

wand of national power, still, some rays of her ancient glory and the attraction of defeated right, linger even now upon her majestic brow.

Q. But, is not her sword broken and do not her ancient trophies lie mouldering in the dust ?

A. Yes ; but for all that she is yet a nation—a distinct nation. You may call her subjected, but I deny that she is conquered. You may call her tranquil, but I deny that she is pacified.

Q. What does she still possess ?

A. She still possesses her own characteristics, her own poetry and literature, her own patriotism and eloquence, and, above all, she cherishes still her panting aspirations for freedom, and her old, eternal, implacable hostility towards her arch-enemy, England.

Ah ! Ireland—beautiful land of my own, even strangers have grieved at thy sorrows, and how then shall I forget thee ? Forget thee ? Never ! Ever while there is life will I remember thee.

THE END.