

ST. PATRICK.

(Continued from first page.)

Such was the atmosphere into which St. Patrick brought his religion of love, forgiveness and help. Add to this his own warm-hearted soul and enthusiasm, the loyal support of a body of assistants who were brought with him, and the presence of some loyal Christian women, the wives of some of the native princes, and we have the conditions for a peaceful and speedy conquest. Patrick was a diplomat, and from the time he landed at the mouth of the Vartry until his death, a quarter of a century later, he made no mistakes. His policy was to strike straight at the heart of things, convert the chiefs and the bards, and even some of the Druids, if possible, knowing full well the people would follow their leaders.

He was not content with the evangelization of a corner of Ireland. He was anxious to overthrow paganism at the great central capital of Tara, and to win over the king, thus to influence the whole nation. This policy was a necessity of his position. He might otherwise gain a few converts among the more enlightened members of the aristocracy and their immediate followers, but his mission would have no effect upon the bulk of the people. He knew well the Celtic nature, and he saw that a bold stroke was required, whereby he might awaken general interest in his claims and in the message he brought. It was first necessary for him to impress and astonish the Irish, and then he would be able to teach and convert them. If he hesitated from fear of danger, or showed lack of courage in the crisis, he would never break down the prestige of the Druids, upon which their dominion over the people was based. But if he succeeded in his enterprise, his personality henceforth would overshadow theirs, and his religion would in the end destroy their superstition. Thus he argued, and the result justified his anticipations. The victory at Tara was the salvation of Ireland.

The legend says: 'The pagan festival, then being celebrated by King Loaghaire (Lear) at Tara, commenced by extinguishing every fire in the country, and whoever violated the order was to be put to death. But Patrick lit his Paschal fire on the hills of Slane. This was seen from Tara, and led to a conflict between Patrick and Loaghaire's magi. 'Then the King to Patrick a herald sent, Who said, 'Come up at noon, and show Who lit the fire, and with what intent? These things the great King Loaghaire would know.'

Like some still vision men see by night, Mitted, with eyes of serene command, St. Patrick moved onward in ghostly white; The staff of Jesus was in his hand His priests paced after him unafraid, And the boy, Benignus, more like a maid; Like a maid just wedded he walked and smiled, To Christ new-pighted, that priestly child.

They entered the circle, their hymn they ceased, The Druids their eyes bent earthwards still; On Patrick's brow the glory increased, As a sunrise brightening some breathless hill. The warriors sat silent: strange awe they felt; The chief bard, Dub'ach, rose and knelt! Then Patrick discoursed of the things to be When time gives way to eternity, Of kingdoms that fall, which are Dreams not things, And the Kingdom built by the King of Kings. Of Him he spoke who reigns from the Cross; Of the death which is life, and the life which is loss.

How all things are made by the infant Lord, And the small hand the Magian Kings adored. His voice sounded on like a throbbing flood That swelled all night from some far-off wood, And when it was ended—that wondrous strain— Invisible myriads breathed, 'Amen! Then whispered the King to a chief close by, 'It were better for me to believe than die! (Aubrey de Vere: 'St. Patrick at Tara.)

According to a more authentic history, Loaghaire was not converted. The grim pagan sees dimly the truth of the new gospel of love and gentleness, and he respects its teachers; but his soul says, must be gathered to the souls of his fathers and share their doom, whether it be good or bad; and, faithful to the traditions of his clan, he seems to do otherwise than face his hereditary foe after death, as his hereditary foe after death is placed to face him. Yet he is willing enough that others, on whom no such obligation is laid, should hear the new creed and embrace it, if they so please. As for himself, he cannot change. And so an old man-crisp tells us, The body of Loaghaire was brought after-

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—the most painful condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather. 'I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism, but have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grateful.' Miss Frances Shaver, Prescott, Ont.

'I had an attack of the stiff joints last winter. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and this medicine has entirely cured me. I have no hesitation in saying it saved my life.' M. J. McDonald, Trenton, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

wards from the South and entered in his armor of valor, in the outer rampart of the royal castle of Loaghaire at Tara, with his face turned southward upon the men of Leinster, as fighting with them; for he was the enemy of the Leinster men in his lifetime.

