

IRELAND, BOYS, HURRA!

"He loves the green isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts which have suffered too much to forget,
And hope shall be crowned, and attachment rewarded
And Eetu's gay jubilee shine out yet.

The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last.

And thus Erin, my country, tho' broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee that ne'er will decay,
A spirit which beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at all pain on St. Patrick's Day."

Wherever an Irishman is to be found to-day,
his heart beats with joy. No matter in how
humble circumstances he may be, he celebrates

what may be said to the contrary, it is right
that we should parade on Ireland's national an-
niversary. It is right that we should have one
day in the year on which there can be a grand
turn-out of all Irishmen, no matter what their
creed or politics may be. We intimated to our
artist, Mr. Walker, that we would require him
to supply us with an illustration for St. Patrick's
Day, and that gentleman being an Irishman
himself, at once set himself to work with a right
good will, and he said to himself that many a
social company would meet together here in
Canada on Patrick's night, to sound the praises
of the dear old land, and he knew that the



"WE'LL TOAST OLD IRELAND! DEAR OLD IRELAND! IRELAND, BOYS, HURRA!"

the anniversary of the glorious St. Patrick in a becoming manner. At home, in Ireland, it is celebrated by the national societies, who all meet together to "drown the shamrock" and toast "dear old Ireland," and sound her praises in song and story. It is celebrated in a similar manner in France, Spain, Austria, &c., wherever an Irishman is to be found—and there are very few parts of the globe where there is not an Irishman, or the descendant of one. But it is in the United States and here in Canada that we have great national processions, which we bring to a fitting close at night. No matter

Irishmen in the backwoods would not forget to honor the day, and a song which is very popular here, and which is the production of T. D. Sullivan, of the Dublin *Nation*, at once came to his mind; he therefore gave us an illustration in which Irish exiles are represented in a camp in the lonely back woods of this Dominion, with their glasses filled, and from their hearts saying: "We'll toast old Ireland! dear old Ireland, Ireland, boys, Hurra!" The popularity of this song in America is chiefly owing to the following incident:

During the height of the recent disastrous