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No ! its huge towers shall float over Cleena's bright sea,
Ere the Gael prove a craven in lonely Dunbwee.

Ireland began her work for the world from the moment that—

Lea. y and his druids marked the omen
Blaze blood-red over Slane.

When Patrick traced the cross on the shield of Connell Creevin,
the sons of Milesius received their accolade as champions of the
Catholic faith :—

He spoke, and with his crozier pointed
Graved on the broad shield's brazen boss,
(That hour baptized, confirmed, anointed,
Stood Erin's chivalry) the Cross :
And there was heard a whisper low—
(Saint Michael, was that whisper thine ?)—

" Thou sword, keep pure thy virgin vow,
" And trenchant thou shalt be as mine."

And who shall say that the descendants of the first converts
have not " kept pure the virgin vow " which their warrior ancestors
made at the feet of St. Patrick—whether on the battlefields of the
sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, fighting and dying for faith and
freedom, side by side with the men of Norman blood like Richard
Tyrrell and James Fitzmaurice of Desmond—or at the present day,
in union with their fellow-country men of other religious beliefs,
striving, by the peaceful force of the Gaelic awakening, to bring closer
the day, now rapidly approaching, when

Over tower and mountain
The olden banner flies ;
When once again the tongue of generations
Shall ring from sea to sea,
And Eire stands amongst the gathered nations,
Redeemed, Erect and Free.

HUBERT O'MEARA.

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