praise (cheers). For three hundred years of peace and joy it lasted; and, during those three hundred the people, to make themselves at home among the years, Ireland sent forth a Columba to Iona; a Virgilius to Italy; a Romauld to Brabant; a Chall (or Gallus) to France ;-in a word, every nation in Enrope,—even Rome itself,—all acknowledged that, in | devotion, as energetic as that of Columbkille, or of those days, the light of learning and of sunctity beamed upon them from the holy progeny of saints that Ireland, the fairest mother of saints, produced, and sent out to sanctify and enlighten the world-(renewed cheers). And, mark you, my friends: these Irish monks were tearless men. They were the most learned men in the world. For instance, there was one of them, at home he was called Fearghal, abroad he was called Virgilius; this man was a great astronomer: and, as early as the seventh century, he discovered the rotundity of the earth, proclaimed that it was a sphere, and declared the existence of the antipodes. In those days everybody thought that the earth was as that as a pancake; and the companies-ten, or twelve, or twenty; -and they idea was, that a man could walk as far as the land brought him, and he would then drop into the sea; and that if he took ship then, and sailed on to a certain point, why, then he would go into nothing at all (laughter). So, when this Irish monk, skilled in Irish science, wrote a book, and asserted this, which was recognized in after ages, and proclaimed as a mighty discovery, the philosophers and learned men of the time were astonished. They thought it was heresy, and they did the most natural thing in the world-they complained to the Pope of him (laughter), and the Pope sent for him, examined him, examined his theory and examined his astronomical system; and this is the answer, and the best answer I can give to those who say that the Catholic Church is not the friend of science or of progress. What do you think is the punishment the Pope gave him? The Pope made him Archbishop of Salzburg. He told him to continue his discoveries-continue your studies, he said; mind your prtyers, and try and discover all the scientific truth that you can; for you are a learned man—(laughter and cheers). Well, Fearghal continued his studies, and so well did he study that he anticipated, by centuries, some of the most highly practical discoveries of modern ages; and so well did he mind his prayers, that Pope Gregory the Tenth

canonized him after his death (cheers).

The Danish invasion came and I need not tell you that these Northern warriors who landed at the close of the eighth century, effecting their first landing near where the town of Skerries stands now, between Dublin and Balbriggan, on the eastern coast —that these men thus coming, came as plunderers and enemies of the religion as well as of the Nationality of the people. And for 300 years, wherever they came; and wherever they went, the first thing they did was to put to death all the monks, all the nuns, set fire to schools, and banish the students; and inflamed in this way, with the blood of the peaceful, they sought to kill all the Irish friars; and a war of extermination,—a war of interminable struggle and duration, was carried on for three hundred years. Ireland fought them; the Irish kings and chieftains fought them. We read that in one battle alone, at Glenamada, in the county of Wicklow, King Malachi, he who were the "collar of gold," and the great King Brian, joined their forces, in the cause of Ireland. In that grand day, when the morning sun arose, the battle began: and it was not until the sun set in the evening that the last Dane was swept from the field, and they withdrew to their ships, leaving six thousand dead bodies of their warriors behind them (cheers). Thus did Ircland united, know how to deal with her Danish invaders; thus would Ireland have dealt with Fitzstephen and his Normans; but on the day when they landed the curse of disunion and discord was amongst the people. Finally, after three hundred years of invasion, Brian on that Good Friday of 1014. east out the Danes for ever, and from the plains of Clontarf drove them into Dublin Bay. Well, behind them they left the rains of all the religion they had found. They left a people, who had, indeed, not lost their faith, but a people who were terribly shaken and demoralized by three hundred years of bloodshed and of war. One half of it—one sixth of it-would have been sufficient to ruin any other people; but the element that kept Ireland alive,-the element that kept nationality alive in

