

Brehons and first poets of the men of Erin, and that 'the law of nature had been quite right.' Consequently they only amended it, so that it should not clash with the Word of God, and should take cognizance of the obligations of the faith and the harmony of the Church and people. Some of the additions made by St. Patrick are noteworthy: there are four dignitaries of a territory who may be degraded: 'a false judging king, a stumbling bishop, a fraudulent poet, an unworthy chieftain,' and there were penalties imposed for the following offences committed by anyone—'False judgment, false witness, fraudulent security, false information, false character giving, bad story, or lying in general.'

"We have no time, however, to linger over these details which have been lately quoted in an interesting lecture by Dr. Sigerson on St. Patrick's day, in Dublin, although we may well wish that St. Patrick were here to rule us. But the two points to be observed are first, the high tone which must have existed amongst these pagans, and which in company with their ambition to do great deeds, which had been fostered by their national poets, so prepared them to embrace and to spread the religion of self-devotion of Jesus Christ. As Mr. Standish O'Grady well says: 'Those heroes and heroines were the ideals of our ancestors; their conduct and character were to them a religion; the bardic literature was their Bible. . . Under its nurture the imagination and spiritual susceptibility of our ancestors were made capable of that tremendous outburst of religious fervour and exaltation that characterised the centuries that succeeded the fifth, and whose effect was felt throughout a great portion of Europe. It was the Irish bards and that heroic age of theirs which nourished the imagination, intellect, and idealism of the country to such an issue. Patrick did not create these qualities. They may not be created. He found them, and directed them into a new channel.'

"And the second is to note the wonderful wisdom of St. Patrick throughout his mission to Ireland. Christianity was not wholly unknown in Ireland, but it had never taken hold of the people before. He made himself all things to all men; he sought to win the people through their own customs and traditions; he first sought to put the truth before the kings and chieftains, and gained their adherence and then inspired them to bring about the conversion of their followers, which method would predispose them to the new faith—he took their pagan feasts and converted them into Christian festivals and largely used their tribal system in introducing church organization. He discovered intuitively that there has ever been one way to the Irish heart, and that is by sympathy—it is sympathy far more than benefits that they value, and St. Patrick so identified himself with his adopted country, to the country where he was first taken as a slave, that it is hard even now to remember always that he was a Scotchman. And yet that Scotland should have given to Ireland her St. Patrick, and that Ireland should have given to Scotland her St. Columba, surely explains much of the mutual understanding and amity existing between the two countries who have so much in common.

"But the attractive personality of St. Patrick must not make us forget that our chief concern to-night is Irish literature, and so we must consider him from the point of view of what he did in regard to that. And we can easily see that the attitude which he took up of identifying himself with his converts and their laws, by speaking and writing and preaching in their language, and by his enthusiastic support of their poets and their lore, must have done a great deal towards preserving all the stores of Gaelic

literature now at our disposal scattered in various academies and museums and monasteries. It is related that he feared giving over-much time to the wonderful histories of the country he loved, and he consulted his guardian angels. Their approving answer was given, and they bade him have the remnant of the stories inscribed so that they might be on record for the nobles of Erin in future time. It must not either be forgotten that his own autobiography is the first work of the kind in Irish, and it is touching to note how this great man at the end of his grand life begins by apologizing for any errors of style which it may contain, and says he blushes for his "want of skill to render in clear and concise words what my spirit conceives."

Lady Aberdeen read an extract from this confession, as given by Aubrey de Vere, and then continued:—The centuries which followed St. Patrick's death are well known as centuries of glory for Ireland. St. Columba, a native of Donegal, and the descendant of the great King Niall, was impelled to found his monastery in Iona, and from thence he penetrated to Lverness, preaching before the king and converting him and then going as far as the Orkneys, laying the foundation of Pictish Christianity. From his mission branched out many others in Scotland and England, and a great many monasteries were founded. St. Columbanus and a host of other missionaries crossed the seas to Europe, and have left to this day marks of the success of their devoted labors in France and Germany and Italy, and even Iceland.

