otherwise, nor violate the sanctity of the days consecrated to God, by servile works, and above all by criminal acts, that are worse than manual labor; not to pollute the temples of the Lord, by behaving while there in an irreligious manner, nor allow your children to attend mixed schools, where both sexes and children of every religion are assembled, which exposes them to the evident danger of becoming indifferent to the subject of religion nor permit your children to contract forbidden marriages, by marrying persons of another faith, at the risk of the issue being brought up in a false religion; nor to keep evil books, novels or unholy works, which applies equally to immoral journals; but to observe the days of fast and abstinence, and fulfill correctly all the commandments of the Church, our holy and good Mother.

XXIII. §. Disorders to Reform in the Diocese with the Graces of the Jubilee.

This is the substance of the recommendations which the common Father of the Church makes to all, and to which in your faith, Dear Brethren, you will give strict attention. There is no doubt, if you take advantage of these excellent advices, the Jubilee cannot but produce abundant fruits of salvation. We should on our side, urge you on in the yearnings of the charity of Jesus Christ, to follow strictly in your elections, the rules which have been so wisely established, that there may be none of those disorders which make them criminal in the sight of God, and draw down upon them his anathemas and maledictions; to observe all the practices of Temperance, which have been so strongly recommended to you in these latter years, and to give particular attention to these practices because they will enable you to shun all the excesses which are caused by intoxication.

XXIV. §. Intentions of the Jubilee.

The Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XII, has just shown us the dispositions with which we should make the Jubilee and the precious fruits we can reap from it. Our immortal Pontiff Pius IX, will now give us the works we must do, to share the precious advantages, that we may expect from it. At first, let us direct our intentions in which we should celebrate it, in conforming to those suggested by the Holy Father.—Thus, this Jubilee should be undertaken and should be made with the following purposes:

1st. To obtain that all the efforts made to destroy good principles, and to overthrow true religion, become useless and without results;

2nd. To prevent the prevalence of scandals that are opposed to those who believe in Jesus Christ; and that the corruption of morals which extends all over, and the shameful reversing of divine and human rights, that is diffused far and wide, be not established in the bosom of our society, obliterating every sentiment of truth and virtue;

3rd. That faith, religion, and piety be strenghened more and more, and become full of vigor;

4th. That the spirit of prayer be nourished and increased in distant countries;

5th. That those who have had the misfortune to fall into sin, be excited to feelings of penitence and reform of morals;

6th. That the sins, which kindle the wrath of God, be redeemed by the holy works of piety and charity. This should be the chief aim of this great Jubilee!

Let the whole Church militant of Christ, adds the Holy Father, hear our voice by which we declare, proclaim, and promulgate, for its exaltation, for the sanctification of christian people, and for the glory of God, this grand, universal Jubilee, to last during the whole year of 1875; on account, and in consideration of which, We have, and do suspend, the said plenary indulgence, granted in form of Jubilee, on the occasion of the Council of the Vatican, according to our good will, and that of this Holy See.....

"This is why, leaning on the mercy of God, and the authority of the Well beloved Disciples, Peter and Paul, by virture of the supreme power, that the Lord has granted us without any merit on our part, to bind and unbind, We give to all the faithful the most ample Indulgence of the Jubilee, etc."

Thus you see, Dear Brethren, with those pure and just intentions, and the solemn tone with which the sovereign Pontiff, by reason of his supreme authority has proclaimed it, the Indulgence of which you are requested to partake. In all that, what dignity, what majesty, what solemnity! How we feel from the depths of our soul the divine impression, produced by the Vicar of Jesus Christ!

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

A PANEGYRIC OF

SAINT PATRICK,

Delivered in St. Patrick's Church Ottawa, on St. Patrick's Day, 1875,

BY

REV. E. J. J. STENSON.

"Thou O Lord! art my protector, my glory, and the lifter up of my head. Thou hast heard me from thy holy hill."—*Ps. III*, 4, 5.