And now we arrive at the year 1134. Thirty years before, in the year 1103, the last Danish army was conquered and routed on the shores of Strangford Lough, in the North, and the last Danish King took his departure forever from the green shores of Erin. Thirty years have elapsed. Ireland is struggling to restore her shattered temples, her ruined alters, and to build up again, in all its former glory and sanctity, her nationality and monastic priesthood. Then St. Malachi-great, glorious and venerable name!-St. Malachi, in whom the best blood of Ireland's kings was mingled with the best blood of Ireland's saints,-was Archbishop of Armagh. In the year 1134, he invited into Ireland the Cistercian and the Benedictine Monks. They came with all the exalted traditions of the most exalted sanctity-with a spirit not less mild nor less hely than the spirit why? Because if it had been any other man in Engof a Dominic or an Augustine, and built up the glories of Lindisfarne, of Iona, of Mellifont of Monasterboice and of Monastereven, and all these magnificent ruins of which I spoke—the sacred monastic ruins of Ireland. Then the wondering world beheld such grand achievements as it never saw before, outrivalling in the splendor of their Magnificence, the grandeur of those temples which still attest the mediaval greatness of Belgium, of France and of Italy. Then did the Irish people see, enshrined in these houses. the holy solitaries and monks from Clairveaux with the light of the great St. Bernard shining upon them from his grave. But only thirty years more passed -thirty years only; and, behold, a trumpet is heard on the eastern coast of Ireland: the shore and the hills of that Wexford coast re-echo to the shouts of the Norman, as he sets his accursed foot upon the soil of Erin. Divided as the nation was-chieftain lighting against chiefmin,-for, when the great King | ancient faith and with all the traditions of her his-Brian was slain at Clontarf, and his son and his tory to to sustain him in his measures, or that he grandson were killed, and the three generations of would exterminate the Irish race. Another scruple in the land stood up and put in his claim for the sovereignty ;-by this division the Anglo-Norman afraid the friars and the priests are not leading good fought on every hill in Ireland: the most horrible mission; and he sent it to Ireland to inquire what scenes of the Danish invasion were renewed again, sort of lives the monks and friars and priests and from her bosom; for Ireland is no longer able to strike him as one man. The name of "United Irishmen" has been a name, and nothing but a name, since the day that Brian Boru was slain at Clontarf until this present moment. Would to God that this little property they possessed-and these commisname of United Irishmen meant something more than an idle word! Would to God that, again, to-day, pocket. There was a beautiful simplicity about the self, am the heart's blood of a Connaughtman (great we were all united for some great and glorious pur- wholesedan (applause and laughter). Well, my cheering and laughter). If any other man said this we were all united for some great and glorious purpose!—would to God that the blessing even of a friends, then came the hour of the ruin of the dear of Connaught, I would have to say my prayers, and common purpose in the leve of our country guided old convents of the Franciscans and Dominicans.— Celtic nation be as strong as ever it was-as strong as it was upon that evening at Clontarf, which beheld Etin weeping over her martyred Brian, but beheld her with the crown still upon her brow (tremendous cheers).

Sometimes victorious, yet oftener defeated,-deset, as by the treachery and the feuds of her own chieftains,—the heart of the nation was broken; the land they were scattered, with no shelter but the and behold, from the far sunny shores of Italy, there came to Ireland other monks and other missionaries mind the people of God; no Mass celebrated in public, and no Gospel preached; and yet they suction the far sunny shores of Italy, there can be in !" (laughter). Then, Cromwell sent the Catholics of Ireland to Connaught;—and, remember he gave clothed in this very habit which I now wear, or in public, and no Gospel preached; and yet they suction their choice; he said, "Now, if you don't like clothed in this very habit which I now wear, or in public, and no Gospel preached; and yet they suct them their choice; he said, "Now, if you don't like the month of St. Francis, or the glorious edged for three hundred years in preserving the dress of St. Augustine Unlike the monks who gave glorious Catholic faith that is as strong in Ireland laughter). So the Catholic Irish put their heads to-

