

THE RE-BIRTH OF THE CELTIC SPIRIT.

We hear much nowadays of the Celtic Renaissance; and it is not out of place to explain and define what is meant by this rebirth of the Celtic spirit, for it is a spiritual rebirth that the movement represents. Perhaps I cannot do better than to reproduce here what I recently wrote elsewhere in seeking to explain to non-Celtic readers what the movement meant, with a view of sending them to the presentation of some of the little poetic plays of Yeats in a receptive mood.

"That intellectual and literary movement which has been termed the Irish or Celtic Renaissance and which is supposed to concern itself solely with a revival of the ancient Celtic language and literature, has by virtue of its appeal to the higher and spiritual side of man, taken on a wider and deeper significance, and becomes a force operating beyond national lines, a leaven working wherever there are men and women who have grown intolerant of the materialism which is smothering the soul of the world. While the call of the past has been hearkened to by those outside the kith of the Celt, many, like Yeats, continue to study the myths and legends of Ireland and her spiritual tributaries, and to read the message in her literature that has lain dust-covered and forgotten for ages, loving the spirit that seemed to animate it all, touched by the robust faith which believed and taught that the material world is as a breath, and that the eternal verities are in a kindly nature, intangible and apart.

Mystical and poetical, spiritual and idealistic, the Celt in ancient days walked with gods and demigods, and held converse with the heroic dead; and his poets and singers wove this appeal of the higher life into the very fibre of the race and made the Celt a dreamer and artist in pagan days, a prophet, preacher and missionary in his Christian days.

This message of the Celt, the voice that speaks out of the mists hanging over Irish hills and valleys before Troy was, comes into the tired, cynical, sceptical, agnostic twentieth century to stir to life the soul of a world which has grown to account material success, material pleasure, material things as all sufficient; it comes as a healing medicine to humanity, which was starving its own spirituality, and forgetting the greatest and most unconquerable thing in all the universe was the soul of man, and that the greatest gift of God and nature to man was his capacity to believe in and take joy from the unseen but veritable powers all round about us.

Not all the world is content to feed its heart and mind with the triumph of the stock market, the victories of politics, the gains of trade; there remains a thinking remnant who realize that the vital spark which fanned to flame, makes nations great and principles enduring, must be sought in the heart of the simple man and not in the hurrying workaday world; and the mission of the dreamer, the singer, the idealist, the rainbow climber, whom the materialist passes with a smile, is to keep alive this divine spark. It was that intangible something in the soul of Japan which has kinship with the dream of the Celt, which, when preparedness was perfected and material force has exhausted its resources, made the Oriental dreamer triumph.

In a word the Celtic Renaissance is an appeal to the world to remember its youth, when its soul was white, its heart simple and its mind clean, to recall the days when the race was close to nature and to God; and to warn it that unless it turns back to drink at the waters of real life the world must rot and perish.

The Celtic Renaissance is a re-awakening of the imperishable truth of Christ's word, "Man liveth not by bread alone."

This is to my mind a definition of the impelling and life-sustaining spirit of the re-awakening, or to be more exact, the reassertion of the soul of the Celt and his attitude towards the world; and this priceless pearl has been preserved in all the mutations which the fortunes of the race, whether it be in Ireland, Scotland, Wales or Brittany, or in the distant places of the earth housing and homing the scattered and exiled sons of the Gael, have sustained.

To-day the world appears to be given over to materialism; to the fallacy that the good things of the earth are all sufficient; to the doctrine that man, like the beast and

the vegetable, grows, flourishes and perishes in his hour, when all is over. The triumphs of man over the material world have flattered his reason and stiffened his pride in himself, and he is setting up altars to a god, Science, who is his servant, and forgetting the God who is his lord and master, and Master and Lord of the Universe.

Doubt, scepticism, unbelief, agnosticism are eating into the soul of the world like a poison; man has convinced himself that he can measure the universe with his yard stick, braze the stars in his mortar, and pen created nature in his laboratory; and if he continues to march down the road he has walked into, regardless of the beauty of God's earth and deaf to the call which God's creation makes to his higher self, he must in the arid future he is building for himself pay the penalty.

Already the effects of this defecation of self-for unbelief is little else than magnified selfishness, since man arrogates to himself the functions and powers he denies the God-head—are apparent in a cruelty, inhumanity, dishonesty and contempt for genuine morality, which cannot be disguised or denied; and there exists a pessimism and discontent which cannot be hidden under the feverish gaiety, nor satisfied by the systems of spurious ethics, which seem to mark the age.

