have listened to with so much pleasure, and to the enjoyment of which I am sure you will be glad to return, breathes no offence, expresses no epithet reminescent of oppression and torture, nor by any offensive implication does it indicate that any part of the community is to be brought to battle and slaughtered, and made to lie down or lie under any particular musical or unmusical instrument. It recalls no memory of civil war, of sectional or racial strife; no rebuke to the loyalty of men, who foolishly perhaps, but still bravely, fought and bled for an Irish king, who was all unworthy of their devotion. True that music recalls the ancient honor and glory of that dear little isle across the sea, and expresses the hope which so many of us feel that the hour of her deliverance will not be much longer deferred. It is as distinctively national as the day we celebrate. The smile and tear are in it the warm lay of love and the light note of gladness breathing at one moment the song of desire, and at another pouring the full tide of the patriotic heart, with ever the recurring note of sadness in the most joyous strain and ever the thrilling chord of hope.

Our meeting demonstrates that in one respect at least there is a race in this country, and in every other country where a celebration is held to-night, that is distinct and different from other races. But this difference is in the very nature of things. Throughout the whole universe diversity is the rule, likeness the exception. No two leaves of the innumerable millions that give a beauty and glory to our forests, are alike. Yet even when most diversity prevails do they most harmoniously blend to form the Autumn landscape, and all are firmly rooted in Canadian soil. And if the variety which we seek and admire in individuals is part of God's plan, and we cannot doubt it, the differences which arise from the sum of the individual characteristics which distinguish one race from another are part of the same design. The same divine plan which produced order and chaos and beauty and harmony out of diversity, has operated to bring about the differences which exist among races and nations, and we should be wanting in the faith once delivered to the saints and transmitted to us unimpaired, if we did not believe that a nationality which has been preserved through long centuries of glory, as well as long centuries of shame, must not be suffered to sink into oblivion.

No people, ancient or modern, have greater reason to be grateful than the Irish for the blessings which under heaven they received from St. Patrick. His virtues and the faith which he founded and which we have kept have been expatiated upon in our churches to-day. It is not for me to dwell upon them here, and I shall not more than say that to those virtues and to that faith do we owe one of the highest characteristics of our race—our spirituality, that closeness to the invisible world around us, which while it may and sometimes does through ignorance degenerate into superstition, is yet not without beauty even in its errors, while always sublime in its ready apprehension of divine truth. To the virtues which his teaching and the faith he left us developed and sustained, we owe that mental and moral vigor, that strength of body and mind, which through centuries of persecution preserved our race, and is to-day I think I may safely claim the informing spirit of the nation and mighty empire which we have been and are so great a part.

The glory of the empire is in a large part ours. Nor have we now just entered on the stage. Wellington, when compelling the signing of the Emancipation Act, by what a good loyal Englishman has called "The fourth of the fools and the bigots 'called George'" reminded his sovereign that Waterloo had not been won, and the freedom all Europe has secured against the imperialism of Napoleon, but for His Majesty's Irish troops. The recognition of our share in her progress has been late in arriving. It comes not from the statesmen who now control the destinies of Great Britain and Ireland, but from Great Britain and Ireland's Queen. Her womanly heart, no doubt, was stirred to its depths a year ago when she learned that several of her brave Irish soldiers were condemned to degradation and punishment because they dared to wear the shamrock. When the news came to her of late of the glorious deeds done by men of Irish birth fighting for the flag, which bears on it the cross of St. Patrick, she resolved that never more should one of her brave soldiers suffer for the crime of showing, not that he was a member of a party, but that he was an Irishman. Our good Queen has resolved that that shall cease to be a crime; and Irishmen the world over thank her for it. I believe that the vision of Her Majesty and her visit to her Irish people will do much to wipe out forever the remnants of the penal legislation, which disgraced and degraded the the administration of law in the old land. Certain I am that her welcome will be not less enthusiastic than it would be elsewhere in her broad dominions, which Irish valor has helped to extend so wide, that, to use Kipling's phrase,

"Lay hold with the wings of the morning,
And flop round the earth till your dead;
But you can't get away from the tune that
they play
And the blooming red flag overhead."