An enthusiastic Irish scholar, Miss Stokes, has lately been personally examining the traces of the footsteps of the Irish saints in Europe, and I see the announcement of a work by her on the subject which is sure to be fascinating. "The Shrines of Irish Saints." She has already preserved and reproduced for us some of these wonderful specimens of Irish art and architecture and illumination which made Irish art and Irish scholarship so famous in the ages of which we have been speaking, and when the rest of Europe was in darkness after the downfall of the Roman Empire. I am glad to know that the British Government awarded her a pension to enable her to pursue her valuable researches.

To Ireland in those days were the young princes and nobles sent who were to receive the highest education available, and the Anglo-Saxon began to grumble at this fashion of going to Ireland for education, even as we Scotch and Irish are inclined to grumble now about the fashion of going to England, and from Ireland had John Scotus to be fetched by the King of France when he wanted a certain Greek work translated. I suppose we mostly know his name in relation to the well known story which is told of the king trying to joke about his name one day at dinner, and asked the scholar what there was between "Scotus" and "Sotus." "The table, sire," promptly replied Scotus. But we must not forget that this same Scotus was an Irishman, and is considered the one great philosopher of the dark ages.

It is unnecessary to linger longer on the proofs that exist of the rich store that exists of early Irish literature, on the value it possesses for those who would rightly understand the Ireland and the Irish of to day, and who would awaken the present generation to understand all that this inheritance means—it is unnecessary, too, to speak of the centuries of war and disorder and misery that followed when the monasteries and centres of learning were pillaged, and the people had other things to think of than the pursuits that made Ireland so famous. We need not dwell on the authors of

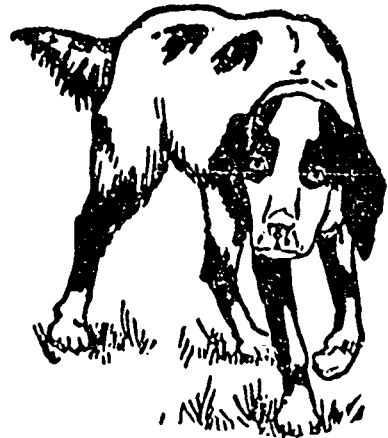
later times, on Swift and Sterne, and Steele, and Sheridan and Moore and such like—their names can easily be gathered along with many others who have kept alive the fame of Ireland in other walks of life. And Miss Edgeworth, Lover, Griffin and Carleton, A. M and T. D. Sullivan, Thos. Davis and Boyle O'Reilly and Sir Samuel Ferguson, Dr. Joyce, Dr. Todhunter, down to the five ladies who are now making a notable place for themselves in modern literature, Miss Jane Barlow, Miss Lawless, Miss Hopper, Mrs. Hinkeon, Mrs. Bryant—do we not know and love them all?

It is not lack of material with which we have to deal, it has been lack of organization and a lack of realization of the riches of Irish literature and the desirability of cultivating it amongst Irishmen and Irishwomen.

Fifty years ago a company of young men banded themselves together to remedy this, and were busy digging up the buried relics of history to enlighten the present by a knowledge of the past. But the famine of 1847-48 came, and it and its results brought the attempt to an end for the time. But within the last few years a revival has grown up which bids fair to endure. Irish literary societies have been springing up everywhere, Dublin taking the lead in 1888, as was her right. The Irish Literary Society in London has been organized under the presidency of Sir Charles Duffy, who had been one of the chief workers of the earlier movement 50 years ago, and is composed of members of all politics and all religions, there being but one object, the fostering of Irish literature, both ancient and modern. Commodious rooms have now been established in London for the use of the members, a library begun, and most interesting monthly lectures delivered. The opening addresses of Sir Charles Duffy, Mr. Stopford Brooke, Dr. Sigerson, and Mr. Hyde, showing what a field of work lay before the society, both in the direction of translating the old Gaelic literature and reproducing it worthily in English, in the collection and publication of the scattered work of Irish authors, and in the education and direction of readers, have been collected in a volume, and are well worthy of your attention—they present the subject as I cannot hope to be able to do. But there is one piece of work which was the outcome of the formation of this society to which I wish to draw your special attention. A project very dear to Sir Charles Duffy's heart was taken up, and arrangements made with Mr. Fisher Uwin, the publisher, to bring out a new Irish library, collecting works which had hitherto been unattainable by the general public, and presenting them at a cheap price. The beginning which has been made with the first six volumes shows how well worth the attempt was making—the continuance of the library must depend on the support given to it.