its highest development in hymns and canticles of themselves up to contemplation, and who had large possessions, large houses-these men came among people, to become the "Soggarths Aroon" of Ireland (cheers). They came with a learning as great as that of the Irish monks of old,-with a sturdy Kevin, of Glendalough;—they came with a message of peace, of consolation, and of hope to this heartbroken people; and they came nearly seven hundred years ago to the Irish shores. The Irish people received them with a kind of supernatural instinct that they had found their champions and their priestly heroes; and for nearly seven hundred years, of building up magnificent, wonderful edifices, like Holy Cross, or Mellifont, or Dunbrodie; -instead of covering acres with the grandeur of their buildings, these Dominicans and Franciscans went out in small went into remote towns and villages; and there they dwelt, and built quietly a convent for themselves; and they educated the people themselves; and, by-and-by, the people in the next generation learned to love the disciples of St. Dominic and St. Francis as they beheld the churches so multiplied. In every townland of Ireland there was either a Dominican or a Franciscan church or convent. The priests of Ireland welcomed them ;-the holy Bishops of Ireland sustained them; the ancient religious of Ireland gave them the right hand of friendship and the Cistercians or Benedictines gave them, very often, indeed, some of their own churches wherein to found their congregation, or to begin their missions. They came to dwell in the land early in the 12th century, and, until the 15th century,—strange to say, it was not yet found out what was the hidden design of Providence in bringing them there, in what was once their own true and ancient missionary Ireland.

During these three hundred years, the combat for Ireland's nationality was still continued. The O'Neill, the O'Brien, the O'Donnell, the McGuire, the O'More, kept the national sword waving in the air. The Franciscans and the Dominicans cheered them, entered into their feelings; and they could only not be said to be more Irish than the Irish themselves, because they were the hearts blood of Ireland. They were the light of the national councils of the chieftains of Ireland, as their historians were the faithful annalists of the glories of these days of combat (cheers). They saw the trouble; and yet—for three hundred years the Franciscan and the Dominican had not discovered what his real mission to Ireland was. But at the end of the three hundred years came the 15th century. Then came the cloud of religious persecution over the land. All the hatred that divided the Saxon and the Celt, on the principle of nationality, was now heightened by the additional hatred of religious discord and division; and Irishmen, if they hated the Saxon before as the enemy of Ireland's nationality, from the 15th century hated him with an additional hatred, as the enemy of Ireland's faith and Ireland's religion (cheers). The sword was drawn. My friends, I speak not in indignation but in sorrow; and I know that if there be one amongst you, my fellow-countrymen, here to-night,—if there be a man who differs with me in religion,—to that man I say: "Brother and friend, you feel as deeply as I do a feeling of indignation and of regret for the religious persecution of our native land" (cheers). No man feels it more,—no man regrets more bitterly the element of | and he did not tell the Irish Catholics whether he religious discord, the terrible persecution of these three hundred years, through which Ireland-Catholic Ireland—has been obliged to pass,—no man feels this more than the high-minded, honest, kindhearted Irish Protestant. (Loud cheers and a cry of "True!") And why should he not feel it? If it was Catholic Ireland that had persecuted Protestant Ireland for that time, and with such intensity, I

should hang my head for shame (renewed cheers). Well, that mild, scrupulous, holy man, Henry the Eighth,-(loud laughter)-in the middle of the fifteenth century got a scruple of conscience! Perhaps it was whilst he was saying his prayers-he began to get uneasy and to be afraid that maybe, his wife wasn't his wife at all! (laughter and applause). He wrote a letter to the Pope, and he said: "Holy Father, I am very uneasy in my the hearts of the people—the elements that preserv- mind!" The fact was, there was a very nice young of the Irish people. But soon came a letter from ed civilization in spite of three centuries of war, was lady in the court. Her name was Anna Boleyn, the King; and it began with these notable words:the element of Ireland's faith, and the traditions of the mass a great beauty. Henry got very fond of the been told to us, that some of our Irish subthe nation's by-gone glory (cheers).

She was a great beauty. Henry got very fond of the been told to us, that some of our Irish subthe nation's by-gone glory (cheers).

