

HERE IS LUCK TO THE SONS OF ERIN

THE EXPLANATION BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

The old man will not march today—he meant to be in line; You mind last year he stepped along so jaunty and so fine His hat afloat so boyishly, his shoulders straight and square, And him near eighty, but as young as any marching there? 'Twas yesterday his shamrock came. 'Twas Clancey sent it him; And when he saw the little leaves his eyes grew soft and dim And he sat down and patted it like 'twas a baby's hair, The little bit of green that came from far off County Clare.



'Twas like a man that had a spell, the way he'd sit and look And sigh about the way it grows along the little brook That runs into the Shannon—" 'Twas the song it sang," said he, That led me to the Shannon and from there across the sea. But sure this is the voice of home, grown up so sweet and clean; And like the love I bear for it, still tender, young and green, It paints a thousand things for me—I wish that I was there; I wish that I was where they find the green in County Clare.



And long into the night he sat adream of other days, He whispered of the boyhood paths, as one whose fancy strays Back over long forgotten fields—and then with eyes aflame He looked and looked into the past and whispered mother's name! "Acushla! Norah!"... Sure 'twas joy that held him when he sighed, He dropped his head upon his arms, and, dreaming so, he died. And in his hand, pressed close against his locks of silver hair, Was crushed the little bit of green from far off County Clare.



CHARM OF RURAL IRELAND IS GREAT

Traveler Must Leave City of Dublin if He Would Really Know Country.

There the Attractive Characteristics of the People Are Portrayed—Songs and Tales of the Days When Fashion Fighting Was the Fashion.

IRELAND has many surprises for the traveler whose opinion of the Irish has been formed from his visits to the theater, where "Pat" is always dressed in some impossible style, speaking in a harsh and disagreeable tongue, and always ready to obtrude his importance upon the audience. If such a type ever existed, it has left Ireland, for the brogue of the Irish is a pleasant diversion to those who visit the land. There it is recognized as the accomplishment of those who have preserved their own native Gaelic tongue, and who speak it in soft, pleasing voices. Perhaps it is because the other races have generally failed to understand the people of Ireland that the inhabitants of the land, although cordial, assume a reserve with strangers. If, however, a tourist boasts of a relationship with one of their countrymen he is at once taken into the hearts of the people, who love to feel a fellowship with their guests.

The traveler who selects the city of Dublin for his sightseeing in Ireland will never feel that he has seen the land. Excepting the fact that one learns there the soft, musical voices of the people and sees at the hotels aristocratic old ladies often wearing long white veils extending from the backs of their heads to the trails of their dresses in the style worn by Queen Victoria, and excepting the fact that one eats corned beef and cabbage served at a good class hotel in the middle of a very hot summer and yet enjoys it, one would hardly realize that he is in Erin's Isle.

Happily for the tourist, St. Patrick's land is mostly peasant Ireland. In the rural districts one finds gems of scenery, and it is there, too, that the attractive characteristics of the people are portrayed. Southern Ireland is so poor in farm lands that the traveler wonders how the peasants live, surrounded in many places by rocks, heather fields and peat bogs, with here and there only a little patch of reclaimed land, where a few potatoes or some grows may be grown.

Even pigs are scarce. Unless these little grunters are really kept in the pens of the one or two roomed cabins, they are noted more for their absence than by their presence. The beautiful heather fields of the island are a snare for the stranger who starts to gather a bunch of the pretty weeds, as there is apt to be a particularly beautiful spray a little way off from the road. But was unto him who takes his first step from the highway, his feet sink to his shins into the marsh. Another step, and it is still

ult to get out. To attempt to cross the bog would be serious, and so the traveler comes to understand why the peasants do not clear these fields and plant crops. Among the peasants there are many old Irish songs sung and many tales old of the "old days" when "disasters with sticks" were the fashion. In a few old homes the big, stout hillclabs which have either lost or won battles have been preserved for generations, descending with their histories from oldest son to oldest son. Few tourists return from Ireland without a stout bludgeon, but that is a souvenir made only for the traveler; its length is only about one-half that



Happy Children in Front of Picturesque Cottage, County Kerry.

of the old three-foot bludgeon stick which was used by a farmer to crack his neighbor's skull. In the days of fashion fighting the followers of both sides welcomed the opportunity to get down and fight, as they called it, if they were beaten onto another, which meant beat, another. Despite the fact that the law was opposed to the term of settlement, it was possible in the hands of judges and jurists who themselves took part in this favorite sport.

