "The graveyard of the Atlantic," for here and there may be seen remnants of large steamers whose bones lie withering on the rocks and cliffs. Scores of other steamers and sailing vessels went to pieces and thousands of the crews and passengers sleep their last sleep at the bottom of the mighty deep in the graveyard of the treacherous coast of Terra Nova. Their tombstones are the mighty cliffs which rise above the spot, and will keep guard over them for ever.

DEATH OF HENRY O'NEARA.

Mr. Henry O'Neara, whose death occurred recently, after a lingering illness, will be long remembered and regretted by thousands of friends in

LOVE AND A THEORY

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candidate without flaw—absolutely without flaw—interesting, intelligent, high spirited, good taste, perfect in form and possessing all of those feminine graces that please the average man. Jovial, though serious when need be, seasoned enough to command respect and a wholesome fear, she makes a capital companion and a good chum. You see, when I begin talking of Isabel I wander from the main point and almost forget to ask you if there isn't something wrong with this love theory.

The first cloud appeared on Saturday morning. It was a telegram from Elizabeth Martin. She was at Lakewood again and wondered if I was not coming before she left for Japan. I did just what you would have done, and exactly what twelve months before I had taken solemn oath never to do again.

The return journey brought me home heavy eyed and heartsore. It was no longer right for me to keep this experience from Isabel, and that very night, without reservation, she was given the entire story. That Elizabeth Martin had been my true love I did not conceal. No defence was made and none was necessary. There were tears in Isabel's eyes, but tears of love and unfathomable sympathy. Then to Isabel was given the message of Elizabeth, the message of a gentle, womanly heart to one who by chance had usurped her throne.

"Tell her," Elizabeth Martin said—"tell her that as I loved you, Ned, so shall I love her if she adds happiness to your life." The tender nobility of this message broke our restraint. An hour afterward, when the sobs were very faint and all so quiet that the beating of our hearts were audible, a rustle of her gown, and Isabel passed to an open window. Without, all was clothed in moonlight, in peace and mysterious beauty. Then, as if having drawn inspiration from the clear eyed stars, my Isabel turned and said: "I would have despised you, Ned"—and there was no reproach in her voice—"if you had concealed these things from me. Ned, I—love her, too—and I want you to marry Elizabeth Martin because—well, because she can help you more than I. It's hard to give you up, Ned, but it seems best for—the three of us. As long as life lasts, Ned, I shall be true to you, because to me there has been a spiritual union too sacred to permit my thinking of any one else as my husband. Good night and goodby, Ned." Before I could recover from my surprise and remonstrate Isabel lightly touched her lips to my unhappy head, and I was alone.

But one feels different the next morning. Here comes the postman—a letter from Elizabeth, written the morning I left Lakewood. Such a strange letter! I'll let you read it, though you don't deserve the privilege. I want you to elevate your opinions of women in their relations: Dearest Ned—it was good of you to come and see me and to tell me of your approaching marriage. How happy you are and how blessed she must feel! I am glad, Ned—no, sorry—you could not read the pain in my eyes when we talked so earnestly in the shadow. Ned, each word you uttered tore my heart like jagged, rusty knives. But when your voice quavered or the words came haltingly to your lips I was wretchedly happy. Yet how I admired you—and hated you—because you could tell me such things as you knew were eating my life at its very core. And when you took no advantage—I mean wouldn't take me—when I would have given my hope of heaven for one more kiss like that first kiss, Ned. Oh, what am I doing to write this to you!

DAUGHTERS OF DANGER.

Heavy colds strain the lungs, weaken the chest, banish the appetite, cause melancholy. Pale weak people, whose hands and feet are chilled for want of rich, red blood, always catch cold. Their lungs are soft—the heart cannot send out blood enough to make them sound and strong. Then comes the cold and cough, racking the frame and tearing the tender lungs. The cold may turn into pneumonia, influenza, consumption or bronchitis—a lingering illness or a swifter death. All weak people should use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The rich, red blood they make strengthens the heart, and it sends this warm, healing blood to the lungs, and once again the patient is a strong-lunged, warm-blooded man or woman. Mrs. Jane A. Kennedy, Douglstown, Que., bears the strongest testimony to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of this kind. She says: "My sister, a delicate girl, took a severe cold when about seventeen years old. We tried many medicines for her, but she appeared to be constantly growing worse, and we feared she was going into consumption. Often after she had a bad night with a racking cough, I would get up to see if she had spit any blood. At this stage a friend strongly urged me to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Within a month from the time she began to take the pills she had almost recovered her usual health. Under a further use of the pills she is now well and strong, and I can recommend the pills with confidence to every weak person."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a certain cure for all blood and nerve troubles such as anaemia, debility, lung complaints, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis, and the troubles that make the lives of so many women miserable. Be sure you get the genuine pills with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Mr. Kloseman—My dear, I'm afraid that sealain saccue I promised you—

Mrs. Kloseman—That's enough John; you promised it, and—

Mr. Kloseman—But we've got to economize. You must make some sacrifice.

