

of eradicating from that country the growing errors of Paganism. Nine years of this interval he is said to have passed in an island, or islands, of the Tuscan Sea; and the conjecture that Lerus was the place of his retreat seems, notwithstanding the slight geographical difficulty, by no means improbable. There had been recently a monastery established in that island, which became afterwards celebrated for the number of holy and learned persons whom it had produced; nor could the destined apostle have chosen for himself a retreat more calculated to nurse the solemn enthusiasm which such a mission required than among the pious and contemplative Solitaries of the small isle of Lerus.

The attention of Rome being at this time directed to the state of Christianity among the Irish,—most probably by the reports on that subject received from the British missionaries,—it was resolved by Celestine to send a bishop to that country, and Palladius was, as we have seen, the person appointed. The peculiar circumstances which fitted St. Patrick to take part in such a mission, and probably his own expressed wishes to that effect, induced St. German to send him to Rome with recommendations to the Holy Father.—But, before his arrival, Palladius had departed for Ireland, and the hopeless result of his mission has already been related. Immediately on the death of this bishop, two or three of his disciples set out to announce the event to his successor St. Patrick, who was then on his way through Gaul. Having had himself consecrated bishop at Eborin, a town in the northwest of that country, the Saint proceeded on his course to the scene of his labours; and, resting but a short time in Britain, arrived in Ireland, as the Irish annals inform us, in the first year of the pontificate of Sixtus the Third.

His first landing appears to have been on the shore of Dublin; or, as it is described, "the celebrated port of the territory of the Evoleni," by which is supposed to have been meant the "portus Eblanorum" of Ptolemy, the present harbor of Dublin. After meeting with a repulse, at this and some other places in Leinster, the Saint, anxious, we are told, to visit the haunts of his youth, to see his old master Milcho, and endeavor to convert him to the faith, steered his course for East Ulster, and arrived with his companions at a port near Strangford, in the district now called the barony of Lecale. Here, on landing and proceeding a short way up the country, they were met by a herdsman, in the service of the lord of the district, who, supposing them to be sea-robbers or pirates, hastened to alarm the whole household. In a moment, the master himself, whose name was Dicho, made his appearance, attended by a number of armed followers, and threatened destruction to the intruders. But, on seeing St. Patrick, so much struck was the rude chief with the calm sanctity of his aspect, that the uplifted weapon was suspended, and he at once invited the whole party to his dwelling. The impression which the looks of the Saint had made, his christian eloquence served to deepen and confirm, and not merely the pagan lord himself but all his family became converts.

In a humble barn belonging to this chief, which was ever called Sabhul Padruic, or Patrick's Barn, the Saint celebrated divine worship; and we find that this spot, consecrated by the first spiritual triumph, continued to the last his most favourite and most frequented retreat.

Desirous of visiting his former abode, and seeing that mountain where he had so often prayed in the time of his bondage, he set out for the residence of his master Milcho, which appears to have been situated in the valley of Arcuil, in that district of Delaradia inhabited by the Cruthene, or Irish Picts. Whatever might have been his hope of effecting the conversion of his old master, he was doomed to meet with disappointment; as Milcho, fixed and inveterate in his heathenism, on hearing of the approach of his holy visiter, refused to receive or see him.

After remaining some time in Down, to which county he had returned from Delaradia, St. Patrick, prepared, on the approach of Easter, to risk the bold, and as it proved, politic step of celebrating that great Christian festival in the very neighborhood of Tara, where the Princes of the States of the whole kingdom were to be about that time assembled. Taking leave of his new friend Dicho, he set sail with his companions, and steering southward arrived at the mouth of the Boyne. There leaving his boat, he proceeded with his party to the Plain of Breg, in which the ancient city of Tara was situated. In the course of his journey, a youth of a family whom he baptized, and to whom, on account of the kindly qualities of his nature, he gave the name of Benigus, conceived such an affection for him as to insist on being the companion of his way. This enthusiastic youth became afterwards one of his most favorite disciples, and, on his death, succeeded him as bishop of Armagh.

On their arrival at Slano, the Saint and his companions pitched their tents for the night, and as it was the eve of the festival of Easter, lighted at night-fall the paschal fire. It happened that, on the same evening, the monarch Leogaire and the assembled princes were, according to custom, celebrating the pagan festival of La Fackinno; and as it was the law that no fires should be lighted on that night, till a great pile in the palace of Tara was kindled, the paschal fire of St. Patrick, on being seen from the heights of Tara, before that of the monarch, excited the wonder of all assembled. To the angry inquiries of Leogaire demanding who could have dared to violate thus the law, his Magi or Druids are said to have made answer:—"This fire, which has now been kindled before our eyes, unless extinguished this very night, will never be extinguished throughout all time. Moreover, it will tower above all the fires of our ancient rites, and he who lights it will ere long scatter your kingdom." Surprised and indignant, the monarch instantly dispatched messengers to summon the offender to his presence; the princes seated themselves in a circle upon the grass to receive him: and on his arrival, one among them, Here, the son of Deigo, impressed with reverence by the stranger's appearance, stood up to salute him.

