

his head ; two spears in his hand and a shield that brought victory." What has "Patrick of the true crozier," to show against those splendid hunts? When "the sun was beautiful overhead, and the voice of the hounds went east and west from hill to hill," when Finn and Brann let out three thousand hounds from their golden chains, and every hound of them brought down two deer ! One can almost sigh with Oisín, Son of Finn, last of the Fianna, who was expected to give all this up "to drag stones to build churches" and abbey schools, and later still, to build railways and canals and pave streets. Faith, and it is no wonder for Finn to be sorrowful for his strength to go from him to be as he said : "My whole body is tired to-night, my hands, my feet, and my head tired, tired, tired. I am a shaking tree, my leaves are gone from me, an empty nut, a horse without a bridle, a people without a dwelling place. I, Oisín, Son of Finn ! It is long last night was ; although this day is long, yesterday was longer again to me. Every day that comes to me is long"; and thus he wails while Saint Patrick argues in vain, to show him the reason why the old order changeth. No more enchanted cups. No more houses that rise up and go down in a night, but the blackbird sings yet, and the wells and the lakes and hills still give signs. Saint Patrick was too good to exorcise all the beauty of Ireland. See what Dr. Shahan says of the Saint's dealing with Irish paganism, he found the old Irish a generous people to whom selfishness was particularly odious, who gave the poets beakers of gold, and rare weapons. they were self-sacrificing ; they were glad to die for one another, affectionate. What is the dirge of Lycidas to the "Keening" of Cúchulain over the dead body of Ferdia? When we shall know pagan Ireland and Christian Ireland through and through, perhaps we can then tell why there rings in the Irish voice a fine delicate, melancholy, Dr. Shahan calls it : "the note of reminiscence."

S. N.

