

ful death. It is one of the most distressing maladies known to man. I told Tim Hart he could not do any more rough or strong work, that it might kill him. Sudden death might follow violent exertion. The most that medical treatment could do for him was to alleviate the pain of the attacks somewhat, and, if he had freedom from exertion and anxiety, perhaps, his life might be lengthened.

The man naturally said: "If I can't work, I'll lose my job. What will my family do?" "Well, you did not think much of the ease of your family during your years of drunkenness," I said, rather coldly, "and you thought mighty little of the family when you broke your vow and began to drink again."

Hart grew pale. "I'll lose my job," he murmured. But he took the prescriptions and went out. I wrote to his employers to tell them that if they could give him lighter work it would benefit him. I explained the case in the letter.

Hart was given the same wages as before, but he no longer had to do hard work. He supervises the other men and records their time. At the end of the week the cashier sends for Hart's wife and pays to her \$17.50, the weekly wages of Tim Hart.

Twice, three times, in some weeks and even oftener Tim Hart is seized with a terrible pain, a pain like a burning needle, that shoots through his left chest and seems to strike into his very heart. He turns deadly pale, he staggers with his hand against his breast. He feels the shadow of death upon him. He gasps for air, he murmurs faint prayer. And, after five to twenty minutes of intense agony, during which he would have welcomed death, the pain passes gradually, the death pall lifts and he is relieved. He does not know the hour or minute when this attack will come. It strikes him in the street, on the pier, in his house. Again and again he has felt death grasp him with deadly cold hands, take the breath from his body, make him cold, almost pulseless, slip him to the door of the great beyond, then slowly allow him to come back to life—and to terror.

Tim Hart's family is not suffering. His boys are working. His wages are given to his wife. Day by day Tim Hart drags on. Day by day he waits the hour of the summons. He goes to the pier, knowing that at any moment he may be stricken with death or the near death that he dreads worse than death. A hundred times Tim Hart has suffered and almost died. A hundred times Tim Hart has come back, gasping and suffering from the doors of death. And still he does not die.

Tim Hart broke the vow he made in the moment of supreme despair, when he appealed to the Sacred Name for rescue. And now, not Tim Hart's family, not any one else, but Tim Hart alone, suffers the penalties for the broken resolution.

That is the punishment of Hart.—Dr. S. Maccoil in Catholic News.

A SERMON ON SAINT PATRICK

PRAYER THE SECRET OF HIS STRENGTH

Far back, almost in the dawn of our era, when Theodosius ruled in imperial Rome, and St. Christian sat in the chair of Peter, a Christian youth of Roman parentage was seized by a band of Irish raiders, who had swept down on the coasts of Gaul, and sold by them as a slave to a chieftain in Ulster, Milcho by name. The leaven of the Gospel had not yet purged even Europe of slavery, much less of war. For six weary years he suffered and toiled, but his trust, and love, and deep reverence for God never flinched. He became a saint, and it is in his honor that we meet here today. The very existence of America was unknown in his day, yet, on its soil, from St. Lawrence to the Rio Plata, wherever a knot of Irishmen has been brought together, the name of St. Patrick is revered and blessed, in song and speech and prayer today. For no saint has left a deeper trace in the memory of the race he influenced than the apostle of Ireland. David in Wales, Andrew in Scotland, Augustin in England, are now mere shadows of a shade; whereas the name and fame of Patrick live, on Irish lips, and in Irish hearts, all the world over. The shamrock we wear in his honor to day is an emblem of our love and fidelity to the faith he planted and the fatherland he may be said to have thereby founded and united. A race, like an individual, is judged by its ideals, i. e., practically speaking, by its creed. The Irish are said to be moody and fickle as their ever-changing skies; yet for more than fourteen centuries they have clung with unshaken tenacity to the standard of belief and duty preached by St. Patrick. And what nobler higher was ever put before a people?

His name (Latin for nobleman, as he truly was) and fidelity to his teaching are often flung in contempt at his children. But it is their glory, not their shame. To the Jew and Greek the world owes its highest form of religion and civilization; yet, on account of the oppression to which they were subjected, those grand old names are now often synonymous with usurers and chief; whereas, the worst reproach that can be made against Ireland as a nation is her lack of worldly goods and worldly wisdom, to both of which for centuries she was denied access.

