

## Be Faithful.

Catholic Columbian.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow  
About to-morrow,  
My heart?

One watches all with care most true;  
Doubt not that He will give thee, too,  
Thy part.

Only be steadfast; never waver,  
Nor seek earth's favor,  
But rest;

Thou knowest what God wills must be  
For all his creatures, so for thee.  
The best.

## ST. LAWRENCE O'TOOLE.

Lecture of Rev. E. B. Brady.

The following lecture was delivered, recently, by the Rev. Edward B. Brady, C. S. P., at the rooms of the Gaelic Society, New York, as one of the regular course arranged by the Historical Section of the Society. The Rev. lecturer said:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—The periods of the introduction of Christianity into Ireland, of the invasion of the Danes, of the Norman Invasion, and of the introduction of Protestantism, are all salient points in Irish history. Great wars, troubles, and sorrows were connected with these periods, and darkness was upon the land of Erin. With each of these events the name of a great ecclesiastic is intimately associated. The name of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, and first Bishop of Armagh, is associated with the conversion of Ireland to Christianity; the name of Malachi, also Bishop of Armagh, is associated with the resurrection of Ireland from the ruin brought about by the invasion of the Danes; the name of St. Lawrence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, is intimately associated with the Norman invasion of Ireland; and the name of Oliver Plunkett is closely connected with the period that witnessed the introduction of Protestantism.

The subject of my address this evening is one of these celebrated ecclesiastics; and, after St. Patrick himself it seems to me, there is none who should awaken so much gratitude and such a fond remembrance in the Irish heart as St. Lawrence O'Toole. His very name is a sweet sound in the Celtic ear. His intense devotion to his native land awakens patriotism in every Irish heart. St. Lawrence O'Toole occupies the foreground of a great historical picture, which every true artist loves to contemplate—a picture with the lakes and mountains of Glendalough in the background, with the Norman knights and mail-clad warriors in the foreground, and poor distracted Erin at its side. Such is the vision that presents itself as we recall the life of St. Lawrence O'Toole. He played a most important part in one of the most momentous periods in the history of the country. We need only fill in the outlines of this picture with some touches of national and local coloring, and we have St. Lawrence O'Toole as he appeared to his countrymen in the latter part of the 12th century. The first pictures of St. Lawrence O'Toole in Irish history is characteristic of the times in which he lived. When only a boy of ten years of age, he first appears before us on the pages of his story; we find him to be a hostage for his father's fealty in the hands of Diarmuid McMurrough, King of Leinster. He was treated more like a prisoner and a slave, at this tender age, than like what a hostage in those days was supposed to be; and his father, in order to relieve him from further suffering, placed him in the hands of the Church, and put him under the protection of the Abbott of Glendalough, in the great sanctuary of St. Kevin; and he adopted there a monastic life. His progress in learning and in virtue was so great, that at the age of 25 he was elected to the high position of Abbot of the famous monastic institution of Glendalough.

He ruled with such wisdom and success, that when, a few years later, the See of Dublin became vacant, they could find none more fit for the Metropolitan See, than the Abbot of Glendalough. So, he was nominated Archbishop of Dublin, in one of the most trying periods in the history of the capital. He was forced to leave the seclusion of picturesque Glendalough, to battle with the world; for the lot of an Archbishop was one of suffering and sorrow. The political and social state of Ireland was most deplorable. The authority of the Ard-Righ, or High King, was rarely heeded; every petty king was at liberty to make war on his neighbours; there was no national unity, no stability, no sense of country or of common cause, and it seemed as if the internal dissensions of the country were enough to destroy its prospects without any foreign invasion. I am not one of those who want to emphasize the dark shadows on the pages of Irish history; and while I insist upon it, as everybody must, that the condition of Ireland was sad in the extreme, yet it was no worse than that of many other countries. We find, in the "Annals of the Four Masters," that there was such a continual repetition of assaults, murders, and assassinations, as to give the idea that scarcely a man in Ireland died a natural death at this period. Yet it was no worse than the state of England during the Heptarchy, or, later, during the "Wars of the Roses;" not more than that of France, or that of Germany in the "Thirty Years War"; but, the condition of Ireland was bad enough, the Lord knows.

In the midst of this strife and bloodshed, St. Lawrence O'Toole was called to assume the authority of Archbishop of Dublin, and found himself in the centre of all the national politics and social life of his time. His first effort after becoming Archbishop, was to get the princes and chieftains of Erin to unite for their common country and a common cause. He labored at this continually, but his success was only partial. The recognition of Roderick O'Conor as Ard-Righ, seemed to end the struggle for the sovereignty; but the others still kept up their feuds. This was the state of things when Diarmuid McMurrough profaned the home of the Prince of Breffni, and kindled the flame that was to destroy Ireland. He carried off the wife of O'Rourke; all Ireland, in indignation at his perfidy, waged war upon McMurrough, and banished him from the kingdom. McMurrough, to avenge himself, induced Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke to invade Ireland. The invitation was willingly accepted, and they landed in Wexford, in 1169. Diarmuid McMurrough, the Judas of his country, gave his daughter in marriage to Strongbow, and made him his heir. Strongbow asserted his right to the throne of Leinster, seized Ossory, and advanced towards towards Dublin. It was then that St. Lawrence O'Toole sought to implant in the other Irish Kings a national spirit, and tried to rally the Irish forces to make a bold defence of his primal city against the Anglo-Normans. In this his success was not complete. There was too much disunion, too much want of cohesion, too little sense of organization among the clansmen, to meet an enemy so well commanded and led as were the Norman hosts. Strongbow captured Dublin, and went to butcher its inhabitants. Then St. Lawrence O'Toole came out, cross in hand, and by his power and his presence stopped the ruthless hands of Strongbow and his soldiers, and saved a portion, at least, of his flock from destruction. Though Dublin was captured, and his own Cathedral church was in the hands of the invaders, the Archbishop was not discouraged. He made every effort to bring the warring chieftains to peace,