I have here the very first copy of the first book printed, sent to me by the publisher as I was embarking at Liverpool. "The Patriot Parliament," a deeply interesting fragment of history by Thomas Davis, preceeded by an introduction by Sir Charles Duffy, clearing up much concerning James II.'s Irish Parliament in 1689, a region sufficiently removed from present day politics to be able to be judged dispassionately. Then comes a collection of tales of the sixteenth century, presented to us in modern dress by Mr. Standish O'Grady. I cannot forbear from telling you a little of the first story, from which the book takes its name, "The Bog of Stars."

Two volumes of Irish verse are included in the series, one a collection of the poems which appeared in the Nation newspaper some forty years ago, and which deeply stirred the hearts of the country at the time, and the other a much-needed and charmingly edited Irish song book, the words being



One's physical feelings, like the faithful setter, search and point out plainly the fact of disease or health.

If a man is not feeling well and vigorous—if he is losing flesh and vitality, if he is listless, nervous, sleepless, he certainly is not well. The down hill road from health to sickness is smooth and declines rapidly.

At the first intimation of disease the wise man takes a pure, simple vegetable tonic. It puts his digestion into good active order and that puts the rest of the body in order. The medicine that will do this is a medicine that is good to take in any trouble of the blood, the digestive tract, the respiration no matter how serious it may have become.

The medicine to take is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a remarkable remedy. It cures diseases in a perfectly natural way, without the use of strong drugs. It cures by helping Nature. It has a peculiar tonic effect on the living membranes of the stomach and bowels. By putting these membranes into healthy condition, stimulating the secretion of the various digestive juices and furnishing to the blood the proper purifying properties, it breaks out over the whole body and drives disease germs before it into the usual excretory channels. It builds up firm muscular flesh, makes the skin and the eyes bright.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has been found wonderfully efficacious in the treatment of skin diseases—eczema, tetter, erysipelas, salt-rheum—from common pimples or blotches to the worst case of scrofula.

accompanied by the airs, the whole being chosen and edited by Mr. Alfred Percival Graves, who is not only the author of Father O'Flynn but an authority on and earnest worker in matters of this kind.

You must let me dwell for a few minutes on the subject matters of another of the volumes of this new Irish library. It is called "A Parish Providence," by Mrs. Lynch. Ah, would that we could find a few dozen such parish providences as are depicted in this book by the Mayor. This good man settles down in a desolate village, from which trade and prosperity have all departed, where the houses are in ruins, and not fit for habitation, the roads impassable, and the inhabitants in a state of stolid misery and indifference, bred of despair. By small degrees, he sets local cars in force and gets the roads repaired, new houses built, the people interested in cultivating their gardens, and a market opened up for their produce, a basket-making industry is started, a brickfield is opened, lodgers come and take up their summer quarters in the now cosy cottages, and contentment and a desire for education and culture begin to make themselves felt.

We are seeing the same process at work in many parts of Ireland through the fostering of her home industries, and a system by which the workers are taught to produce work suitable for modern requirements. I could tell you stories about those patient, hard working weavers and knitters of Donegal, and of the lace makers scattered throughout the country which would make you look with fresh interest at these goods in which many a life history is worked. I am glad to be able to tell you that there is an increasing demand for our woollens and embroideries and laces, and that here in Canada, too, they are becoming popular. If an Irish department is ever opened by any of the stores here, I shall look to you ladies to give it your support. A society has lately been started to help the woollen industry, which exacts a promise from each of its members to buy one suit or one costume of Irish material every year. Why could we not get members for