

Two Men.

There lived two men—one was austere and hard. The other million could not watch his heart. He lived for self, gold was his only regard.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN QUEBEC.

SILVER JUBILEE CONCERT OF THE ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY INSTITUTE.

The annual address was delivered by Mr. John Kiley, Secretary, in presence of His Honor Lieutenant Governor and staff.

Your Honor, Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen.—While I fully approve of the laudable desire of the management of the Institute to adhere to the established custom of having addresses delivered at its annual soirees by members of its own body, and whilst highly appreciating the honor conferred in having been chosen to address you this evening, a painful sense of my inability to do justice to the task imposed upon me, gives rise to feelings of regret that one better qualified should not have been selected from amongst its many members to represent the Association on such an auspicious and important occasion.

It is, I assure you, with a certain degree of diffidence that I first accepted the honor assigned me in this evening's proceedings, and nothing but a sensible recognition of my duty as a member to respond to the call of the Association and contribute my mite towards furthering its interests could have induced me to accept the responsibility of addressing such a wealth of intellectual strength as, I feel happy to say, invariably constitutes the audience of the St. Patrick's Literary Institute. I regret as well to find myself laboring under an extra disadvantage in having to speak at this stage of the programme, as I feel that after the rich harvest of national music and song which has just delighted your ears, my imperfectly spoken words must sound doubly cold and dull.

I am nevertheless encouraged in the belief that, animated by the grand and glorious memories which the return of our national festival evokes, you will be disposed to deal leniently with the speaker's humbling efforts, and I am persuaded that you will attribute to the head only, and not to the heart, any imperfections of which he may be guilty in giving an intonation to the thoughts and feelings of his Irish heart.

I might say, with an eminent Divine, that it was my misfortune to be born out of Ireland. I cannot, I will not, say that I am a foreigner, but I do say that I am a child of the land of my birth, and that I am proud to say, to add the evil fortune of never having seen that beautiful seagirt isle. Like many of my young associates members of this Institute, I have never had the pleasure of gazing on her lofty and picturesque hills, her emerald green valleys, her soft flowing rivers or her moss-covered ruins, the fame of which has become world-wide through the glowing and truthful depictions of her writers, her poets and her bards, and the many facts and legends which I am sure all of us are conversant with the history of the triumphs and trials of our motherland.

Oh, my friends, might I not well have omitted the term triumphs and used that of trials only. In a history of nearly 1,500 years the period of triumphs is so small that it is almost negligible, so exceptionally grand and sublime, it might indeed be entirely overlooked and lost sight of. During the first 300 years following St. Patrick's Day in Ireland we know that peace reigned supreme throughout the land. Those were the days of Erin's sunshine, of Erin's triumphs; those were the days before the invader set foot on her sacred soil, before the curse of disunion and discord was among her people, before the treachery and feuds of her own chieftains broke in twain the very heart of the nation; those were the days when having nothing to contend against she was enabled to devote her attention to developing her schools and became the acknowledged university of the civilized world, when students flocked in thousands from all parts to her shores to learn from her scholars and returned to their respective countries to speak the praises of Ireland's wisdom and of Ireland's sanctity; these were the days when some of her brightest scholars, imitating the twelve apostles, went forth from their own land to teach the nations of Europe, proclaiming wherever they went that they had wisdom and knowledge to sell and demand nothing but food and raiment for reward. These, I say, were the days of her triumph; but, alas, they closed during the eighth century, or nearly 1,200 years ago, and from that day to this, as is truly said, the history of Ireland is written in tears and in blood; then it was that she entered upon that long, unending period of trials, then began for loved Erin a series of trials; embracing scenes of desolation and bloodshed, such as no other nation has ever been subjected to; scenes of cruelties and tortures such as no history has