THE CELT HAS KEPT FAITH IN GOD.

The Celt seems to have received more than his share of the sorrows of the world; prosperity has not smiled upon his land or race for many a century; he has been scattered over the earth to tell the story of his fateful land, and eat the bread of the stranger; but under all conditions, in all lands, he has preserved his soul, and has seldom bent the knee to Mammon and Moloch. Wherever he has gone he has carried with him an inheritance of faith and an invincible spirituality, which have been proof against the most insidious appeals of materialism. He has been preacher and teacher, prophet and poet, church builder and school founder; and though his genius and imagination, which have made him pioneer and explorer, have brought him at times wealth and power, they have saved him from materialism.

In this age when his fortunes, materially, have reached their lowest ebb, the Celt has rallied and called to the scattered fragments of his race to unite and be up and doing, for the only real and enduring things the world knows—the soul, the spirit of man, and their brood of gifts and graces. The hurrying world hardly stopped to do more than smile and murmur of the unpractical Celt, who lingered among his hills and mists, feeding his soul on fantasies and his mind on world-worn tales, when men were busy with commerce and trade, with marts and money, with bread and beef. These indeed are good and useful things; they make work for man to do, the Celt said seriously, but they are not all; man liveth not by bread alone.

The few grew; the soul of the land was awakened; the appeal for the ancient tongue was heard and hearkened to; for in that forgotten language, the voice of the race was locked up. The gospel was preached and listened to and its voice was heard in other lands; and its scripture was read by other races. Men and women in the hurry of materialism stopped to listen to the song that recalled the youth of the race, even as some tired dweller in the city, hearing the song of some caged bird in the noise and dirt of the streets, sees, as in a vision, the green hills and pleasant places of his boyhood.

A REVOLT AGAINST MATERIALISM.

The Celtic Renaissance is a revolt against materialism, which has grown as bitter in the mouth of the world as the waters of Marah; and it is asserting itself as sanely, as healingly, as that nature which wins back to herself the fields and forests torn from her by some terrible calamity. The Celtic Renaissance is a serious and certain propaganda of great possibilities; it will succeed since it carries in it the seeds of truth and immortality; and it will do the work triumphantly and in good time, which appears to be the mission of the race to execute, the cleansing of the world's soul. When Europe lay dark and bloody, grasping and despairing in the grip of a militant and triumphant savagery, when the material civilization of Rome

was crumbling under the blows of an ignorant and pagan barbarism, men feared for religion and truth, and believed they might perish from the earth. Into this Europe came the missionaries of the Celt, armed only with courage, knowledge and a perfect faith in the divinity of their mission and out of the crude materialism of barbarism they organized the nucleus of European civilization and religion and built up centres of light and leading which were to transform the savage tribesmen into teachers, warriors and churchmen.

The Celtic renaissance of to-day can give life and sweetness to communities which have lost the spiritual sanity and strength so essential to a humanity in harmonious relations with its Maker; and it can buttress faiths grown weak and put heart into men grown fearful in the presence of a militant materialism. The Celt speaks of another world, a Land of Heart's Desire, where the weary are at rest and where the bitter, cruel struggles that breed hatred and inhumanity shall cease forever. He says boldly and with certain conviction, "I shall not perish like the beast and the grass; Death does not end all; Death is but the beginning of the larger, better life; I believe, I know, and you cannot shake my belief. Science may feed the body, but it can but starve the soul; and the soul of the Celt is an imperishable thing. You may rob me of my bread and my bed, my fields and forests and send me forth like Ishmael to wander over the world; but I have that in me which is beyond the greed of man and the power of government, the Faith which is perfect knowledge."

THE UNIFYING POWERS OF THE CELTIC RENAISSANCE.

This is how I understand the Celtic Renaissance and its mission; and though its fire and volume may flame and flicker, ebb and flow, it will persist to the benefit of the world. Empires and civilizations have risen and fallen; cities have sprung up in strength to crumble in decrepitude; industries have flourished and died; trade and commerce have bloomed and vanished, and their fleets have mingled in the dust; and while these, the trophies of materialism, have perished, the belief in the soul and in the things that flow out of it have continued down the ages. Men have forgotten their souls; races have worshipped their bellies and defied their passions, but the Celt has remained all down the ages true to his ideals.

The practical, as in contradistinction to the spiritual, side of the Renaissance—and it is really complementary rather than contradistinct—is in the revival of the Celtic tongue, a strengthening of the spirit of nationality, the disappearance of feuds and animosities, a stimulus to Irish industry and Irish interests and a general reconstruction of the nation, its ambitions, hopes and aspirations. The human necessities of the land demand and must have material aids, material improvements; it must, if it is to endure, receive its share of the benefits of the saner features of modern civilization; but the impulse animating the whole movement is the soul of the race in action.

