

find that intellectual culture is inseparably linked with the names of the exiled sons of Old Innisfail.

I think then you will agree with me in saying that Ireland has a literature of which she may be proud, and which next only to her faith, should be the most inspiring theme of the orator on St. Patrick's Day.

Oh! "Gem of the Sea," brightest diadem in the ring of the world, Early home of learning, may God speed the day when your exiled sons will again gather under the folds of the green flag; free to utter their thoughts, free to flourish their pens, free to sing of your beautiful rivers, your green hedges and your flower carpeted valleys! Then will Ireland's lost literary name be fully restored; then will Robert Emmet's epitaph be written o'er his tomb; then may that beautiful stanza of Moore's be revised to read:

"Erin thy silent tear shall... cease
Erin thy languid smile shall... increase
Till like the rainbow's light
Thy various tints unite
And form in heaven's sight
One arch of peace."

A toast was next proposed in eloquent words that touched a responsive chord in every breast. It was—
IRELAND ABRQAD.

"Their graves are sever'd far and wide
By mountain, stream and sea."

Response by J. J. Quilty, '97.

The song "Come back to Erin," by Mr. Fitzgerald, made an appropriate introduction for Mr. Quilty, who spoke as follows:—

"Another year having rolled its rapid round has brought us once more to St. Patrick's Day. Again we gather in the banquet hall, again we hear the sweet, soul-stirring strains of the Irish airs, while we renew with hearty good wishes our toasts to Erin and her far-scattered sons. Let us enter into the spirit of this day; let our feelings find expression in words, which, while tempered with courtesy to those of other nationalities, yet

demonstrate imperatively that we are not ashamed to be Irish or of Irish descent.

And why should we shrink from giving expression to our sentiments? Does not the whole world support our claim to recognition? Is there a civilized nation on the earth to-day, which has not been blessed by the deeds of Ireland's exiles in the past, and which is not profiting by the genius, the wisdom, the skill of their descendants at the present day? Gentlemen, I have only to refer you for an answer to these questions, to the history of the world for the past few centuries. I refer you to the record of the Irish in all the great European countries, in far-off Australia, in the United States and in this our own Canadian land.

France to-day recalls with fond memory the brave Irish soldiers who once fought her battles. She cannot forget Fontenoy, for with a great writer she may well repeat, "When valour becomes reproach, when patriotism is thought a prejudice, and when a soldier's sword is a sign of shame, the Irish brigade will be forgotten or despised." Indeed, the "land of the lily" has special reason to be grateful to the Irish race, for he it remembered that no less than six hundred thousand of that nationality fell fighting bravely for her and her cause. Little wonder then, that she called a McMahon to the highest dignity which it was in her power to confer.

Catholic Belgium, Spain, and Italy, fitting it was that you also should receive the aid of the most Catholic race on the earth. How much you owe to the zeal of Irish bishops, priests, and monks, cannot be estimated, for amongst you, as amidst all the other scenes of his labour, the method of the Irish missionary has been that of simple, unboasting, yet effectual toil—a toil not calculated to attract the notice or win the praise of men; yet, for that very reason, more meritorious in the sight of Him who shall unfold all, when time gives way to eternity. Forget not you Catholic