

oratory, which on every St. Patrick's Day springs from thousands of Irish hearts.

To St. Patrick's Day then, gentlemen, because it unites us to the land of our forefathers, because it keeps green in our hearts the title of our Irish nationality, and because it unites us in a bond of common sympathy with thousands of our kindred, I propose a toast to which I ask Mr. Breen to respond.

Mr. D. J. Breen, M.P., responded to the toast in these glowing terms:—

The Day We Celebrate.

The love of one's country is an instinct, planted by nature's own hand in every heart, but in the Irishman the love of Ireland seems to be an affection more than ordinarily rooted, a germ fragrant with the richest enthusiasm. Wherever he wanders, his heart is ever in the Isle of the West. Ploughing the surges of the sea, or wasting away his manhood in the red-coated cohorts of Britain, hewing or delving in the vast expanses of America, whether under the burning tropical sun, or in the frozen latitudes, his thoughts are continually straying back to the valleys of his Fatherland.

Why does the Irish heart beat with a new impulse to-day? Why this smile lighting up his countenance? Why are the deep sounds of the harp so prolific of recollection, a medley of cheerful and sad? Is this green flag, that of a once mighty empire, guarded by a wealth of arms and armaments, whose powerful squadrons swept the seas and whose heavy-laden trading vessels brought to her ports the luxuries from the east or the products from the west? History does not bear testimony to this. Where will we find the reason?

Centuries ago, when Paganism held complete sway of northern Europe, there came to an island, which beneficent nature had set somewhat apart from the mainland, a man named Patrick. To that ardent, truth-loving, unselfish and affectionate race, dwelling on the velvety plains and emerald hillsides, the lovable apostle of the Irish brought the ennobling and elevating beliefs, and surely never did a people throw all it had without reserve into the lap of Christianity as they did. The little island was soon covered with innumerable churches, and monasteries rose everywhere.

Fidelity to faith and principle has ever been the distinctive but not the only characteristic of the Irish. As a natural com-