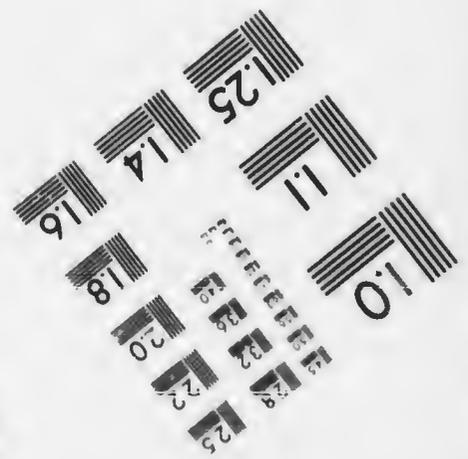
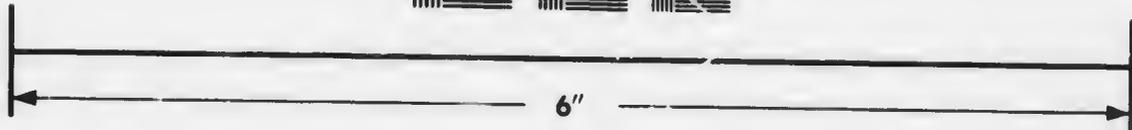
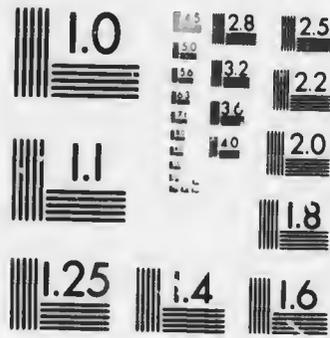


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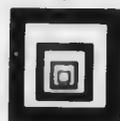
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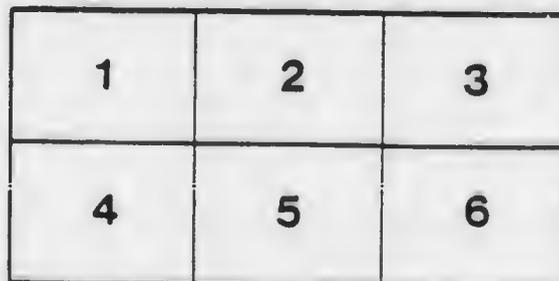
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IN THE

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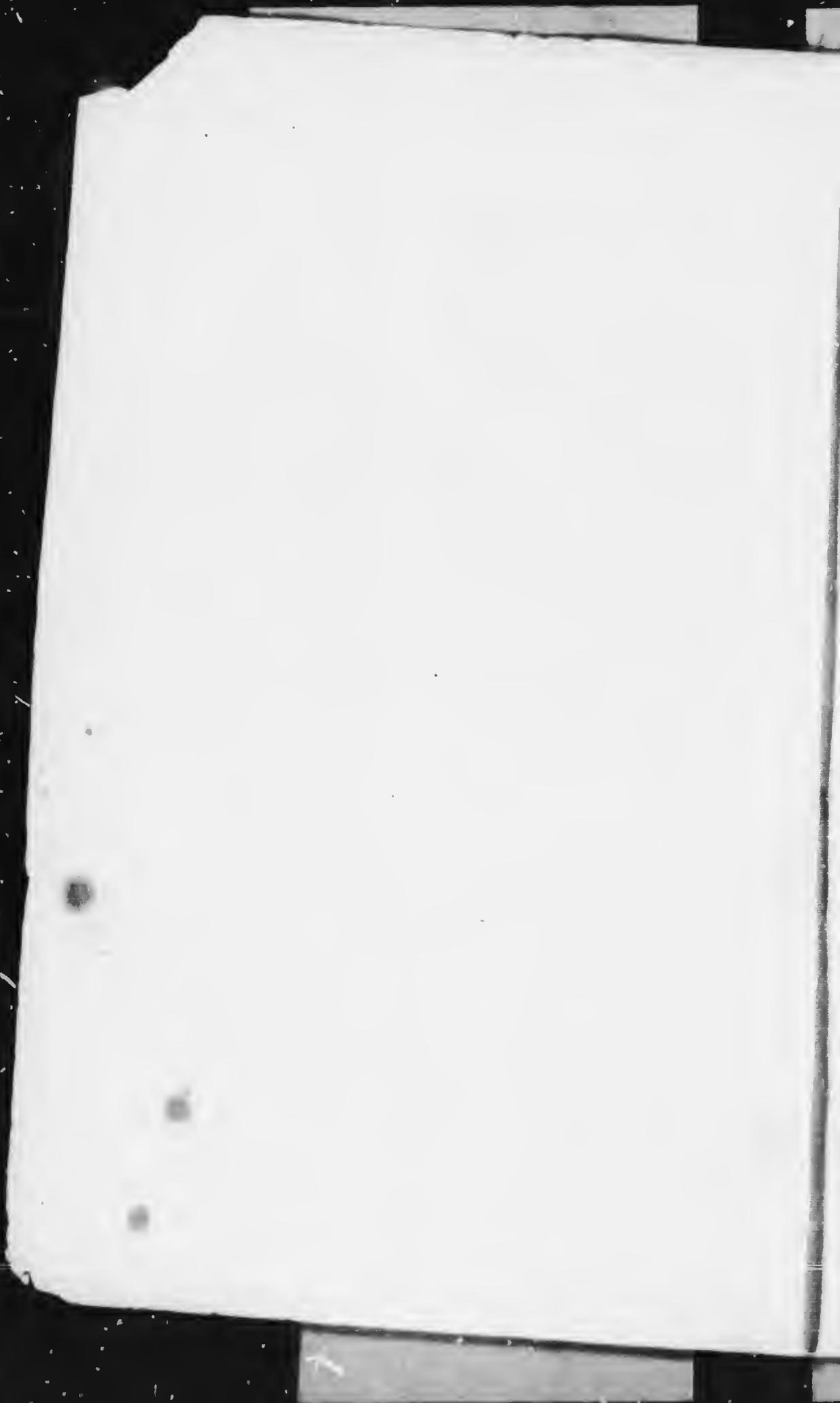
ON THE

