

The Catholic church is for the human race. It is the universal church. It is for the world and it counts its children among every nationality. It is preaching at this moment, and preaching too, the glories of St. Patrick over all the habitable globe. St. Patrick was a Catholic and was sent by God to Catholicise the world. I can say of him almost in the very words of the Royal Prophet, the sound of his voice hath gone forth unto all the earth and his words unto the ends of the whole world.

It is St. Patrick's day and well can I understand,—feel as if infused into my own heart,—these emotions and those sympathies, those sweet yet sad remembrances, which pervade your souls at the thought ever present, yet especially so to-day, of your own beloved land. The very enunciation of the word Ireland attracts your attention, quickens the pulsation of your hearts, causes a loving indescribable thrill in every breast, and yet often—oh, how very often, dear brethren, you apply to your native country another name, a name which comes ever more naturally to your lips and which of itself manifests the generous unforgetting character of Irish hearts. Ireland is not the name of the ocean isle dearest to you, you have every one, and this without preconcerted thought—baptized her by another name. On all your lips this day rises a word engrafted for life in every heart, welling up with deepest feeling, it is the sweetest of all words, home.

Gathered here to-day from every county of your lovely isle, in each of you, sweet memory has depicted a different remembrance of your native land. Its scenery generally possessing a soft beauty, often still presents scenes of grandeur but seldom seen in other climes. The ordinary landscape with its gentle outline of many hills, the brilliant green of its moist lowlands, relieved by the purple tint of its wild turf mosses. Its maze of glen, its melancholy mountain ranges. The quiet beauty of rivers meandering through a luxuriant country, or gently stealing through hills confusedly tossed. The heather clad mountains between whose slips, deep belted with firs, and gigantic ferns and glossy evergreens of the brightest hues, Killarney expands its sheets of silvery waters. The labyrinth of charms when the eye wanders from distant peaks cleaving the Atlantic into a succession of bays. The rough highlands of Donegal. The stern precipices of the northern coast. Its glorious expanse of waters embosomed in heights and gemmed