

served in the family of William De Borgo, the 3rd Earl of Ulster, and from them lineally came to her; "but," said she, "I never have put it on yet, nor, indeed, do I believe I ever will, for how could a humble Irish girl such as I am presume to wear that which was an ornament to no less a personage than the Queen of England?"—"I beg you will not despise yourself, or yet your humble situation," said Rose O'Neill, smiling; "you know not but that some Duke of the blood may fancy you; and as you have somewhat of royalty in your veins, we hope, by the assistance of an indigent Parliament, that the difficulty of your being a subject will be easily got over, and then, my dear Aveline, you may publicly wear the necklace of royal Matilda."

"If," said Aveline, "my dear Rose, you loved me, you would not be so severe on me to-night—your poor friend whom you ought to exhort toward humility. I am living here alone, and without the guidance or company of my kind mother, who was my only monitor, and who never failed to implant the purest ideas of rectitude in the minds of all her children as in mine."

"You are such a grave moralist, beautiful Aveline, that I dare not enter the arena of argument with you, even for one moment; but will you leave aside that philosophical look which you have assumed? Will you descend from your jambies, and contend with me in my own ground? Do you not see the necklace which I wear?—it, excepting some few ornaments, is composed of our national diamond, and I also can assure you, was worn by a queen, and one of those who reigned in Tara; yet you see that Rose O'Neill is not intimidated to put it on, notwithstanding its former royal possessor, great Hynial of Teamra, and I your own pretty Rose of Clanbuoy." The conclusion of this sentence created a general laugh. "But indeed," said she, "I had the honor to be in company lately, when there was given as a toast, and that even by an Irish prince, a certain beauty, living somewhere or other in a rocky tower on the northern shores of Inis Bannua, nor could I have guessed who this enviable beauty was, for you may be sure I was bursting with jealousy; but having her likeness suspended in the apartment facing my own, I saw him turn his eyes towards her as he gave the toast, and make, as I thought, a half bow; and all these compliments passed in the presence of her whom you call pretty Rose, whose person and likeness were both neglected. Now, is it any wonder that I should not like you? I fear I will be necessitated, as the picture is so convenient to me, to deface some of those charms which have so far eclipsed my own; only that I know the original, being so near, would flash conviction on me at our first assembly in Shane's castle."

(To be Continued.)

In early times the young ladies of Ireland wore their hair loose, and flowing over their shoulders, with the breast and arms bare, which primitive custom our fair countrywomen seem greedily to have revived.

PASTORAL LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF LONDON, ON DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.

JOHN.—BY THE GRACE OF GOD, AND APPOINTMENT OF THE HOLY SEE, BISHOP OF LONDON. To the Venerable Clergy, Religious Communities, and Beloved Laity of our Diocese, Health and Benediction in the Lord.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN.—The profound wisdom and untiring zeal with which our Holy Mother, the Church, prosecutes her sublime mission of saving souls, and of extending the reign of Christ on earth, is a subject which challenges the admiration and gratitude of mankind. Animated and illumined by the Holy Ghost, who is her life, she puts forth all her heaven-given resources to supply the spiritual wants of man, and to save from eternal ruin, the world redeemed in the precious blood of Christ.—Like unto the good shepherd, she goes in search of the lost sheep, tenderly binds up the wounds it received in its wanderings, and with joy brings it home to the shelter of the fold. She gives the food of revealed truth to the hungry intellect, and an all-satisfying object of love to the yearning heart. She has a balm for every affliction, relief for every misery, and consolation for the dark sorrows that afflict humanity. With the tender care and sleepless vigilance of a fond mother, she watches over our spiritual welfare, and labors to insure our eternal happiness.

