

ST. PATRICK AND HIS WORK

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The birthplace of St. Patrick is a matter of dispute, but then there is scarcely any historical fact that is not disputed. It would be passing strange, therefore, if any of the incidents of so renowned a historical character as St. Patrick, not placed beyond doubt by demonstrable fact, were to pass undisputed. There are few now, however, who will claim with the late Dr. Lannigan that he was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer in France. Most historians allow that Dumbarton-on-the-Clyde in Scotland is the place of his nativity. Though why his own statement that he was an Irishman should be ignored, I for one, am at a loss to understand. One thing is certain: he was not only a Celt but he belonged to the Gaelic branch of the Celtic race. Whether, therefore, it could be proved he was born in Scotland or France he was still racially a Gael—that is an Irishman—and spoke Gaelic or the Irish tongue. Perhaps to this may be attributed much of his success in the conversion of Ireland; and that success was phenomenal.

St. Patrick's zeal in preaching the gospel was very similar to St. Paul's. His energy was untiring. His aim was the conversion of the whole island. To accomplish this he worked by night as well as by day, as conditions necessitated. His courage was absolutely fearless. He did not heedlessly run into danger. He was guided by a sound judgment in all his missionary effort. But when the conversion of a person or tribe necessarily endangered his life he did not shrink from death for a moment, but went forward boldly and preached the gospel, and as generally happens in bold enterprises he was signally successful.

St. Patrick's system of church polity was neither diocesan, parochial, con-

gregational, nor monastic such as prevailed in medieval times. It was rather collegiate and missionary; or we might say it partook of the congregational, parochial, monastic and diocesan—a combination of what is good in all. Had he had a knowledge of physiological analysis, such as we now possess, one would be inclined to say he took his system from the human body. The simplest form of his work in any locality was the cell, cell, or kil, as it is in the human organism. This was the nucleus. To the cell was drawn numbers of young and old. Here in due time assimilation took place. Then the kil (church) or cell became divided and subdivided, as in the living organism, by sending out those prepared at the colleges to localities chosen as promising fields, each body of missionaries so sent out formed a new cell. A kil with its colleges and other appurtenances was established, each separate and distinct in itself yet in connection with the mother kil and with each other. These individual kilns sent out their shoots in missionaries. Congenial habitats were selected, nuclei were formed, kilns were established. As needs required a chief pastor, or bishop, was selected, consecrated and sent to preach the gospel, convert the heathen, and extend the church by leading the way in which his clergy followed.

The bishop was more like the colonel of a cavalry regiment advancing to the charge against the enemy, who precedes his soldiers, is first in the fight and leads in every post of danger. Under the leadership of such a bishop his clergy would follow to the death. With such bishops and clergy the "A leposcop" (archbishop) Patrick himself leading the van, the idols went down before them like corn before the sickle. Let one instance suffice. The Irish kiln other ancient nations and in common with all Druids paid religious homage to pillar stones. Keeping in writing of one of these, the Crom cruch, or crom dubh (the black stooping stone) says it was "the same god that Zoroaster worshipped" and the first form of idolatry introduced among the Milesians (Scots). It was erected in the plain of weeping with twelve lesser idols of brass

around it and was the favorite resort of King Laogaire. The intrepid Patrick and his companions, taking their lives in their hands, advanced boldly against these idols and shattered them in pieces. The message of such men, who proved the worthlessness of idols of stone, brass and gold for crom dubh was overlaid if it was not wholly made of gold, was received with gladness, and the fame of the saint and his companions and the gospel they preached spread far and wide, so that great numbers became obedient to the faith. This act of Patrick was not dissimilar to that of Hezekiah, who broke in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had erected for a somewhat similar reason, that it became an object of idolatrous worship. This crom dubh and its companions were not originally objects of worship, for the early Irish religion was purely monotheistic. But the Irish, and especially their priesthood or druids, were from remote antiquity skilled astronomers. Many of their religious customs had an astronomical bearing, with special reference to the sun. The mistletoe, for instance, was associated with the winter Solstice, the 21st December, as was the Shamrock with the Vernal equinox or the 22d of March. So Crom dubh and his companions were originally nothing more harmful than the sun and the twelve signs of the zodiac. Crom himself symbolized the sun, and hence he was overlaid with gold the better to illustrate that luminary. The twelve smaller bodies representing the twelve signs of the zodiac were encased in an inferior metal indicative of the inferior positions they held. It is from Crom that the word cromlech is derived.