W. B. Yeats has placed his finger on the undying heart of the Celt and his awakening when he sings:

"I would accounted be
True brother of that Company,
Who sang to sweeten Ireland's wrong
Ballad and story, rann and song;
Nor be I any less of them,
Because the red-rose-bordered hem
Of her, whose history began
Before God made the angelic clan,
Trails all about the written page;
For in the world's first blossoming
age
The light fall of her flying feet
Made Ireland's heart begin to beat;
And still the starry candles flare
To keep her light foot here and there;
And still the thoughts of Ireland
brood
Upon the holy quietude.
—Joseph Smith, in Boston Pilot.

Blackthorn for Roosevelt.

President Roosevelt is to be the guest of honor at the banquet of the New York Friendly Sons of St. Patrick to be given on the coming 17th of March. The President will be escorted to Delmonico's by the famous Sixty-ninth Regiment. The souvenirs given to him will be a branch of the Blackthorn tree from which Fin Mac Cool, the strong man of Erin's most strenuous age, got his historic shillelagh. The one for the President is a beautiful stick, that has been carefully polished by four generations of the O'Briens of Thomond, and then dried in the turf smoke of a mountain cabin.

OH ERIN, MY COUNTRY.

Oh! Erin, my country, altho' thy harp slumbers,
And lies in oblivion near Tara's old hall,

With scarce one kind hand to awaken thy slumbers,
Or sound a long dirge of the sons of Fingal,

The trophies of warfare they stand still neglected,
For cold lies the warriors to whom they were known;

But the harp of old Ireland shall still be respected,
While there lives but one bard to enliven its tune.

Oh! Erin, my country! I love thy green bowers,
No music to me like thy murmuring rills,

The shamrock to me is the fairest of flowers,
And nothing more dear than thy daisy-clad hills.

Thy caves, whether used by warriors or sages,
Are still sacred held in each Irishman's heart;

And thy ivy-crowned turrets, the pride of past ages,
Tho' mould'ring in ruin, do grandeur impart.

Britannia may boast of her lion and armour,
And glory, when she her old wooden walls views;

Caledonia may boast of her pibroch and clamour,
And pride in her philabeg, kilt and her hose,

But where is the nation can rival old Erin?
Or where is the country such heroes can boast?

In battle they're fierce as the lion and tiger,
And bold as the eagle that flies round her coast.

The breeze often shakes both the rose and the thistle,
Whist Erin's green shamrock lies hushed in the dale;

Contented it grows whilst the wintry wind whistles,
And lies undisturbed in the moss of the vale.

Then hail, dearest island in Neptune's proud ocean,
The land of my forefathers, my parents' age!

Cold, cold must the heart be and devoid of emotion,
That loves not the music of Erin-go-bragh.

THE PURITY OF IRELAND.

From the "Victorian Year Book" we take the following table:

Illegitimate births to every 1000 children born:	
Scotland, for 15 years	8.05
England and Wales, for 15 years	5.60
Manama, for 5 years	4.30
New South Wales for 15 years	4.27
Victoria for 15 years	4.14
Queensland for 14 years	3.67
New Zealand for 14 years	2.38
Ireland for 14 years	2.04

Here is another form, quoted by the Rev. Arthur Young, from Dr. Leffingwell's tables. It puts the case in another shape. It takes the unmarried women between the ages of 15 and 45, and gives the number of illegitimate to each 1000 of them for all the ten years, 1878-1887. This is the result:

Irish illegitimacy ... 4.4. per 1,000 English and Welsh	
Illegitimacy	14.0 per 1,000
Scottish illegitimacy	21.5 per 1,000
But there is a still more drastic test. The same writer takes two Irish counties, Catholic Connaught and Protestant Ulster, and compares them thus:	
Ten years, 1879-88. Illegitimacy	1,000
Connaught	322
Ulster	3084

There we see the Protestant province ten times as immoral in this point as the Catholic one. Is this a sign of the influence of "Romanist dogma?"

Patrick a Christian Name.

From the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

It is doubtful whether the name of Ireland's patron saint receives all the honor which is due from those who, at least on his feast day, claim to be his children. . . . After all the greatest homage is imitation, which we profess for a saint by invoking his protection, taking his name and giving it to our children. Cast your eyes up and down a list of Celtic or Milesian names especially of the "American born," and you will be struck at the devastation of what Mr. Dooley, the philosopher, calls the modern "Baron invasion."