Dear brethren in Jesus Christ. If it be true that in the life of men there are hours of sorrow and hours of joy, the former the result of the loss of a friend and the latter occasioned by a new one acquired—if it be certain that the pall of grief is at times thrown over the heart of the family circle, and that again the bright ray of happiness surrounds the brow of a peaceful household—if it be an admitted truth that this world is made up of sorrows and of joys, oh! much more certain it is, that in the church of Christ there are days of rest if there are days of watching—days of quiet calm if there are days of holy fear—days on which the church militant, with all her united forces, stands marshalled along the shore of God's grace, looking over the sea of his mercy, gazing upon the opposite land where rest secure the saints of God, the members of the church triumphant. Such is the feeling of the church when the feast-day of a great saint comes along. She calls upon the men of her hope to contemplate "the beauties of God's house and the place where His glory dwelleth," because the saint whom they honor hath obtained the promise of his Creator, because for him, *reality hath replaced hope*. So it is with the Church to-day. To-day she calls upon her loving children to "Remember the days of old and think upon the generations which have passed away; ask thy father, and he will declare it unto thee; thy elders, and they will tell it to thee. When the Most High divided nations, when He separated the sons of Adam, He appointed the councils of the people according to the number of the children of Israel. But the Lord's portion is his people; Jacob, the lot of his inheritance. He found him in a desert land, in a place of horror and of vast wilderness; He led him about and taught him, and he kept him as the apple of his eye. The Lord alone was his leader, and there was no strange god with him. He set him upon high land, that he might eat the fruits of the fields; that he might suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the hardest stone." (Deut. XXXII.) Yes, my brethren, she tells her children to look upon the Lord, and behold the great things which He hath done for their forefathers and for them—to-day, the Universal church looks upon one of her first-born, Ireland, and whilst the mother celebrates the feast of Ireland's greatest saint, that ancient church has adorned her sanctuaries with no ordinary magnificence; she has clothed her priests with the richest ornaments, and from every altar throughout the length and the breadth of that fair land ascends the loving tribute of a faithful people to their God, in incense and in prayer. But, my brethren, if to-day Ireland is a nation ecstatic in her joy, the jubilation is not confined to her alone. To-day, wherever the sons of the Celtic race may find themselves—no matter in what land their lot be cast, what soil beneath their feet, what sky above their heads—to-day, wherever the hearts of Erin are beating, *there* are they surrounding the altar of their God, sending up the heartfelt, strong, impulsive prayer of a long suffering, pain-enduring people, and telling their God how much they love him,—proclaiming in the face of all creation how faithful they have ever been.

And wherefore all this joy; why does the eye of the old man glisten with a holy fire and the cheek of the young man moisten with the tear; why does the song of the church rise at first in fitful and uncertain strains till, "gathering strength and volume as it rolls alongs," in one great yearning act of love it is sent from earth to heaven, the prayer of many a thousand, the gift of many a land—oh! why, but because this is a day of great rejoicing, of sacred and of loving thought, a day which as it comes along is *the ancient ever new*, a day reminding us of rich gifts received, of our faith and of our birthright, a day which speaks our history and our hope—the day of Ireland—St. Patrick's Day!!

