

many of our fellow-citizens take the opportunity to manifest their high esteem of him we love so well. Today, no doubt you have seen, just as I have seen, Protestants and Jews, colored and white, each proudly displaying the "little bit of green" that makes the whole world kin on "St. Patrick's Day in the tonight, as we are gathered for our annual tribute to Patrick, the Apostle of mornin."

As possibly you may have heard me say before, I believe that it is a salutary thing for the human race that days like this have been set aside, to remind us of what has gone before, and to spur us to the contemplation of what the lives, and deeds, of great men of long gone days, can mean to us in our own private battles of life today. Thanks to the coming of St. Patrick's Day, I have found it well—and intensely interesting—to refer again to the life and writings of St. Patrick. And, if there are any among you who have not had the time, or the inclination, to do what I have done, let me recommend it to you highly. The accomplishments of St. Patrick in the Ireland of some fifteen hundred years ago are full of salutary lessons for each and every one of us, whatever our nationality or our creed.

The popular notion of St. Patrick, as you and I well know, is of a great preacher who miraculously converted tens of thousands of Irishmen to Christianity, and who, incidentally, drove the snakes out of Ireland. No doubt to many, that second accomplishment outrates the first. Certainly, this sketchy conception of Ireland's great Saint doesn't begin to tell the enthralling tale of his actual accomplishments, and of the methods he used, methods, I submit to you gentlemen, that it will pay every one of us, no matter what our occupation in life, to study and emulate.

If we "look at the record," as our esteemed Al Smith used to love to do, we find that the future apostle of Ireland was born, according to at least one well-authenticated account, in Scotland, but that at the age of sixteen, he was captured by a marauding Irish band, and taken to Erin, where he was sold as a slave to one Prince Milchu, who was a druid-priest as well. For six long years he served this cruel master, tending his flocks on the hillsides of Dalarradia, where, despite his servitude, he conceived an abiding love for Ireland, and a determination to one day free it of the superstitions and fanaticisms of Druidism.

From here on in, we begin to get a proper appreciation of Patrick the man, without the aid of whom Patrick the Apostle most likely would have fared little or no better than the unfortunate Bishop Palladius who attempted, unsuccessfully, to Christianize Erin before him. From the first moment that Patrick conceived the idea of winning Erin from Druidism, he immediately began to lay his plans for so doing. He apparently believed in the old adage that "God helps those who help themselves," and he determined to leave nothing undone that might help him to accomplish his ends. Not that he didn't place his reliance in his God, for, by his own written account, a hundred times a day was not too many to get down on his knees to pray for strength and guidance. But, along with this spiritual preparation, he devoted his six years of captivity to the mastery of the Irish language, and to a thorough study of the beliefs, and the weaknesses of the Druid religion his master practiced, and of the traditions and customs of the Irish people. At the same time, he realized that, to bring the whole of Erin under the guidance of Christianity, he would have to travel countless miles and suffer untold hardships and privations.