It would hardly be worth while to follow in detail Patrick's journey from kingdom to kingdom, baptizing thousands, founding churches, instructing disciples, and spreading what learning he himself possessed. One instance, though, we must mention—the story of Benignus, which is the sweetest of all the traditions connected with the great Apostle of Ireland. Patrick, we are told came to Inbher Albinna, or the mouth of the Delvin, and there found a certain good man, whom he baptized. He took a fancy to his little son, and called him Benignus, the kindly one for the child would take Patrick's feet and clasp them to his bosom, and when Patrick was asleep he gathered sweet-scented flowers and placed them in the saint's bosom, though they said to him: 'Do not so, lest Patrick should awake.' Neither would the little one sleep with his father and mother, but wept unless they let him sleep with Patrick. On the morrow, when the Saint was departing, and had now one foot on the chariot and the other on the ground, the child held Patrick's foot with both hands, and cried out: 'Let me go with Patrick, my true father.' And Patrick said: 'Baptize him, and lift him up in the chariot, for he is the heir of my kingdom.' So he became Patrick's gillie; the same was Benignus, or Benen, the Bishop who succeeded Patrick in the church at Armagh.

To return to Patrick's missionary work. Staff in hand, clothed down to the feet in a long, rough, hairy ooseable, shod with sandals, carrying on his back the Gospels or a book of ritual, swag in a leather satchel, the early missionary Bishop moved from place to place with his clergy. He and his numerous company, with their brass bells and altars, probably travelled along the main road in two horse chariots when taking long journeys, and went on foot only on their short excursions, or among the wilder districts. A rough company they might seem to us, for each was clad in the ugly Celtic tunic, all the hair on the top of their heads being shaved off in front of a line drawn from ear to ear, and the rest hanging notrimmed along the back. But right well they suited the people among whom they labored. When they approached the great fortresses of the native chieftains they were welcomed within their massive stone walls, were treated with all hospitality, and listened to with respect. The chief would at times offer his fortress to them and to their God; the nobles honored them with their most prized salutations. All alike, chief and nobles, freemen and slaves, flocked from their round huts of wood towards the stream or well when the missionary performed the rite of Baptism. Noble women, too, came and gave their necklaces, wristbands, anklets and bracelets as offerings—which Patrick constantly refused to accept—and prayed that they might receive the veil at the hands of the Saint.

In vain did the Druids swool upon them, and mutter their incantations. In the general enthusiasm for the new teachers the people had for a while forgotten their old superstitions, and, as the baffled wizards stood on one side, conspicuous by their white garments, they felt that their power had waned as an old oracle prophesied, before the 'adage-head with his head-holed mantle and his crooked head-staff.'

The charming story of the conversion of Ebnue, the Beautiful and F delta, the Ray-red is perhaps typical of the course of his peaceful conquest. Patrick was one time at Cruschan of Connanght, and he went up to the well that is called Clebeach, and that is opposite the rising of the sun, and he sat down beside the well, and his clerks with him. There were two daughters now of Loaghaire, the High King, living at Ra'h

Cruschan at that time, getting their learning from the Druids, and the name of the one was Ebnue, and the other was Fedelm, the Ray-red. And it was their custom every morning to come and wash themselves in the well. And on this morning when they came, they saw a company of men having white clothes and books before them beside the well. And there was great wonder on them and they thought them to be the people of the Sidhe. And they questioned Patrick and said to him, 'where do you come from? And where are you going? And is it God you are, they said, 'for men from the hills of the Sidhe?'

'Who is your God?' said Ebnue then, 'and where is he? Is it in the skies he is, or in the earth, or under the earth, or upon the earth, or in the sea, or in the streams, or in the mountains, or in the valleys?' she said, 'is he young? Is he beautiful?'

Patrick took in hand then to answer their true questions, and to teach them the true faith; and he told them it was fitting they should join with the King of Glory, being as they were the daughters of an earthly King. And when they had heard the whole story a great desire came upon them to serve Him.

'And it is the desire of our hearts,' they said, 'to see His Son, our Husband.'