Whilst these few ideas were running through my mind, the question naturally suggested itself to me what text should I adopt in addressing you to-day. No sooner did I ask myself the question than the words of Sacred Writ which I have just quoted for you came forcibly to my mind. They seem to me so peculiarly fitting to our subject; to my mind they speak so vividly the glories of our saint, that, as I develop them, you shall hear his history, and as I conclude you shall form at least, some faint idea of the virtue of his adopted country and of the glory of his crown. "*Tu es Domine gloria mea*," "*Thou art O Lord! my glory.*" In speaking of the saints of God, my dear brethren, our conduct seems to deserve grave reproach from our separated brethren. They do not understand our appreciation of the dignity acquired by those who, having loved God *here*, are in His keeping for *an eternity*. And yet it is easily understood. In this life, if a man but serves his country well, his name is preserved in her history, and a living memory of his fame is kept alive in the hearts of her subjects. The church deals not with *the flesh*, but with *the spirit*; hence, if a creature has served his God, *in spirit and in truth*, why would not the same church provoke a holy spirit of emulation in the hearts of her children, as the feast-day of some saint comes along, "*as the saint whom now you honor served his God through life, so do ye*"? Hence it is that to-day, the Catholic church takes her dear child, Ireland, by the hand, and in her service tells her "*Hæc est dies, quam fecit Dominus; exultemus, et lætemur in ea*," "*This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us be glad and rejoice therein*," (*Ps. CXVII*, 24.) During the first four centuries the Catholic church had gathered within her fold many a vast province; the sun of Justice had shed its light in brilliant rays around the Church of Rome! men who had not known the benefits of redemption were led to the foot of the Cross and upon their heads was made to flow the saving blood of Jesus! Whilst many a land was happy in her possession, whilst creatures did bend the knee to God and learned how to pray, there was one Isle, lovely to behold, where never yet had been erected the standard of the Cross—where the mother knew not how to pray, nor taught she her infant child to lisp the names of Jesus, of Mary, or of Joseph—where men were plunged in deep idolatry—where the sun in his descent was saluted for the morrow *in base adoration*, by the torch upon the hill top and the light in the great round tower—where all was dark and dismal—where men were "sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death." But things were not to be ever thus; the glorious light of Christianity was to shed her genial rays over this as over other lands—the time should surely come when Ireland would throw off the garb of death, when she would put on the armor of light and walk as in the noon-day! The *fiat* hath gone forth—the words of the prophet Isaiah are now about being verified, "The land that was desolate and impassible, was to be made glad; the wilderness was to rejoice and flourish like a lily; the eyes of the blind man were to be opened, and the ears of the deaf were to be unstopped; waters were to break out in the desert and streams in the wilderness the dry land was to become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water; the redeemed of the Lord were to come into Sion with great praise, everlasting joy was to be upon their heads; they were to obtain joy and gladness; sorrow and mourning were to flee away," (Isaiah XXXV,) and the sons of Erin were soon to learn that the Lord was their God.

Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, was born towards the end of the year A.D. 387, Calphurnius, of Roman extraction, being his father; whilst his mother a native of Gaul, and by name Conchessa, was a sister of Saint Martin of Tours. In his childhood his acts displayed an intimate connection with the will of God; in his earlier years his conduct bore upon its very face evidence of secret communing with his Creator.

His spirit was one of prayer, the hours of his watching were frequent. As he rose in the morning, his first words were, "*Tu es Domine gloria mea*," "*Thou art, O Lord, my glory*," and—just as the noon-day sun in lighting up this earth of ours gives proof of God's great love for man—just as in his setting he casts a lurid glare of magnificence upon his surroundings—so did the utterance of these words sink deep in their efficacy of grace into the heart of the child—so did they, as he retired at night, cast around his couch a halo of rich glory.

But, my friends, "the Lord tries those whom he loveth." The child is torn from the mother's embrace; the heart of the father seems buried in the seizure of the son. A band of pirates carry him into Ireland, and *there*, he is sold as a slave! The heart of Patrick feels but little slavery there. With hands employed in feeding swine, his mind is raised to heaven, his voice is heard in prayer; and as he "whom the Almighty had separated from his mother's womb and called by His grace to reveal His Son in him that He should evangelize him among Gentiles" rises in the morning and looks over the hills of Erin, these hills re-echo with the voice of the holy one, with the cry of Patrick, "*Tu es Domine gloria mea*," "*art, O Lord, my glory.*" Thus speaks he to his God, and then he says to man, "I came into Ireland, I fed the flock of my master, and during the course of the day I prayed often; the fear and the love of God increased within me, and the unction of the Holy Spirit held such root in my soul, that a hundred times a day and as many times at night have I offered myself up to the Almighty; so much so that in the woods and on the mountains and before day-break I have risen up to pray amidst the ice and the snow and the rain; and yet, I never experienced difficulty because my heart was inflamed with divine love." (*Confession.*) Behold, my brethren, how the Lord was training his future Apostle, fitting him for the glorious work of the mission, whispering in his ear, "Son, give me thy heart."

