

sence of Him who has said "Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

They who have hitherto been alone faithful, found among the faithless; who have presented to the world an example of unflinching constancy of attachment to much valued truth, to principles dearer than life itself; who endured the most galling civil disabilities rather than compromise its principles or endanger its purity, a spectacle of constancy on the part of a whole nation such as the world has never seen. They and their descendants—all children of St. Patrick—wherever they go, plant the saving cross of Christ. Thanks be to them for it, this sign ever designates the extreme boundaries of civilized life. Thanks be to them for it, the banner of the cross is borne by loving hearts and sturdy arms into lands just known, and is gleaming aloft yet more surely than before where it seemed as if trampled into dust. The Emerald Isle, old Ireland is to-day the brightest jewel in the Church's crown. Over the entire face of the globe, the Church beholds not a people, more devoted to Catholic unity, to that Holy Roman Church which is its immoveable centre. Ireland has ever been attached by the cords of faith and love to Rome and Rome to Ireland. May it ever be so! It was formerly the pride of her prosperity; it has been the consolation of her sorrows; and now brighter days are dawning on her, may her deathless attachment to the most sacred of principles and her generous devotion in the noblest works of her charity form the glory of Ireland's future history, as they have been the brightest record of her past. It is the favor I ask of God for Ireland through the intercession of St. Patrick, the sound of whose voice has gone forth unto the earth, and whose words have reached the ends of the whole world. It is the blessing for Ireland which is wished also, and especially on to-day, by another priest on earth, by the great successor of Celestine whose long pontificate furnishes proofs how he has cherished Ireland and her sons, entitled by himself "his ever faithful and most dearly beloved people." To-day he has traversed the streets of Rome, and entering the Church of St. Agatha in the vestry room of which is securely kept the silver urn containing the sleeping dust of O'Connell's golden heart; the earthly father of the world, now in the glorious autumn of his life, has lifted up his hands in blessing Ireland, in thanks to God for all he granted to St. Patrick, in prayer, that that zeal for faith, that faith which is the bond uniting man to God, and should also unite man to fellow-man, may ever be kept alive in Irish hearts and Irish homes.

This blessing God's angels have borne on every clime and it has reached ourselves. A blessing which, will you, dear brethren, but crush out that spirit of division—bear in mind and heart the Shamrock the symbol of most perfect union,—will bring you peace and prosperity in this life and in the world to come that everlasting rest and joy the sure heritage of the true children of the Cross.—AMEN.

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*Note.*—We trust our readers will not think it ill that we omitted all other matter to give the foregoing discourse in full.

*Imprimatur, Jos. Thom., Bishop of Ottawa.*