Whence, it may be asked, the influence of St. Patrick? How comes it that a Roman stranger is so

lovingly enshrined in the hearts of the people of a land where he once lived and toiled as a slave. No doubt it was partly due to his own character, and partly to that of the people he turned to Christ. The laborer and the soil were matched. The reaper was strong and the harvest was ripe. Saints are God's agents in doing God's work, but the message they carry must be freely received. On both sides we see "the finger of God," and "his wonder in our eyes." No philosophy, no form of human wisdom, or merely human religion, produced a saint or converted a race, in the true sense of the word. Saints grow on one soil only, and nations are gathered by their influence into one fold only, that of the true Church. God equips the saints, His messengers, with gifts and graces and similarly fits the people to receive them. But both must respond to God's call. Both may fall away. Neither and neither are from God. Now, the duty of a saint, as of all, is to cultivate personal holiness first, ere attempting to raise others to their own height. This is what St. Patrick did. He first, and indeed all through life, perfected himself, and next, he tried to lift up the Irish race toward his own moral level; and succeeded in doing so; in other words, we have to see God's work in his own soul, and next, God's work, through him, in the souls of others.

I do not in the first place, mean to catalogue his virtues, natural or otherwise; but rather touch briefly on the spirit of St. Patrick that made these virtues grow and expand. Two leading characteristics marked this spirit, viz., love of prayer and the love and practice of penance. They are more needed today than ever. For want of them holiness is everywhere shrinking in the heart of man. Grace abounds, it is true; opportunities for piety lie in abundance at every one's door; yet few approach God in fervent prayer, and many try to forget, doubt or disbelieve in Him. The craving for bodily comfort and gross material pleasures is "extinguishing the spirit." Selfishness in its worst form often rules us. Hence the lesson of St. Patrick's life.

He first comes into view in the year 387, when, with "thousands of others," he was taken captive and sold as a slave. The iron grip of imperial Rome was relaxing and in the border provinces ordered life appeared doomed. Raiding bands, by sea and land, had it all their own way. Human life, property and honor lay at their mercy. Patrick's parents were both probably slain, his two sisters made prisoners and himself a helpless victim in the hands of pirates.

Nowadays anyone may lead a holy and virtuous life, if he chooses; then it seemed impossible, humanly speaking. It was a time to try one's faith in God. He seemed to have forsaken the world and given it over to evil fiends. God appeared to be far away in the heavens. The devil was free. But Patrick's piety was neither selfish nor superficial. It was deep and solid. He had lost his father on earth, poor youth, but he clung all the more hopefully to his Father in heaven. Earnestly and heartily his soul rose to God in prayer. Day and night the pious youth sought and found help, light and comfort in this holy practice. Prayer was his sole resource, even spiritually. There was no church, no Mass, no sacraments, no priest, no fervent crowd of fellow-worshippers, or even fellow-believers. He was alone among scoffers and idolaters. But he felt that God was near, and in mind, and heart, and voice, he "rose up and went to his Father." On the cheerless slopes of Slernish, or the dismal swamps and miry bogs around, in foul weather or in fair, by day or by night, his trustful spirit communed with God. In those cruel days labor had no rights, masters no duties. His work was hard and unceasing, his fare the coarsest, his garb torn, thin and scanty. His sad and cruel lot would have driven most souls to despair, or brutalized and degraded them. But it only served to urge St. Patrick to pray and have recourse to God all the more fervently. To whom else could he go? "On whom else could he cast all his care?" save on Him who has care of all? Hear how he describes his daily life on the barren uplands of Slernish. "On coming to Ireland I was daily tending sheep, and many times in the day I prayed, and more and more the love of God, and his faith and fear grew in me, and the spirit was strengthened, so that in a single day I have said as many as a hundred prayers, and in the night nearly the same. And I dwelt in the woods and on the mountain, and before the dawn I was summoned to prayer by the snow and the ice and the rain, and I did not suffer from them, nor was there any sloth in me as I see now, because then the spirit was burning within me."

Prayer ever is and must be a marked feature in all souls that "walk with God," but it was specially characteristic of St. Patrick. Nay, it is a gift that he seems to have handed down to his children, as anyone can testify who has heard them pour forth their souls to God in country chapel or moorland cabin, or when sickness or sorrow fall in their families.

Prayer made our saint a giant in spirit. It was the source of his strength, the secret of his success as a saint and an apostle. Quite as much as he we need to "put on this armor of light." The gloom and darkness that shroud the spirit world is as dense as in his day. The

mysterious problems suggested by nature, by life, by death, by the mind and heart of man, are still unsolved. Light must come from above and in prayer we seek to get it. Apart from this soul without prayer is a soul without God. St. Patrick was a man of God "fistula Spiritus Sancti," "an organ of the Holy Spirit," because he was "a man of prayer." When thwarted, or sorely tried, or puzzled at God's strange ways, he did not rush, as so many nowadays, into unbelief or despair, but cast himself on God, and in prayer, "cried all the more." Prayer was to him life, and in death, as it should be to all, an "opening of the heavens and drawing down into the troubled soul the peaceful dove of the Holy Spirit."