But he could jects imagined that we were about to grant them not marry her because he was already a married man (laughter). So, he wrote to the Pope, and he said he was uneasy in his mind—he had a scruple of conscience ;-and he said, "Holy Father, grant me a favor. Grant me a divorce from Catherine of Arragon. I have been married to her for several that rained down blood upon the land in the days of that rained down blood upon the land in the days of years. She has had several children by me. Just grant me this little favor. I want a divorce!" The Pope sent back word to him: "Don't be uneasy at all in your mind! Stick to your wife like a man, and don't be troubling me with your scruples' (laughter and cheers). Well, Henry threw the Pope over. He married the young woman whilst his former wife was living-and he should have been taken that very day and tried before the Lord Chief Justice of England, and transported for life. And land that did it but the King, that man would have been transported for life; and the King is as much bound by the laws of God, and of justice and conscience, and morality as any other man (cheers) .-When Henry separated from the Pope, he made himself head of the Church; and he told the people of England that he would manage their consciences for them for the future. But, when he called upon Ireland to join him in this strange and (indeed I think my Protestant friends will admit), insane act, -(for such, indeed, I think my Protestant friends will admit this act to be, for, I think, it was nothing short of insanity for any man of sense to say: "I will take the law of God as preached from the lips and illustrated in the life of Henry the Eighth:"— Ireland refused. Henry drew the sword, and declared that Ireland should acknowledge him as the head of the Church,-that she should part with her the royal family thus swept away—every strong man of conscience came to this tender-hearted man! And what do you think it was? Oh, he said, I am greatly was able to fix himself in the land. Battles were lives (laughter). So he set up what we call a "com-But Ireland is no longer able to shake the Saxon nums were leading; and the commissioners sent back word to him, that they could not find any great fault with them; but that, on the whole, they thought it cuts off five of the Western counties from the rest of would be better to turn them out! So they took their convents and their churches, and whatever sioners sold them and put the money into their own us; then, indeed, would the Celtic race and the Their inmates were driven out at the point of the sword: they were scattered like sheep over the land. Five pounds was the price set upon the head of the friar or priest,—the same price that was set upon the head of a wolf. They were hunted throughout the land; and when they fled for their lives from their convent homes, the Irish people opened their feated not so much by the shock of the Norman on hearts, and said, "Come to us, Soggarth Aroon" (loud applause). Throughout the length and breadth of "No, your honor, indeed I am not," says the poor

to-day as ever it was (cheers). These venerable ruins tell the tale of the nation's woe, of the nation's sorrow. As long as it was merely a question of destroying a Cistercian or a Benedictine Abbey, there were so few of these in the land, that the people did not feel it much. But when the persecution came upon the Bhreahir, as the friar was called,the men whom everybody knew,—the men whom everybody came to look up to for consolation in affliction or in sorrow; - when it came upon him, - then it brought sorrow and affliction to every village, to every little town, - to every man in Ireland. There were, at this time, upwards of eighty convents of religious-Franciscans the Franciscan and his Dominican brother have and Dominicans in Ireland, that numbered very dwelt together in the land (loud cheers). Instead close upon a thousand priests of each order. There were nearly a thousand Irish Franciscans, and nearly a thousand Irish Dominican priests, when Henry began his persecution. He was succecded, after a brief interval of thirty years, by his daudliter Elizabeth. How many Dominicans, do you think, were then left in Ireland? There were a thousand, you say? Oh, God of Heaven! there were only four of them left,—only four! All the rest of these heroic men had stained their white habit with the blood that they shed for God and for their country (sensation). Twenty thousand men it took Elizabeth, for as many years as there were thousands of them, to try to plant the seedling of Protestantism on Irish soil. The ground was dug as for a grave; the seed of Protestantism was cast into that soil; end the blood of the nation was poured in, to warm it and bring it forth. It never grew,—it never came forth; it never bloomed! Ireland was as Catholic the day that Elizabeth died at Hampton Court, gnawing the flesh off her hands in despair, and blaspheming God,—Ireland was as Catholic that day, as she was the day that Henry the Eighth vainly commanded her first to become Protestant (cheers).

