

with islets that break on sight from the top of Croagh Patrick. The gigantic sea wall of Moher flinging its huge shadows over the Atlantic wastes. The cliffs of Antrim towering over the basalt columns of the Giants Causeway. Its ruins ever a puzzle to the antiquarian, the green line of its dismantled castles marking the extreme limit of Norman rule. Jerpoint and Clonmacnoise attesting chivalric Celtic piety. These, and a thousand other softly sad and gentle memories are fresh in your minds to-day, for God has enshrined in the depths of the heart of man, one of the noblest, the most powerful and imperishable of affections, one which makes the human soul throb with generous emotion; the love of country, of the native soil, of that earth which holds in its embrace the bones of our fathers and ought also to receive our own, and among no people is this feeling so vivid as among the Irish. It is the honor of the Irish nation to be passionately attached to their country, to carry engraved on the heart its ineffaceable image, and never to lose its recollection.

When the true Irishman imbars in one of those vast ships which are to bear him across the ocean to some far distant coast; when he leaves never more to see his dear old Ireland, when he bends on it a long, last, lingering look, what tears spring to his eyes, how eagerly he watches till distance and fast weeping blind his sight, what sighs struggle in his warm manly heart; and when Ireland can be seen no more, the vast leviathan with unrelenting speed and un pitying haste rushing him on to greater distance, what a vivid image remains of the dear far off fatherland, of that land of which he ever thinks and ever names by the tenderest of appellations.

Far off! yet no! Ireland is never far off from him, it is ever present in his heart. The Irishman never has but one country. On whatever coast under whatever sky the waves may have wafted him, his first, his last, after God his only thought, but one sole memory, Ireland! Home still and forever.

Forget Ireland! No, while there's life in this heart
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art,
More dear in thy sorrows, thy gloom and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea;
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now.