

Aubrey De Vere.



AS parents delight in the success of their children so do nations rejoice in the fame of their subjects. Whether renown be achieved in the council chamber, on the public platform, in the pulpit, on the field of battle, in athletic sports, or in the literary world, it matters not, the nation to which the successful one owes his allegiance takes a deep natural interest and a just pride in his attainments. Taking this fact into consideration, is it any wonder that Ireland should be proud to be able to claim as one of her sons that illustrious Christian poet Aubrey De Vere?

Aubrey De Vere was born in the year 1814 at Currah Chase, county of Limerick, Ireland. He was brought up and educated in the land of his birth. A land, for whose welfare he always manifested a deep interest. In his early years he showed a great predilection for Irish history. Later on, when Ireland was being unjustly portrayed to the eyes of the populace in the daily newspapers, he made a retort in his volume entitled "English misrule and Irish misdeeds." But his desire was not satisfied by this. He went a step further and contributed a great many articles to the leading reviews, dealing with the many wrongs to which the Irish were subjected. These articles set forth by the masterful hand of him who was afterwards destined to climb so high up the ladder of poetic fame exerted no small influence on public opinion.

De Vere's youth was spent outside the pale of the Catholic church. In fact he did not join her fold until middle life. His conversion to the Catholic faith was what he himself termed, "the greatest event of his life." This event had a great deal to do with the success he afterwards achieved as a poet. Had he not embraced the Catholic faith his writings would not have been imbued with the same supernatural and sublime spirit as they are. However, although this turn of affairs in his life served to raise the standard of his writings, it left in its train many discouragements against which he had to contend, because he shrunk not from confessing his faith, through the medium of his poems, in the presence of a world of proud scoffers. Besides, in these days, the path of the poet, much less a Catholic poet, was by no means strewn with roses. Nothing daunted, this earnest Christian man