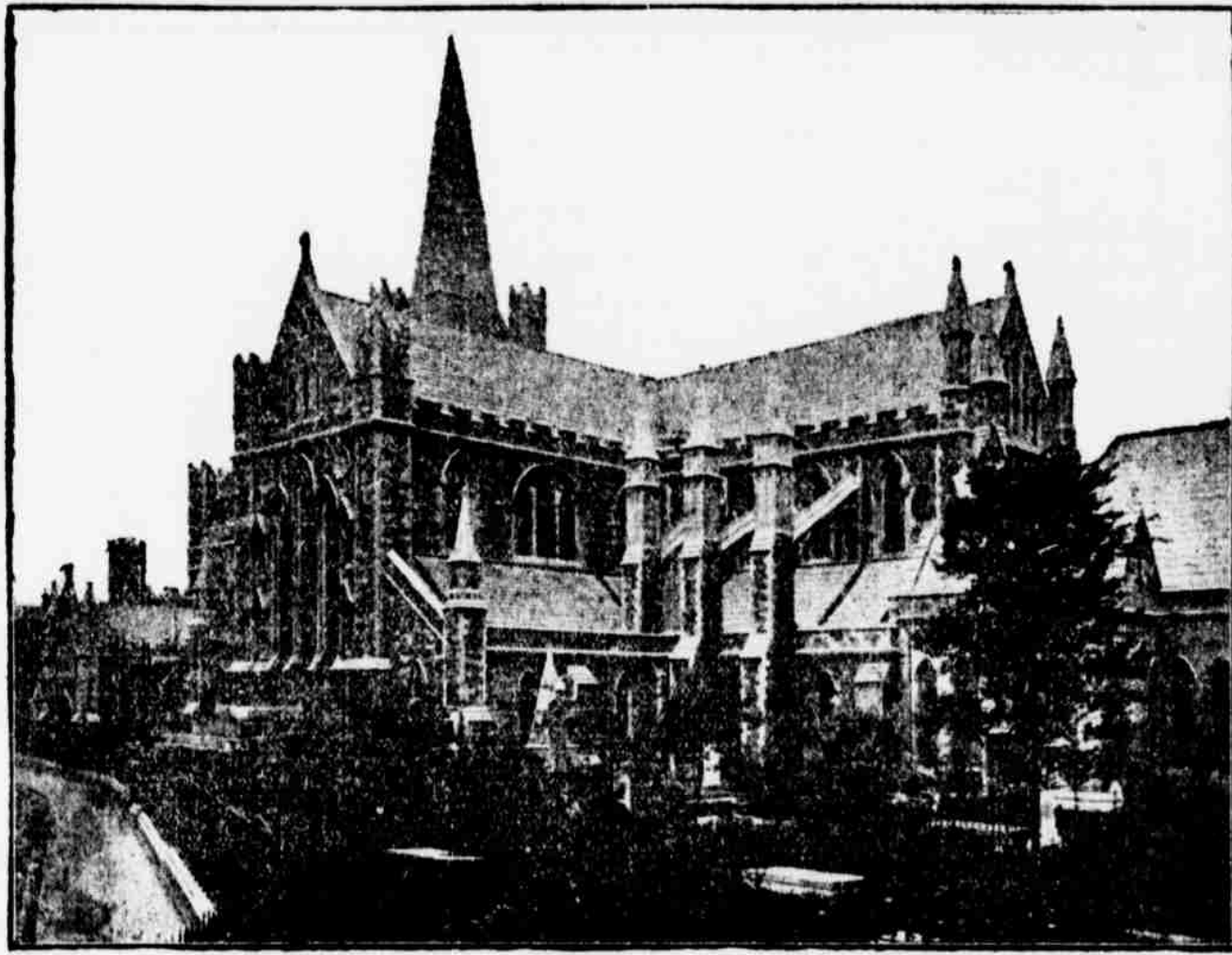
St. Patrick was happy in his paren-

I slaked my thirst and laved my brow in the cool waters of a St. Patrick's well.

