

best we were able, and we closed our eyes never to open them again till the Blessed Virgin sent relief." That was one of a thousand instances of the fortitude with which during that dreadful period of trial the Irish race preferred the safety of their immortal souls to the goods of his world, and there were thousands of Irishmen scattered over the earth who, had they yielded to the tempter, would be now in the possession of their own homes in Ireland. There were two prominent features in the Irish character which were ineradicable—love of creed and love of country; and the sooner every one admitted this fact the better for the Irish race and the better for every other race. The love of creed was first and that of country next. Whenever Irishmen had gone—whether to Canada—in one portion of which (Montreal) 1,200 men and women and children of that race found a nameless grave in the famine days, having perished after quitting the emigrant ship—or to the United States, or Australia, or to England, they had always endeavored to procure a priest, if they had not one already, and to build a church, that they might hear again the song of praise and nourish their souls with the food of life.

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