Patrick endures a bondage of six years; he escapes and returns home; the father, the mother and the child meet once again! I leave you to imagine the joys of that re-union as best you may, to look upon the mother as she presses to her bosom him "who had been lost and was found," to look upon the father, as, in very joy, his stout frame trembles, as the cords of his heart are sweetly touched by the better feelings of our nature; I ask you in your Catholic instincts to hear him sigh, God! thanks! The son, no doubt, shares full well in this happy hour of life, yet, look upon the brow of the boy; see you not there the effects of incessant prayer, and looking into his eye do you not behold the willing fires of devotion? All! yes! the feelings of the apostolic mind are taking fast possession of his faculties. At one time they are not active, again they are irresistible. His soul is so disturbed with a holy fear that at length the final resolve is taken; he must leave his home. In life he must follow his Christ and preach Him, if in death with Him, he would be united. * * *

Looking into the face of heaven, he cries out, "Thou art, O Lord, my glory"; there is a moment of converse with the *God of Sion*—then, oh! happy day for Ireland, Patrick lowers his head upon his breast, the sea of God's grace rushes in upon his soul; and whilst the world with its votaries are going on in the same old, wild, reckless way, he, 'midst scalding tears cries out, "*Tu es Domine susceptor meus*," "*Thou art, O Lord, my protector.*" The sea of his love rages yet more; no other sounds bring its waters to his ears, than the sacred Word of God, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me," and entering into the *vessel of election*, he is taken from his parents and arrives at the celebrated college of Tours. Here he spends four years under the care of St. Martin. It is most probable that at this time our Apostle was raised to the holy order of priesthood. After another trial of his endurance, after a second exile but of short duration, the old, old feeling of his young apostolic mind becomes yet stronger; it is a yearning to do good for his fellowman a wish that God be better known, a wish that He be better loved.

Our Creator, who ever assists those who have declared that "He is their glory and their protector," favored the Saint with a heavenly vision. Thus Patrick describes it, "I saw in a nocturnal vision, a man coming as if from Ireland, whose name was Victoricius, with innumerable letters, one of which he handed me. On reading it, I found it contained these words: 'The voice of the Irish,' and whilst reading it, I thought I heard at the same moment the voices of many persons, and they cried out as if with one voice, "We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and walk still amongst us,' and I was greatly afflicted in my heart and could read no longer, then I awoke." In other words, my brethren, God had now most positively signified to him that He was "his glory and his protector."

Patrick next places himself under the care of St. Germain, of Auxerre. Thus he spends ten years, drinking in from a mighty fountain of piety and of truth.

At this time, A.D. 429, the errors of Pelagius were doing their work in Britain. St. Germain with Lupus, was sent to rid the country of such contagion, and it is said that Patrick accompanied them. Be this as it may, he it was whom they sent to Rome that Pope Celestine might hear their success. They order him to tell the Pontiff of Ireland's miserable condition, so that the Vicar of Christ may give to Ireland a comforter. They recommend Patrick for that mission, and heaven ratifies their desire. Gladly he repairs to Rome that he may throw himself at the feet of Christ's vice-gerent on earth, that he may beg *the blessings* on his ministry. With generous heart and willing feet he leaves the sanctuary of his home—and now, never to return—with a strong desire to serve his Maker, he severs the ties of a father's protection—with fervid lips as he proclaims, "The Lord is my inheritance," he unwinds the mother's arms encircling his neck and wipes away the tears which had fallen hot upon his cheek from her saddened eye, these precious tears which only come when the mother is loving the child; he felt all this as every man must feel, but, my friends, in that moment he thought of Mary when she parted from her Christ. Oh! yes, he thought of his Saviour when hanging on the Cross, the saving words were spoken, "Son, behold thy mother," (John XIX, 27.) The sorrows of this parting were nothing to the pains experienced *there*; the Lord was Patrick's glory and Patrick's protector; no longer felt he that he was "of the world" tho' *in the world*, hence leaving things of earth, his every thought is fixed on those of heaven.