Snakes in a wild state are a negative quantity in Ireland. Whether they ever existed there in human times may be questioned. Some forty years ago a practical joker conveyed a number of snakes from England and liberated them during the night and unobserved. When discovered in the morning great was the commotion among the superstitious, and critical were the essays of the expert literati, and lengthened were the rhetorical efforts of the garrulous orators. But alas! for all the learned lore of the savants of the United Kingdom, the poor reptiles died, and not a snake has since appeared to pollute the Holy Isle. What has given rise to the legend of St. Patrick expelling the snakes is no doubt its metaphorical significance that he suppressed the totemic serpents, and expelled the snakes of pagan doctrine by the power of the Gospel.

Toads were also expelled, and the legend has much the same basis for support as the expulsion of the snakes. The legend of the last toad, which I heard narrated years ago in the west of Ireland, may be deemed worthy of notice: The Saint was standing on the summit of Croaghpatrick (the highest mountain in Ireland) watching the flight of satan across Clow Bay, when, turning round to glance over the Connemara hills, he saw to his astonishment a toad hiding under a tuft of heather. As he approached the toad opened his mouth and said, "Holy Patrick, spare me. I am the soul of the great Pythagoras, who taught the transmigration of souls in a time of irreligion." "You taught false," says the saint. "I have

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN, IRELAND.



an explanation of that," replied the great philosopher. "Abarris, chief of the Druids, and by the same token an Irishman like yourself of great learning and valiant deeds, taught me the doctrine. 'That's true,' says the saint, 'and a great and learned man he was, and so were you, and I will deliver you, but you will have to go to my purgatory and be there prepared for a higher life.' With that the saint touched the toad with his pastoral staff, when an explosion loud as thunder took place and Pythagoras was liberated and flew away with joy to Lough Derg, in Donigal, where he entered Patrick's purgatory.

The legend of the purgatory, too, is interesting. The saint was in hot pursuit of Satan. He was standing on top of Nephin Mountain, from which he gave a sprint and landed on a rock in the bed of the river Moy that still retains his footprint. Then with a bound he lands on Crough Patrick, when Satan flees the land. The devil's mother still remains and the saint now turns his attention to her. She flees away to the north, the saint in pursuit. He overtakes her in a desolate bog in Donegal, and to escape him she rushes into a lake, where all the leeches in the "black north" had congregated. They instantly seize her, insert their fangs in her body, and she bleeds to death. The waters become colored red with her blood, and have remained so ever since, hence the name Lough Derg. A mighty concourse of people had assembled and the saint preached to them about the torments of the lost. The Druids answered they couldn't accept such a doctrine without oracular demonstration. Then the saint prayed for a few moments, when suddenly there was a loud report, a mighty explosion took place, the earth opened with a yawning cavity, an island was upheaved in the lough, and in its center was formed a cave, which became the entrance to the purgatory. No legend so well authenticated by the most respectable authority has ever existed than that of St. Patrick's purgatory. It forms the foundation of Dante's Inferno, and in the middle ages it threw the legend of "the Wandering Jew" completely in the shade.

CHAPTER XXVI.
Dr. Jeremiah's Little Bill.
This was all. The reader drew a long, shuddering breath. "My God!" he whispered, voice and everything seeming to fall him for the moment, in

THE FATAL REQUEST OR FOUNDOUT

By A. L. Harris Author of "Mine Own Familiar Friend," etc.
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CHAPTER XXV—Continued.

"The train started on the journey which was to end in its destruction, and mile after mile sped away in silence. Once more the feeling of restraint had settled down upon us, and this time heavier than before.

"Then I remember a sudden, awful, never-to-be-forgotten crash, followed by cries and shrieks such as have rung in my ears ever since.

"I found myself flung violently forward against the opposite side of the compartment amid the smashing of woodwork, and with the presentiment of some awful doom upon me. I was half stunned, but recovering myself, found that I was not much hurt. Then I remembered my companion and turned my attention to him.

"Silas!" I cried. "Are you hurt?"

"But before he could reply, another sound was added to the awful babel of cries and groans all around.

"Fire! fire!" we heard shrieked in voices mad with terror, mingled with agonizing cries for help. The atmosphere became stifling, a sickening, insupportable odor was wafted towards us and clouds of thick, black, suffocating smoke began to drift past.

