

ianity, under pretence of "reforming" religion and establishing freedom. It must be granted, however, that the Scotch Catholics, at the time Knox lived and plotted and raved to serve his own ambitious ends and the evil designs of the sordid crew associated with him, were degenerate sons of St. Columba, and Knox was the most degenerate of them all.

"Though the introduction of Christianity into the North of Scotland and a portion of England," says the Protestant writer in the 'Cyclopaedia,' "is the most prominent result of St. Columba's labours, we should never forget that they led in a degree nearly equal to the civilisation of those regions. The missionary of the middle ages was not merely the preacher and administrator of the sacraments. He was the herald of literature, science, and human improvement in every shape. We shall regard St. Columba and his associates with a reverence which we should refuse to personages merely historic, inasmuch as there can be no just comparison between the regenerator and destroyer of a people—between the enlightened missionary and conqueror."

Speaking of St. Patrick, this writer says:—"There is no instance on record of a success so astonishing as that which attended the labors of St. Patrick and his immediate successors. They found a great nation of Pagans; before the missionaries' death, hundreds of thousands had been received into the bosom of the Church; in less than a century, universal Ireland was enclosed in one fold. Nor is it less remarkable that before the close of the sixth century Ireland should boast of homes which, whether for piety or learning, had no superiors in the most cultivated regions of the Continent."

This is high praise to St. Patrick and the people of Ireland, and its value is enhanced as coming from the pen of a Protestant writer. He further adds that "Monastic schools were established by St. Patrick: by his disciples they were multiplied and enlarged, until their celebrity was diffused over Europe—until, as we learn from the Via Bede, the youths of Britain were sent to them for their education. Of these, St. Patrick and his disciples founded above one hundred, and one hundred more are said to have been indebted for their existence to St. Columba." Well may the hearts of Scotchmen and Irishmen be gladdened on reading such things, and well may our modern calumniators of the Church feel ashamed when they read them. The happiest and most glorious days for old Ireland were those she saw ere she was cursed with Danish or Saxon rule and oppression. She has suffered long and much since the Blessed Patrick lived among her people. But whom God loves He scourges. A happy day is dawning on her again. Justice, as John Bright lately said, is raising her scales aloft in Ireland now, and white-robed innocence is descending on her. Her children, scattered through all lands, are proving themselves worthy children of St. Patrick, and mindful of the ancient fame and glory of their country. They have never lost, and never will lose, their love for letters, religion, and justice. Oppressed and wronged in their own dear native land, they seek happier homes in other countries, beyond the "Western Moon," and elsewhere. To St. Columba the Scotch are shamefully ungrateful: among them his name is never heard. In New Zealand itself, we see the Irish Catholic element is now becoming pretty strong. They are organising for the noblest purposes of religion, charity, patriotism, and education. They are the real "party of progress"—sound and safe and wholesome progress. They are led by the official successors of St. Patrick and St. Columba, in whom they place implicit confidence.

The same volume of the 'Encyclopaedia' contains the biography of another eminent Catholic pioneer of British civilisation—the Great Alfred. The writer concludes his sketch in these words:—"His anxiety for the welfare of his people raises him to the level of the best rulers the world has ever seen. His enlightened views, his enterprising spirit, stamp him as truly great. His affability won him the favor, his generosity the love of his subjects. His piety might even have procured him the honor of Canonization. On the whole, making due allowance for the extravagant admiration with which he has been regarded by posterity, we may say with the distinguished authors of the 'Biographer Universal,' as a man and a king he is one of those who have done most honor to humanity." It was most probably because he was the most truly Catholic and religious Sovereign that ever sat on the throne of England, that he was also the wisest and the best of rulers the world has ever seen, and an honor to human nature itself. Even the present occupant of the British throne is not worthy to unloose the latchet of his shoes, great as her merits are. Speaking of his piety, this biographer says:—"He made an exact division of his revenue, a good portion of which he applied to purposes of religion, of learning, and alms-giving; in fact, he placed no value on money." Could the most obsequious courtier in our day venture to say as much of the reigning Sovereign, or any of her family? No. None but a Catholic, and a good Catholic Sovereign, could ever be expected to imitate the virtues of Alfred, or even to attempt to imitate them. Yet the spiritual mother who bore him, and nursed him in her bosom, and imparted to his great mind and heart the virtues he exhibited, is stigmatised by our modern would-be "leaders of public opinion" as the enemy of all human progress, the patron of ignorance, superstition, and bigotry, and of everything ungenerous, selfish, and mean, and, above all, the enemy of public liberty and justice and patriotism and loyalty.

The Scotch Celt is doing his part nobly in this Colony to uphold the cause of education, though unhappily he has departed from the principles which the illustrious St. Columba inculcated upon his generous and religious ancestors, and which for a thousand years they faithfully followed. Thank God, there are signs in Scotland of a return to these salutary principles in our time, since some of the noblest of Scotia's sons and daughters are returning to the Catholic fold—the Church of St. Columba. Whether as Protestant or Catholic, the Scotch, like the Irish Celt, will ever retain his love of learning, piety, and freedom. Patriotism and loyalty will ever be proudly inscribed on their banners. In whatever land they may settle, they will lead their children to remember affectionately the country from which they came.

