

LAYS OF THE CHURCH OF IRELAND.

Air—*Savourneen Deelish.* :

Methought in my dream that I saw a fair island*
 With flowers all rainbow-hued bath'd in the light;
 The dew drops lay glistening, and still, as if listening
 To songs of the morning birds echoing delight.
 A land of pomegranates, the cypress and spikenard,
 And saffron and cinnamon, all flourished there;
 The myrrh and the frankincense, all the chief spices
 Made sweet to the senses the redolent air.

A fountain aye springing well watered the garden;
 Its source was a well inexhaustibly deep,†
 While from Lebanon gushing, the rivulets rushing,
 Awaked the fair flowers each morning from sleep.
 The north wind, the south wind blew over this garden,
 The spices flowed forth like the heart of first-love,
 The Bridegroom oft came His fair island to visit,
 And cul'd its choice sweets for His Eden above.

The harbinger star shed the first rays of morning‡
 The flowers all turn'd its mild radiance to see;
 Then orient streaks to the watchers gave warning
 That glory would rise o'er this isle of the sea.
 The bright sun of Righteousness riseth in splendour;
 The birds with delight pour their gush of song;
 Its burden is "Shine, yea and ever keep shining,§
 For thy light is come, though it tarried so long."

In vain shall the storm-cloud burst over this island;
 In vain shall her grapes by the spoilers be spoiled;
 For the Keeper of Israel had sworn to defend it||
 With fruit trees unbroken, and blossoms unsoil'd.
 Or should their rough hands break the least in this vineyard,
 They shall but for ever in Paradise bloom;
 No power of man, and no malice of Satan,
 Shall ever disturb that sweet land past the tomb.

*Canticles, iv., 13-16. †St. John, iv 15. ‡Rev., xxii., 16. §Isaiah, lxi., 1. ||Isaiah, xxvii., 2-3.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION IN SPAIN.—
 The Junta of Barcelona has intimated
 to the archbishop that, as freedom of
 worship has been proclaimed, every re-
 ligious ceremony out of doors must be
 discontinued; every sect and denomina-
 tion must perform its rites within the
 buildings destined to its special uses.
 In Madrid and other cities the images
 at the street corners, with the oil-lamps
 dimly burning before them night and
 day, are fast disappearing. "It may
 be mere accident (writes the correspon-
 dent of the *Times*), but I have not for

nearly a month met the Holy Sacrament,
 with bell and book and candle, on my
 way along the Madrid thoroughfares.
 It is not long since the tinkling of that
 bell used to throw a whole neighbour-
 hood into consternation, when the
 words '*Pasa Dios!*' were the signal for
 every man to get out of the way—those
 who tarried behind being compelled to
 interrupt all business and traffic, to
 prostrate themselves on the ground, and
 even to alight from their carriages, give
 up their seats to the priests, and follow
 on foot."