FEAST OF ST. PATRICK.

1869.

St. John's, Newfoundland.

1869.



PREFACE.

IN obedience to the express wish of our late lamented Bishop, DR. MULLOCK,—and with the hope of contributing ever so little to the honor of the great Apostle of Ireland,—I have committed this Discourse to print. As I have stated no fact in it without authority, I had intended, if time allowed, to supplement it by quotations; but am quite satisfied to abandon this idea, in the hope that, even as it is, it will effect a better object than that of mere instruction.

R. V. HOWLEY.

ERRATA.

Page 3, 2nd last line,—for “summary” read “seminary.”

Page 10, Note,—for “Lawger” read “Lanigan.”

PANEGYRIC OF ST. PATRICK,

ST. JOHN'S, 17th MARCH, 1869.

DEARLY BELOVED BROTHERS IN FAITH :—

I shall select no text from Holy Writ wherefrom to illustrate the glories and the virtues of him who is the object of our common veneration on to-day. For well may I address you to-day, as St. Paul did the Corinthians,* “ Do we need Epistles of commendation to you or from you? You are our Epistle; an Epistle written not on tables of stone, but in the fleshy tablets of the heart.” Yes, my Brethren, the faith that animates you, grouping you in joyous devotion round the altar to-day; this great temple that you have erected out of the riches of your poverty; the very features that are uplifted to hear the praises of Ireland's Apostle, bearing the impress of your descent from Ireland's sons,—all proclaim the praises of the great St. Patrick who begot you in the Gospel,—and by whom and through whom, under God, we are members of the true fold, brothers of Christ, and children of the Island of Saints. There are certain things of which it is a virtue to be proud; and there is no virtuous pride so just as the pride of a son in the honor of his father, and the pride of the citizen in the true glory of his country. It is such pride, my Brethren, we are called upon to-day to cherish—a holy pride, in being children, through faith, of the greatest Apostle the world ever saw since the days of Paul, and children, through birth or direct descent, of that elect Island that God has chosen to be the summary of His blessings throughout each hemisphere, and a chief agent in fulfilling the glorious pre-

* Cor. II. c. III., v. 1, 2, 3.

diction that "from the rising to the setting sun a clean oblation should be offered up, and that the name of the Lord of Hosts should be magnified among the Gentiles."†

Turn we then, my Brethren, on this new anniversary of St. Patrick, which God in his mercy has permitted us to rejoice in—turn we to speak of him, and think of him, and thank him—to stir up again the memory of that life, those labors, that have been the cause of such unspeakable blessings to us. Summon up whatever there is in your hearts of gratitude and affection, to greet the name of St. Patrick, and beg of him that it may be permitted you, even at a distance, to walk in his footsteps and reflect his virtues in the conduct of your lives.

Four centuries from the birth of Christ—one hundred years after Christian Rome had spread the faith to the very boundaries of her Empire, through Southern and Central Europe, through Britain, up to the very walls of Caledonia—and Ireland still remained unconquered either by the dread or triumph of arms, or the more enduring conquest of true Faith—there lay the Green Island on the brink of a formidable ocean whose breast had never yet been stemmed, and which appeared in its gloom to be the pathway to eternity. Ireland was then the same lovely island she now is—endowed with all those natural graces that seemed to typify the gifts of Heaven that God had decreed so soon to shower upon her. No Roman conqueror had ever printed the footstep of slavery on her breast; and yet she was doomed to become the captive of Rome. Not of Rome the Imperial, but of Rome the

† Malachi c. I.