'That is not possible,' said Patrick, 'but through taking the Body of Christ and through death.'

'We would die surely,' they said, 'if we might see Christ on the morrow.'

Then Patrick baptized them and gave them the Body of Christ, and put a white veil upon their heads, and they were filled with peace and with the friendship of God. And when they were sleeping in death, his people put them on a little bed and laid coverings over them, and kept them there.

The rumor spread: beside the birch tree King stood mute, and his camp, and court; The Druids dark-robed drew swiftly near; And the bards storm-hearted, and humbled sort; The staff of Jesus St. Patrick raised; Angello anthem above them swept; Then were that mattered; then were that praised; But none who looked on that marvel wept.

For they lay on our bed, like brides new-wed, By Clebeach well; and, the dirge-days over, On their smiling faces a veil was spread, And a green mound raised that bed to cover. Such were the ways of those ancient days— To Patrick for aye that grave was given; And above it a charob he built in their praise, For in them had Eire been espoused to Heaven. (Aubrey de Vere: 'St. Patrick and the Princesses.')

From this legend it will be seen that the Irish were ready for the coming of the King's messenger. The natural disposition of the Celtic race had brought an appropriate culture. It was a culture which had developed the imagination, the affections, and a large portion of the moral being, and which stirred ardent natures to find their joy in spiritual rather than in material things. Among the people was an exquisite appreciation of the beautiful, the pathetic and the pure. It was a wild but not an unrefining time. It was the rare genius of St. Patrick to build the good which was lacking upon the good which existed.

Perhaps nothing human and so large an influence in the conversion of the Irish as the personal character of her Apostle. Everywhere we trace the might and the sweetness which belonged to it, the ray-like mind yet the simple heart, the varying but yet the fixed resolve, the skill in using means yet the reliance on God alone, the habitual self-possession yet the outburst of an inspiration which raised him above himself. Above all, there burned in him that boundless love, which seems the main constituent of the Apostolic character. It was love for God; but it was love for man also, an impassioned love, and a parental compassion. It was not for the spiritual well alone of man that he thirsted. Wrong and rejection to the poor he resented. No wonder that such a character should have exercised a talismanic power among the ardent and sensitive race among whom he labored, a rare quality to be drawn but impossible to be driven, and drawn more by sympathy than even by benefit.

The variety of quality which that character blended in a unity yet many remarkable is illustrated by many of the legends which relate to him. Thoroughly to understand a country—and Ireland of all countries—one must understand her legends. In the legends about our Saint we can read the character of the Celts of those days—the half barbaric, wildly poetical nature transfigured by christian love, but, in the very nature of human progress not metamorphosed. In the tales of St. Patrick's orpely, those which tell of

CAUGHT HEAVY COLD.

Left Throat and Lungs Very Sore.

There is no better cure for a cough or cold than Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Norway pine tree, and is a pleasant, safe and effectual medicine that may be confidently relied upon as a specific for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Quinsy, and all Throat and Lung Troubles.

Mr. S. Monaghan, Charlottetown, P.E.I., writes:—"I certify that Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is an excellent medicine for coughs and colds. Last winter I contracted a heavy cold which left my lungs and throat very sore. I had to give up work and stay in the house for two weeks. I used several cough mixtures, but got no relief until a friend advised me to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Three bottles entirely cured me, and I can recommend it as the best medicine for coughs."

Don't be imposed upon by taking anything but "Dr. Wood's" as there are many imitations of this sterling remedy on the market.

"Dr. Wood's" is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25 cents. Manufactured only by T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

A group of Scotch lawyers were met convivially at an Ayrshire inn one cold evening last December. The conversation turned upon pronouns. 'Now, I said one of the barristers, 'always say nyether, What do you say, Sandy?'

The hot tippie had made Sandy doze, and at the sudden question he awoke and replied, 'Oh, I say whiskey.'

MIRARD'S LINIMENT CO. LIMITED. Have used MIRARD'S LINIMENT for Cramp, found nothing equal to it. rare cure. CHAS. E. SHARP Hawkeshaw, N. B. Sept. 1st, 1915.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff. Magistrate sternly: 'Didn't I tell you the last time you were here I never wanted you to come before me again? Prisoner: 'Yes, sir; but the policeman was so obstinate—I couldn't make him believe it!'

