

Danish invaders had barely been repulsed when the Saxon followed with seven centuries of torture, which converted the happy and prosperous Isle into a realm of misery and desolation. What sorrow did not Ireland experience during those long centuries of bloody extermination, those years of suffering, when distress and persecution came upon her and when year after year she beheld the highest, the noblest and holiest of her children fleeing from her bosom, obliged in fact to fly to the ends of the earth leaving her a desolate country?

Then it was, that the little Island was almost doomed to despair, and for the sake of peace was about to submit her national rights to Saxon rule. Her altars were desecrated, her cathedrals were demolished and a strange, repulsive and false worship was forced upon her, and everything high and holy was driven out of the land. Then it was, when she reached the summit of her calvary. But even then, her fidelity to faith never for an instant wavered.

Here, gentlemen, is the true greatness of the Irish character. It is the result of this fidelity, that the Irish people possess the qualities of faith, purity and spirituality, which distinguish them among the nations of the modern world. These are the traits of the Irish people, which show forth in their posterity and which animate them on this great festive anniversary.

The true Irishman, may be cruelly driven from his home, may be tortured and sent forth an wanderer and an exile, but escape these trials by giving up the faith bequeathed to him by Patrick never!

It is for this reason then, that the best, the noblest and the most heroic departed from Ireland's shores, but they have written her name in glory on the pages of many a nation's history and proclaimed her heroism on many a well fought field, invariably in the cause of justice and of God.

Such then briefly, has been the history of Ireland's devotion to St. Patrick and to its faith, a history, the greater part of which has been plunged into deepest sadness but through that vale of sorrow, we have seen Ireland immerge glorious and triumphant with youth renewed with hope undimmed.

We celebrate to-day the returning glories of Ireland, her day of joy is come and her good Friday is passed, the clouds of persecution have been scattered and now the sun of her glorious Easter is about to shine upon her.

The genius of Ireland, once more, is about to assert itself