

CROAGH-PATRICK.

Croagh-Patrick is a very high and beautiful mountain in the most western part of the county of Mayo; it rises from the sea in a fine conical or sugar-loaf form. This mountain is considered to be one of the most holy places of pilgrimage in Ireland. A volume would be filled were I to tell all the fabulous and superstitious stories which are reported and believed about it; but its chief celebrity is derived from its having been the immediate place whence St. Patrick is said to have driven all the venomous animals, which he banished from Ireland, into the sea. A pilgrimage to it therefore is supposed to be of powerful efficacy to atone for and wash away sin. The penance done there is thus performed:—The devotees begin their station at the sign of St. Patrick's knee, and there they say seven paters, seven aves, and a creed, and go on their knees about the length of four perches over rocks, until they get to a little altar where they say fifteen paters, fifteen aves, and a creed. They then return, but still on their knees, and say seven paters, seven aves, and a creed, at the place where they commenced. They then go round this mountain, and some way up it, nine times, saying paters, aves, and creeds, as quick as they can. They afterwards go to the church of the blessed Virgin Mary, where there are seven monuments, and go round these seven times, saying seven paters, and seven aves, and a creed; and they then go round each of them separately seven times, saying seven paters, seven aves, and a creed.—

Thus ends their labour, unless they be married persons who have no children—the additional rites belonging to such persons I shall not detail—and they go down the mountain to the well of glass. There they sit up at night, and bring thither the blind, the halt, and the maimed, presenting them to the saint of the well; and they cry and roar out to him to deliver them from all their diseases and infirmities. They sit up three nights, Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, and next proceed to Aughawale, where they go through a station.

All these labours are performed, and these sufferings endured to obtain salvation; and they are performed and endured in vain. If the devotees would hear God, they should find a short, safe, easy way to the possession of all grace on earth, and all glory in heaven. He says to them, 'Look;—'look unto me;—'believe;—'believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; and 'ye shall be saved.' 'He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life.'

But if ignorant devotees are so zealous to perform severe rites with the view of getting a reward, how greatly more zealous should converted men and enlightened souls be to perform the good works of faith and love, with the view of showing gratitude to their Saviour! The earnestness and the self-denial of the worshippers at Croagh-Patrick are a sad reproof to the indolence and sloth of many a worshipper at the foot-stool of God.—*Christian Teacher.*

[FOR THE CANADIAN CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.]

"THE HOUR IS COME."—JOHN XVII. 1.

"The hour is come!" that glorious hour,
Proclaimed through ages old,
By many a heavenly prophet sung,
By many a seer foretold,
When should the day spring from on high
This night-wrapt earth illumed,
And for the fallen sons of men,
Another Eden bloom.
"The hour is come!" on Zion now,
Arise is Jacob's star,
That light shall heathen nations guide,
And ocean's isles afar;
Her head that long in dust was bow'd,
On high shall lifted be,
And gentiles to her light shall come,
And kings her brightness see.
"The hour is come!" from Sinai's mount
Afar it was beheld,
When that dread law should pass away,
It's mysteries all unveil'd;

Within the temple's lofty fane
The sacred fire is dim,
Departed is the glory now
Between the cherubim!
"The hour is come!" no more shall flow
The slaughter'd victim's gore,
And incense smoke and sprink'd blood,
For sin avail no more:
Those shadowy emblems all are fled
The holy Saviour dies,
Our great High Priest an offering makes,
Himself the sacrifice!
"The hour is come!" when time shall cease,
When ages roll no more,
That hour shall tuneful seraphs sing,
And souls redeem'd adore;
For hark! like many waters voice,
Resounds the constant strain—
"Eternal glory to the Lamb,
For us, for us, was slain."

Elmsley.

R. R.