Christian, the Apostolic,—the Rome that won by religion whatever she failed to vanquish by her arms.† She was to become Rome's willing slave, bound by chains that nothing hereafter could induce her to unrivet. Flocks and herds roamed her green fields—Kings and Chieftains fought and ruled alternately—Brehons drew up their codes of laws—Druids, silent and contemplative, pursued their mysterious rites—Bards raised the triumphant notes of victory or the plaintive wail for the heroic dead—while the round towers of Erin pointed, like stone fingers, to Heaven, and warned the nation of its destiny. Thus Ireland lay, before the coming of Patrick, wrapped up as it were in herself—interesting in her very solitude; the quiet that reigned around her seeming to herald that quick and sudden agitation whereby the heart of the nation should be moved to its very depths. It is a matter of little moment to the moralist, now, what peculiar form of idolatry the Irish nation cherished; but it seems more than probable that the worship of the Sun formed the chief religious rite of the people, for this accords most with their acknowledged oriental origin, the relics of Religion that have been discovered, and seems even to be alluded to by St. Patrick himself, when he says, in his Confession, “That sun which we behold, rises daily, by God's order, for our sakes; “ it will not last forever, its splendour shall be dimmed, “ and all who adore it shall perish unceasingly for all “ eternity.” The time had come when the Great God who selects the lowly things to confound the great, and the simple to teach the wise, was to send His messenger to this nation to enlighten her darkness and make her not only Christian but Apostolic—the nursery of

† Roma.

Quidquid non possidet armis

Religione tenet (Prosper C. arm. na.)

Faith, and the dispenser of His gifts to nations then unknown and unheard of.

The best critics agree that St. Patrick was born in Armorica Gaul or Northern France; he himself calls Brittany, (the present Bretagne), his country—and states expressly that his grandfather Potitus was from the town of Benaven of Tabernia, where he was made captive; and that town all writers of note identify with the present French town of Boulogne; and there is, and always has been, a tradition among the people of Boulogne that it was the birth-place of Patrick; but the slight obscurity that exists on this point contains its lesson. Patrick was to become, in a spiritual sense, a second Abraham, a father of many nations; the memory of his nationality was to be lost in the greater glory of his apostleship; he was to go forth from his country, wherever it was, and his kindred—to leave unrecorded the mere accident of his birth-place, in order that nothing might limit the claims of ages unborn and nations undiscovered on the name and labors of this universal Apostle. Patrick, at his birth, got the name of Succoth (Haverty)—which means “great in battle,” a name realized in the glorious conquest he achieved for the Faith. He was afterwards called Patrick, (which means noble), by Pope Celestine, when he gave him his mission to Erin. His father was Calpurnius, who received the order of deaconship after the death of Patrick’s mother, Conchessa. At the age of sixteen St. Patrick was taken captive by Niall of the Nine Hostages (Haverty &c.), a predatory Irish Chief; he was carried to Ireland and sold to a man named Milcho, who employed him in tending sheep. In this condition he remained six years. How touching is the outpouring of the Saint’s gratitude to God for this cap-

tivity, which at first he looked upon as the greatest misfortune. All His virtues appear in full relief when he counts up the blessings God showered upon him in his solitude. He tells us how he came to know himself, and to know God, when left with no one but God and himself to commune with. His knowledge of himself, gained in his solitude, taught him the most sublime humility. "I, Patrick," he breaks out years after, even when the triumph of his great mission had been achieved—"I, Patrick, a most unlearned sinner, the least of all the faithful, being ignorant of the true God, was brought captive to Ireland with many thousand men, according as we had deserved." He thinks no words too strong to express his self abasement—and after all, what had he chiefly to accuse himself of, What is but the too frequent shipwreck of youth-carelessness about things religious—he "did not keep God's commandments, and disobeyed his priests who advised him for his salvation."* These words express a general laxity, a growing spirit of indifference that would soon lead to vice, rather than the habit, of any vice or the commission of any crime—and afterwards we read, that when every effort was made to eject him from the episcopacy, but one sin could be imputed to him, one apparentle of not much account, for in boyish confidence he had confided to a friend. † His ignorance of the true God could not mean a want of knowledge of the doctrines of christianity, for he was a Christian of holy Christian parents; but a want of that intimate knowledge of God and of his goodness, in a word an absence of that love of God he afterwards acquired in so intense a degree in the solitude and silence among the beautiful hills of Erin. Humility, then, was the great virtue of this Saint, and that