The next great feature in his character was his spirit of penance. Self-denial is the very basis of piety, but in St. Patrick it rose to the highest pitch of asceticism. Man is a blend of matter and spirit, body and soul. Both are from God, and one would think they should act in harmony, each with its rights and claims, duly ordered. But we live in an anomalous world. There is a divorce between pleasure and virtue. Ease, indulgence, comfort mostly go with sin and luxury; whereas virtue is often left out in the cold. Nay, pain and grief and sorrow and self-restraint are usually the condition of its practice. Life does not always bring the good a pleasant saunter "through the real," but a hard and weary exile. We know, it is true, that virtue will one day have its reward; but meanwhile "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent only bear it away." "Unless you do penance," says Our Lord, "you shall all likewise perish." The world is out of joint with its Maker, as we may see in ourselves and observed in the sin-tossed world outside of us, where "every creature travaileth" in pain. Man revolted from God, and our own bodies revolted from their guide in reason. We can only make it way back to God by repentance, i. e., by repentance interiorly, and keeping the revolting flesh in subjection to the spirit. We have all in some measure to cultivate "a spirit of compunction," and so create "a new and clean heart within." In the case of St. Patrick, as I observed, the practice of penance, inward and outward, rose to a heroic degree. Indeed, measured by our standard of sorrow for sin and bodily austerity, it was carried to the verge of folly. His cheeks were furrowed by tears shed for what we should deem the indiscretions of youth. He was reckless, we should say, in his austerities. Night, that usually brings to the toiler, rest and refreshing sleep, was, in his case, harder than the day. Part of it he spent in prayer, immersed in water to the chin. The little he gave of it to the body was spent on a bare rock, with a stone for a pillow, often exposed to the fury of the elements. A rough haircloth, worn next his skin, added to his bodily discomfort.

All this no doubt is meant more for admiration than imitation; but shame on us if it does not urge us to practice at least the self-denial involved in a virtuous life and in keeping the commandments of God and of Holy Church.

Slernish in the north was his hill of prayer during slavery. Croagh Patrick in the west his favorite resort when free. It was the scene of visions and austerities, his Alverno and Horeb. There, following his divine Master's example, he fasted rigidly for forty days and nights—like Jacob, "wrestling in prayer with God." It is supposed that on this occasion he obtained from God the single grace that the lamp of faith should never burn low in the land he loved.

Then Patrick knelt and blessed the land, and said, Praise be to God, who hears the sinner's prayer! (De Vere)

And now I ask did his work for others suffer in consequence of his lifelong practice of prayer and penance? Were the long hours thus spent taken away from any useful service to his fellow man? On the contrary, it was the personal holiness thus acquired that made his work so fruitful. Where is the life of such a record of unselfish devotion to his kind? "The service of man," it is said, "is the service of God." Truth lies also in the converse. If we do not first serve God, aught else avails nothing. Herein lay the secret of the saint's—personal holiness and unselfish service.

Even bodily St. Patrick was no loser by his austere and prayerful life, as his hundred and twenty years prove. Old age was his sole malady. He was hale in body and sound in mind to the end: "He who loses his life" for God "will find it," in spite of worldly wisdom. His spirit still haunts the land. For well nigh fifteen centuries pilgrim's feet have trodden the rugged slopes of Croagh Patrick and the rocky shore of Lough Derg, showing that prayer and rigid austerities are not a dead letter in the land that St. Patrick converted. So much for the character of the laborer. A word next on his work and the field in which it was carried on. Be it remarked that the ground in which he was called to labor was neither stony, nor thorny, nor rocky, but "good soil and meet withal for the seed of God's word." In nature not all grounds are fitted for all growths; no more is every race fitted for gospel teaching. A certain tone or elevation of character, a certain degree of culture in short, is a necessity. "Nihil per saltum" in grace or in nature. Rough human virtues prevailed in the island, and predisposed to ready acceptance of St. Patrick's message. There can be no doubt that conjugal

fidelity, maiden modesty, respect for women, and a fairly well-ordered social life were the rule and not the exception. The Brehon laws, lately unearthed and published, show that justice prevailed between man and man, and had already taken concrete shape in a code. The ornaments and weapons so numerous in Irish and other museums, war, and slavery, and piracy no doubt existed as in the rest of Europe but less common and not so ruthless. This existence of bards—a class devoted to the cultivation of music and poetry, softened the rude, warlike manners of the race. The country, too, under the predominant tribes of the "Scott" was rapidly advancing to political unity.