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff. W. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont. says:—"It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c."

'Willie,' said his mother, 'I wish you would run across the street and see how old Mrs. Brown is this morning.' A few minutes later Willie returned. 'Mrs. Brown says it's none of your business how old she is; she reports—'

HAD WEAK AND DIZZY SPELLS COULD NOT SLEEP AT NIGHT.

People all over this land toss night after night on a sleepless pillow, and do not close their eyes in the refreshing slumber that comes to those whose heart and nerves are right. The sleeplessness comes entirely from a derangement of either the heart or nerves, or both, but whatever the cause, Hickey & Nicholson's Heart and Nerve Pills offer the blessing of sound refreshing slumber. They do this by their invigorating effect on the heart and nerves, and will tone up the whole system to a perfect condition.

Mrs. A. E. Martell, Rockdale, N.S., writes:—"I was troubled for a long time with my heart, had weak and dizzy spells, could not sleep, and would have no doubt, had I not taken your pills, and it was impossible for me to lie on my left side. At last I got a box of Hickey & Nicholson's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they did me so much good I got another, and after taking it I could lie on my left side, and sleep as well as before I was taken sick. They are the best medicine I ever heard of for heart or nerve trouble. Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

Commencing Jan. 5th, 1912, trains on this Railway will run as follows:

Table with columns for Trains Outward (Read Down) and Trains Inward (Read Up), listing stations and times for various routes including Charlottetown, St. John's, and other locations.

G. A. SHARP Supt. P. E. I. Railway

To Merchants

And business men generally, you will need to start 1912 with some new Office Supplies.

We are well stocked with Blank Books (all kinds), Ledgers, Day Books, Cash Books, Letter Books, Journals, Index Books, Record Books, Price Books, Files, Inks, Account Papers, Envelopes, Foolscap, etc., etc.

Binding Cases. Are you using our "Success" Binding Cases? for Letters and Invoices. Every business man should have them. Only \$2.50 in in one dozen lots. Our goods are bought right and sold right.

CARTER & CO., Ltd.



You're Losing Time!

patience and enjoyment fussing around trying to smoke common tobacco. Good tobacco costs no more, and you get ten times the enjoyment from it. Try our Rival and Master Marins brands if you want something soothing, cool and fragrant. Our BLACK TWIST chewing tobacco is good, too. Try it!

HICKEY & NICHOLSON Tobacco Co.

Now Is a Good Time

To have your Watch or Clock repaired and put in serviceable order.

We also repair Barometers, musical boxes and all kinds of Jewellery in a workmanlike manner.

Goods For Sale:

- Eight Day Clocks
Alarms and Timepieces \$1 up
Girl's Watches \$3 to \$10
Ladies' Watches \$10 to \$35
Men's Watches \$4 to \$40
Boy's Watches \$1.75
Half doz. Tea Spoons. \$1.25 to \$2 up
A nice Butter Knife, 75c., \$1.125
Cake Baskets, Tea Sets, Bread Trays
Necklets 75c. up
Lockets 50c. to \$20.50
Reading Glasses 25c. up
Telescopes
Spectacles, 75c. and \$1 up
Fobs and Chains, \$1 up
Bracelets 75c. to \$8
Hat Pins 25c. up
Ladies' and Gents' Rings, Cuff Links, Collar Studs
Field Glasses, \$3.75 to \$20
Barometers \$4 to \$8
Thermometers 25 cents up to \$5
Mail orders filled promptly.

E. W. TAYLOR, South Side Queen Square, City.

Fall and Winter Weather

Fall and Winter weather calls for prompt attention to the Repairing, Cleaning and Making of Clothing.

We beg to remind our numerous patrons that we have REMOVED from 23 Prince Street to our new stand 122 DORCHESTER STREET, Next door to Dr. Conroy's Office, where we shall be pleased to see all our friends.

All Orders Receive Strict Attention. Our work is reliable, and our prices please our customers. H. McMILLAN

HARDWARE!

Largest Assortment, Lowest Prices. WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Fennel and Chandler