* Confessions of St. Patrick.

accounts for the firmness and endurance of the work he perfected—he had a lofty edifice to build up, and God taught him to dig the foundations low and deep in his soul † when he had come to know himself, how quickly he turned his thoughts to God, who, he says, “regarded my lowliness, and had compassion on the ignorance of my youth,” and he at once had recourse to that voice of the humble soul to God—natural as the wail of a distressed infant to its mother,—fervent and constant prayer. “I was frequently praying every day,” he says, “that the love of God might be more enkindled in my heart, that fear and faith and energy would be increased so much so that in one day I poured out my prayers a hundred times and as often in the night—nay even in the woods and mountains, I remained and rose before the light to my prayer, in frost and snow and rain, and suffered no inconvenience, because the spirit of the Lord was fervent within me,”* Now, my Brethren we have discovered the secret of the great success of St. Patrick, in his after life—he was neither a very learned man, nor a very experienced or polished man, but he was essentially a man of humility and prayer and working on these qualities alone, he became the most successful Apostle the world ever saw, not excepting St. Paul himself.

In pondering the life of St. Patrick we should be at a loss to account for the eminent success of his Apostleship, “we had not thus visited him in thought as the Shepherd boy and the hermit; the solitude was the school that fitted him for the busy world—and God was the teacher who fortified him against the false wisdom of men. Here, in the wilderness, “Sneath,” the brave in battle, was clothed with his im-

† St. Augustine Sermo 10 de virtutibus Domini
* Confession of St. Patrick.

penetrable armor—humility—and gladdened with his invincible weapon—prayer—he wanted no more to go forth and conquer—and though he afterwards spent long years in preparing himself by study for the great mission that had been assigned him, it was really as a poor captive in the glens and fastnesses of Ireland that he learned the secret of subduing men's souls. This, my Brethren, is the philosophy of the life of St. Patrick. Now let us glance briefly at the facts of a career that is familiar to you all.

After spending six years in his solitude, St. Patrick, in a dream, heard a voice saying that he should return to his own country, and that a ship was ready for him*; he travelled two hundred miles to where the ship was, a place utterly unknown to him. When he arrived there, having no money to pay for his passage, the captain rejected him with scorn. But Patrick had learned a secret in his solitude the pagan captain knew nothing of: he prayed—and behold, before he had finished his prayer, he was recalled, and with many protestations of friendship received on board. You have heard of his travels back to his own country—of his second exercise of prayer, when he obtained food from God for his famishing Gentile companions—and of his second captivity after his return to his family, which captivity lasted only two months.—All these things are narrated by the Saint himself in his Confession, which is available to every one, and which I strongly recommend as a family reading for this festival. I pass over the period of St. Patrick's life that intervened between his last return from captivity and his visit to Rome, where he received his mission to Ireland from St. Celestine, Pope. According to all writers on his life, that time was spent in study, partly

* Confessions of St. Patrick.

at the Monastery of St. Martin of Tours, and partly at the Monastery of Lerins. During this period he also went to England to accompany St. Germain, and to work with him for the extirpation of the Pelagian Heresy in that country†. St. Patrick thus passed 18 years of his life, when, as Eric, the Biographer of St. Germain of Auxerre says, the Holy Bishop Germain "sent him to Holy Celestine the Pope of the City of Rome, by the judgment of which being approved, and leaning on its authority and strengthened by its blessing, he sought Ireland, and being given to that people as their chosen Apostle. he illustrated Ireland then, as he does now, and will do for ever, with the wonderful privilege of his Apostleship."

Here, then, we have described the Apostolic mission of St. Patrick to his chosen people. How then! did St. Patrick forget Ireland and her people for the 18 years since he had left her shores, a shepherd's boy, till he returned again, with Episcopal authority to feed the sheep and lambs of Christ?—Ah, no, my Brethren, he loved Ireland; Ireland was ever in his heart during this time. He saw her people in his visions—presenting their petitions, which were inscribed with the "*vox Hibernorum*;" and their voices rang in his ears day and night, "Oh, holy youth, we entreat you to come and walk among us."‡ For *her* he left family and friends—for *her* he resisted all their affectionate entreaties never again to be severed from them. For *her*, that he might do a perfect work of love to her, he shut himself up during those long years in dim cloisters, poring over the learning of sages, and drinking in the science of the Saints;—and at last, when his prepa-

† (Life of St. Patrick.) Dr. Lawger vol. 1., p. 24.

