

Christian in the days of a Neronian persecution, were he to see a dear companion and friend nobly give his life for the Faith he loved. According to our poet it would ill become a dutiful child to grieve sorely and lament because its mother had won the martyr's palm.

Mr. De Vere's most cherished hope is that which tells him Ireland will ever firmly cling to her dearest engagements; that she will always guard with jealous care, her glorious prerogatives. Throughout his poems he addresses his countrymen in words fraught with the fiery ardor of an Apostolic zeal. Saint Patrick, he seems to say, has handed you down a treasure that can never be sufficiently prized because it is a heavenly donation. Be watchful in guarding this treasure; keep it free from moth and rust: remember how your heroic forefathers, at Clontarf and Benburb, for it fought and triumphed. You are generous descendants of the good old stock, who, in bleak mid-winter, upon the snow-clad mountain-side used to assist at the Holy Sacrifice when a felon's price was set upon the good priest's head. You are the descendants of those martyrs whose cherished blood has dyed and consecrated every green hill-side and lovely dale in holy Ireland. Patrick has given each of you the Faith as he gave it to your forefathers, and with prayerful gaze, near the throne of God, he watches how you guard it. Keep always in mind the glorious fidelity of Dear Old Ireland. She alone kept secure the diamonds when all other nations were deceived by tampering hands. She kept the long vigil in times of darkness, and spread all over the globe her hallowed rays of light divine. And then when you come to dwell with your loved Apostle in the kingdom of his Master, he will have the privilege of placing upon your triumphant brows the unfading laurels of victory, the glorious crown promised to them that persevere. Such are the considerations, one or other of which, the venerable bard of Erin places before the mind's eye of his countrymen in almost every page of his works. He wants to have his Innisfail better known and better loved. He wants to bind her sons together for the continued glory of her

Faith and heroic Charity. In the following prophetic verses he speaks of Ireland's mission to spread the Faith in other lands. Could the prediction be more beautifully expressed?

Once more thy volume, open cast,  
In thunder forth shall sound thy name;  
Thy forest, hot at heart, at last,  
God's breath shall kindle into flame.

Thy brook dried up, a cloud shall rise  
And stretch an hourly widening hand  
In God's good vengeance, through thy skies,  
And onward o'er the Invader's land.

Of thine, one day, a remnant left  
Shall raise o'er earth a Prophet's rod,  
And teach the costs of Faith bereft  
The names of Ireland and of God.

Preserving all along an unflinching fidelity to fact, Mr. De Vere has given us an elegantly-worded poetic history of the Irish Church, and consequently a history of the Irish nation; for the Irish Church and the Irish nation are inseparable. This charming record of past sufferings and past triumphs was placed before the public in parts, published at various times. Although first as regards the events which it relates, the little volume that now lies before us, was the very last to appear. The Legends of Saint Patrick, however, lost nothing by being so long delayed. On the contrary it must have gained considerably, for it embodies the noblest effort of the gifted poet's life. As its title sufficiently indicates, this thoroughly Christian epic presents the opening scenes in that drama of prosperity, privations, sufferings, heroic sacrifices and martyrdom to which every son of Erin may look back with laudable exultation.

The Legends of Saint Patrick depict for us in glowing colors the serene and cloudless dawn of Ireland's Faith, the spring time of her Catholicity. They show us the ploughing of the virgin soil, and the sowing therein of the little mustard seed that has since become such a mighty tree. The Legends are founded on facts drawn from the traditions handed down among the Irish people. Linked together in true epical unity they form one magnificent harmonious whole not surpassed even by Tennyson's greatest effort, "The Idyls of