

proud of the glorious traditions of our country, but share with us, our history, our homes, our hearts and our common citizenship, which sympathy and love constitute the wealth and the strength of America in setting forth to the world the true principles of liberty."

IRELAND, *by T. J. Tobin, ob.*

"Love of the old country and of our Catholic religion seems to be pre-eminently the characteristic of our race. The passion of Irish patriotism is blended with whatever is ennobling and divine in our being, with all that is tenderest in our associations, and most inspiring in the longings of our hearts; it dawns upon us as sweetly as the memory of the first gaze of a mother's loving eyes; it is the whispered poetry of our cradles; it is the weird voices we hear from every graveyard where our father's lie sleeping, for every Irish graveyard contains the bones of uncanonized saints and martyrs; it is the message wafted across the sea from every ruined monastery and dismantled tower which even in their decay are the most stupendous memorials of a history and a race, which as a speaker said a moment ago, are

"Doomed to death, though fated not to die."

"The galleries of history exhibit no fairer picture than that of Erin in her golden age—"The one lustrous star in a European night." Her people enjoyed all the privileges and rights possessed by the citizens of a modern republic. Their chiefs were of their own choice. A system of law prevailed so mild that the bard was the most formidable power in the community. The sounds of festivity in their halls mingled with the chant of a thousand saints in their thousand churches. The enthusiasm of learning that lighted their schools comes down to us across the gloomy gulf of ages that followed, and make us doubt whether modern civilization with all its newfangled refinements, but redoubled cares, can offer anything to compare with the simple happiness of that old race, with their sparkling wit, their mirthful hearts, the sensitive organism which could be ruled by the power of music, and the glorious enthusiasm which inspired them to bear the ideal torch of religion and learning to the uttermost ends of the darkened world.

"That sainted murder and hypocrite apostle of the gospel (Henry II) had arrived to preach the ten commandments to the Irish. Then fol-