



CLARE ISLAND, CLEW BAY.

company of them resolved to try their fortunes on the continent of America.

“On a spring morning of 1760,” writes one who was familiar with the story, “a group of emigrants might have been seen at the Custom House Quay, Limerick, preparing to embark for America. At that time emigration was not so common an occurrence as it is now, and the excitement connected with their departure was intense. They were accompanied to the vessel’s side by crowds of their companions and friends, some of whom had come sixteen miles to say ‘farewell’ for the last time. One of these about to leave—a young man with a thoughtful look and resolute bearing—is evidently leader of the party, and more than an ordinary pang is felt by many as they bid him farewell. He had been one of the first-fruits of his countrymen won to

Christ, the leader of the infant Church, and in their humble chapel had often ministered to them the Word of Life. He is surrounded by his spiritual children and friends, who are anxious to have some parting words of counsel and advice. He enters the vessel, and from its side once more breaks among them the Bread of Life.

“And now the last prayer is offered; they embrace each other, the vessel begins to move. As she recedes, uplifted hands and uplifted hearts attest what all felt. And none of all that vast multitude felt more, probably, than that young man. His name was Philip Embury. His party consisted of his wife, Mary Sweitzer (remarkable for her personal beauty, and recently married, at the early age of sixteen, to her noble husband), his two brothers and their families, Paul Heck and Barbara his wife, and others. Who among the crowd that saw them leave