As each age has its own special wants, and its own moral epidemics, she draws forth from her inexhaustible treasure-house of grace, the helps that are needed, and the remedies required, for the healing of the sick nations. Hence the various devotions that have ever and anon sprung up in her bosom with all the beauty and variety of summer flowers, putting forth the blossoms and fruits of virtue and sanctity, and filling the air with a perfume of sweetest fragrance, "exalting the good odour of Christ unto salvation." O, it is good for us to be her children, it is good for us to be with Christ and His apostles on this holy Mount of Thabor, on which we see the entrancing vision of revealed truth and holiness, and the luminous cloud of Christian virtues that may not be seen amongst the sect below in the mist-covered valley! What childlike innocence; what stainless purity of life, has she not fostered by devotions to Christ's blessed Mother; what countless virgins, pure as the icicle, has she not induced to follow the heavenly bridegroom, by holding up to their enraptured gaze, the virgin without stain! How many hearts grown hard in sin has she not melted into deep compunction? What streams of penitential tears has she not caused to flow down the cheeks of sinners, by her devotion of the way of the cross? And that the charity of many has grown cold, that faith has lost its freshness and vigour, that a dead sea of indifference has spread abroad over the earth, the holy Church holds up before the eyes of all, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, burning with love for us, calls on the perishing world to return to its divine Saviour and live; and behold, many peoples that were indifferent give ear, and the tepid are aroused from their lethargy, and faith revives, and charity is inflamed, and the "ragos of faith" are in many places brought back again.

Let us for a moment dwell on the consideration of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which the holy Church so urgently recommends to her children at this particular time, and we shall find, that the object and end of this devotion are such, as to appeal to a mighty power to the heart and conscience of every Christian; are such as to draw the soul as with the cords of Adam and the bands of love, to the foot of the cross, and to its merciful and loving Saviour, who on that blessed rood purchased it with a great price, and died a cruel death that it might have everlasting life.

The Sacred Heart of Jesus was an object always of devotion and adoration in the Church, for it is the Heart of the God-Man, and is deified by its hypostatic union with the Divinity. This devotion is the same in substance as that which is paid to the adorable person of Jesus Christ whose Sacred Heart was the seat and centre of His ineffable love for us. Christ was very God and very Man. His human and divine natures were perfectly distinct, and yet were hypostatically united in the adorable person of our blessed Redeemer, the second person of the most blessed Trinity. The divinity and humanity do not separately, but unitedly exist in the person of Christ, and neither the one nor the other exclusively exists in any part of His glorious person, the union of the two natures being a real indissoluble and eternal union. This is the teaching of the Church on this important subject, and it follows from it, that each part of our Lord's sacred body is equally worthy of adoration, from its personal union with the Divinity, but we are sometimes more powerfully moved by the contemplation of one part than of another. In the language of mankind, the heart is said to be the seat of the affections. The soul operates principally upon the heart, and hence we ascribe to the heart the various affections and emotions of the soul. Hence it is, that God accommodating Himself to our human notions, commands us to love Him "with our whole hearts." The Heart of Jesus contains the fullness of the divine and human nature, in it "dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead corporally" (Collos. II. c. v. 9). It loved us from the first moment of the Incarnation, and will love us for evermore. Since the time it was pierced by the lance of the Roman soldier, it was an object of the deep veneration of His children, and together with the blood and water, there flowed from it the full tide of God's graces and mercies on the world. St. Augustine says, the side of Jesus was opened for him by the lance, and that he entered in and abode in the Sacred Heart as in a place of secure refuge.—St. Bernard writes in sentiments of most tender devotion concerning the Heart of Jesus. St. Thomas of Aquin pictured that most loving heart as wounded for our sins, and pouring out through the opening its precious blood, to show the excess of His love, and to inflame with His love the tepid hearts of His disciples. St. Bernardine of Sienna, speaks of this divine Heart as "a furnace of the most ardent love, capable of setting the whole world on fire." O love! cries out St. Francis of Sales, "O, sovereign love of the Heart of Jesus! What heart can praise and bless Thee as Thou dost deserve! Let this adorable heart live for ever in our hearts."