Patrick proceeds to Rome and kneels at the feet of the sovereign Pontiff; he kneels there that he may receive a commission from who alone has a right to give; that he may be recognized by her, the mistress of all the churches, the mother of the faithful. The Pontiff listens to his inspired words, and taking him by the hand, the successor of Peter tells him, "In the name of the Lord, depart for Ireland." Patrick rises, he is an Apostle. After a short time, the ring is placed upon his finger, the crosier in his hand, the mitre is placed upon his head; he who in youth had ever declared that "the Lord was his Glory," and in his past life had lived to learn that "the Lord was his protector," now stands in the sanctuary of the church of God, and as he is declared a High Priest he feebly speaks to the Omnipotent and says, "*Tu exaltans caput meum*," "*Thou art the fitter up of my head.*"

In the year 432 a vessel bore Patrick to the coast of Ireland—she rode the waves of God's creation in the pleasure of His keeping—and as the waters are surging against the rocks of Ireland's beautifully bound shore, caused by the motion of that ship upon the sea, I ask you to behold the baptism of the Land!

When the Apostle arrived the kings and princes of pagan Ireland were assembled at Tara. Look upon that meeting my brethren; see you not here the pride of the land, have you not full evidence of the incredulity of the people? Riches have been used that they may procure, wealth has been called forth that it may devise, art has been exercised that she may accomplish, all that panders to the taste of man, which increaseth the haughtiness of the intellect. The court is imposing, the scene is brilliant, the royal ones are men to be feared!

But, my brethren, that which alone ennobles man, which raises him high above the brute creation, *faith*, as reducible from the bending of the intellect to the gift of the mercy of God, is wanting; that which soothes the heart in the busy affairs of life, the grand virtue of hope, is not there, for the knowledge of God, is not there, and there is no hope without the knowledge of the promise of God; that which aids men in legislation, which gives to their words a power on earth directly coming from heaven, namely, the feeling of holding office from God, is not there, for this assurance comes from the love of the Creator for the creature; yet these men know not their Maker, they have no idea of His love for them, they have not charity!!

The intelligence of the race is here apparent. You can see it in the quick flash of the eye, you can read it upon the well-shaped forehead of the Irish noble; yet, my friends, the Cross of Christ has never once been signed there. The keepers of the Chronicle stand up and read the greatness of the land's progression, the history of her power and doing; but no record of the fact that Christ died for the salvation of man, reads he; there is no "*Anno Domini*" there! Throughout the halls of Tara resound sweet music, as the strings of the golden harp are lightly touched by the well-trained fingers of the venerable bard; he sings of battles and bloody strife and the laurels won by the warrior, but not once calls he upon him to kneel down and cry out "*Laudate Dominum!*"

Who is this of lowly mien, with Cross in hand and God in heart, that slowly comes along? He is no Druid, for they carry not the Cross, nor know they Whom it represents. The great ones looks upon him with very indignation, they turn from him in scorn, but he confounds them with his power. The Druid priest is lowered—"The priest for ever according to the order of Melchisedech," (Ps. CIX, 4), has announced his mission—the court is filled with astonishment and delight—the assembly is dissolved; the monarch Leary bids his nobles and his lords hear Patrick on the morrow.

The next day comes and with it Patrick's words. In burning love he tells them of the God whom he adores; with little fear he pictures Christ as hanging on the Cross, he tells them hold their hands out and receive the blood whilst trickling down; with the ardor of an Apostle, he speaks the Christian truths; with eyes of innocence and tongue of zeal he bids them be converted. Oh! yes, he does not fail to tell them all that *there* they need; his accents prove that the tongue which speaks hath oft been purpled with a Saviour's blood; he tells them of the Virgin mother and of Joseph her pure spouse; he tells them all and ere he has done, they are kneeling at his feet. * * * And there it was that a spotless gift was presented to the living God, there it was, that as the sun shone down he but symbolized the shining of the grace of God upon the souls of the newly converted; then it was that with heads erect strong men looked into the face of heaven, begging more light, more strength, more life for souls, well shattered from a long idolatry, for mind nigh blind through want of faith. Then it was that Patrick felt his prayers were heard, then he spoke the words, "*Et exaudisti me de monte sancto tuo*," *and He hath heard me from his holy mount!*"