ever presented to the indignation of the world. I have no desire, nor is it my intention, to dwell upon those trials this evening, preferring rather to draw a veil over them than shock your feelings with the details, and because I feel that in this large audience there is not one, be he of whatever nationality or origin he may, whose heart has not melted in sorrow at the contemplation of Ireland's wrongs. Thank God we have those who are outlived in these trials. The attempts of our enemies to crush us have proved futile, and their evil designs upon us have been frustrated. We are as much an unsubdued nation to-day as we were on that Good Friday when King Brian swept the Danish hosts off the Plains of Clontarf; the spirit of our Irish nationality burns as brightly to-day as it did down through those ages of persecutions and afflictions, and so will continue to burn as long as an Irishman or one of his descendants breathes the breath of life. We are at this moment passing through the darkest of the dark periods in Ireland's history—our suffering brothers at home are making strenuous efforts to rid themselves of the obnoxious system of feudal landlordism, and for that purpose have formed themselves into the Irish National Land League, an organization that has not only brought the oppression of the people of Ireland but has spread its branches throughout the length and breadth of the habitable globe and has assumed such monstrous proportions as to astonish the world. I will not go over the records of Irish landlordism to justify the stand which I take in this regard, but I will say that the legitimacy of the fair, open and manly means adopted by the people to protect their interests against the glaring injustices of landlords; suffice to say the iniquitous system against which they are battling has ever been the curse of the country and the bane of its existence, and that no civilized community would such a condition of affairs be tolerated. It behooves all Irishmen then, wherever they may be, whether they be still languishing at home under this tyrannical system or whether they be basking in the full moon of freedom on the continent, to do their best to help each other and everyone of us, I say, to aid with all the means in our power the agitation now going on. If ever united action was necessary on this critical juncture, let us then all take a lively interest in this momentous question, and combine our efforts to bring about the triumph of their united strength carried great causes before, and will, in their might and power, with the help of Providence, carry this great question too. The men at the head of the movement have proven themselves eminently worthy of the confidence so implicitly placed in them by their countrymen, and their exertions stirred the energies of the nation to such a pitch that never before did Ireland present a firmer and bolder and yet more peaceful front. The brave young leader of that gallant little band, although he has hardly yet attained his prime, is perhaps the most remarkable and powerful man in Europe to-day, gifted with all that makes life noble; a man among men, he is eminently fit to lead a great people—born of a noble family and possessed of vast intellectual power and a store of learning, the highest and noblest of his countrymen, he has within his grasp; but believing these gifts were given him for a nobler and holier purpose, he uses them in another channel and throws them all into the service of his unfortunate country; he has raised to the highest pinnacle of honor and fame a countryman of his own name, who has embellished in the annals of our country's history; his name is venerated to-day by every man having a drop of Irish blood in his veins, and instead of dimming with years, that name will grow bright and luminous with the lapse of time—Charles Stewart Parnell, the name of that other great patriot, that courageous organizer, Michael Davitt—that man who has devoted the best years of his life to the service of his country, and who is today imprisoned in a gloomy dungeon for the singular crime of endeavoring to better the condition of his poverty-stricken countrymen. Although his temporary absence is felt in the cause, yet the national movement goes steadily on and the English gaoler will find that the prospects, even of a prison cell, will not deter the Irish people from their noble and patriotic aims and themselves, let us then, I say, all aid those men in this great battle and lend a helping hand in breaking down a system of feudal landlordism, which is so entirely responsible for the prostration of our country; let our people be as united and determined on their aims as the men at the head of the movement were at Limerick, at Fontenoy, and assist the Land League in its mission to win free lands and happy homes for the people of Ireland. Let us be true to ourselves and carry this great cause—this stepping-stone to self-government—in the words of the great French statesman, "So sure as God's sun shines so surely will we have at an early day the satisfaction of seeing an Irish Parliament on College Green, to right Ireland's many wrongs."

THE "LION OF THE FOLD."

On March 6th, the Most Rev. John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, completed his 93rd year. This grand old Prelate who is now the patriarch of the Catholic hierarchy was born on the 6th of March, 1788, at Tuam, Co. Galway.

Mr. Kiley was frequently and deservedly applauded throughout his address, and received during the evening was the recipient of the congratulations of many deserving friends.

MR. B. R. McLEOD'S SPEECH AT THE ST. PATRICK DINNER, QUEBEC.

Mr. President, Mr. Vice-President and Gentlemen.—I regret that the St. Andrew's Society is not represented by one more able than myself to return thanks for the handsome manner in which you have honored the toast of the sister societies.

I believe that it has been the custom of the representatives of the St. Andrew's Society at this annual dinner on St. Patrick's day to claim kinred with the Irish as belonging like them to the great "Celtic race." But, sir, I feel some hesitation in doing so on this occasion, as there are a number of regiments of my countrymen quartered in Ireland at this moment who are unfortunately looked upon by a large portion of the Irish people as foreign soldiers. Sir, when I find that there are many Catholic priests and Protestant clergymen, admitting that Ireland has wrongs that ought to be righted, when I find that there are a large number of Irishmen in Ireland, admitting that Ireland has wrongs that ought to be righted, when I find that there are a number of the most respectable Irishmen in Quebec whom I know very well, admitting that Ireland has wrongs that ought to be righted, may I when I find her Majesty's Government admitting that Ireland has wrongs that ought to be righted, I feel that it would not be out of place on behalf of the St. Andrew's Society and of Scotchmen at large to tender to you, sir, to the Irishmen of Quebec, and to Irishmen all over the world, their sympathy and mine for the present unfortunate condition of Ireland. I wish to say, sir, that at least nine-tenths of the people of Scotland, and I believe of England as well, are desirous that Ireland should have her wrongs righted. Sir, speaking for myself, my children are half Irish, yet if Ireland

