

Two days by penance stripped, and dumb as though
Some Antechrist had trodden them down, once more
Swells forth amid the new-lit paschal lights
The "Gloria in Excelsis:"

The joyous Easter chimes are the signal of Patrick's victory. Persevering prayer has won the day, and the angel comes with a message of gladness.

"Rejoice for they are fled that hate thy land
And those are nigh that love it."

Happy day for Erin and thrice happy day for Erin's glorious Apostle. Here is the Divine message in answer to Patrick's prayer. We will let it speak for itself.

Many a race
Shrivelling in sunshine of its prosperous years
Shall cease from Faith, and, shamed though shameless, sink

Back to its native clay; but over thine
God shall extend the shadow of His hand,
And through the night of centuries teach to her
In woe that song which, when the nations wake,
Shall sound their glad deliverance: nor alone
This nation, from the blind dividual dust
Of instincts brute, thoughts driftless, warring wills

By thee evoked and shapen by thy hands
To God's fair image which confers alone
Manhood on nations, shall to God stand true;
But nations far in undiscovered seas,
Her stately progeny, while ages fleet
Shall wear the kingly ermine of her Faith,
Fleece uncorrupted of the Immaculate Lamb
For ever: lands remote shall raise to God
Her lanes; and eagle-nurturing isles hold fast
Her hermit cells: thy nation shall not walk
Accordant with the gentiles of this world,
But as a race elect sustain the Crown
Or hear the Cross: and when the end is come,
When in God's Mount the Twelve great Thrones
are set,

And round it roll the Rivers Four of fire,
And in their circuit meet the People's Three
Of Heaven, and Earth, and Hell, fulfilled that day

Shall be the Saviour's word, what time He stretched

Thy crozier-staff forth from His glory-cloud
And swore to thee, 'When they that with Me walked

Sit with Me on their everlasting thrones
Judging the Twelve Tribes of Mine Israel,
Thy People thou shalt judge in righteousness.'

The saintly life that Patrick led could not but have resulted in great missionary success. In every one of the Legends,

Mr. De Vere brings before us the triumph of the Cross. Very true are the words he places on Patrick's lips.

"I came not to this land
To crave scant service, nor with shallow plough
Cleave I this glebe."

It is evident that he did not cleave the glebe with a shallow plough, but penetrating into the richest soil, he sought and found a safe resting place for the heaven-sent seed.

At length Saint Patrick's work is done, and done successfully. Although he must, like other mortals, submit to the great decree of death, still his name is not to sink into oblivion; it is to remain amongst his people as a sweet guiding star leading them to their home above.

At midnight by the side of Patrick stood Victor, God's Angel, saying, "Lo! thy work Hath favor found and thou ere long shalt die:" Thus therefore saith the Lord; "So long as sea Girdeth this isle, so long thy name shall hang In splendor o'er it, like the stars of God."

Truly prophetic words are these. Patrick's spirit of Faith will ever be present with his people, whether at home in the Green Isle or under the skies of less hospitable lands. Never will they forget the lessons he taught then when

From the grass
The little three-leaved herb, he stooped and plucked
And preached the Trinity.

After thus recording in such sweet-tuned words the generous sacrifices and mighty labors of Ireland's Champion Saint, the gentle poet is careful to inform us how these unremitting toils touched a responsive chord in the noble Celtic hearts. Listen to how he makes the apostle praise the sons of Eire:

"O loyal race!
Me too they loved. They waited me all night
On lonely roads; and, as I preached, the day
To those high listeners seemed a little hour."

One of the leading characteristics in Mr. De Vere's writings is his wonderful power of description. Did space permit we could produce many an extract illustrative of this truly poetical qualification. The Legends of Saint Patrick are adorned with several gracefully descriptive passages. Take, for example, The Disbelief of Milcho, in which the story is told of how Patrick fails to convert his former master, and stands in awe,

"———pale as the ashes wan
Left by a burn'd-out city:"