Mrs. Kloseman (determinedly)—Yes, but it won't be a sealain saccue-riffes.

man so much barter? Is it the price obtained that animates her to face the greatest sacrifice in life? Is her body so many yards of cloth, a handful of jewels, houses and lands, or stocks and bonds? Must love be hawked in the market place to the most vulgar yet highest bidder? Is there nothing sacred these days? Do all women stand idly by, unwilling to take their burdens in the destiny of the men they love? What true woman does not despise a wifehood spent in luxurious waste? Is not wifehood as noble as the womanhood which makes it? Are women less discerning than men? You complain of our different experiences resulting from lifelong surroundings. Are gentlemen and gentlewomen the result of surroundings? Am I not sufficiently cosmopolitan to know and to appreciate courtesy in my neighbor, though it be rough? Does not courtesy exist among your neighbors as among my own? You hesitate to take me to live in your native town lest I misunderstand and take offense at your friends, lest I might mistake their frequent patriotic utterances as directed against me as a representative of the "lost cause." I wish I could say more, but I must not divert attention from the main purpose of this last letter.

You can do nothing finer, nothing more sincere, Ned, than to be for Isabel James all that I have prayed you might be for Elizabeth Martin. Be never and be optimistic. Pessimism never frightened the wolf from any man's door. Your success in life will be success enough for me. If you fail, I fail.

Do you remember the little church on the corner where once we knelt together in prayer? At that church each day of my life, God willing, I will daily kneel in prayer and lay bare my heart before heaven that it may flay me to spare you and yours, dearest Ned.

I could not sleep last night, Ned, for fear I would not see you pass my window early in the morning for the train. I waited all the long, dreary night, but how happy I was when in the misty dawn you stopped in passing, turned your face toward me, all unconscious that I watched you from my curtain. And when you uncovered your head and stood that brief moment as though in prayer my heart leaped for joy because I know you understand. Then you turned away—but looked again, waving your hand as though you knew I could see—and now, oh, Ned, you are gone forever. Forever—but, dear Ned, I have so much faith in you.

It sometimes happens, writes a correspondent of the Freeman's Journal, of Dublin, that a rare Irish book may be picked up at a city bookstall. Quite recently Senor Bulfin, of Buenos Ayres, accidentally came across a unique copy of O'Mahoney's edition of Geoffrey Keating's "Foras Feasa ar Eirinn," published in New York in 1857. This rare edition of Keating's History of Ireland is, as yet, the best issued, and is prefaced by a life of Keating, by Michael Doherty, who had been assistant teacher in Professor Fitzsimmons' academy at Cashel prior to his being called to the bar in 1838.

But what renders Senor Bulfin's acquisition still more valuable is the fact that the copy he purchased proved to be Colonel O'Mahoney's own, enriched with numerous added notes in the handwriting of O'Mahoney himself.

Charles Lever found in a book he had bought for a few pence in a second-hand bookstall in Dublin some confidential memoranda of Dr. Stock, the Protestant Bishop of Killala, who was taken prisoner by Humbert, the commander of the French expedi-

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tion for the invasion of Ireland in 1798, relating to his captivity, which he utilized in his celebrated novel, "Maurice Tierney, the Soldier of Fortune." A few years ago an eminent member of the Irish bar picked up in a second-hand bookstall's shop in Dublin the presentation copy from Thomas Moore to Lady Campbell of Moore's life of her father, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, which has an enhanced interest from the circumstances that Moore bitterly complains in his diary, which was edited and published by Lord John Russell, that Lady Campbell never acknowledged its receipt. The Whig Party of the day bitterly resented the publication of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's biography, because "the Irish difficulty had not yet been settled." Lady Campbell's grandson, Mr. Gerald Campbell, is, however, now engaged on a life of his great grandfather, for which he is using the family papers.

Good Catholic homes are wanted for a number of children, boys and girls under six years of age. In homes where there are no children or where the family have grown up these children would soon make themselves welcome and would in a few years repay all the care that was expended on them. Applications received by W. O'Connor, Inspector Children's Department, Inspector Children's Department.

STRANGE RETRENCHMENT.

A very remarkable thing about some Catholics is the method they adopt to reduce expenses when they consider such action necessary. It is about as ridiculous as a child's theatrical performance. If you have never observed them you ought to, for they furnish much amusement in their way. If they are a subscriber to a Catholic home paper their first reduction begins here. The paper is stopped. This saves them two and three-fourth cents a day. A great financial triumph, usually enough for the day.

Later on the problem is again taken up. The expense account is again reviewed. It is turned and twisted and dissected. Finally, the nickle contribution to the collection box on Sunday presents itself in the account and that is eliminated. Five cents a week more saved. Second financial triumph. It brings fresh self congratulations and perhaps visions of a bank account at the end of the calculation.

But it is not sufficient. There must be further reductions. Where are they to be found? Ten dollars a year for pew rent begins to look like an extravagant waste of money. It is at least out of proportion to income and increased cost of living. But what will the pastor say? Of course he don't know anything about stopping the paper. Neither will he be able to tell about the nickle withheld from the collection. Giving up the pew, therefore, is not such a difficult matter and the ten-dollar-per-year pew goes off the list. With it, of course, goes every other contribution for religious purposes and the expense account is relieved of its heavy burden.

This, however, is a rather strange retrenchment from many points of view. Strange in the fact that it was only items pertaining to religion which were stricken from the list. Strange that positive duties were eliminated. Stranger still that the sum total does not exceed twenty dollars per annum. But strangest of all that the table and the person have not suffered in the reduction. Not a single sacrifice has been made in this particular. A strange calculation, a strange retrenchment and strange Catholics indeed.—Church Progress.

Valuable Finds in Second-Hand Bookstores.

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