

church in which the faith of the nation was enshrined. Emancipation was offered on condition that government might obtain some influence in the nomination of bishops and the direction of the church. Then noble Ireland, her wounds yet bleeding, stood up in the whole strength of her faith, and holding up her shackled hands to heaven, swore to refuse emancipation, rather than permit any bonds to be placed on the freedom of that church which her people loved above all earthly things.

Ireland has resisted, and resisted successfully. She has come forth with glory. And yet she was never more truly grand than in that long death of centuries, or rather in that life, ever dying, yet ever fresh in life. The Irish have come forth with souls unharmed. You, dear brethren, you are my witnesses, how they have come forth from these centuries of agony, a people ever generous and ever kind. Their nationality still subsisting along with the other features of their national character, qualities which must be honored and venerated by all hearts that sympathise with whatever does honor to humanity; the love of native land, sincere and tender devotion to old habits and customs, ardent reverence for the past. These qualities of their race, these traits of their national character, they have preserved, notwithstanding the oppression of ages.

Still better have they preserved with a fidelity tried in the fire, the faith of their fathers. Nothing has been able to detach them from that; indomitable in courage they have been indomitable in faith. The great apostacy which swept over Europe like an infection left Ireland untouched. While the faith of other nations went away, the sport of winds or of kings, neither heresy nor schism could find place in her. The Virgin Island preserved her virgin faith. Ireland has suffered all things save one. One only thing she has not borne, and could never bear and that is—apostacy.

I have said that the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries witnessed the hand of time place on Ireland's brow the Martyr's crown. May I not say the 19th too? Is it not martyrdom to give one's life for the faith? To die, rather than eat meat offered in homage to a false religion? Oh! on to day, when the torment and agony have been endured and are passed away, now that Heaven has been peopled anew by a conquering host, can we not glory in thinking of that heroism to which our own life times can bear a testimony? That land, which in our own day