In adoring the Sacred Heart, we adore Jesus Himself, the figure of the Father's substance, and the splendour of His glory; we adore Him whom the angels and saints adore in Heaven, of whom, when coming into the world, it was said, "let all the angels of God adore Him" (Heb. ch. i. v. vi). We adore and love our dearest Redeemer, our God and our All, our first beginning and last end, Him, who for us men and for our salvation, came down from Heaven and became man, who stooped into the abyss of our nothingness in assuming human nature, "emptied Himself," says St. Paul, "taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men, and in habit found as a man; He humbled Himself, becoming obedient, even unto the death of the cross" (Phil. ch. 2. vii. viii). We adore that divine and loving Heart, every throbbing and beat of which were for our salvation and happiness, the Heart of Him who broke not the bruised reed, and the smoking flax did not extinguish, who was the friend of publicans and sinners. We adore that divine Heart, which still, in the sacrament of the altar, abides with us in this valley of tears to cheer our exile, to dry up the tears of our sorrow, to heal the wounded heart, to dart into our bosoms the flames of divine charity that glow and burn in it, and to cast on the cold, bleak earth, the fire of love which Christ came upon the earth to kindle. Well may we cry out with the Church, "O Felix culpa, quae talem ac tantum, meruit habere Redemptorem." Oh, happy sin which deserved to have such and so great a Redeemer, whose Sacred Heart abides with us forever. "O, mira circa nos tua pietatis dignatio." O, wonderful and ineffable condescension of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for us! What heart so cold as not to return it love for love, what bosom so dead to gratitude and to all the noble impulses of our nature, as not to be forever loyal and true to it! If I forgot thee, O Sacred Heart, let my right hand be forgotten, let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not make thee the beginning of my joys and the burthen of my praise. "As the hart panteth after the fountains of waters, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God; my soul hath thirsted after the strong living God. I shall go over into the place of the wonderful tabernacle, even to the house of God" (Ps. 41), wherein the Heart of Jesus abides in the sacrament of His love. Such are the sentiments that must fill the soul, such the ardent desires and the vehement longings for Heaven and for God, that must inflame all who contemplate and adore the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

But we not only adore the Sacred Heart as being a principal part of the adorable body of our Lord, we also profoundly adore the infinite abyssal love of God for us, of which the Sacred Heart is a living symbol. The love the incarnate God bore us is an unfathomable abyss, which the plummet-line of human intelligence can never fathom. The prophet said of the sorrow of our crucified Lord, that it was as great as the sea. We may also truly say, that His love for us was as vast, as deep, as boundless, as the ocean. St Paul is ravished with transports of joy as he contemplates, with all the saints, "the breadth and length, and height and depth of the charity of Christ, which surpasseth all understanding" (Eph. ch. III. v. xviii). The Sacred Heart reminds us forcibly of the infinite love, which brought the Son of God down from Heaven to redeem us; which induced Him to become poor that He might make us rich with the riches of Heaven; which caused Him to spend thirty-three years here on earth, in poverty, humiliations, and sufferings, for our sakes—of that ineffable and tender love that animated the Good Shepherd, that forgave the Magdalen, that burned the bosom of the father of the prodigal—of that compassionate love that moved Him to shed tears at the grave of Lazarus, over the doomed city of Jerusalem, and over thousands of unrepenting souls, of which Jerusalem is the type—that dried the tears of the widow of Naim, and restored the buried Lazarus to the embrace of his sisters—of that all-embracing love that excluded no child of Adam from its circle, not even the cruel enemies that flogged and crucified the Redeemer, and put him to death: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—of that love that would gather His children around Him, even as the hen gathereth her chickens under her wings—a persevering love—He was made man through love for us, and from the moment of His incarnation to His death, He never ceased to love us. He died to teach us His love, and sitting at the right of His Father in the glory of Heaven He loves us still, always living to make intercession for us, and on the countless altars of Catholicity He loves us with undying love in the most holy sacrament—a patient love which waits for our conversion, pleads with us to give Him our hearts, pursues us in our wanderings, and brings us back to the fold rejoicing—an imperial, omnipotent love, that broke the sceptre of death, that destroyed the empire of the grave, that plucked from death its sting, and from hell its bite, and flung open for His children the gates of Heaven, and prepared a place for us in the many mansions of His Father's house—in fine, the love of the best of fathers, of the most affectionate of brothers, of the most devoted of friends: "I have called you my friends." "Go tell my brothers that I will meet them in Galilee." O, ineffable love, inflame our tepid hearts with the love of thee! O,

Sacred Heart of Jesus, we implore, that we may ever love thee more and more.