This is a matter which will naturally claim the attention of the A.O.H. once they have completely knocked out the stage Irishman. Now that a British Prince of the royal family is called after St. Patrick there can be no objection even for the most fastidious.

Found Fortune Hidden Behind Holy Pictures.

A special despatch from Cumberland, Md., to the Sun, of Baltimore, says:

Most interesting sequel are coming to light of the death of Edward McKenna, native of Ireland, octogenarian gardener and expert fruit grower, who died early in the month. On the day that the remains of Mr. McKenna were laid out in his home, \$3700 was found in the room behind pictures of the Crucifixion and of Pope Leo XIII. The money was in notes and gold. The notes were laid flat between the backs of the pictures and the retaining boards. The gold was in little bags hanging from nails in the wall, hidden from view by the pictures. Mr. McKenna's aged widow has placed the money in a bank to her credit. There are no children. Mr. McKenna was a man who practised economy to such an extent that the general impression prevailed that he was almost poverty-stricken.

THE MEDICINE HABIT.

There is something fascinating about a medicine advertisement. It begins by describing the symptoms of the disease for which it is a cure, and any one with a vivid imagination will immediately feel all the pains and aches, "that full feeling after dinner," a rumbling in the head and everything else described in the advertisement. The medicine will go straight to the "spot," and from one to five bottles will cure. In many cases the medicines do cure. It is easier and cheaper to go to the druggist and buy a bottle of medicine than it is to call on the physician or have him call on you, and then pay him and get his prescription filled and pay for that.

The medicine habit is easily acquired, particularly if the dose is something pleasant to the taste. In the matter of narcotics the sensation is more agreeable than otherwise. A small dose taken to relieve pain, followed by beneficial results, gives the user a firm belief in the medicine. It is easy to take a dose when there is no pain, and soon the habit grows.

It is not the poor that dread the trouble and expense of a physician any more than the well-to-do. A dose in the closet is worth half a dozen or more in the drug store, and certainly the one at hand is preferred to the one a few squares or a mile away. A woman once contracted the medicine habit from being presented with a case of homeopathic medicines when she was about to take a journey. She had no need of a single remedy in the case, but because the medicines were there she tipped one bottle and then another to her tongue, from time to time, and finally got to the point where she would go into a drug store and buy a medicine, and take it whenever she felt inclined. It is a wonder that the doses did not endanger her life, but she still lives. Another woman became a confirmed drunkard from buying medicines made of bad whisky.

NOT IDOLATRY.

Prof. Carroll D. Wright, lecturer on political economy in the Catholic University of Washington, and well known in Massachusetts as a public man, is not a Catholic, but he writes in the following broad and liberal spirit in *Munsey's Magazine* on a subject that is generally misunderstood by our Protestant friends. Prof. Wright says: "I used to feel that it was mere idolatry or absence of refined feeling that led the Spanish or Italian peasants to kneel before the image of the Virgin Mother. A deeper appreciation of the aspirations of the human soul has removed that feeling from my mind. . . . The peasant can realize and bring into his heart the whole idea of the Mother, when he could not, even with the aestheticism of religious devotion reach the God of the theologians. It has been through the innumerable representations of the Madonna that religion has received in many lands its most stimulating influence." Now some bigwigs will doubtless accuse Prof. Wright of what they are pleased to call Mariolatry.—Sacred Heart Review.

A HOME IN TIPPERARY.

By William J. Delany.

I.

She sits beside her spinning wheel
As noon accents the summer day,
Her eyes are on the rock and reel,
Her memories are far away
From this old Irish homestead dear,
A loved voice whispers in her ear—
A voice she may not hear again.

II.

If youth lives in the future days,
Age dwells within a haunted past,
O'er one the sunrise casts its rays
And tears upon her old hands fall.
A voice, which sounds so faint and low,
She hears the sweet word "Mother's" call,
As oft she heard it years ago.

III.

She looks beyond the open door,
Her thoughts are murmured in a sigh,
The shadows lengthen on the floor,
And laughing children, trooping by,
Free from the school's restraint rejoice;
And in the dead past days again
She lives; and listens for the voice
She loved so well, and lists in vain.

IV.

How silent seems the cabin home,
The schoolhouse door is open wide,
Those youth-crowned, happy scholars come,
As sunbeams o'er the meadows glide.
Intent she listens for the feet
To pause and enter at her door,
The measure time in each heart beat—
She wakes; alas! they come no more.

V.