could only be kept in the union by claims of iron, I would rather let her go out of it if she wanted to, but, sir, I would do all that lay in my power to keep Ireland in the union, not bound to it by chains of iron, but by the stricken cords of love, by doing full justice, on account of the wrongs that Ireland has suffered in centuries past, and which we have to thank Ireland for directing the attention of the people of England and of Scotland to the laws of the United Kingdom. There is a law on the statute book that is eating like a cancer into the vitals of the British constitution, that had it been expanded therefrom in furthering its interests, Ireland would not now be in its present degraded state. Sir, we have a grievance in Scotland that would make any Irishman's mouth water. In Ireland when a landlord turns a tenant out because he will not pay a higher rent, or because he will not pay to rent at all, in Scotland, in whole districts, the tenants have been swept out of the country, not to make room for other tenants, but their homes into game preserves. Where once was smiling villages, where once the pibroch chanted in the valleys, and where once the merry voices of the children were heard playing on the hillside or paddling in the neighboring burn, all is gone, their houses even razed to the ground, and their once happy homes are now what? are now the haunts of the deer, of the partridge, of the hawk, and the wild cat. Sir, your Vice-President has been kind enough to allude to the British army in very flattering terms, but I cannot quite agree with him that the rank and file is altogether made of such good material as it was years ago. History tells us that at the armies of the great nations that have been successful in the world have had their rank and file largely filled from the rural districts. The Connaught Rangers and the 7th Highlanders were not recruited from the lanes of Dublin nor from the closes of Edinburgh, nor were the English Dragoons nor the Scotch Grenadiers recruited from the streets of the West of Glasgow, and any law that tends to depopulate the rural districts is not for the country's good. Sir, there is no class of men on the face of the earth the superior of the British aristocracy—yet did not make this law, they have only inherited it. Sir, I hope that the next St. Patrick's day some good law will be found in Ireland in a much happier condition than it is to-day. I again thank you on behalf of the St. Andrew's Society for the manner in which you have honored that toast.

A MISTAKE.

It is a great and often fatal mistake to take repeated drastic purgatives for constipation of the bowels, they induce piles and cause debility of the bowels. Burdock Blood Bitters is a safe and perfect regulator of the bowels, arising the torpid Liver and all the secretions to a healthy action; acting on the Kidneys, and renovating and toning the system in the most perfect manner.

PROFIT, \$1,200.

To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing \$200 per year, total \$1,200—all of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife. She had done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their benefit.—N. E. Forster.

THE KNOCK MIRACLES.

The following interesting letter relates how a Canadian Protestant has been cured of rheumatism in the limbs by the use of the Knock cement.

Hull, Ottawa, Canada, Feb. 8, 1881. Very Rev. Dean Estlin, I am much pleased in writing to you to say that I have enclosed \$300 dollars for Masses to be said in thanksgiving for having obtained a great favour through our Most Blessed Lady of Knock.

In December last I wrote to you for a piece of your holy cement, which you kindly sent me. It was for a neighbor of mine, who was suffering from a sore leg, supposed to be rheumatism, and, he being a Protestant, I did not know if it would do him good or not. However, I have given it to him to drink, being dissolved in water, and with the water which he took, before I gave him the cement to use, his foot was so much swollen that he could not put a boot on it; also the whole leg was swelled to above the knee, and when sitting on a chair he could not move his leg without lifting it with his hands.

My wife and myself have said prayers for him every day since he commenced to use the cement, and we have offered them to our Lady of Knock. Very reverend dear father, I am now happy to inform you that he is able to move his leg as freely as he wishes; the swelling, too, is all disappeared, and he is now able to walk without the aid of a cane, but I hope by the time this letter will reach you, and a Mass said for him at Knock, that he will be perfectly cured.

Some time ago I promised our Lady of Knock, if she would do me the favour of having charity for the poor, to give the liberty to give the name to the public, that I would send a present to her altar at Knock, which I will do in my next letter to you. And this man, who is using the cement, is not aware of what he is using to cure him, but so soon as he is perfectly cured I will be only happy, too happy, to give the name to the public. And now, very reverend dear father, I am going to intrude on your good nature—to ask you if you would be so kind as to send me another piece of the holy cement, which will be a great favour, indeed.

Asking a share of your pious prayers, I remain, very rev. father, yours respectfully, JOHN O'CONNELL.

Archbishop of Tuam. Going back further we come to Michael O'Garra, who succeeded in the See his brother Bernard O'Garra, name not to be found in any Irish Directory; and yet any one who opens O'Garra's King James's Army List, will see that Colonel Oliver O'Garra's regiment of the Continent, was the first to be annihilated of the Irish regiments in France.

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