The end aimed at by the Church in establishing the devotion to the Sacred Heart, is to promote God's glory, to destroy the reign of sin, and to inflame the hearts of men with the fire of divine charity. This devotion is also intended to make reparation to our Lord, for the cold neglect and ingratitude with which He is treated in the blessed sacrament. But its principal aim is, to cause His love to be loved. The mission of Jesus Christ upon the earth, was to enkindle thereon the fire of divine love. I have come, said He, to cast fire on the earth and what will I but that it be kindled (St. Luke, ch. 12 v. xlix).

When our blessed Lord came in the incarnation, He found the world steeped in corruption, and enveloped in the thick night of paganism; it was a huge, lifeless carcass, with the coldness and palor of spiritual death upon it. Everything therein was worshipped save the true God, and He was an outlaw in His own creation. Our divine Redeemer came, enkindled in far distant Galilee the fire of divine love, and behold, this fire flames out and spreads from east to west, until it embraced the world in its divine flames; until it purged and purified the earth, and made it a new creation; in the words of Holy Writ, "Renewed the face of the earth." When the Sacred Heart began to beat and palpitate in the world, the idols fell shattered from their pedestals, the oracles became dumb, for multifarious errors of paganism disappeared like a wrack of stormy clouds before the rising sun, and regenerate man rose from the grave of spiritual death, and his heart was changed and warmed into a new life: "was not our heart burning within us whilst He spake in the way (Luke ch. 24 v. xxxii). The patrician and plebeian, the noble lady and lowly handmaid, the soldier and civilian, men and women of every state and social grade, leave all for the love of Christ, because Christ first loved them, and died for their salvation. "The charity of Christ constrains us (says St. Paul), judging this, that if one died for all, then all were dead; and Christ died for all, that they also who live may not live to themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again (II Cor. ch. 5, v. xiv. xv).

But alas! the fervor and the love of God that distinguished the early Christians, have disappeared; the charity of some has grown cold; tepidity and laxity flourish like rank noxious weeds, even in the Lord's vineyard; indifference has fallen like a blight upon the modern world, and Shocco-like, has dried up the very springs of piety and virtue; the sacred truths of religion are questioned and assailed, Christian traditions are fast disappearing, and doubt and infidelity, like a wasting plague, are spreading their ravages far and near; the thirst for gold, the idolatry of materialism, the vain effort to make a heaven of earth, the ignoring of an eternal world beyond the grave; those are the deplorable characteristics of the days upon which we have fallen. Who shall heal this wicked and adulterous generation? "Quis medebitur ejus?"

But this is not all; the Church, the bride of Christ, is bitterly persecuted and assailed with a Satanic rage and hatred, in several countries she is robbed of her liberties and inalienable rights, her bishops are punished for the performance of their sacred duty, and in some cases are driven from their sees; her religious orders are stripped of their properties, and are driven into exile; the Holy Father, the Vicar of Christ, is in chains, and the Papal throne, that stood erect for a thousand years a centre of liberty and light to the nations, has been shattered into fragments by the hands of impious men, whilst the governments of Europe look on with approval at this monstrous crime. In the presence of these appalling evils, the Church turns to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, even as the Apostles did when the storm raged on the Sea of Galilee, and the angry waves threatened to submerge the bark of Peter, and she says to it, "Lord, save us, we perish." "Sacred Heart of Jesus, save society from the deluge of evils that threatens to destroy it, save a perishing world from the ruin towards which it is fast hastening, enkindle the fire of Thy divine love in the cold breasts of men. Spare, O Lord, spare Thy people, and be not angry with us for ever; let not my enemies prevail against me, nor the son of ungodly have power to hurt me, and let not the gates of hell prevail against me!"