‡ Confessions.

ration was sufficiently complete,—true to the teachings of his humility—true to the instincts of his faith and the counsel of his superiors, he repairs to Rome, the centre of Catholicity, to obtain his mission from the Vicar of Christ, even as the first Apostles obtained theirs from Christ himself. History records nothing of the meeting of Patrick with Celestine, but we may well imagine the joy of the holy Pontiff when he welcomed St. Patrick. St. Celestine was one of the most zealous and holy Popes that ever swayed the sceptre of Peter, and, together with his solicitude for the universal Church, it is not mere imagination to suppose that he took a special interest in Ireland. He had heard much of Ireland; he had already sent a Bishop there, Palladius, who, after a slight success, was expelled the country and soon after died. Ireland, though a Pagan nation, had already in some slight degree received the faith and produced some eminent Christians. Among the rest Sedulius, or Sheil the Elder, the author of some of the most beautiful Latin poems of our liturgy, and the celebrated Celestius, companion of the heresiarch Pelagius; and, according to St. Jerome, far a more brilliant and subtle man. This Celestius, the Irish Theologian, was condemned of heresy in Rome, by Pope Zosymus, and recanted his errors for the time in the church of St. Clement in that city, now served by Irish Dominicans. From all the accounts we can gather, Celestius awakened a great interest in himself and his country in the holy city; and from the fact of Ireland producing so great a Christian, though an erring one—one who had called together in council the Pontiff of Rome and his Senate—we may gather what an interest Celestine must have taken in the project of St. Patrick for the complete evangelization of that Island. Then there

was our Saint, with his simplicity, his piety, his singleness of purpose; his stories of the manners and customs of the people with whom he had lived for six years; his specimens of their language and literature; the heartfelt love of the Irish people, evinced in his every word and glance; all this must have moved the Sainted Pontiff to rejoice in the goodness of God, who had called forth an Apostle to cultivate this new vineyard; and we may imagine with what effusion he must have imparted his blessing, and repeated the words of the Apostolic mission, "as the Father sent me, so I send you—go, therefore, and teach that nation, baptizing them in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost."*

After leaving Rome, St. Patrick retired to Gaul, and was consecrated Bishop by the venerable Amato. He then repaired to Ireland, accompanied by several ecclesiastics. Having landed at Bray, near Dublin, he was repulsed by the natives; but he was used to being repulsed and succeeding after; so he sailed further North, and effected a landing at or near Hill Patrick, and having once planted the staff of Jesus which he carried, in the soft earth of Erin, he never left her till he had given her to God. This was henceforth his country, never to be abandoned till his soul took its happy flight to the land of the just. The rest of the history of St. Patrick is familiar to you all; it is almost uneventful in its peaceful triumph; almost monotonous in its unalterable success; by one bold stroke of Apostolic zeal done at the very day and hour of his landing, the work of Patrick may be said to have been effected; he faced at once the whole power of Ireland, represented by the Ard Righ or High King of Erin,

* Matthew xxviii, 19.

with all his dependent Princes assembled in triennial convocation at Tara. It was Easter time, and Patrick lit his paschal fire, which never has and never will be extinguished in Erin. He then absolutely marched upon Tara, as a daring general, determined to succeed, hurls his forces upon the citadel bristling with death. He was prepared to do or die—he was a martyr in soul and spirit at that moment—he wooed the danger, as St. Andrew embraced and wet with tears of affection the cross that was to be the instrument of his torture and death. Still he prayed with confidence to God, that he might be spared to fulfil his mission,—for he felt he was only at the beginning—and God heard his prayer and brought him safe out of the dangers that surrounded him. There is nothing more beautiful in the Treasury of Church Literature than the Hymn of St. Patrick, which he chanted on his way to Tara; there is no more perfect act of Faith in the power and omnipresence of God, and of full confidence in His mercy and protection. It is happily preserved in the Irish language in which it was written, and is among the best authenticated documents of Irish Church History. List while I read it:

HYMN OF ST. PATRICK.

“ There has come to me, to-day, powerful strength,
the invocation of the Trinity.

“ I invoke the mighty power of the Trinity, I believe
in the Trinity under the unity of the God of the Elements.

“ At Tara, to-day, I place between me and harm,
the virtue of the birth of Christ with His Baptism; the
virtue of his crucifixion, with His Burial; the virtue
of His Resurrection, with His Ascension; the virtue
of the coming to the Eternal Judgment.

“ At Tara, to-day, the virtue of the love of the Sera-

phim, the obedience of the angels, the hope of the resurrection to eternal reward, the prayers of the noble fathers, the predictions of the prophets, the preaching of the Apostles, the faith of the confessors, the purity of the holy Virgin, the deeds of just men.

“ At Tara, to-day, the strength of heaven, the light of the sun, the whiteness of the snow, the face of fire, the rapidity of lightning, the swiftness of the wind, the depth of the sea, the stability of the earth, the hardness of rocks.