That they heard, with complacency, however, his account of the objects of his mission, appears from his preaching at the palace of Tara, on the following day, in the presence of the king and the States-General, and maintaining an argument against the most learned of the Druids, in which the victory was on his side. It is recorded, that the only person who, upon this occasion, rose to welcome him was the arch-poet Disbtach, who became his convert that very day, and devoted, thenceforth, his poetical talents to religious subjects alone. The monarch himself, too, while listening to the words of the apostle, is said to have exclaimed to his surrounding nobles, "It is better that I should believe than die;" and, appalled by the awful denunciations of the preacher, to have at once professed himself a christian.

From the Telegraph.

MODERN HISTORIANS AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

When the Count de Maistre observed that "history for the last three hundred years was a conspiracy against Truth," however greatly he may have felt the evil which he so graphically announced, yet no single mind could embrace the extent of its influence, nor the enormity of its character. The calumny which poisons the social intercourse of a neighborhood, however readily traced to its source, disseminates bickerings, and animosities which rankle in the heart, long after the falsehood has been detected and acknowledged. We must then rely on the certain but tedious action of time, to tranquilize the irritation of feeling, which like the sea, remains disturbed when the cause which produced it has ceased. Every lover of peace, even for the sake of his own happiness, will readily unite in the deprecation of an evil so fatal to domestic enjoyment.

The same pernicious vice is found with the circle of its magnitude extended, exasperating the public mind in partizan warfare and national antipathies. When the agents of its infamy are mere demagogues, without talent to dazzle nor influence to sustain them, or when the subjects on which they dwell have no immediate influence with the aggregate of mankind, though the intrinsic character of the sin may be the same, yet the evil is less pernicious since it cannot vitiate the public heart, nor infuse sufficient poison into the healthy current of public opinion, to destroy the life and welfare of Society.

It is far different where natural talents, combining splendid imagery, originality of thought, and the refinement of wit, are clothed in the classic texture of language, and those wondrous powers of the human mind are arranged in battle array against Truth, which seeks to conquer men without dazzling the judgment and, to acquire dominion without forfeiting her claims to everything brightest and purest in virtue. The wide diffusion of education, according to its modern character, has filled the hearts of men with an extreme susceptibility to the charms of rhetoric.—It has polished the diamond, and though the minds of many may be dim, yet they can sparkle

in the brilliancy which is reflected by others. Hence the desire of what is called knowledge is affected by all, but experience testifies too well, that the manner in which it is conveyed, embellished with ornaments borrowed more from the imagination than reality, is the principal if not the only attraction by which it hopes to captivate the judgment. This disposition of the public taste has been keenly appreciated, and consequently he who writes best finds readiest access to the mind, no matter how vicious may be his sentiments, or how unwarrantable his assertions. The pen can be a sycophant as well as the lips, and it can better indulge in falsehood, because the blush which would mantle before men is not ashamed of God, and is suppressed by a sneer in the retirement of the closet.

No Institution has suffered so much from this exercise of talent in a bad cause as the Catholic church. If we look back on the last half century of time, and note the multitude of men combining every variety of intellect who shot their poisoned arrows at Truth; how many eloquent declaimers denounced her, how many poets found inspiration in their hatred of her existence, how many reviewers with an evil air of sincerity condemned her, how much mock solemnity appeared in the pulpit to invoke her downfall, or to warn the public to beware, how incessantly from day to day, with all the fearful activity of the press, wit, ridicule and sophistry were poured forth to invalidate her power and dishonor her professors, we may well feel astonished at her preservation, and find new proofs to establish the incapacity of all human strength to destroy her immortality. She has stood like Christ before his judges, spit upon and stricken, rebuked and despised, left forth to perish, often declared to be extinguished and dead, but always blessed with a resurrection so triumphant, that she appeared to have gathered additional lustre under the cloud, to renew, like the prophet from the mountain, her claims on the admiration of men.

This series of victories has not preserved her from attack. She is a witness against error and her influence is hated because her testimony is feared. Her friends, nevertheless, rejoice in her integrity and often have they turned from earth to contemplate her career, as she moved, like a ship on her course mounting the billows which were raised to destroy her, with her head pointing to the tempest, while it raged the loudest, and her cross unfurled. The church has thus fulfilled her celestial destinies from age to age, though the defection of her people has been solicited by every worldly promise, and the horrors of persecution and legislative tyranny have been invoked to destroy them.

If human passions could be moderated by the wisdom of experience, eighteen centuries of time ought to have some force in exposing the fallacy of their efforts for the subversion of truth. Unhappily, the malice of sin, though repeatedly baffled has found new resources in the almost infinite variety of the mind to perpetuate its aggressions on the character of the