The Sacred Heart is a secure harbor to the Church from the angry storms of persecution that now so fiercely assail her. It is true the Church is indestructible, and can neither decay nor perish, for she is indissolubly united with the Holy Ghost, who is her life, and this union is eternal. I will send you, said our Lord, another paraclete, the spirit of truth, to abide with you forever (St. John, ch. 14 v. xv). And again, He said to His Apostles, behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world (St. Matt. ch. 28 v. xx). "On this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her" (St. Matt. ch. 16 v. 18).

The Church Catholic is that immortal kingdom seen by Nebuchadnezzar in his vision of the night, and of which Daniel prophesied; "but in the days of those kingdoms the God of Heaven will set up another kingdom that shall never be destroyed, and His kingdom shall not be delivered up to another people, and it shall break in pieces, and shall consume all these kingdoms, and itself shall stand for ever (Dan. ch. 2 v. xlv).

Nations may disappear, dynasties may be overthrown, the proudest thrones may be shattered into fragments, but the Church of the living God shall live on forever, in all the freshness and vigour of youth. Princes may conspire against her mission and her very life, but her hopes shall be scattered like the chaff of the threshing floor, and their wicked machinations brought to naught; He that is in Heaven said, Psalmist shall laugh at them, and the Lord shall deride them (Rom. ch. 2 v. iv). "No weapon, said the prophet, that is formed against her shall prosper, and every tongue that resisted her, in judgment she shall condemn (Isa. ch. 44 v. xvii). This is our faith and consolation in the midst of an unbelieving and hostile world. But in the presence of the wide-spread indifference and impiety that now prevail; in the presence of the faint-heartedness, tepidity and worldliness, that exist among the children of the Church; in presence of the bitter persecution that now rages against the spouse of Christ and His vicar; what are we to do? We must turn to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for it is the very shrine of sanctification and healing. If a virtue went forth from the hem of His garment which cured a painful and chronic disease, if the handkerchiefs and aprons which had touched the body of St. Paul, caused "the diseases" to depart from the sick, as we read was the case in the Acts of the Apostles, "the shadow" of Peter passing by delivered men from their infirmities, surely the virtue and healing influences that flow from the Heart of Jesus are sufficient to cure this age, that is sick and sore, and diseased to the very heart. Our help and our hope then lie in that wounded heart, whence salvation first streamed down with its own precious blood on mankind. It is our sheet anchor of hope in these unhappy times. When St. Gertrude was favored with a vision of St. John the Evangelist, and asked him why he had not revealed all the beatings of the heart of our Lord, since he had felt them all himself when leaning on His bosom, he replied, "that the full persuasive sweetness of the beatings of that Heart was reserved to be revealed at a later time, when the world should have grown old and sunk in tepidity, that it might be thus re-kindled and re-awakened to the love of God!"

Oh, we must then turn to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and implore it to cast its divine fire of love on the frozen earth once more, so that the winter of our desolation may pass away, and the spring time of holy hope and fervour may come back again; we must implore it to breathe the breath of life into the

numberless souls that, Lazarus-like, lie asleep in the grave of sin, that they may arise to a life of grace and virtue; we must beseech it to banish from the children of the Church, all spiritual sloth and unconcern in God's holy service, and in the all-important work of their salvation, to inflame their hearts with divine love, to enliven their faith, to strengthen their hope, and to enlarge their charity; and finally, we must beseech the Sacred Heart to restore peace and liberty to the persecuted Church and the Supreme Pontiff. When St. Peter was in prison, a prayer was made without ceasing by the Church unto God for him (Acts ch. 12 v. v.), and an angel of the Lord struck the chains from his hands, and fetters flung open the prison gates, and set him free; and so, if we pray ardently, confidently and perseveringly to the Sacred Heart for the Church and Holy Father, their grievous trials in God's own time will cease. A Christian philosopher has remarked, that a nation that prays is always heard, and so when the Church, the great nation of regenerated humanity, implores God to hasten the triumph of the bride of Christ, and to scatter her enemies, we may rest assured that that prayer will not remain unheard. For this two-fold end, viz., 1st.—Of enkindling in our hearts the fire of divine charity, so that we may walk in justice and holiness before God all the days of our life, and 2nd.—Of beseeching God to hasten the triumph of the Church over her enemies, we purpose solemnly consecrating this diocese to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, placing ourselves, the venerable clergy, the religious communities, and beloved laity, under the regis of its blessed protection. This consecration shall take place at the time and in the manner hereinafter mentioned. We shall conclude this pastoral letter, by the fervid words spoken by our Holy Father in a recent allocution.