St. Patrick's Church, Dublin. Like St. Paul, so too, St. Patrick seems to have preached the New Testament injunction: "Freely have you received, freely give." (Matt. 10, 8). For he says: "Though I have baptized so many thousand people, did I ask a halfpenny (dimidium scripturales) from any one of them? Mention it and I will give it back to you. And when the Lord ordained clerics through my unworthiness (mediocritatem) and ministry I gave ordination freely. If I asked of you of them, then the price of my sandals, tell me; charge me with it, and I will remove it from you."

PROMINENT IN IRISH CIRCLES

Some of the prominent Irishmen of this vicinity are: Messrs. Davis, Melloy, Hinchey, Welch, Hyland, Welter, O'Flynn, Barry, Leis, Shevlin, Donovan, Fitzgerald, O'Meara, Smith, Hennessy, Kennedy, Fitzpatrick, Ryan, Sullivan, O'Brien, Meuer, Fitzsimmons, McCallen, Murray, and The Owl.

A GEM

But far on the deep There are billows, That never shall break on the beach; And I have heard songs in the silence, That never shall float into speech And I have heard dreams in the valley, Too lofty for language to reach.

(Found written on S. P. Depot at St. Marys Station.)

Sunday School Convention

The twenty-fifth annual convention of the Washington County Sunday school association will be held in the Methodist church at Banks, March 27 and 28. An excellent program has been arranged with county and state speakers and special music.

Billy Filley is thinking about going into the farming business. There are fine farms up around Paul, Ore.

Somebody found a diamond coming home from a certain play party of late. Owner may have same by applying.

HIS GREAT LOVE FOR HIS PEOPLE

St. Patrick's Confession Shows How Ardent He Longed for Their Welfare.

Epistle Has Been Declared Worthy of the Greatest of the Teachers of the Word—Breadplate of Prayer a Short Litany—His Synod.

HOW yearningly St. Patrick loved his people may be learned from the following passage in his Confession, worthy of St. Augustine or St. Paul: "If I have ever done any good for the sake of my God, whom I love, I beg him to grant me that I may shed my blood with these proselytes and captives for his sake, even though I should never receive burial, or each member of my body should be most horribly thrown to the dogs and wild beasts, or the birds of prey should feed upon it." (Par. 24.)

His Confession ends with these words: "And this is my confession before I die." (Par. 25.)

For its humility, sweetness, faith, love and self-sacrifice it must be admired by all who read it.

The Breadplate of Prayer of St. Patrick is a sort of short litany pro-



Pilgrims at St. Patrick's Cross, Saint's Island, Lough Derg.

Lessing belief in and invoking the Blessed Trinity. Our Lord's incarnation, resurrection, and ascension; calling on the powers of heaven, of earth, etc., invoking Christ for himself and all his.

From other works not rarely composed by St. Patrick, though probably reflecting the beliefs and practices of his times or those soon after him in Ireland, the synod of St. Patrick is composed of 31 canons. The twelfth is entitled: On our obligation toward the dead. And in the eighteenth is given an original interpretation of

Three More Republican Candidates File

Ed C. Luce seeks renomination for County Clerk, and says if he is nominated and elected he will, during his term of office, perform the duties of the office, as prescribed by law, and for the best interest of the public.

E. B. Sappington desires the Republicans to renominate him as County Treasurer, and says if elected he will perform the duties of the office the same as he has heretofore.

Fred A. Everest announces himself a candidate for County Recorder on the Republican ticket, and says if elected he will use due care in the execution of his duties and perform them to the best of his knowledge and ability, serving the public efficiently and at all times being kind, courteous and attentive.

Prompt Subscribers

Mrs. A. H. Spraner, Beaverton, Ore. We appreciate highly.

Soldiers' Reunion

The Washington County Veterans' association will assemble in Forest Grove on Thursday, May 7, at 10 o'clock, in the K. of P. Hall. Dinner at 12 noon; election of officers; big program.