The conversion of Ireland was already a half-accomplished fact. When that meeting dispersed the rulers of the people went their way, but their God was with them. By them the beauties of the Christian dispensation were spoken of to their subjects, they were unfolded to the latter by the wonderful change which had come over the former.—Patrick travelled through the land; wherever he went the idols were cast down, the cross was set on high; the sheep flocked round their dear shepherd and the fold was gathered in. Now, as the morning sun rose it was to cast his beam of love upon the altar of the true God for the spotless sacrifice of Calvary renewed, was throughout the land the morning offering. Ireland was in truth a regenerated nation. The sacraments had produced their vevifying effects upon the souls of men; the priesthood was formed from the children of the soil; in the hands of some was placed the *staff* of *authority*, that "they would rule the church of God;" on the heads of others was placed the mitre of a household, in chapter to sit and legislate, and the maiden was given by the mother to the Church, and Patrick, in the name of the church, consecrated her to God; and the prayers were said and the vespers sung and the length and the breadth of the great fair land was now a nursery of faith and fame.

For forty-five years Patrick labors, and during this time his exertion is marked with signal success. At length the poor old man begins to weary, his eye begins to grow dim. Tired with long excessive watching and faint by the way he wishes to be at rest; a burning love for God has so consumed his spirit that he cannot remain ever with his children in Christ—he sickens and lays down, not once to work again! It is sadly whispered through the land that *the father* and *the Apostle* is fast going to his rest. The bishops and the priests flock round the bed of the shepherd to receive a parting blessing. Oh! what a sight it must have been to see the great saint die! Those blessed with such great blessings whisper each to the other, "God is wonderful in His Saints," (Ps. LXVII,) and as they thus speak Patrick calls them closer still. He tells them raise him up that he may give them his parting blessing, and blessing them he prays, "O Lord God look down upon my land and bless my children; as I hope to see Thee so on, no longer '*through a glass*,' but face to face, even so may this land of mine for ever bear upon her surface the impress of Thy right hand *in faith*, may my children ever bear upon their brow the *signet of Thy keeping, in Hope*; may the bosom of my adopted country preserve the truths of Thy Gospel, and may her breasts give milk to those who, in time to come, like unto their father and their patron, Patrick, will leave home and friends and all of earth, to preach Thy Word, to save poor souls in exile; hear, O Lord, the prayer of thy servant; be mindful of old bishop Patrick's prayer."

At this moment, by the mercy of God, the grand pageant of his good works pass quickly before his mind; the four hundred churches he had founded, the three thousand priests he had ordained, the seven hundred religious houses he had established; a view of all is given him through grace, and his eye lights up with a wondrous fire, and his breast is heaving with an overwhelming delight, and he raises his hand as he blesses them all, and then they lay him down that he may be at rest. He heaves a sigh of thankful resignation, the man has passed safely through the waters of hope; he has landed upon the shore of that happy land where sorrow hath no place, where angels and where saints with God for ever peacefully dwell! Oh! "*pretiosa in conspectu Domini, mors sanctorum ejus*,"—Oh! "*precious in the sight of God is the death of His saints.*" Yes, precious in the sight of God is the death of him, to whom "the Lord was his glory and his protector, the lifter up of his head, and whom the Lord hath heard from His Holy Mount."

Looking back, in calm solicitude, upon the history of Ireland, we find her life to be a religious one; from the blessed moment in which Patrick, under the roof of the monastery of Saul, breathed his last, from the memorable 17th of March, 493, the Emerald Isle consecrated herself to the Omnipotent One—she resolved to live in His service and to sing His praise.

Just, my brethren, as the child partakes in the better parts and feelings of the parent; just as the tree when full blown proclaims the potency of the seed whence she sprung; just as a country is moral and is great when her laws are framed through the medium of men who live to know and fear God; so Ireland—the child of Patrick—the tree in the forest of the church, coming from *that* of which we read that "it was planted near the running waters," (Ps. I, 3); the country—for the preservation of whose faith a saint had prayed his last prayer on earth—in her people, looked into the face of heaven and cried out, "Thou art, O Lord, my glory."

