

IRISH IMMIGRATION.

Irish emigration is again attaining serious proportions. During 1880 no less than 65,857 persons left the country, or 17.6 per thousand of the population. The following were the proportions per thousand contributed by each of the provinces :

Connaught,	24 2	Ulster,	15 3
Munster,	40 7	Leinster,	33 9

To show how tremendous is the depletion, we may state that since 1851 there have emigrated altogether from Ireland 2,637,187 persons, a proportion of 45.5 per cent. of, or nearly one half, the population returned for 1861. Nothing like this has ever been seen elsewhere, not even, when Alsace seemed to move away from German domination. The provinces suffered unequally from the drain, as the returns show, having sent away their people respectively as follows :

Munster,	60 6	Connaught,	36 8
Ulster,	40 7	Leinster,	33 9

We would consider emigration on such a scale, no matter how arranged, a colossal catastrophe; but under present and customary circumstances it is a ruinous insanity. If there is any part of the country where the conditions of life are exceptionally hard, and the population too dense for the resources—Connemara for example—we would favor either migration, but in families, not by individuals. Migration seems far off, if ever feasible, while emigration is not only easy, but suits the aspiration of many. What we lament and condemn is the flight in myriads of the young and strong, the healthy, the productive, who, having cost the nation much to rear them to adult growth, voluntarily convey their profitable energies everywhere. It is not families who go away, but the flower of the youth. Do not these figures say so ?

Between 15 and 35—75.7 per cent.
 Under the age of 15—14.2 “ “
 Over the age of 34—10.0 “ “

The decay of Spain arose from the exodus of her bone and sinew to the New World. Seven millions of hardy Spaniards sailed across the seas in search of adventure and fortune, leaving a lesser Spain behind.

REMINISCENCES OF CONVENT LIFE.

As Time remorseless in its flight—
 Steals months and years away,
 Our hearts would gladly check its course
 Our lips fain cry out, “*Stay,*
Ah! linger yet, ye happy days,
Why do ye go so fast?”
 And each succeeding hour seems sweeter,
 Shorter than the last.

But still they go with rapid wing,
 God grant that years to come
 May prove as bright as those I lived
 Within my Convent home—
 ’Tis passing sweet to live anew
 Those merry school-girl days
 And faithful to her trust each scene,
 Kind mem’ry still portrays.

The “*Study Hall*” where oft we pored
 O’er History’s tangled page
 Where Logic, Fractions, Geography,
 Oft put us in a rage—
 And then down stairs, our dear “*Grande*
Salle,”

What mem’ries cluster there!
 “*Fond friends who sported with me then*
Where are you now? Ah where!!!”

The “*Dormitory*” where free from care
 Unheeding woes to come
 The school-girl slept in blissful dreams
 Of cherished ones at home—
 And last, the haunt of sorrowing souls
 The “*Chapel*” still and bright—
 Where heart to heart with God we prayed
 For Guidance, Help and Light.

How oft at eve I used to steal
 From scenes of girlish play,
 And dream at Mary’s peaceful shrine
 The happy hours away,
 Oh I bless ye thoughts of bygone days
 Amidst this worldly strife
 It calms the heart, it soothes the soul
 To think of Convent Life.

MARIE.

DANIEL O’CONNELL ON
 COERCION.

THE following, from a speech of Daniel O’Connell in the House of Commons protesting against a proposed Coercion Bill shows what he thought, and how he spoke about such infamous measures.

“I do not rise to fawn or cringe to this House. I do not rise to supplicate you to be merciful toward the nation to which I belong—toward a nation which, though subject to England, yet is distinct from it. . . . I call upon this