"Silas!" I shouted, in mad terror, to my friend; "come! exert yourself, if you wish to escape instant death!"

"And I caught him round the body and tried to compel him to move; but in vain; he only gave a scream of agony.

"Save yourself," he groaned. "I cannot stir; and I think my leg is broken."

"I was almost demented, and tore at the shattered woodwork which made his prison, with my fingers; but only to increase his agony, without freeing him from his horrible position. And already the atmosphere was like that of a furnace, and hell itself seemed to be open. I could not save him, but I might save myself. I knew the door on the other side was unlocked, so that I might attempt to escape that way.

the face of the revelation which had burst upon him. "My God! To think that I should know the truth at last! But how marvelous! How utterly beyond the realization of my wildest dreams!"

Not for an instant did it occur to him to think the narrative false. It was too astounding and, what was more, it agreed so exactly with all the strange, as hitherto mysterious, circumstances which had attended the tragedy. And the man he had wronged—the man he had hunted down and would have betrayed to death, believing him to be the vilest of his species—whose whole nature he had read falsely by the light of his unjust suspicions! His eyes were closed—he seemed to be hardly breathing. Had he fainted—or—was this death?

Was he to be left alone, and in the dark, with a dead or dying man?

He rushed to the door and dashed out of the house in search of a doctor.

James Ferrers was not dead; but the nearest medical man, on being summoned to the house, shook his head over the case.

"Heart!" he said, briefly. "Get him to bed. I do not think he will ever need to get up again."

By this time the whole household was roused, and the sick man's daughter was hanging in speechless grief, over her father's unconscious form.

At one time it was feared that he would pass away unconscious, but the untiring application of restoratives was at last productive of some effect, and two or three hours later the dying man opened his eyes.

He saw his daughter kneeling beside his pillow; and, not far away, his old friend's son, who, by some means, had asserted and maintained a right to remain in the sick room.

The doctor, seeing that the patient had regained consciousness for a while before the end, stood aside, so as not



"I have nothing to forgive," was the broken answer.

"I prepared for flight, but before I had taken the first step I was stayed by my friend's voice—

"James," he cried—and the roaring of the flames almost drowned his voice, which was sharp and shrill with horror—"put me out of my misery. Save yourself, but shoot me through the brain first! Quick! quick!"

"It was the most merciful death, and, without pausing a second—which on that awful day might have meant a humbler life—I drew the revolver, placed it to his temple—"My God!" from the reader—"and pulled the trigger. Even as I heard the report a thin tongue of flame curled upward through the splintered flooring, and without even looking back—without even a glance at the face of my friend, I forced open the door and sprang from the now burning carriage with the smoking weapon still grasped in my right hand. In doing so I trod upon some smouldering timber and wrenched my ankle severely, so that for a long time I was lame.

"A few hours later and I was conveyed to town, together with a company of the other survivors, and as soon as I reached my destination my strength forsook me and I was prostrated for days by a nervous illness, the result of my late terrible experience.

"When I recovered, it was to find that there was a hue and cry already after me—that the partially consumed corpse of a first class passenger had been discovered shot through the head, and that all the evidence pointed to the crime having been committed by a fellow traveler who had made his escape during the terror and confusion of the catastrophe and who was being eagerly sought for.

"Since then, I have had to submit to the ordeal of seeing myself confronted by the reward of one hundred pounds offered for my detection; and have lived in daily and hourly fear of being charged with the committal of this crime—if crime it can be called—of which I was guiltless, in thought, if not in deed. It is this which is killing me, and I do not regret it.

"Sometimes I regret nothing; not even the shot which took my best friend's life and branded me with the brand of Cain!"

"The next day Ted Burritt returned home unexpectedly.

The first thing he did was to write a brief summary of events to Dr. Jeremiah Cartwright, who, in spite of the very short time which had elapsed since his last visit, again made his appearance at Magnolia Lodge—ostensibly to hear further details, but more particularly to carry out a deep laid scheme of his own.

"And what do you mean to do—oh? I mean, about the young lady? Oh, you needn't look as though you don't understand what I am talking about! I've not forgotten what you told me about her. What a beautiful bluish!"