What does a man do when he looks upon another as *his glory*, when he sees in that other man his very idea personified, of all that is noble, and generous, and great? when he would wish to be like unto that man what does he do? He imitates his every act, he goes through the same school, he reads the same authors, he frequents the same society; he lives the life of him whom he would wish to follow. Ireland looked upon her God as "her glory," consequently her children followed Christ. Everywhere throughout the land, as the sun gave forth his morning light, the monks were found in prayer, and when at eve he was going away from view, even so were thousands and tens of thousands of Erin's daughters hidden from the sight of men, from the gaze of the world, prostrate in prayer, in thanks, in adoration, whilst the lamp was burning before the altar of the Great One, whilst the lamp of life for many was being quenched. The religious energy of the nation was most wonderful; the intellect of the country was acquiring gigantic proportions, and, my friends, the schools were raised to so high a standard, the teachers had became so world-renowned, that the educated world in speaking of Ireland called her, "the isle of learning and of saints." She built her seats of learning upon the banks of the rivers, that they would be easy of access; then her youths came and drank 'till they were filled with the knowledge of science and of God; then proclaiming that "He was their glory," they went their way to give others part of that which they had themselves received, to tell men of Christ and of Christ Crucified. Ireland had become a missionary country. Nations long "sitting in darkness and the shadow of death," (Luke I. 79) were looked upon in pity, by the men of the Holy Isle. These men went forth and caused unbelievers to rejoice, because now they were in possession of the knowledge of the love of God.

Thus it was for many a hundred years, for many a hundred of years, the mass was sung, and the office chanted, and priest ordained, and the virgin consecrated to God; the hills were crowned with the great old churches, the dales were sanctified in the dear sweet shrines, and the college resounded with the voices of the young scribes, and the monasteries were thronged, yet silent, in the contemplative praise of men, and then—there came a change. Then the religious history of Ireland was for many and for many a year to be written in the blood of her purest and best. The demon of persecution was let loose upon the land, the rod of religious intolerance was raised high above the people's heads, the day had come when men would dare to rob their God, to take from creatures that which the Creator swore should be their's, the grand prerogative of Free Will! The monk was hunted from his cell, and the virgin from her cloister; the churches were torn down and the monasteries razed to the ground; the priest was dishonored and the altar was desecrated, and throughout the land, the agonising shriek of a hunted and wounded race, might be heard, crying out in their sufferings, yet leaning on their hope, "How long, O Lord! how long!" Oh! God, it was a fearful time; may the like never come again! Why, there were moments in the history of the Irish Church when her very existence seemed to depend upon some vagrant priest; everything was treason—to say masses, to hear confession, to recite a litany; and yet the masses should be said, and litany should be recited, for there were souls to be saved and there was a heaven to be gained. For years and years this blind work went on; for years and years the faith was kept alive in the land by the very violence which the people in their prayer offered to heaven; in the day of sorrow as on the day of joy the sons of Patrick stood upon the hill-top and cried aloud, "Thou art O! Lord, our glory and our protection."