“ At Tara, to-day, may the strength of God pilot me ! may the power of God preserve me ! may the wisdom of God instruct me ! may the Eye of God behold me ! may the Ear of God hear me ! may the Word of God make me eloquent ! may the Hand of God protect me ! may the Way of God direct me ! may the Shield of God defend me ! may the Heart of God guard me against the snares of demens, the temptations of vices, the inclinations of the mind, against every man who meditates evil towards me, far or nigh, alone or with others !

“ I place all these powers between me and every evil, unmerciful powers directed against my soul and my body, as a protection against the incantations or false prophets, against the black laws of Gentilism, against the false laws of heresy, against the treachery of idolatry, against the spells of witches and Druids, against every knowledge which blinds the soul of man. May Christ protect me this day against poison, against burning, against drowning, against wounding, until I merit a great reward.

“ Christ be with me, Christ before me, Christ after me, Christ in me, Christ under me, Christ over me, Christ at my right hand, Christ on my left, Christ at this

side, Christ at that side, Christ at my back. May Christ be in the heart of each person to whom I may speak, Christ in the mouth of each person who speaks to me, Christ in each eye which sees me, Christ in each ear which hears me."

After reading this prayer we can no longer wonder at the quick and sudden conversion of Ireland. or at the fact that it was accomplished without bloodshed. St. Patrick had to preach to a generous but fierce and warlike race—wedded with that tenacity of all isolated peoples to its usages, traditions, and worship.—Already the warlike spirit of the people had carried the banner of Erin victorious to England, Gaul, and even across the Alps to the plains of Rome, where King Dathi of Connaught had met and troubled the Imperial Legions in their own stronghold;* but beside the turbulent spirit of the people, the Saint had to contend with the Druids, a fanatic priesthood well versed in Pagan learning and observances; but by the lessons he had learned years ago in his solitude,—lessons of humility, prayer, confidence in God—he conquers all. Many attempts were made upon his life—but there was something about the Saint the Pagans could not understand, something that surrounded him like an impenetrable wall, and they fell on their knees before they could touch his sacred person—he was invested with the divine power, and, like the Saviour, a virtue issued from him unconsciously that subdued all that approached him. The rest of the History of St. Patrick is the description of a triumphant march—he visited all parts of Ireland, lived to a very old age; baptized, confirmed, ordained and consecrated

* Haverly, &c.

—founded schools and monasteries, built churches ; and having found Ireland sunk in the darkness of idolatry, lett her a nation of Christians and Saints. He had the satisfaction, given to few, even Apostles, of living to see his work completed. When about to die he retired to his favorite monastery (S Saul), and last prophetic prayer for Ireland can be likened only to the prayer of the Redeemer for His Church before his death.

THE PRAYER OF ST. PATRICK.

“ I pray that my Lord may never suffer me to
 “ lose these people whom He has purchased from the
 “ extremities of the earth. And if *by imitation* I
 “ have done any good for my God whom I love, I pray
 “ Him to give me the grace to shed my blood for
 “ these converts, and *captives* of his, even though
 “ my wretched carcass should be deprived of Chris-
 “ tian burial, should be torn to pieces, should be
 “ thrown out to be devoured by the birds of the
 “ air or the beasts of the field. Consider
 “ these things and believe that all I have done is
 “ the work of God, and this is my Confession before
 “ I die.”

What was ever written more full of the spirit of God, of whole-souled love for his chosen people, than this simple affectionate prayer—it is like nothing ever written, but the prayer of our Redeemer.

PRAYER OF OUR REDEEMER.*

“ Father, I pray not for the world, but for them that
 “ thou hast given me, because they are thine. Holy
 “ Father, *keep them in Thy name* whom thou hast
 “ given me. Sanctify them in truth, that the world
 “ may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved

* John xvii, vr. 9, 11, 17, 21, &c.

“them as thou hast also loved me. Father, I will
 “that where I am they also, whom thou hast given
 “me, may be with me.” In fact, my Brethren, St.
 Patrick was, in an especial manner, formed after the
 Pattern of all Saints, the Redeemer, especially in
 mildness and humility, Divine trust, and unwaver-
 ing courage.

