

countrymen, continued the speaker it is a reflection full of glory in the past, and of bright hope for the future, that neither force nor fraud, though both were applied with all the energy and persistency that cruelty and wickedness could prompt, could ever crush out or eradicate that spirit of Irish nationality, in defence of which Wolfe Tone died. It may slumber for a while, it may in the hour of dire trial appear for ever dead, but like the shamrock, the triple emblem of Ireland's faith, her fertility, and her love of freedom, though long trodden down, it is but to spring up again with a new life green and vigorous. It may be asked what is meant by this spirit of Irish nationality. I will explain what I mean by the phrase. It is the full confidence of the Irish people in the complete qualification of this country to sustain, in every sense, the position of a nation; their belief in the indisputable right of the Irish nation to frame and administer laws for the government, protection, and welfare of the Irish people; and their determination to struggle for ever and ever, or place Ireland in the possession of her national rights. This spirit of national integrity is the birthright of the Irish people. It has been fostered by our fathers, and nourished with their best blood for ages past. It is the theme to-day as it was when Wolfe Tone died asserting it, the same as it was in the remoter days when Hugh O'Neil upheld its principle with his strong red hand. And it will continue to increase in power and brilliancy until its long struggling flame shall burst forth in all the dazzling glory of the Sunburst of Ireland's independence (loud cheers). Fellow-countrymen, ours is a country of grand natural advantages and capabilities—a fatherland worthy of all our love and of every sacrifice. God and country, faith and fatherland, are kindred sentiments. Next to the homage we owe our Creator comes the devotion and fidelity due to our native land. This is the creed of the world, and the man who proves false to it, meets the reprobation of all men worthy of the name. The dusky savage, with little more than animal instincts, will up with his rude spear or hatchet, and war to the bitter end against the invader of his hunting ground. It is the same from the burning tropics to the regions of perpetual ice; love of country is a natural instinct, one of the strongest and most abiding of the human breast (cheers). What should be said to the Irishman, then, who would abandon his country, the fairest on the face of God's world, to a state of conquered, craven subjection? And the d ploc-

table fact that this country is in a state of enforced subjection is but too fatally apparent. A Union between this country and England should be an arrangement for the mutual advantage of the two countries. When we take part in the toils and dangers of her battles, we should be entitled to a share in the advantages arising from victory. When we contribute our share of money and brain and sinew to develop and extend her trade and commerce, we should have a claim to a proportion of the prosperity derivable therefrom. Is there a living man possessed of the hardihood to say that this is the case? No, before the honest judgment of the world, the lamentable fact must be recognized, that since the fatal hour of the enforced and fraudulent Union, it has been a time of dismal decay of the Irish nation and the Irish race (cheers). Fellow-countrymen, our mission here to-day is a holy one, and here in the presence of the mighty dead, we plight our undying fidelity to the holy cause of Erin, the motherland of saints and of heroes, the nurse of the bright and the brave, of Grattan, O'Connell, and Davis, of Emmet, Fitzgerald and Wolfe Tone (loud and prolonged applause.)"

The chairman then put the resolution, which was carried unanimously and amid great cheering.

(FOR THE HARP.)

THE EXILE'S DEATH.

BY MABLE LYNN.

They lifted him up gently,
And his dying words came slow,
But he whispered, "Let me look towards
Old Erin ere I go."
His arms hung limp and powerless;
And his eyes were fading fast,
But westward, ever westward,
His dying gaze was cast.

He murmured, "Mother, Erin,
Though seas between us roll,
I love you as that Heaven
That soon will claim my soul.
Woe, sorrow, care and misery
Drove me far from your shore,
And here I die an exile—
I'll never see you more."

Far, far away in India,
With strangers by his side,
Thy youthful son, O Erin,
Lay wearily down and died.
And when they spoke and asked him
Where is it you would rest,
He gasped and said, "O lay me
With my face turned to the west."

Again his eyes turned westward,
Then wearily drooped his head;
A gasp, a sigh, O Erin,
Thy exile son is dead.
His dead hands clasped a shamrock
Above his youthful breast,
And when sunset came they laid him
With his face turned to the west.