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Stand up so near to you —
Och ! out of fear to *you* !
Soggarth aroon !
Who, in the winter's night,
Soggarth aroon,
When the could blast did bite,
Soggarth aroon,
Came to my cabin-door ,
And, on my earthen-flure,
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon ?
Who, on the marriage-day,
Soggarth aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth aroon—
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
At the poor christening,
Soggarth aroon ?
Who, as friend only met,
Soggarth aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth aroon ?
And when my hearth was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth aroon ?
Och ! you, and only you,
Soggarth aroon !
And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth aroon ;
In love they'll never shake,
When for ould Ireland's sake,
We a true part did take,
Soggarth aroon !

Men who insult the Catholic priests insults the Catholic man. Protestants should not estimate their feeling towards their clergy, as if we felt the same way towards ours. There is a vast difference. We reverence our priests, while I am sure I do not offend when I say that Protestants do not always even respect the clergymen of their creed. O yes there is a great difference in the way they are treated, and if we are quick to resent an insult heaped