"Let us hasten the wished for time of mercy; let us all, the world over, offer, as it were, a holy violence to God. Let the bishops of the world urge their clergy, and the clergy their flocks, to this. Let all alike, with heads bowed down at the foot of the altar, cry out: 'Come, O Lord, come, do not delay; spare Thy people, pardon their crimes; behold our desolation; not relying upon our own merits, do we prostrate ourselves in prayer before Thee, but confiding in the multitude of Thy tender mercies; stir up Thy power and come, show thy face and we shall be saved!'"

"Although we are conscious of our own unworthiness, we fear not confidently to approach the throne of grace. This (grace) we beg, through the intercession of all the heavenly powers; through that of each and every one of the Holy Apostles, as also through that of the most chaste spouse of the Mother of God; but especially through the intercession of the Immaculate Virgin herself, whose prayers possess somewhat of the character of a command over her Son. But first and foremost, let us studiously endeavour to cleanse our own conscience from all sin, for 'the eyes of the Lord are upon the just, His ears are attentive to their prayers.' Wherefore, that this may be the more accurately and more fully effected, by virtue of our Apostolic authority, we grant to all the faithful, who, having contritely confessed and received Holy Communion, shall offer up their prayers for the necessities of the Church, a plenary indulgence, applicable to the souls in purgatory, by way of suffrage, which indulgence will be granted on the day designated by the ordinary of each diocese.

"Therefore, venerable brethren, though innumerable and terrible storms of persecution and tribulation rage around us, we are not disheartened, for we confide in Him who does not suffer those placing their trust in Him to be confounded. The promise of God, which can never fail, is, 'since he has hoped in Me, I will deliver him.'"

Wherefore, having invoked the holy name of God, we ordain as follows:

1st. The solemn consecration of this diocese to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, shall take place in every church within our jurisdiction, on the third Sunday of December next.

2nd. A triduum of prayers and devotions shall take place in every church, on the three days immediately preceding that Sunday.

3rd. During this triduum, each pastor shall recite in the Mass of the day the prayer, "Contra persecutores Ecclesie;" he shall recite with his people the litany of the Saints, shall give the benediction of the blessed Sacrament on each day of the triduum, and shall induce his people to approach the Sacrament of Penance.

4th. We appoint the Sunday on which the consecration is to take place, as the day on which the faithful of this diocese may gain the plenary indulgence granted by the Holy Father. This indulgence is to be gained on the usual conditions of receiving worthily the Sacraments of Penance and the Blessed Eucharist, and of praying for the necessities of the Church.

5th. On the day of consecration, immediately after the parochial mass, each pastor shall read the litany of the Saints, and the form of consecration to the Sacred Heart, which will be herewith addressed to him.

We earnestly exhort the pastors and their flocks, to prepare themselves for this consecration by the greatest fervour and devotion, to the end that we may all obtain mercy, and find grace in seasonable aid (Heb. ch. 14 v. xvi). We also exhort the reverend clergy, to establish in their respective missions, the confraternity of the Sacred Heart and the Apostleship of prayer; this most solemn devotion will bring many blessings upon themselves and the faithful confided to their pastoral care.

The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the charity of God, and the communication of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.—(II. Cor. 13 ch. viii v.) This pastoral shall be read in all the churches and religious communities of the diocese, on the first Sunday after its reception.

Given at St. Peter's Palace, London, on this the 21st day of November, the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, A. D. 1873, under our hand and seal, and the counter-signature of our secretary.