Then came a little breathing time,—a very short time,—and in fifty years there were six hundred Irish Dominican priests in Ireland again. They studied in Spain, in France, in Italy. These were the youth -the children of Irish fathers and mothers, who cheerfully gave them up, though they know almost to a certainty, that they were devoting them to a martyr's death; but they gave them up for God. Smuggled out of the country, they studied in these foreign lands; and they came back again, by night and by stealth, and they landed upon the shores of Ireland; and when Cromwell came, he found six hundred Irish Dominicans upon the Irish land. Ten years after,-only ten years past,-and again the Irish Dominican preachers assembled to count up their numbers, and to tell how many survived and how many had fallen. How many do you think were left out of the six hundred? But one hundred and fifty were left; four hundred and fifty had perished,-had shed their blood for their country, or had been shipped away to Barbadoes as slaves. These are the tales their ruins tell. I need not speak of their noble martyrs. Ok, if these mossgrown stones of the Irish Franciscan and Dominican ruins could speak, they would tell how the people gave up everything they had, for years and years, as wave after wave of successive persecutions and confiscations and robbery rolled over them,-rather than renounce their glorious faith or their glorious priest-

hood (loud cheers). When Elizabeth died, the Irish Catholics thought her successor, James I. would give them at least leave to live; and, accordingly, for a short time after he became king, James kept his own counsel, would grant them any concessions or not; but he must have given them some encouragement, for they befriended him, as they had always done to the House of Stuart. But what do you think the people did? As soon as the notion that they would be allowed to live in the land took possession of them, and that they would be allowed to take possession of the estates they had been robbed of,-instead of minding themselves, the very first thing they didto the credit of Irish fidelity be it said-was to set about restoring the Franciscan and Dominican abbeys (cheers). It was thus they restored the Black Abbey in Kilkenny, a Dominican house; they restored the Dominican Convent in Waterford, Multifarnham, in Westmeath, and others; and these, in a few months grew up into all their former beauty from ruin, under the loving, faithful, restoring hands liberty of conscience." No such thing! Liberty of conscience for Irish Catholics! No! Hordes of persecutors were let loose again, and the storms of persecution that burst over Ireland in the days of Queen Elizabeth. And so, with varying fortunes, now of hope, and now of fear, this self-same game went on. The English determined that they would make one part of Ireland, at least, Protestant, and that the fairest and the best portion of it, as they imagined,-namely, the province of Ulster. Now,

mark the simple way they went about it. They made up their minds that they would make one province of Ireland Protestant, to begin with, in order that it might spread out by degrees to the others. And what did they do? They gave notice to every Catholic in Ulster to pack up and begone,—to leave the land. They confiscated every single acre in the fair province of Ulster: and the Protestant Primate, the Archbishop of Armagh,-a very holy man, who was always preaching to the people not to be too fond of the things of this world,—he got 43,000 acres of the best land of these convents in fee. Trinity College, in Dublin, got 30,000 acres. There were certain guilds of traders in London,-the "skinners," "tanners," the "dry salters;" and what do you think these London Trade Associations got? They got a present of two hundred and nine thousand eight hundred acres of the finest land in Ulster. Then all the rest of the Province was given in lots of 1,000, 1,500 to 2,000 acres to Scotchmen and Englishmen. But the very deed that gave it obliged them to take their oath that they would accept that land upon this condition-not so much as to give a day's work, to a laboring man, unless that laboring man took his oath that he was not a Catholic. And so Ulster was disposed of. That remained until Cromwell came ; and when the second estimate was made of the kingdom it was discovered that there were nearly five millions of neres lying still in the hands of the Catholies. And what did Cromwell do? He quietly made a law, and he published it—and he said on the 1st of May, 1654, every Catholic in Ireland was to cross the Shannon, and to go into Connaught. Now the river Shannon Ireland, and these five counties, though very large in extent, have more of waste land, of bog, and of hard, unproductive, stony soil than all the rest of Ireland. I am at liberty to say this, because I, mykeep a very sharp eye about me to try to keep my temper (laughter). But it is quite true : with all our love for our native land, with all my love for my native Province, -all that love won't put a blade of grass on an acre of limestone; and that there are acres of such, we all know. It was an acre of this sort that a poor fellow was building a wall around.

"What are you building that wall for?" says the

landlord. "Are you afraid the cattle will get out?"