The sounds, which on her old ears fall—
The music in the linnet's tone,
The whispering Summer wind—recall
The one beloved, who left her lone.
In the songs she sang when night brought rest,
She often in the stillness hears;
Yet scarce summon to her breast,
E'en if their echo summons tears.

VI.

Her Mary of the soft brown hair,
And trustful eyes, remembered still
As when she lisped her nightly prayer,
Beside her knee. 'Twas God's good will
That she should seek a distant goal
Far, far beyond the ocean's foam,
With fearless heart and stainless soul,
To help the mother loved at home.

VII.

The evening shadows fall upon
That vale where Anner waters flow;
The rugged crest of Slievenamon
Still sentinel the homes below.
The whitethorn-scented old bower,
The lilac blossoms drooping low,
The beechen foliage between—
She sees them as in long ago.

VIII.

As last she saw her long ago,
She sees the face remembered well—
The parting, when she murmured low
A blessing in the word "Farewell!"
As one unsteady arm enfolds
The form beloved, she can endure
Much sorrow; for she knows she holds
The whiteness of her soul still pure!

IX.

The whiteness of her soul unstained
She holds, fond mother far away;
Her love of virtue, still retained
Her guide thro' life from day to day.
Know thou no blush of shame may flush
Her cheeks or brow; but full accord
Of praise from honest lips may rush
For days well spent—this her reward.

X.

She kneels beside her spinning-wheel,
Her thoughts have wandered far away.
The shadows of the evening steal
Across the floor—she kneels to pray.
A mother's heart breathes in each tone,
Full of the pathos, which may flow
But from a mother's lips alone—
"Core of my heart!" she whispers low.

Mrs. Brown, a California woman, had trained a new Chinese servant to wait on the door by having her daughter, Miss Brown, ring the bell and present her card. Next afternoon the bell rang and the Chinaman waited on the door. The lady presented her card. The Chinese servant took her card, then, pulling out of his sleeve a card such as Miss Brown had presented the afternoon before, carefully compared the two. He then handed the lady back her card, exclaiming: "There's no mistake; no can come in!" and shut the door.

BUILD UP

The writer of the following is one of those men who their minds on the building of Ireland; and, truly, land needs their aid, in a deadly peril. Ireland, of becoming an Anglicized that is, an Ireland in name geographical term, no longer with a nation's high a mere province crouching submission at the feet of its master.

Nationality is like an fortress which cannot through the carelessness of its defenders. Nations of internal weakness; rarely from external assault. ceases to exist only when that vivifying spirit which as nationalism. As long as its own language, culture literature and adherence customs it remains despite foreign rule. In a falls from its rank as a its own will, not by the enemies. This is the view writer of this work adopts.

The author is a young man of the vigor, the energy and the outspokenness of youth. He is an enthusiastic practical one, not a dreamer, sighs for the winning of a goal.

He belongs to that rising generation of Irish nationalists who the hopes of our country. He deals in this little work questions very vital to Ireland with them as effectively as a limited space allows by the evil influence "sons of origo malorum" sign government, he prefers of the internal evils from country suffers—evils which slaves can be remedied by a

We think most of his agree with him in his condemnation of socialism, that mental (perhaps we should say dis the brain and heart) which, is, is so rare among our upper middle classes. Socialism and its now familiar words designate that section of the people who are servile imitators of the ways and manners of the foreigner—the *Preacan Mor*—took down upon and contented with everything that is distinctly Irish. This class son differs but little, save more contemptible, from known as the Garrison, who themselves on their English blood as they are in sentiment have been long the "pampered" of our foreign rulers, pay their patronage by what call loyalty, which means—choose to understand the word they will uphold the authority; foreign power as long as the authority unduly favors themselves no longer. History shows that their loyalty is synonomous with selfishness. The motive animate this class of person not high, but we can easily stand them. They are willing sell their country—for a cotton-—like the miser Trapdoor Scott's novel.

The social class is Catholic and Irish or Celtic by creed. They ought to be national in sentiment, but unhappily they are not. Unlike the Garrison, they are government nothing. Whatever they enjoy in religious life they owe to the struggles

WHAT THE WORLD W

Men who cannot be bought.
Men whose word is their bond.
Men who put character wealth.
Men who possess opinions a will.
Men who see the divine in the man.
Men who will not lose their quality in a crowd.
Men who will not think any profitable that is dishonest.
Men who will be as honest in things as in great things.
Men who will make no compromise with questionable things.
Men whose ambitions are not fixed to their own selfish desires.
Men who are not afraid of change, who are not afraid of