

North," one of the most powerful of Irish rebel poems, of which it was said that the author had "the heart of a demon, but the head of one too") was the ablest Prime Minister Australia ever had. In Canada D'Arcy McGee gave proof, if not of his consistency, at least of his ability as a statesman. Thomas Francis Meagher, at the head of his Irish Brigade, well earned his fame as a dashing soldier, and died Governor of Montana.

But the story of the Young Ireland leaders is too fresh in the minds of the present generation to be repeated here. They are now nearly all passed away. Not one threads his native soil; though some have found graves in Irish earth.

Of all the exiles of '48 the one whose end was most in keeping with his stormy life was poor Mitchel. It was such a one as he would probably have wished himself—to return from his long exile to breathe his last in a moment of triumph, with Tipperary's welcoming cheers ringing in his ears, and the proud satisfaction of knowing that with his dying breath he sped one parting shaft at the Power that during life he had hated with a deep and consistent hatred of which a less fiery nature would be incapable.

Perhaps the sight of our countrymen abroad is almost enough to keep alive bitter feelings in an exile's breast; for how can he doubt that there must be something very wrong with the land whose people he finds able to succeed everywhere but at home?

The Irish in the United States are now numerous and powerful. That they have proved themselves grateful for the hospitality with which they were received, America cannot deny; for during the long civil war they shed their blood as freely as if it were water in her cause. Well did the Irish Brigade at that time show that Irish soldiers still lacked nothing of the dash and "go" which distinguished their predecessors at Fontenoy. A race does not readily change or forget—at least the Irish do not forget; for wherever exiles of Erin are—in busy cities, or amid the dark forests or wild prairies of the New World—they remember the old friends, the old homes, and the old land. In some the love of mother-country burns

strong and bright, and leads (it may be) to deeds of wild enthusiasm; in others it is but an uncertain glimmer, which flashes out for a moment, and then disappears for a long while; in many the cares and strife of life have so dimmed it that it seems to have died out altogether; yet in almost every exile's heart, deep down under the ashes of other feelings, some spark of it still remains, and would blaze out if the opportunity occurred. A very practical proof of this is the readiness with which Irish emigrants, rich and poor, young and old, men and women, respond to any calls made upon them for money for Irish purposes. The money may have been hardly earned and badly wanted for other things, yet they will give it freely to the old land.

In Australia, as well as in America, Irish emigrants are to be found in posts of trust and honor; in Africa also they are well-to-do; even in England they are beginning to make their mark. Will they ever make it here, or restore their country to her rightful place among the nations? Like the Jews, our people are scattered over the face of the earth; but, unlike them, they never denied their God, and He will surely bless their future.

THE POPULAR PIETIST.

THE habits of the Popular Pietist are rather peculiar. He goes to church and with rare devotion joins in prayers. When he takes the collecting-box, or bag, round there is a sweetly, cherub-like, insinuating air about him which seems to say "now, you must give liberally or be for ever disgraced in my eyes, a thing which I am sure you would not like." As he stands up to sing he looks as if he found it the most difficult matter for him to keep his religious instincts within decent bounds. To cap all, he listens to the prosiest of sermons with an air of ecstacy, and would be shocked if it could be supposed that he had missed a word of the precious discourse. As he leaves the sacred building he relates to his neighbours how greatly he has been edified. Then he goes home with his wife and rebukes her for her extravagance, or talks of the great scheme for the making