And the little gentleman chuckled; then, all at once, became preternatural-

ally grave. "By-the-by," he said, slowly, and with a noticeable tendency to avoid his friend's eye, "about that bill of mine."

Ted looked surprised. "Bill?" he repeated.

"Yes, bill," continued the doctor. "You didn't suppose I was going to let you off, did you? You haven't forgotten what I said a little while back about sending one in, have you?"

"The young man looked and felt nonplussed.

"I have made up my mind to take it in kind.

"What I mean is," continued Dr. Cartwright, "that instead of receiving payment for whatever services I may have rendered, in ready money, I am willing to take it out in some other article."

"And what might that article be?" was the natural but still perplexed inquiry.

"Your sister," was the brief and much to the point response.

"By Jove!" was the exclamation it called forth—followed by, "you don't mean it?"

"Don't I, though!" was the determined reply. "I've been meaning it for some time past. What's more, I've sounded the young lady—I don't mean with a stethoscope—and she wasn't half so much surprised as you seem to be."

The brother of the young lady in question burst out laughing.

"I suppose I shall have to give in and I may as well do it sooner than later."

About three months later a gentleman in the most irreproachable attire called at the residence of the late James Ferrers, Esq., of Belmont House, Hampstead, and requested to see Miss Ferrers.

That young lady, who had descended to encounter her visitor quite in ignorance as to his identity, was confounded beyond measure to discover, in the supposed stranger, none other than that same individual whom she had first met at the Royal Academy and who had afterwards occasioned her the greatest perplexity of mind by doubling the part of the young man who waited at table and cleaned the plate. Only—he had grown the loveliest moustache and it seemed perfectly impossible to imagine for a moment that he had ever done such a thing as polish the forks and spoons and make himself generally useful.

Ted plunged at once into the object of his visit.

"I should have called much sooner," he remarked with a compassionate glance at her deep mourning, "but was afraid of intruding upon your retirement. I have a statement to make—an explanation to give, which I cannot withhold any longer."

He came nearer to her and—oh, the presumption of the creature!—actually ventured to take her hand.

"Do you remember being at the Academy, one day last June, and dropping your catalogue?"

Did she not? But she made no audible reply, and the explanation thus propitiously commenced was continued without any interruption beyond an occasional stifled exclamation on the part of its recipient.

It is not necessary, however, to report the whole of what passed during the interview. A certain portion only of it need be referred to as being of some interest.

"And you really mean to say," said Miss Ferrers to the young man, "you really mean to say that you fell in love with me then and there, and took the situation, and put up with everything, just for the sake of being under the same roof with me?"

He looked at her strangely for a moment before answering.

"What other reason could there have been?" he asked.

She clasped her hands together in delight.

"Whatever will the girls at school say to this?"

(The End.)

Beecher's Deacon Went to Sleep.

"Pew sleepers are one of the bugbears of preachers," said the Rev. Robert Collyer, the veteran New York minister. "I can speak feelingly from experience. On one occasion when Henry Ward Beecher asked me to go to Plymouth Church to talk to his people, he remarked—jokingly, let us hope—that most of them were hard working folk who needed plenty of rest on Sunday, and he felt that a sermon from me might be gratefully received.

"In the course of my talk I mentioned this, and said that it was, however, a matter upon which my feelings could not be hurt, and that I owed this impertinence to Mr. Beecher himself. I told them that, one Sunday, years before, when I was attending a service at old Plymouth and Mr. Beecher was thundering forth, I saw one of his deacons asleep in a front pew.

"I went on to say that always after this, whenever I saw a man slumbering peacefully through my most stirring efforts in the pulpit, I would say to myself: 'Well, let him sleep; even the great Beecher can't keep 'em all awake.'—Success.

The Vogue of Pantalots.

Pantalots came into vogue about 1820. They were loose, flapping frills tied on under the knee and hanging over the foot. The strings generally broke or slipped down, and one learns of a young mother's trials with those horrid things in a letter quoted by Mrs. Earle, which says: "My finest dimity pair, with real Swiss lace, is quite useless to me, for I lost off one leg. I saw that mean Mrs. Spring wearing it last week for a tucker. My help says she won't stay if she has to wash more than seven pairs a week for Myrtle!"