Having thus summarized the life of St. Patrick,
 let us now cast a brief glance at the results of his
 work. All that Ireland is, and all that Ireland has
 done, is the direct effect of the labors of St. Patrick.
 Alone and unaided, nay, surrounded with difficulties on
 every side, he sanctified and civilized the Island. Other
 Saints have had the benefit of Greek or Roman influ-
 ence, learning or power, to eke out their labors. St.
 Patrick preached to a nation of heathens beyond the
 pale of Roman conquest, outside the boundaries of Euro-
 pean enlightenment. And left thus to herself, with only
 the benefit of St. Patrick's teachings, what did she
 become? the teacher and civilizer of the world for five
 centuries. I do not exaggerate, my Brethren; what
 I state is proved by the best authorities of history—
 after St. Patrick, it became a common saying, in rela-
 tion to a learned man, “Ivit ad Hibernos sophia
 mirabili claros.” “He went to the Irish, illustrious
 for wonderful wisdom.” Religion flourished with
 unwonted vigour, and Ireland became a nation of
 Saints and students. This is not the time nor
 place to unfold to you at length the progress of
 Irish History—or to shew with what singular vitality,
 religious and social, the Irish nation had become
 imbued by the teachings and labors of St. Patrick.
 It is well known, and a matter of world-wide record,
 that from the fifth to the tenth century, Ireland was
 celebrated as a nation of Saints and Scholars. God
 had already made it, like happy Canaan, “a good land

“ of brooks and of waters and of fountains, in the
 “ plains of which deep rivers break out ;” * but now
 the time had come when those natural advantages
 were rivalled, nay surpassed, by the charms that adorn-
 ed the national heart and mind under the benign
 influence of the Faith. The fountains that Religion
 opened up in the hearts of the people, became
 “ fountains of water springing up into eternal life,” †
 and the “ deep rivers that broke out,” pushing their
 tide to the furthest bounds of the known world,
 were irresistible streams of Irish intellect, not to be
 confined to their native bed, but through hundreds
 of Saints and civilizers, refreshing and fertilizing
 almost every nation of Europe. Irish Bishops and
 Priests ruled the religious and intellectual empire of
 Europe for five centuries after St. Patrick, as com-
 pletely, and more lastingly, than Roman Emperors,
 Generals, and Legions, for five centuries after the
 death of Cæsar. This may appear an extreme asser-
 tion ; but who will sum up a list of Roman conquerors
 whose names will outrival those of Cathaldus of Taren-
 tum, Donatus of Fiesole, Frigidian of Lucca, Virgilius
 of Salzburgh, Gallus of Lucerne, Columba of Iona,
 Columbanus of France, Germany, and Italy, the founder
 of the monastery of Bobbio and the abbey of Luxo-
 vium in Burgundy ? Even into Iceland, Irish zeal and
 learning penetrated, in the person of St. Buan—and, as
 a contrast to him, (the laborer among eternal snows,) we
 know, on the authority of grave authors (Colgan and
 Usher) that Irish monks founded the world-renowned
 Universities of Paris and Padua, in the sunny climes
 of France and Italy.

We sometimes hear it said that Ireland has no his-

* Deut. vii. 1.

† John iv, 14.

tory worthy the respect of the great and enlightened. You have seen, my Brethren, from the names I have quoted, to which chroniclers could add a hundred more, that for at least five centuries Ireland not only had a history, but to a great extent constructed the history of Christian Europe. Is it merely that you may glorify yourselves, or your fathers, or your nation, that Catholic preachers on this day, all over the world, recall to your minds the greatness of Ireland? Ah no, my Brethren; for all, in the first place, give glory to the heavenly Father from whom "descend all good gifts"—and next, to the lowly Saint whom He had chosen to make Ireland an "Island of Saints."—It might perhaps be said of Alexander, of Cæsar, or of more modern conquerors, that through strength of character, elevation of mere human genius, *they* effected their brilliant achievements—because the motive and object of *their* labors was essentially worldly; but of St. Patrick,—of the glorious line of Saints that succeeded him, growing from the stock he had planted,—it can be believed only that they were inspired by God's wisdom, strengthened by His grace, victorious through His power—for their whole labors were directed to extending not *their own* but His glory, and causing that "His kingdom should come and His will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Sanctity is the same in all the Saints, proceeding directly from the operation of the Holy Ghost, it makes its subjects friends of God, vessels of election, "sharers in the divine nature," (as St. Peter expresses it,*) as far as the human nature can be allied to the divine—but there are certain characteristics of sanctity not only in individuals, but also in nations—certain peculiar marks recognized by St. Paul when he

* 2 Pet. i. 4.

