THE HARP.

IRELAND, BOYS, HURRAL

"Ile 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 Echa's gay jubilee shine out yet.

The gem may be broke By many, a stroke,

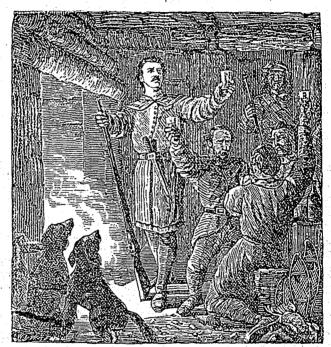
But nothing can cloud its native ray; Each fragment will cast

A light to the last,

And thus Erin, my country, the' broken theu art, There's a lastre within thee that ne'er will deeny, A split which beams through each suffering part, And new 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 anniversary. 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 polities 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 shamtock" 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 tonst 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

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