JOHN, Bishop of London. HENRY B. LORTZ, Secretary.

IRELAND.—HER VALOR, LOVE AND FAITH

The history of other nations may be gathered from the frigid pen of a by-gone historian; but Ireland's mournful history is gathered from the gory tombs of her murdered heroes; from the broken harp, the historic tower, the golden shrine, the sculptured stone cross, the mouldering abbey, and the ruined cathedral, that despite the tyrant's yoke, even in their old age, lift their hoary heads as beacon lights, bearing testimony to the past struggles of a down-trodden nation. These moss-clad sentinels of the past, with their ivy mantled domes, stand immovable on their rocky buttresses, heedless of the destroying hand of the despoiler, and scarcely yielding to the irresistible stroke of time. The history of other nations may be gathered from their increasing and decreasing commerce, from the cities that rise, flourish and decay; but Ireland's sad fate is gathered from the abandoned and decaying cottage, the lonely village, the deserted valley, the well filled poor house, the broad swelling canvas of the emigrant ships furrowing the dark bosom of the foamy Atlantic, and bearing away, to a former clime, the sons and daughters of that saintly isle. During long years of the past the Irish have been going to foreign shores from their native soil. They are going in the present, and most likely, they will be going in the future—going as long as the proud keel of the conqueror holds beneath its iron tread the Emerald Queen of the Deep. Is this going away never to have an end? Is this Irish hold never to be loosed? Is our Emerald Queen of the deep never to raise her virgin head again? Is she never again

to fan her oppressed children with the pure, celestial air of freedom? Is she no more to see her national colors wave in triumph over her native hills? Oh yes, the omnipotent eye of the Almighty is still mercifully looking down upon His suffering child, and in His own good time will right their cause. The day is looming up in the near future when his powerful arm shall rend in twain the cruel rood with which she has been so often scourged, and shall burst asunder those galling chains by which her sons have been for centuries restrained. He will dispel oppression's hazy gloom that has so long hung around her lovely hills and make them once more bask in the bright sunshine of freedom. There is a something awful, melancholy, and lonely in the word farewell; it falls sadly on the ear, and goes with a chilling pathos to the tender heart. Many times has the Irish bosom felt this tender emotion. Many a time has the Irish emigrant with blinding tears of burning sorrow, spoken this heart-rending word, farewell. It severs his fondest ties, shuts out his gaze from those hoary, decaying fabrics of ancient lore, round which he played in the days of his childhood; it mingles from his view those lovely fields, those bowery valleys, those verdant hills and dewy glades where he grew strong in the faith of his forefathers. Though sad this farewell, though bitter the tears, and burning the sorrow, yet there is a something consoling and alleviating in the whole, inasmuch as wherever the Irish emigrant goes he carries with him that glorious and immortal whole which the King King, the ancient bards, the silver-browed harpers received at the preaching of Saint Patrick, in the royal palace of Tara. O Erin, lovely Isle beneath the sun, though trampled in the dust by the tyrant's tread, thy faith still shines forth with brighter lustre, and outshines thy name in letters of imperishable renown! Thy sons have expounded the sacred truths of the Gospel to the heathen, and brought glad tidings to other lands.—They have unfurled the saving banner of the cross to the savage Indian as well as to the enlightened white man. The bravery of thy sons was never sullied, and their heroism was never wanting in the face of danger. It is true, that they were sometimes worsted upon many a hard fought and well-contested field; their blood mingled with the dust, and their colors wasted on the bloody waters of the Boyne; but unmindful of all this, never, never, did they for a moment hesitate to plant that Banner of Green, and throw open its silken folds to every breeze of Heaven, proclaiming to the world that they are still a nation, and that they must be free.