Connaught! He may want the other place for himself!" (great laughter and cheering). God forbid that I should condemn any man to hell; but I cannot help thinking of what the poor carman said to myself in Dublin once. Going along, he saw a like-ness of Cromwell, and he says, "Atall events Cromwell has gone to the devil!" I said, "My man, don't be uncharitable. Don't say that; it is uncharitable to say it." "Thunder and turf!" says he, "sure if he is not gone to the devil, where is the use of having a devil at all!" (Merriment and cheering). At any rate, my friends, wherever he is cone to he confiscated at one act five millions of acres of Irish land; with one stroke of his pen, he handed over to his Cromwellian soldiers five mil-Vale of Tipperary included. Forty years later, the Catholics began to creep out of Connaught, and to buy little lots here and there, and they got a few lots here and there given to them by their Protestant friends. But, at any rate, it was discovered by the Government of England, that the Catholics in Ireland were beginning to get a little bit of the land again—and they issued another Commission to inquire into the titles to these properties, and they found that there was a million two hundred thousand acres of the land recurred to the Catholics and they found, also, that that land belonged to the Crown: and the million two hundred thousand acres were again confiscated. So that as soon as the people began to take hold of the land at all, down came the sword of persecution and of confiscation upon them. And Cromwell himself avowed with the greatest solemnity, that as Ireland would not become Protestant, Ireland should be destroyed, Now, is it to excite your feelings of hatred against England that I say these things? No. no! I don't want any man to hate his neighbor. I don't want to excite these feelings. Nor I don't believe it is necessary for me to excite them (laughter and loud cheers). I believe-sincerely I believe-that an effort to excite an Irishman to a dislike of England, would be something like an effort to encourage a cat to take a mouse (cheers). I mention these facts first because these are the things that Ireland's ruins tell us; because these are at once the history of the weakness and the sadness, yet of the strength and of the glory of which these ruins tell us. I mention these things because they are matter of history; and because, though we are the party that were on the ground, prostrate, there is nothing in the history of our fathers at which the Irishman of to-day need be ashamed, or hang his head (loud cheers). But if you want to know in what spirit our people dealt with all this persecution-if you want to know how we met those who were thus terrible in their persecution of us, I appeal to the history of my country and I will state to you three great facts that will show you what was the glorious spirit of the Irish people, even in the midst of their sorrows;—how Christian it was and how patient it was ;-how forgiving and loving even to our persecutors it was;how grandly they illustrated the spirit of duty at the command of their Lord and Saviour; and how magnificently they returned good for evil. The first of these facts is this: At the time that England invaded Ireland,—towards the close of the Twelfth Century,—there were a number of Englishmen in slavery in Ireland. They were taken prisoners of war; they had come over with the Danes,-from Wales and from North Britain with their Danish superiors; and when Ireland conquered them, the rude, terrible custom of the times, and the shocks that all peaceful spirit had got by these wars, had bred so much ferocity in the people, that they actually made slaves of these Englishmen! And they were everywhere in the land. When the English landed in Ireland, and when the first Irish blood was shed by them, the nation assembled by its bishops and archbishops in the synod at Armagh, there said, "Perhaps the Almighty God is angry with us because we have these captive Christians and Saxons amongst us, and punishes us for having these slaves amongst us. In the name of God we will set them free," And on that day every soul in Ireland that was in slavery received his freedom (loud cheers). Oh, what a grand and glorious sight before Heaven!-a nation fit to be free yet enslaved-yet with the very hand on which others try to fasten chains, striking off the chains, striking off the chains from these English slaves!-Never was there a more glorious illustration of the Heavenly influence of Christianity since Christianity was preached amongst the nations. The next incident is rather a ludicrous one, and I am afraid that it will make you laugh. My friends, I know the English people will. Some of the best friends that I have in the world are in England. They have a great many fine qualities. But there is a secret, quiet, passive contempt for Ireland-and I really believe it exists amongst the very best of them, with very few exceptions. An Englishman will not, as a general rule, hate an Irishman joined to him in faith; but he will quietly despise us. If we rise and become fractious, then, perhaps, he will fear us; but, generally speaking, in the English heart there is, no doubt, a contempt for Ireland and for Irishmen. Now, that showed itself remarkably in 1666. In that year the Catholics of Ireland were ground into the very dust. That year saw one hundred thousand Irishmen-six thousand of them beautiful boys -sent off to be sold as slaves in the sugar plantations of Barbadoes. That year London was burned, just as Chicago was burned the other day. The people were left in misery. The Catholics of Ireland, -hunted, persecuted, scarcely able to live,—actually came together, and, out of pure charity, they made up for the farnishing people of London a present—a great present. They sent them over lifteen thousand fat bullocks! They knew John Bull's taste for beef (laughter). They knew his liking for a good beefsteak, and they actually sent him the best beef in the world-Irish beef (laughter). The bullocks arrived in London. The people took them, slaughtered them and ate them-and the Irish Catholies said, " Much good may they do you" (laughter)! Now comes the funy part of it. When the bullocks were all killed and eaten, the people of London got up a petition to the Houses of Parliament, and they got Parliament to act on that petition; it was to the effect that this importation of