When limbs of trees hang over sidewalks and interfere with ladies' umbrellas as they pass by, it is the right time to trim up the trees.

A PRAYER.

(By St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, at Tara's Hill.)

At Tara today! the strength of God pilot me; the power of God preserve me; the wisdom of God instruct me; the eye of God watch over me; the ear of God hear me; the word of God give me sweet talk; the hand of God defend me; the way of God guide me. Christ be with me; Christ before me; Christ after me; Christ in me; Christ under me; Christ over me; Christ on my right hand; Christ on my left hand; Christ on this side; Christ on that side; Christ at my back; Christ in the heart of every person to whom I speak; Christ in the mouth of every person who speaks to me; Christ in the ear of every person who hears me. At Tara, today, I invoke the mighty power of the Trinity. Salvation is the Lord's—salvation is the Lord's. Salvation is Christ's. May thy salvation, O Lord, be always with us!

the three different degrees of fruitfulness of the gospel seed, declaring that those who are to reap a hundredfold reward are the bishops and doctors, who are all things to all men; those who are to have the thirtyfold are the clergy and widows; the thirtyfold shall be received by the laymen who are faithful. He also places monks and virgins with those who shall have the hundredfold. He who does not receive communion at Easter is declared to be not a "faithful" (Canon 22).

It is interesting to note that the synod forbids a man to take his dead brother's widow to wife, and declares that she shall be to him only a sister (Canon 25).

Little sympathy was given to avarice among the clergy, according to decrees IV, VIII, and XIII, while decrees XIV, is interesting in showing that for murder, evil living or consulting a wizard the sinner shall do penance for a year and afterward he shall be absolved by the priest.

After these follow a few "other canons attributed to St. Patrick," then the "Charter of St. Patrick," on the antiquity of the Church of Glastonbury in England, very quaint and entertaining. Next we have "The Book of St. Patrick the Bishop on the Three Dwellings," a profound yet practical and apt sermon on heaven, hell and this world.

Saint Knew Persecution.

If St. Patrick's conversion of Ireland was without persecution in the ordinary sense of the word, as used in the history of the church, yet he assures us: "I went about everywhere for your sakes in many dangers, even to the furthest district, beyond which no body lived, and where no one had ever been to baptize or to ordain clerics or to encourage the people; by the help of the Lord I have done all these things most faithfully and freely for your salvation." He tells us even that "on a certain dreadful day they tried most earnestly to kill me... and they threw me into chains. But on the fourteenth day the Lord delivered me from their power."

RETURN OF GLORY TO OLD IRELAND

Happy Future Seems to Be in Store for the Land Beloved by St. Patrick.

GREAT CHANGE ALMOST HERE

Her Sons All Over the World Will Rejoice at the Return of Her Native Parliament—Outline of the Saint's Work in the Conversion of Country.

ONCE more the round of the seasons brings the approach of St. Patrick's day. As the ancient Celts, 15 centuries ago waited in a strange unrest, not unmixed with a hope of deliverance from the mental and moral subjection imposed upon them by the horrible and degrading practices of Druidism, for the coming of the conqueror which had been foretold by their magicians, so the Irish people of the present day are standing expectantly on the threshold of a great change, harkening impatiently to the tumult which delays the advent of their nationhood and closes the wheels of their recent wonderful progress. The return of her native parliament, by stilling the political unrest of a century and satisfying the unquenchable aspirations of her people, will set the seal upon the marvelous social regeneration which has transformed Ireland, in less than 20 years, from a condition of hopeless apathy to a state of prosperity and conscious power. A revivifying influence has passed over the land. Intellectual unrest, social improvement and an astonishing material progress have been the result. The Naomi of the nations has dried her tears and serenely confronts the future of happy augury which is opening to her gaze. Not with forgetfulness of the past, but in obedience to her destiny, Dark Rosaleen has relinquished "the rising of the moon" for "the dawning of the day." May her coming glory strengthen her soul and lighten her heart as the gift of Patrick purified and transformed the ancient Milesian land.

