

fending his "Roman Catholic friends" and even after the lecture professed a kindly feeling towards we "Romish" men, and almost pitied us for the darkness which overshadowed our minds. Now let us look at the question. Our Church ridiculed, our priesthood belied and insulted, extermination to the Jesuits, and the people branded as priest-ridden, and yet no insult intended gentlemen—no insult. O yes, insult was intended, and has been accepted, and this magnificent assemblage of the wealth, and the intelligence and the Catholic manhood of Montreal is the reply. Yes, this is the reply. You Catholics here to-night will with me pledge your fidelity to that old Church which has outlived hurricanes of persecution—you will too, declare yourselves anxious to offend no one, but determined to defend your own—you will declare unfaltering confidence in your old soggarth aroons.

SOGGARTH AROON.*

AM I the slave they say,
Soggarth aroon ?
Since you did show the way,
Soggarth aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Ould Ireland's slavery,
Soggarth aroon ?

Why not her poorest man,
Soggarth aroon,
Try and do all he can,
Soggarth aroon
Her cômmands to fulfil
Of his own heart and will,
Side by side with you still,
Soggarth aroon ?

Loyal and brave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
Yet be no slave to you,
Soggarth aroon,—
Nor, out of fear to you,

*Priest Dear.