

We have gone beyond the mere life of St. Patrick, my Brethren, but not lost sight of his memory and his labors. Let us turn our thoughts to him, finally, as he is now dwelling in some of the many mansions of the Father's house. It is no doubt a portion of the heaven of the beatified saints to regard from on high the result of their labors on earth. What, therefore, must be the joy of our apostle? When the sun rises in the farthest East, he pays his morning orisons to the Immaculate Victim offered up by some poor Irish missionary of India or Australia. Travelling onward his beams light up some altar, throughout all his course, raised by the faith of Irishmen or their children. Setting, his last rays fall upon the prairie lands of America, where the Irish missionary has penetrated, or, if not, the Irish emigrant signs himself with the cross and gives honor to his creed and country before resting from his toil. Behold St. Patrick's kingdom, more brilliant, more extensive, more enduring than all the vain conquests of the world's great. The Religion of Ireland, like the modest Shamrock, its emblem, even when trampled and bruised, can raise its head again and smile when the first kind dew from heaven falls to comfort it. The Shamrock cannot be extirpated from the soil where it has once taken root. To remove it, the very earth it grows in must be scattered and destroyed. And thus also, as experience has shewn,—nothing less than the extinction of the Irish race—the destruction of the Irish heart, in which St. Patrick's Faith took root—can remove its foundations or lessen its vigour.—This obstinate elasticity is the peculiar national characteristic of the Faith of Ireland—a blessing earned by St. Patrick's labors and preserved by his prayers. Let us pray, too, that he may continue to extend his protection to our race all over the world—