Since writing the above, I have seen in your paper the address of

the Bishop of Ardagh on the consecration of the Catholic University of Ireland to the Sacred Heart. Here is proof that the noble spirit of St. Patrick, his zeal for learning, both secular and religious, still survive in his descendants—his spiritual children. Our Protestant Press are for ever boasting of what "The Anglo-Saxon" has done, is still doing, and likely to do for Christian civilisation. The Anglo-Saxon is a noble, energetic, and gifted race, and has done much for human progress; but the Celt—that is, the Scotch and Irish race, for they are of the same breed—have done and are doing as much, if not more, to advance the best interests of humanity in all parts of the world, and are worthy rivals of the Anglo-Saxon race, if not in material wealth and power, at least in wealth and power of a higher, because a spiritual and intellectual, kind. St. Patrick and his friends had first to subdue the Pagan natives of Ireland. This done, they had to meet a worst set of Pagans than even these—namely, the Danes. After that they had to encounter the fierce and selfish Norman Catholic invaders of their country. Last, and worst of all, they had to meet the greedy and remorseless English Protestants. Crushed under the iron heel of all these oppressors in succession, the spiritual children of St. Patrick have never lost their inborn attachment to letters, religion, and freedom. Hence the Irish Catholic University, founded under the auspices of Pope Pius IX., and now rising into power in spite of every obstacle, and which has just been formally consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Him who formed the human soul, and can best direct all its powers in the pursuit of knowledge of all kinds.

In this Colony the Irish Celt shows his hereditary love of letters; for here Catholic schools, in spite of every drawback, maintain their ground, and offer to enter the lists, on equal terms, with any other class of schools in the Colony. The Legislature, instead of meeting this offer in a frank and liberal manner, have done all in their power to swamp and extinguish Catholic schools—to run them down by the sheer force of public money and a tyrant majority. But they will never succeed in their unworthy object. The spiritual children of St. Patrick are irrepressible, and refuse to be crushed. They may be crushed for a period, longer or shorter, but they will rise up again, fresher and more powerful than ever. Like the Church to which they belong, they "flourish in immortal youth," smile at the tyrant's rage, and defy his power.

IRISHMEN IN ART.

A DISTINGUISHED historian has written:—"Brayed in a mortar for centuries, scourged by every English ministry, and traduced by almost every English writer, as Ireland has been, it is delightful to witness her unconquerable spirit, soaring with immortal pinions over the proudest pinnacles of art and science owned by her heartless sister, and perching wherever she willet on those devoted to science, art, music, poetry, arms, eloquence, literature, and even mechanism." These words were written many years ago (in 1857), when the artistic opportunities and educational facilities open to the Irish race were far more limited than at the present day. Yet, even seventeen years since, the words were literally true. Passing over the familiar fields of literature and science, and coming to the domain of art, we find that Hogan was then classed with Carnova, by competent critics, for the grace and beauty of his sculptures. Oldham (a native of Dublin) was at the summit of his fame so fairly won by his marvellous mechanical inventions. He it was who invented the intricate machines for engraving, printing, and numbering bank-notes, thereby making forgery almost impossible. Without this apparatus, modern banking would be a perpetual risk. Then, too, worked Maclise, "the greatest living master of the human figure," whose frescoes adorn the English Parliament House, and one of whose pictures stands above the royal throne in the House of Lords. This Parliament house itself is a monument to Irish genius. When the old house was destroyed by fire, the committee advertised over the whole continent of Europe for plans and specifications. Three hundred plans were received from famous architects. That which was adopted, and which carried off the premium, had appended to it the name of Barry, a native of Waterford. Then too, Martin A. Shea was president of the London Academy of Painting, and Doyle was convulsing the world with the trenchant satire of his pencil. Balfe, the composer, was just winning his way to a splendid reputation, which is in no danger of declining now, for his ballads and operas grow more popular every day. Fowler and Carew were working marble into life with their chisels; as was Baily also, whose statue of "Eve at the Fountain" is a recognised masterpiece, fit to stand beside the finest relics of Grecian art. Haverty, Burton, Mulvany, Ingham, and many others were well known as painters.

We might extend the list at will, but it is not our purpose now to exhaust it. Coming down to our own day, it is gratifying to know that the mantle of Hogan and Baily has fallen upon a worthy Irish-American successor in the person of Mr Flannery, of Washington, a young and talented sculptor. He is no mere copyist of other men's ideas, nor does he belong to that class of eager aspirants who work out crude ideas into meaningless groups and figures. On the contrary, there is evidence of healthy originality, vigour and thorough culture in his work; and though yet a young man, he has won for himself a place among the brotherhood of genuine artists. In 1865, an association was formed for the purpose of erecting a statue to the memory of President Lincoln, and the best talent of the country was invited to furnish designs for the work. Among many competitors, Mr Flannery bore off the palm, and in due time completed the imposing figure of "Old Abe," now familiar to every visitor at the National capital. He has distanced competition in several other trials of the same kind, and the creations of his hands are scattered over the country. His genius reflects credit on our element, and to no one else so appropriately as to him could be committed the execution of the statue which St. Louis proposes to erect to the memory of O'Connell. Such a choice would make the work Irish-American in a double sense.