

A new empire is rising in Australia, and in it are 500,000 Catholics, an Archbishop, seven Bishops, Convents of Sisters of Mercy, Asylums, Monasteries, Colleges, and Schools. The Church is already there on more than an equal footing with other denominations. The first sight that meets the eye on nearing Victoria, is Emerald hill and on its summit an Asylum. Like some of the old Irish Abbeys erected along the sea shore by Catholic piety as a refuge for shipwrecked mariners, it forms the shelter of many a child who otherwise would be lost in that vast oceanic world. In the British possessions in continental Africa, the Irish Catholics hold their own. In India with its 20 Bishops, 900 Priests, and so in all the British possessions. And to whom is this due? I say it with gratitude, almost alone to Irish faith, to Irish arms, and Irish faithful hearts.

And what shall I say of this great continent on which we are? In Lower Canada, we owe the foundation of this work to another nation's faith. What you have done to further it dear brethren, I need not speak, though it is proudly present to my mind to-day, it is known unto yourselves; its memory is treasured up in the eternal mind of Him who alone can mention, can give the fit reward, that reward so rich that of it no human lips can speak. That the foundation is due to another nation's faith is, as it were, a fresh joy to you my brethren, on St. Patrick's day, enabling us to pay a tribute to St. Patrick's fellow country men, to St. Patrick's native land. That land which has sent out so many glorious missionaries foremost amongst whom is our great Saint. That land which shares with Ireland her own glorious mission. Ireland and France two apostolic nations given by God to the world. By a different dispensation of the Deity, France has been prosperous and potent, and Ireland has lived for ages under the shadow of the cross, has borne on her brow only the crown of her sorrows, and has been made more conformable to the likeness of Him whose earthly crown was one of thorns. Yet by their common devotedness to the cause of Christ they have ever known and loved each other as sisters. France has ever had the glory of having Irish priests in her land, some times in her hierarchy, and Ireland has never been without a French priest upon her soil. The French priest has ever felt an instinctive love for the Irish priest, and the Irish for the French. Faith is the bond which binds Irish and French hearts as one; the victory which does away with all uncatholic feelings of nationality.