(cheers and laughter). But they had taken good care to cat the meat before they voted it a nuisance (laughter). The third great instance of Ireland's magnanimous Christianity, and of the magnanimity with which this brave and grand old people knew how to return good for evil, was in the time of King James. In the year 1689, exactly twenty years after the Irish bullocks had been voted a nuisance in London-in that year there happened to be, for a short time, a Catholic King in England. The tables were turned. The King went to work and he turned out the Irish Lord Chancellor because he was a Protestant, and he put in a Catholic Chancellor in his place. He turned out two Irish judges because they were Protestants, and he put in two Englishmen, Catholics, as judges in their place. He did various actions of this kind, persecuting men because they were Protestants and he was a Catholic. And, now, mark! We have it on the evidence of history that the Catholic Archbishop of Armagh and the Catholic Pope of Rome wrote to James the Second through the Lord Lieutenant over the Irish Catholics there, that he had no right to do that - and that it was very wrong! (loud and continued cheering). Oh, what a contrast! When Charles the First wished to grant some little remission of the persecution in Ireland, because he was in want of money, the Irish

Irish oxen was a nuisance; and it should be abated

gether, and they said: "It is better for us to go to directed. What encouragement the King gave them we know not; at any rate, they sent him a sum of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, by way of instalment. But the moment it became rumored abroad, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin got up in the pulpit of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and he declared that a curse would fall upon the land and upon the King, because of these auticipated concessions to the Catholics. What a contrast is here presented between the action of the Catholic people of Ireland and the action of their oppressors! And in these instances have we not presented to us the strongest evidence that the people who can act so by their enemies were incapable of being crushed! Yes; Ireland can never be crushed nor conquered; Ireland can never lose her nationality so long as lion acres of the best land in Ireland, the Golden she retains so high and so glorious a faith, and presents so magnificent an illustration of it in her national life. Never! She has not lost it! She has it to-day. She will have it in the higher and a more perfect form of complete and entire national freedom;-fer God does not abandon a race who net only cling to Him with an unchanging with, but who also know how, in the midst of their sufferings, to illustrate that Faith by so glorious, so liberal,

