

but generally the happier disposition prevails and the spirit of levity is predominant. They are taxed more lightly and have greater liberty than any other European people, and the blatant humbugs who are splitting their throats demanding Home Rule for Ireland are doing the people of that land a real injury in prolonging a spirit of discontent that we must admit does exist to a limited but constantly decreasing degree.

As a parish rector remarked to the writer: "If the Irish would drop their bad politics and worse liquor they would be the happiest and most prosperous people on the globe." They are not "hanging men and women" in Ireland now for "wearing of the green," or any other colour, and they have as much freedom as is consistent with a due regard for the rights of others. An Irishman is generous to a fault, and this liberality is probably the chief stumbling-block to his success in life; for he will not only divide his last crust, but give away the last crumb to a human being in distress, and he will not stop to inquire as to the nationality of the supplicant. He is industrious and laborious, and deserves to succeed,

but in only one thing can he be said to be constant, and that is in love. The world produces no truer, or more devoted, or more persistent lover, and we might add that none other has the same felicity in expressing the language of love.

I have said nothing, so far, of the statesmen of the present day. While there is probably not a Burke or an O'Connell in the present Commons, there are representatives whose devotion to the interests of Ireland, and whose manly bearing command the respect of men of all parties to such a degree that Ireland is really better represented, and her wants receive greater consideration, than when presented through the fiery and impassioned oratory of her former delegates. Among the former there is no more useful or influential representative than Mr. Daniel Crilly, who for fifteen years has represented the Mayo District in Parliament, and to whom I am indebted for many courtesies—courtesies that spring so naturally and unostentatiously from the true Irish gentleman that one is left in doubt as to whether there is any obligation at all, at all!

MY OWN LOVED LAND.

When from the height of old renown
Thy past heroic sons look down
To scan the Future's nursing-place,
And meet for a superior race,
Shall not their eyes be turned to thee,—
Home of the brave, the wise, the free,—
My own loved land!

Behold! where lies the expansive scene,
Calmly the awful seas between!
A stately theatre, designed
As for the godlike of mankind;
Where happier time shall bring to view
The best thy sons may be or do,—
My own loved land!

Be thine no shrine, no bended knee
To false gods named of Liberty;
And let thy sons no freedom boast
That in the gulf of self is lost:
Be thine no base, unhallow'd gain,
No foulness thine escutcheon stain!
My own loved land!

If such a future thou shalt see,
If so the heavens shall smile on thee,
If thine be honour and renown,
With Virtue's amaranthine crown;
Then gladness shall the world befall,
And thou be blest in blessing all,
My own loved land.

—*Pastor Felix.*