At length, the prayer of the sufferer for his faith is heard | the light of happier days begins to dawn upon the Church—the day of emancipation is nigh at hand—God is the protector of Ireland! He who rules the world, He who ever aids those placing their trust in Him, who had often listened to the words of the heart-stricken nation, reduces her hopes to reality, proves that He is, what her children believe Him to be, when in anguish they cried out, "Thou art the lifter up of my head." Yes! to the country He gives back again, her altar and her shrine; to the creature He gives yet again the free use of the sacraments; to the Christians of the land He gives *that*, without which a constitution is as nothing, the *glorious right of religious freedom!* Little need that I should tell you through whose exertion this was brought about; the memory of his name is buried deep in the heart of every Irishman; as long as the country shall be a nation, and she is a nation, so long will the name of O'Connell be a household word, so long, for his happy repose, shall the people send up a petition! Come back, in spirit, with me, my friends, and take a look at the land of your forefathers. It is early morning. The sun, as of old, has risen once more; and again he throws his beams through the storied window, upon the altar of the Great One. The monks have left their lonely cells, all are assembled in prayer, and, while the world is yet at rest, the busy world of yesterday, the bell of the great monastery of Melleray rings out, speaking away over the great mountains just like in the days of old, as the hundreds of secluded ones, in happy unison, sing the praise of their Creator in the Matins and the Lauds! Again the many pure bodies of the wise virgins bend in peaceful recollection as the *Angelus* rings out in the convent corridor, in remembrance of the Incarnation and in praising those who therein took a part. Near to the city of St. Lawrence we behold an institution which, as we look upon it, brings to our mind the great ones of old, the house of Bangor of Clonmacnoise or of Lismore: as we look upon it, the "*Collegium, Omnium Sanctorum*," the College of All Hallows, we look upon the loving tribute of a faithul people in thanksgiving for great gifts received; as we look upon it, we remember that there are there three hundred young levites, longing for the day when may be said to them, "Euntes Docete," "going, teach all nation." Yes, my friends we cannot forget that on the continent of America, there are, at this moment, near five hundred priests who studied there, who received within her walls their *mittimus*; who left all to follow Christ; and in the fullness of my love and veneration for them, for their self-sacrifice, I could kneel down this very day and kiss the dust beneath their feet! As we pass through the land we behold the richness of her possessions, the brilliant acquirements of her sainted orders, her Jesuits and her Dominicans, her Franciscans and her Carmelites, her Passionists and her Oblates; we look upon the exercise of sweet virtues as practised by Vincentians; we look upon her holy priesthood and her dignified Episcopacy till at length, in very excess of joy, we cry out, "O Lord! Thou art Ireland's glory and Ireland's protector, the lifter up of her head," and verily, "Thou hast heard her from Thy Holy Mount." And now, my brethren, what of Patrick's prayer? He asked God to place the impress of His right hand, *in faith*, upon the land; has the faith ever left? He asked God that His children would bear upon their brow the signet of his keeping in *hope*; was Ireland ever wanting in her hope? He asked that in the heart of his country would the gospel be preserved, and that her breasts would give milk, the milk of science and truth, to those who like unto the Apostles would go forth to preach the word and labor in the cause of heaven; has she not done so? is she not doing so? Therefore, I ask you to look upon the greatness of the land in her exercise of Faith, of Hope, of Charity; hence look upon St. Patrick in the fullness of his glory and his crown! "*Tu es gloria mea, tu es susceptor meus Domine; tu exaltans caput meum et exaudisti me de monte sancto tuo.*" "Thou art my glory, Thou art O Lord, my protector and the lifter up of my head, and Thou hast heard me from Thy Holy Mount!"

As we look upon the past and present of the Church of Ireland, tho' indeed, with the church, there is no past or future, there is but one continuous act on the part of the church militant and one continual giving of grace from the merits of Christ; yet, if we may so speak, what may we not conclude, "from that which we have seen," as regards her future. When we consider her strength at this moment—a something marvellous—so short her time of recovery from that fever brought upon her by persecution; when we remember that but a few years ago she was a queen sitting in sorrow and in chains by the waters of Babylon, and that now, after a day, so to speak, of liberty, she moves along in possession of virtues rich and rare, of power which comes not from earth but from on high; oh! my friends, as I think upon these facts to-day, in solemn truth, I believe the day is not far distant when the Church of Ireland shall equal her beauty in her great and palmy days!

I look upon her schools, and as men remember that she is a nation from which *heresy never yet hath sprung*, I see them rush into their halls, feeling that as a country she is a dear and cherished one amongst the children of the church; a beloved one of God in whose right hand is hers. I look upon her Bishops, and I see them princes in God's house, in nature as in name. I look upon her priests, and I see them men according to God's own heart. I look upon her virgins, pure as the lilies of the field. I look upon her young men, and I see stamped upon their face the promise of God's protection, and of the glory of His inheritance! Yes, I see her, as of old; but I see her yet more glorious now, I behold the fruits of her persecution—the good effects of her trial. I look upon the Irish Church of America—it is a precious sight, I ween. Little more than half a century ago, there were in that country but twenty priests—a little chapel here and there. Now I behold an Episcopacy magnificent to look upon in the richness of their grace, and in the rarity of their intelligence, and I behold a priesthood numbering like