says,* “ and some indeed he gave to be Apostles, and “ some Prophets, and others Evangelists, and others “ Pastors and Teachers ;” and again,† “ as one body “ we have many members, but all the members have “ not the same office, and we have gifts different according to the grace that is given us, whether prophecy or ministry, or exhortation or teaching.” Applying this view of the division of the gifts of the Holy Spirit to Ireland, we will see that the character of Irish sanctity was eminently practical. There are not wanted, in the calendar of Irish Saints, men and women distinguished for pure asceticism ; but the national instinct of their holiness was to communicate itself to others—to establish itself permanently at home, and disseminate itself abroad. In a word, the spirit St. Patrick diffused throughout the land, was not alone Christian, Catholic, but Missionary—the same spirit that led himself to leave home and family and evangelize a nation not only alien but hostile to him and his country—that spirit has ever burned in the priesthood of Ireland, and is conspicuous at the present day. In the centuries I have alluded to, immediately succeeding the death of St. Patrick, it was manifested in the lives of her chief missionaries. Columbanes and Columba were not only great missionaries, but great men of the world, far seeing and providential. They not only taught, but reared edifices, built churches and monasteries, as enduring monuments of their teachings. Others of the Irish Saints startled the immature scientific mind of Europe, by grand theories that have since been proved correct by experiment, and form the very basis of modern enterprise and industry. We need only instance the doc-

* Ephes iv. 11.

† Rom xii, 1, &c.

trine of Virgilius of Salzburg, in the 8th century, as to the convexity of the earth and the existence of Antipodes.

What St. Patrick gave to Ireland, fervor of Faith and indomitable love for religion and its observances, never passed away from her; and his prayer is undoubtedly heard, "that he will never be suffered to lose the people whom he purchased from the extremities of the earth." But seven centuries after his death, Ireland lost all else except what he had given her—worldly prosperity, freedom, all the goods which nations hold dear—her story is well known, her wrongs at last appreciated even among those who have sprung from their perpetrators. What shall I say to you, my Brethren, from this chair of truth, of the wrongs of Ireland? Were I to consult mere human passion, I should be among the foremost to raise the cry of vengeance for so many centuries of oppression—but the thought of the meek Saint whose praises I unworthily celebrate who loved Ireland more than you or I, who did more for her than any other can ever do, turns my feelings into calmer channels, and instructs the tongue to holier expressions. If he were here to-day would he counsel you to vengeance? Would he stir up those hot and rancorous passions so easily roused, so hardly allayed? No, my Brethren, I cannot think it. If he acted and thought from those impulses, Ireland would not have merited the title of the Island of Saints. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay." How will he repay? Is it on the field of bloody battle, or by the calm and steady, but assured conquest of principle and truth? It were easy to answer, but let us recollect His saying, "My ways are not as your ways, nor my thoughts as your thoughts."

We have gone beyond the mere life of St. Patrick, my Brethren, but not lost sight of his memory and his labors. Let us turn our thoughts to him, finally, as he is now dwelling in some of the many mansions of the Father's house. It is no doubt a portion of the heaven of the beatified saints to regard from on high the result of their labors on earth. What, therefore, must be the joy of our apostle? When the sun rises in the farthest East, he pays his morning orisons to the Immaculate Victim offered up by some poor Irish missionary of India or Australia. Travelling onward his beams light up some altar, throughout all his course, raised by the faith of Irishmen or their children. Setting, his last rays fall upon the prairie lands of America, where the Irish missionary has penetrated, or, if not, the Irish emigrant signs himself with the cross and gives honor to his creed and country before resting from his toil. Behold St. Patrick's kingdom, more brilliant, more extensive, more enduring than all the vain conquests of the world's great. The Religion of Ireland, like the modest Shamrock, its emblem, even when trampled and bruised, can raise its head again and smile when the first kind dew from heaven falls to comfort it. The Shamrock cannot be extirpated from the soil where it has once taken root. To remove it, the very earth it grows in must be scattered and destroyed. And thus also, as experience has shewn,—nothing less than the extinction of the Irish race—the destruction of the Irish heart, in which St. Patrick's Faith took root—can remove its foundations or lessen its vigour.—This obstinate elasticity is the peculiar national characteristic of the Faith of Ireland—a blessing earned by St. Patrick's labors and preserved by his prayers. Let us pray, too, that he may continue to extend his protection to our race all over the world—

let us call upon him, as our forefathers did, "to walk still amongst us"—let us raise the "*vox Hibernorum*," the voice of the Irish—not from one obscure point, as of yore, but from all extremities of the earth where Christianity has penetrated,—the voice of millions of his children, a voice that promises and says. We promise, with the Divine Grace, to be true to our Apostle, to our Faith, to our Fatherland, while life holds, while the memory of our country's beauty and sufferings has a grasp upon our hearts—to love her for the same reason we love God, because (through *Him*) she has done and suffered for us things unspeakable. And we pray "that he may not be permitted to lose this people"—that the same ardent faith and true charity which he gave to the Irish nation, may continue to animate her people now, when prosperous times appear to be dawning on them, as when sore oppression marked them for its own.—Amen.