and to induce them to recognize that they had a common cause and a common country to fight for; and through his exertions another Irish army was raised, and advanced to re-capture Dublin. The Norman hosts advanced to meet them. Here again superior discipline won, and the Norman armies finally got possession of the east coast of Ireland. Henceforth St. Lawrence O'Toole could do nothing, except to make appeals to Strongbow for his suffering people. Little heed was paid to the Archbishop's remonstrances; and he finally decided that he must bring their case before the King of England. He went to England on a mission of peace, hoping to extract some concessions for the people. Henry II., who was on the throne, and who had instigated the murder of Thomas a Becket, was not likely to give a kind reception to the Irish Bishop. He received him with coldness and disdain and refused to make any concessions to the Irish people. This mission nearly proved fatal. We are told that when St. Lawrence O'Toole was ascending the steps of the altar to celebrate Mass, at the shrine of St. Thomas, a ruffian struck him a fearful blow, and felled him to the ground. It was this incident, no doubt, that made the "Annals of the Four Masters" make the statement that St. Lawrence was a martyr.

After his return from this mission to England, he was summoned to Rome, to take part in the General Council of Lateran. The Irish Archbishop by his learning, wisdom, and devotion, won the admiration of the Prelates, and of the Pope himself, who took him into his confidence and showed him every expression of his regard and sympathy.

On his return from Rome, after a long absence, St. Lawrence found his people in all the miseries that were entailed by a state of war and famine. He sold everything in his possession for the relief of the poor, and often gathered in the little ones whom he tended with his own hands. He became as renowned for his charity as he had been for his patriotism. The condition of things became so deplorable, that St. Lawrence made up his mind to seek redress once more from the King of England. When he reached England, he found that the King was on the eve of starting for Normandy, and St. Lawrence, in his zeal and devotion to the cause of his country, followed the King across to Normandy. Henry II. at length relented, when he saw the love and devotion of the Bishop, and at last received him, and granted nearly every concession that he asked for. After his return he succeeded in concluding a peace between Roderic and the other Irish princes; and for a season, at least, the country was comparatively tranquil.

But this was the last service St. Lawrence was destined to perform for his country. He was seized with a fatal illness. He felt the hand of death upon him, and in order to prepare to meet his summons, he went to the Abbey of Eu, and there prepared his soul to meet his God. The annals of that Abbey tell us how the great Irish Archbishop spent the last days of his life. When he had received the last Sacraments, it was suggested to him that he should make his will. "Will!" said he; "do you ask me to make a will? I thank God I have not a penny in the world to give to anybody."

Everything that he ever had he gave to the poor: he had nothing but the cross that he wore on his breast. The next day, the 4th of November, 1180, St. Lawrence died; died far away from the land he loved and served so well. Thus one of the noblest and truest sons of his race found his resting-place. In life and in death he loved his native land. The sanctity of St. Lawrence was not

passed unheeded, for he was canonized and placed on the altars of the Universal Church.

Such, in brief, is the sketch of the life and labors of St. Lawrence O'Toole. He was certainly one of the greatest patriots the Irish race has ever had; and he was also one of the greatest Saints. His name stands in the front rank in Irish history. We find in him all the noblest qualities of man—great charity, patriotism, and intense devotion to every interest of his native land. And though Ireland may have had as true and devoted defenders as St. Lawrence, I may say with certainty that Ireland never had a holier champion than the Archbishop of Dublin; though for the matter of that, I may say that all the great saints of Ireland were ardent patriots. St. Patrick at once identified himself with the nation, and espoused its cause before the world; St. Columbanus was the most intense Irishman on record; and the picture of St. Columkille, in the island of Iona, looking across the sea to the Island of his birth and of his love, and longing once more to tread the shores of his motherland, is one of the most touching in the whole history of our country. And St. Columbanus, when he knew he never would set foot on those shores, sighed, if it were possible, to have his bones laid to rest in the native land he loved. His disciple, St. Gall—and, for the matter of that, all the Irish monks and missionaries who were living as "Exiles of Erin," were the first men who felt the bitterness of living in a strange land.

Had the Irish taken the advice of St. Lawrence, the Normans would never have obtained a footing in Ireland. But they continued their feuds; and ruin and disaster were the consequences. How many failures will it take to teach the Irish people that there is strength only in union, and by union only can they hope to secure victory? Every enemy of the Irish people, from Strongbow to Salisbury, has followed the one policy of "divide and conquer;" and the foolish sons of Erin allowed themselves to be divided—and defeated. But though the dissensions of men may postpone for a time the final triumph of right, the national spirit of Ireland still lives, and lives with a purpose, and that purpose shall be realized as inevitably as the march of time—as inevitably as the will of the Eternal God.

RUBBER BOOTS,  
COATS,

And Other Rubber Goods Repaired

H. J. La FORCE

Fine Boots & Shoes Made to Order  
125 CHURCH STREET  
Corner of Queen,

Toronto, - Ont.

## THE KEY TO HEALTH.



Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Billiousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

For Sale by all Dealers.

T. MILBURN &amp; CO., Proprietors, Toronto.