Some narrow-minded, cold-blooded individual has lately said that the Irish people were good at loathing tents, but of no use to bear arms. This gentleman, whoever he may be, is mistaken. Let him examine a little, with an impartial eye, the history of our race. There are many other events to refute the false and groundless assertion. The Irish were never afraid to bear arms; they never feared the foe, though he outnumbered them by thousands; they were never discouraged, though Cromwell, that blood-thirsty tyrant, shed the blood of thousands of Drogheda's sons and daughters, and, wherever he may now be, may the blood of those innocent youths, of those spotless virgins, those virtuous matrons, be as burning coals upon his guilty head. The battlefields of France, Germany and Austria, bear testimony to Irish valor and to Irish heroism.

The battle-fields of our own glorious Republic know well what Irish chivalry could accomplish.—Yes, on those hard fought fields, the Irish Brigade, many a time, with one united Irish cheer, stemmed the tide of battle, leaving thousands killed and wounded upon the field. The heroic Montgomery, who, in aiding the Americans to gain their freedom, bravely fought and nobly fell on the Heights of Quebec, with the stars and stripes above his head, was an Irishman, and was not afraid to bear arms in the cause of justice and of liberty.

Going back to the days of the victor of Benburb, the immortal Owen O'Neill, we find that gallant warrior at the head of the Irish army, driving at set of sun the Saxons and the Scots before them like chaff before the wind, leaving 3,243 of their number dead upon the field. As the golden rays of the setting sun threw their glorious mantle of light over the crimson bodies of the dead and the dying, in the hazy shadows of the coming night about to envelop the blue tops of the distant mountains, the brave O'Neill and his heroes stout and strong, "O'er many a gap of slaughter and many a field of dead, They proudly set the Irish Green above the English red."

Going still further back to the days of Clontarf, the memorable days of Brian the Brave, we find that aged hero whose brow was silvered with the snows of eighty winters, mounted on his neighing war steed, carrying his unsheathed sword in one hand, the saving banner of the cross, and leading the valiant sons of Old Granua to do battle for their altars and for their country. With his Irish blade to which, in after time, the proud O'Donnells and the brave O'Neills did honor, he drove from the shamrock bosom of his native isle, the haughty Dane who for so long a period had trod her verdant vales, plundered her sacred shrines, laid heavy burdens upon her sods, and razed almost level with the dust its ancient and glorious fabrics. The glory of these heroes is now set in the shadowy West of time, leaving behind it nothing save a few fond and endearing reminiscences that hang like a funeral drape over their almost forgotten memory.

To the Irish bosom there is something grand and pathetic in the name of Ireland. It contains a poetry, an eloquence, and a patriotism more tragic than Shakespeare, more vitalizing than Milton, more enlivening than a Socrates, and more eloquent than a Cicero. It is not altogether confined within the rocky limits of its own little space. Oh no! it hurries with rapid emotion across the rolling billows of the deep Atlantic, meeting with a glad reception on the happy shores of free America. It enters as it were, eternal requiems over the honored and mouldering ashes of the immortal Washington, whose name shall stand as a bright luminary on the glowing pages of the American archives, and whose memory shall be cherished in the bosom of the American people as long as the American banner waves over the decaying tomb of that departed hero. It is heard about the base of the historic Bunker Hill, calling, as it were, its sleeping warriors to battle array, from their honored graves. It moves slowly by the starn shores of snowy Canada, meeting its kindred by the sunny banks of the swollen Mississippi, reaching through the romantic glens and valleys of the lordly Rockies, hurrying onward still, until it reaches San Francisco's Golden Gate, where it dies away, amid the foamy breakers of the Pacific.

No matter in what part of the earth the lot of the Irish may be cast, they always look back with that deep feeling which moves to the scene of their patriotism, the theatre of their struggles, and to that even vital affection which binds them to that lovely land of music and of song. Be they

"In the pole,
Or in the torrid clime,"
their love for God and country is so mingled, so united, and so bound by the sacred ties of an unerring and undying faith, that no matter how cruel the torture inflicted by the merciless tyrant may be, no matter how dreary may be the English dungeon, no matter how torturing the rack or how ignoble the gibbet, they are not able to separate them.
Her sons to every creature Christ's pure doctrines are teaching.
In lands afar to other men, Christ crucified are preaching.
Spreading their glorious Catholic faith from pole to pole,