Hence the glad acceptance of the word and St. Patrick's triumphant march through the land as herald of Christ. He might also have said, with Caesar, "Veni, vidi, vici." The best proof that the field was ready for the sower is the number of holy priests, monks, and nuns that he consecrated to God even after the first year of his mission, showing, to Tertullian's phrase, that the "soul" of the country was "naturally Christian." The difficulty, or rather moral impossibility, of training a native clergy in newly converted lands is well known; yet in Ireland, within a very brief period of St. Patrick's death, we find her missionaries and scholars the teachers not only of Ireland, but of Europe.

The crowning glory of St. Patrick is to have been God's instrument in raising the ideals of Celtic Ireland up to the standard of the gospel; and the spirit he infused still broods over the island. His deep faith in the living God, his keen sense of justice, his love of prayer, his utter carelessness of wealth and bodily comfort are still marked features of the race. He prayed that "gold and silver might never fail in Ireland," and it was in this shape God answered his prayer. What wealth can be compared, after all to a sunny mind and an easily contented heart? From a Christian standpoint, surely, in the words of St. Vincent of Paul, "Man is never so rich as when he is like Jesus Christ," or as the poet expresses it:

"If thou art rich, thou art poor; For, like an ass whose back with in- Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey, And death unloads thee."

Though St. Patrick's work was rapid, it was thorough. After the lapse of fifteen centuries of storm and flood, and with a hostile garrison entrenched in her midst, and enriched from her spoils, the Church in Ireland, the building reared by St. Patrick, shows no signs of decay. The light of the faith he planted burns as brightly as ever. There has been no wilful apostasy. He still holds his people in the hollow of his hand. "Though dead, he yet speaketh."

Truth is always veiled in a kind of mystery.—Henri Fabre.

well as chief prelate of the Irish people, "a very Moses in Israel." His word was law, and he spoke out fearlessly to princes and people alike.

In the year 455 he resigned the See of Armagh, yet outlived its four succeeding occupants, and died in a monastery at Saul, in Ulster, on the 17th of March, 492, in the words of St. Erin, "a just man indeed; with purity of nature, like the patriarchs; a true pilgrim, like Abraham; gentle and forgiving, like Moses; a praise-worthy palmitist, like David; in wisdom, like Solomon; a chosen vessel, like the Apostle Paul; of a man full of grace and knowledge, like the beloved John," etc.

Since St. Patrick breathed his last, some fifteen centuries ago few countries were subject to so many vicissitudes as Ireland; but his work remains. All else has gone, yet the Church of Christ is still there, fresh and young as ever. Wave after wave of invaders, Danes, and Normans, and Saxons, have swept over the land, destroying or changing all, but the fabric reared by St. Patrick abides. Every vestige of her promising institutions have disappeared—laws, languages, political hopes; yet his voice is still heard and his work still goes on in her midst.

Let us hope that this influence and prayer will keep Ireland one in nationhood as it made her one in religion. In life he welded her warring clans into one united spiritual commonwealth, that grew into, as it has ever since remained, one of the fairest provinces of God's kingdom on earth. Peacefully, and unitedly, and tolerantly it has managed ecclesiastical affairs. Is there any reason to suppose it should act less wisely or less justly in civil? Let us pray God that all this may come about peacefully, harmoniously, speedily. And while praying that the nation may be restored to its God-born rights, let us not fail to take to heart individually the lessons taught by St. Patrick's holy life.

He died a saint because he lived a saint. A lesson and a warning to us all in this trite truth, "Qualis vita, finis ita," i. e., "as our life, so our death." Next, he was personally good, pure, holy; therefore, was his work for others blessed and powerful. He sanctified his own soul, therefore did God through him sanctify others. We are not meant to live for ourselves. Whether we wishborn, or profoundly influence others, few or many, for good or for evil. We are all "sowers of seed." We are all moral magnets. "Virtue" or "vice" goeth forth from us. Let us, then, like St. Patrick, do God's work and not the devil's. Let us build up the Church in our own souls—sanctify ourselves by use of means at our disposal. By prayer and self-denial St. Patrick kept the grace of God alive in his soul, even in a pagan land. Let us do so in a Christian manner, and thus live and die worthy children of St. Patrick.—Rev. William Graham, in the Homiletic Monthly.

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