so grand a spirit of Christian charity (loud cheers) And now, my friends, it is for me simply to draw one conclusion, and to have done. Is there a man amongst us here to night who is ashamed of his race or his native land, if that man have the high honour to be an Irishman! Is there a man living that can point to a more glorious and a purer source whence he draws the blood in his veins, than the man who can point to the bravery of his Irish forefathers, or the immaculate purity of his Irish mother? (Loud cheers). We glory in them, and we glory in the faith for which our ancestors have died. We glory in the love of country that never,-never,-for an instant,—admitted that Ireland was a mere province,—that I reland was merely a "West Britain" (Ronewed cheering). Never, in our darkest hour was that idea adapted to the Irish mind, or adopted by the will of the Irish people (cheers), And, therefore, I say, if we glory in that faith-if we glory in the history of their National conduct and of their National love, oh, my friends and fellow-countrymen-I say it, as well as a priest as an Irishman. let us emulate their example; let us learn to be generous to those who differ from us-and let us learn to be charitable, even to those who would fain injure us (cheers). We can thus conquer them ... We can thus assure to the future of Ireland the blessings that have been denied to her past,-the blessing of religious equality, the blessing of religious liberty, the blessing of religious unity, which, one day or other, will spring up in Ireland again (tremend-ous cheering.) I have often heard words of hiterness, aye, and of insult, addressed to myself in the North of Ireland, coming from Orange lips; but 1 have always said to myself, he is an Irishman though he is an Orangeman, he is an Irishman. It he lives long enough, he will learn to love the priest that represents Ireland's old faith : but, if he die in his Orange dispositions, his son or his grandson will yet shake hands with and bless the priest, when he and I are both in our graves (loud cheers). And why do I say this? Because nothing bad, nothing uncharitable, nothing harsh or venomous ever yet lasted long upon the green soil of Ireland. If you throw a poisonous snake into the grass of Ireland he will be sweetened, so as to lose his poison-or else he will die (loud cheers). Even the English people when they landed were not two hundred and fifty years in the land, until they were part of it; the very Normans who invaded us became more Irish than the Irish themselves." They became so foud of the country, that they were thoroughly imbuil with its spirit. And so, any evil that we have in Ireland, is only a temporary and a passing evil, if we are only faithful to our traditions, and to the history of our country (cheers). To-day, there is religious disunion; but, thanks be to God, I have lived to see religious disabilities destroyed (Crics of "hear, hear," and cheers.) And, if I were now in the position of addressing Irish Orangemen, I would say, "Men of Erin, three cheers for the Church disestablishment!" (grat cheering). And if they should ask me, "why?" I would answer, "It was right and proper to disestablish the Church, because the Established Church, was put in between you and me, and we ought to love each other, for we are both Irish t" (Applause). Every class in Ireland will be drawn closer to the other by this disestablishment; and the honest Protestant man will begin to know a little more of his Catholic brother, and to admire him; and the Catholic will begin to know a little more of the Orangeman, and, perhaps, to say: "After all he is not half so had as he appears" (laughter and cheers). And believe me, my friends, that, breathing, the air of Ireland, which is Catholic, cating the bread made out of the wheat which grows out on Irish soil,-they get so infused with Catholic blood that, as soon as the Orangemen begins to have the slightest regard or love for his Catholic fellow-countryman he is on the highway to become a Catholic: -for a Catholic he will be, some time or other. As a man said to me very emphatically once: "They will all be Catholics one day, surely, sir, if they only stay long enough in the country!" I say, my friends, that the past is the best guarantee for the future. We have seen the past in some of its glories. What is the future to be? What is the future that is yet to dawn on this dearly loved land of ours? Oh, how glorious will that future be, when all Irishmen shall be united in one common faith and one common love! Oh, how fair will our beloved Erin be when, clothed in religious unity, religious equality, and freedom, she shall rise out of the ocean wave, as fair, as lovely, in the end of time as she was in the glorious days when the world entranced by her beauty, proclaimed her to be the Mother of Saints and Sages (loud cheers). Yes, I see her rising emancipated; no trace of blood or persecution on her virgin face-the crown, so long lost to her, resting again upon her fair brow! I see her in peace and concord with all the nations around her, and with her own children within her. I see her venerated by the nations afar off, and, most of all, by the mighty nation which in that day, in its strength, and in its youth, and in its vigor, shall sway the destinies of the world (great cheering). I see her as Columbia, salutes her across the ocean waves. But the light of freedom coming from around my mother's face will reflect the light of freedom coming from the face of that nation which has been nursed in freedom, cradled in freedom, which has never violated the sacred principles of religious freedom and religious equality (vehement cheering). I see her with the light of faith shining upon her face; and I see her revered, beloved and cherished by the nations as an ancient and a most precious thing! I behold her rising in the energy of a second birth, when nations that have held their heads high are humbled in the dust! And so I hail thee, O mother Erin! and I

The nations have fallen, but thou still art young: Thy sun is but rising when others have set, And though slavery's clouds round thy morning have

hung, The full noon of Freedom shall beam round these

yet!" (Great cheering, amid which the Rev. lecturer re-

A Major in the United States army was crossing from England in one of the Cunard steamers, when one afternoon a band on deek played "Yankee Doodle." A gruff Englishman, who stood by, inquired whether that was the tune the old cow died of. "Not at all," said the major, "that is the tune

the old Bull died of." A noisy piece of crockery. The cup that cheers.