

trait in Saint Patrick's character. The Saint sees in himself but a helpless instrument in the hands of One All Powerful. Listen to his musings.

"God might have changed to Pentecostal tongues

The leaves of all the forests in the world,
And bade them sing His love."

Now if there was one Apostolical qualification which Saint Patrick possessed in a supereminent degree, it was that of self-denial and persevering prayer. Speaking of the people he came to save, the holy man remarks :

"For their sake sacrificed my spirit to thee
In vigil, fast and meditation long,
On mountain and on moor."

It was this profound spirit of prayer and mortification which drew down upon our Ireland, those transcendent blessings and privileges which are her pride and glory. Patrick preached with all the eloquence of an apostle,

But mightier than his preaching was his prayer.

In considering this eminent trait of the Irish St. Paul, let us direct our attention for a few moments to that Legend which is certainly the grandest poetical effort of Mr. De Vere's useful life. We refer to the Strivings of Saint Patrick on Mount Cruachan. The Legend tells how the Saint, towards the end of his victorious career, when he sees the whole Island converted to the Faith of Christ, desires with a vehement desire that his dear children remain unconquerably faithful to his teachings until the second coming of Christ. With this end in view he resolves to betake himself to Mount Cruachan, there to spend the Lenten season in fasting and earnest prayer. The angel Victor, considering Patrick's desire inordinate opposes his design ;

"The gifts thy soul demands, demand them not ;
For they are mighty and immeasurable,
And over great for granting."

But Patrick is not to be easily dismayed, so bidding his disciples await his return,

He straightway sets his face
Alone to that great hill "of eagles" named
Huge Cruachan, that o'er the western deep
Hung through soft-mist, with shadowing-crag on
crag,

High-ridged, and dateless forest long since
dead.

Three times and at three different stages
of the mountain, at its base, half-way up,
and at its summit, Saint Patrick repeats
his prayer. For three times in succession
all the demons of Erin gather around in
fury and, seizing upon the elements raise
a mighty tumult of storm and flood.

So rushed they on
From all sides, and, close met in circling storm
Besieged the enclouded steep of Cruachan,
That scarce the difference knew 'twixt night and
day
More than the sunless pole.

Even the angel of God continues to look
unfavorably upon Patrick's request for he
again and again repeats the self same
command,

"Get thee down
From Cruaghan, for mighty is thy prayer."

But this injunction, even from a heavenly
messenger, is not a source of discouragement,
for immediately Patrick replies :

"This Mountain Cruachan I will not leave
Alive till all be granted, to the last."

Amidst these sources of distraction and
annoyance the saint continues undisturbed
his prayer.

Unshaken there he knelt with hands outstretched,
God's Athlete ! For a mighty prize he strove,
Nor slackened nor any whit his forehead bowed :
Fixed was his eye and keen ; the whole white
face

Keen as that eye itself, though—shapeless yet—
The infernal horde to ear not eye addressed
Their battle. Back he drove them, rank on
rank,
Routed with psalm, and malison, and ban,
As from a sling flung forth.

Thus the whole Lenten season he passes
in penance and wrestlings with his God,

Till now, on Holy Saturday, that hour
Returned which maketh glad the Church of
God

When over Christendom in widowed fanes