At the coming of St. Patrick, the Celts were a highly cultivated people, then, as afterward, noted for their devotion to knowledge and their appreciation of learned men. Scholars, poets and historians were held in veneration. Much progress had been made in decorative art, in the fashioning of gold and silver ornaments, and in music. The whole nation was of an inquiring turn of mind and it is interesting to note that Patrick's first converts were among the learned men.

Patrick shone particularly as an organizer. He journeyed incessantly throughout the land, founding churches and monasteries, baptizing converts and consecrating bishops and priests, accompanied always by his scribes and architects, his goldsmiths and carpenters. He adapted his methods to the genius and character of the

land alone kept the lamp of learning alight. Her schools were the resort of students from all parts of Europe and Britain; her hearthstones the refuge and asylum of learned men, Alfred, king of Northumbria, and Dagobert II, king of France, were students at Clonmacnoise.

During this period of four or five centuries, from the death of Patrick until the Danish invasions, the monasteries were unmolested. Learning was cultivated and brought to the highest state of perfection. Law and philosophy, architecture and sculpture, music and science flourished and were encouraged. Irish teachers were in demand throughout Europe. At the court of Charlemagne they were described as "men incomparably skilled in human learning."

THE SEVENTEENTH.

Mother Kirel Mother Kirel! By whatever name they call you, There's one who every Irish eye, Rins every Irish throat; Over seas, over lands, over barriers that thrill you, Comes the echo down the ages of the "Féan bean bochtad!"

Mother Kirel Mother Kirel! Though your loved ones turned to ash and dust, Though God has split the blood of God by hill and dale and moor; Though the world took its toll, though you fought and to right you, Their hearts still join in honoring the "Féan bean bochtad!"

Mother Kirel Mother Kirel! Open-armed we come to meet you, Forgetting creed or party hate or vain that strives with you; On this day we meet all, and in welcome we greet you With a "Féan bean bochtad!"

"Féan bean bochtad!"

Faith and Fatherland.

In considering the history of Patrick, we cannot exclude consideration of the country because to Christians for faith and fatherland are inseparably intertwined in the Emerald Isle. And this the more strongly, because of the persecution of both. There is a rift in the clouds, however, and we already behold the first glimmer of the promised dawn. Home rule seems a matter of parliamentary procedure, when the work of the brave men whom we have known for their fidelity and exacting labor, shall, after thirty years of strenuous effort, realize the ambition of their lives, in an Ireland redeemed, rehabilitated and disenthralled. For this good work, the Redmonds, Dilans and their confederates deserve well of their country and will be the exemplars of future ages. So, let us rejoice that Ireland borne down by centuries of oppression, shall at last back in the sunlight of peace; that her fair daughters shall attune the harp to notes of joy, and her faithful sons forever guard with jealous care the brighter hopes, the loftiest ambitions and untarnished fame of the "Féan bean bochtad!"

Has Added to Britain's Glory.

Many of Britain's statesmen, soldiers, jurists and orators were of Irish birth.

enthusiastic and undaunted in pursuit of the only good.

Besides cleansing the Augean stable of Irish Druidism from its many dreadful and disgusting habits and rooting out the revolting rites of paganism, Patrick brought into the country some knowledge of Roman civilization and, all over the island, established schools and trained teachers in arts and letters. He revised the Brochu laws of the kingdom, bringing them into harmony with Christian teaching. A copy of this famous code, which was known as "the law of Patrick" and as the "Benechus Mor," is to be seen in the Dublin museum. But it was as an inspiring leader, as the apostle and prophet of a whole people, as the Moses of a nation, that St. Patrick left his mark on Ireland for all time.

If his influence is so persisting and inspiring among the far-flung Irish race of today, what must have been its effect on his immediate successors—those ardent, devoted disciples who had warmed their hearts and imaginations at the blaze of his genius, who caught from his dying grasp the torch of erudition and religion which, passed from hand to hand, was to gain for Ireland the well-merited title of "the Island of Saints and Scholars?" In a troubled and darkened world, plunged in intellectual gloom and disaster by the disintegration of the Greek and Roman civilizations, Ire-



Interior of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

land alone kept the lamp of learning alight. Her schools were the resort of students from all parts of Europe and Britain; her hearthstones the refuge and asylum of learned men, Alfred, king of Northumbria, and Dagobert II, king of France, were students at Clonmacnoise.

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