

countries, those noble regiments that fought for your sake, led on by a Sarsfield; an O'Donnel, or a Hugh O'Neil. Hispania, in particular, permit me to say, had you such men to lead your armies to-day, had you other O'Sullivans and Cavanaghs in public life, perhaps you would not be confronted with such dismal failure abroad, and such pitiable distresses at home.

Australia, gem of the Southern seas, you are fast becoming a prosperous land; you are no longer the abode of England's criminal population; your lands are cultivated; your fields look fair; your towns are alive with the hum of commercial activity; -- everything about you is indicative of civilization and prosperity. How came this happy change? Oh! blessed for you was the day which brought the Irish exiles to your shores. Erin's sons it is who have wrought this change, who have borne the burden and heat of the day. Obstacles they met with, indeed, at first, whether in finding homes for themselves, in the practice of their holy religion, or in the very name of their race. But brighter days have dawned and those people may now enjoy the evening of repose, undisturbed by religious intolerance, and consoled by the respect which their virtues have won. Let us hope that Australia will have such noble Irish souls in the future as she has had in the past. Let us hope that she will always have such men as Cardinal Moran and Charles Gavan Duffy to represent her in religion, statesmanship and literature, and to win for her the respect of nations.

At length we come to our own dear America, so prosperous, so mighty, -- and yet, so young. Indeed, fair continent, there is danger, that dazzled by your greatness, you may forget those peoples who have wrought to make you great. Let me, then, recall the labours, the genius, the eminence of the members of one portion of your society; let me commemorate the sons of St. Patrick. Turn we our thoughts for a moment, gentlemen, to those by gone

days when persecution or famine drove hundreds of thousands of the Irish from the dear little isle of their birth; behold them gazing for the last time upon the shores of distant Ireland, as the ships which bear them across the seas gradually leave the old land behind; behold them now turning from the lost vision "bearing a life-long hunger in their hearts", yet resigned to their lot and hoping for better things on the shores of America. There they arrive at last, and the wide, free expanse of this vast continent invites their labour, and affords them a home and a place of rest.

"Where freedom dwells on every hand  
And everyone's the same."

Soon we find those exiled sons of Hibernia cultivating our fields, running our factories, building up our cities and towns, our canals and railways, whether as common laborers, artisans, or mechanics. We see noble, intelligent, fair-looking young men, sacrificing all the fond ties which bound them to home and friends, and rejecting all the allurements of an enticing world, to labour for Christ's sake among their own people, or among the aborigines of America. In war those people are among the foremost; in literature, in statesmanship, in science, they rank with the best. The United States does not forget her Henrys, her Carrolls or her Barrys; she points with pride to a John Boyle O'Reilly, to a Father Abram Ryan, and to-day, to a Gibbons, an Ireland, and a Bourke Corcoran. And we Canadians remember with gratitude our McGees and our Thompson, while we feel proud of our Blakes, and our Currans, our O'Briens, and our Walshes.

And now, dear Erin, from beyond the ocean, we send our greetings to thee to-day. True it is that many of our ancestors, many of the old stock who once trod thy soil, have lived their days and passed away.

"And their graves are sever'd far and wide  
By mountain, stream, and sea."

But we, their descendants, shall not forget the duties we owe to thee as our