No part of the British Empire has more of loyalty in its highest sense than have the people of Ireland. You all remember Moore's rebuke which is expressed in the national air which inspires us to-day, "Contempt on the Minion, etc." We have ever loved freedom, and while no men had less reason to be loyal, no men have been more loyal, because none have greater reverence for authority, none are more forgiving, none more generous. Because England, the Empire, the English-speaking world, owes so much to Irish genius, in literature, in the councils of the nations, in the development of the laws and institutions of which we are so proud; so much to Irish wisdom in the council, so much to Irish valor on the field of battle; because the Celtic temperament has leavened the whole mass of English-speaking nations, the Empire and its glory belong in a large part to us, and we cannot, we will not be dispossessed of our own. No body of men shall exclude us by the claim that all the glory, all the achievement belongs to Anglo-Saxondom. Not we alone but our Scotish cousins, and the Manxmen who speak, as did our forefathers, some form of the old Celtic tongue, have contributed to this glory. They are no more Anglo-Saxons than they are Slavs or Germans,—and it is well to remember this in these days when beginning with the Spanish-American war, such mixed peoples as Americans and Canadians are spoken of as Anglo-Saxons. It is well to understand that, while there is no man of Irish birth or descent in this land who does not glory in his Canadian citizenship, there is not one among us who is or can be an Anglo-Saxon. Which of us by taking thought can add to his stature one cubit? A man cannot become what he is not. A Frenchman can as easily become a German as an Irishman can become an Anglo-Saxon. I am sure there is no wish on the part of any of the Irish race in this country or elsewhere to be anything but Irish.

Mr. Latchford here related an anecdote to illustrate an Irishman's pride of nationality. During the Spanish-American war an Italian and a German were discussing in New York the prowess of the different nationalities. The German asked the Italian if he were not an Italian what would he wish to be. The Italian replied that he would wish to be an Englishman. The Italian put the same query to the German, who replied that he would be an Anglo-Saxon. This introduced an issue which promised to baffle their ability to simplify, when, observing an Irishman across the street they called him over and appealed to him thus:

"Pat, if you were not an Irishman, what would you be?" "If I were not an Irishman," was Pat's ready response, "shure I'd be ashamed of myself."

"That which we are we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Not "weak by time or fate but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find and not yield."

Men of Irish birth, whether in Canada or elsewhere throughout the world can no more become Anglo-Saxons than they can become Doukabors. We should be ashamed before the world, if we pretended to be what we are not. We only need to be what it is open to all men here to be true Canadians. The heritage which has come down to us through generation after generation of sturdy manhood, and pure womanhood we pride in and shall preserve here amid the snows of Canada in undiminished vigor. True we speak the language of England, and although we have not really learned it, we speak it fairly well. It was foreign to our people, yet with that brightness, which is one of their characteristics, they soon conquered it and became its masters.

But why speak of the Irish names that have added new lustre to the language and literature of England, new principles to her philosophy, new rights to her constitution, wisdom to her councils, vigor to her arms? Irishmen are to day foremost in the fiercest battles, and by their side and worthy of their high companionship fight men of our race and all the other races that unite to form the people of Canada. Nor are Irishmen in the ranks only, still, as Winston Churchill says "the finest infantry in the world, cheerful, dignified, magnificent," but leading and directing the movements of all of the greatest armies of modern times. Names that will shine brightest in the history of the closing year of the nineteenth century are the names of Irishmen, White, Kitchener, French, Kelly-Kenny, Roberts. They are ours, as are the fighting race they lead to victory after victory. Generous Ireland gives of her keenest intellects, her best blood and bravest hearts for the cause of her ancient enemy, fighting in Africa for liberties which she has always refused and still refuses to grant to Irishmen in their own land.

Let us hope that the recognition which has come so tardily will not stop with the flying of green flags to-day, and a general wearing of the green. The wrong of a century's standing that yet remains must be undone. It was accomplished by open and unblushing bribery, as indefensible as would be the purchase of the members of the Legislature of this province by agents of the Dominion Government, and the consequent betrayal of the rights of Ontario to a hostile power at Ottawa. The century that has since elapsed has not converted that wrong into a right. But we have reason to hope that ere the year had passed the fiat will issue; let right be done.

Perhaps it is not unfitting that we should, in thinking of the hopes and aspirations of the Irish at home, look back for a moment over the century that began so ominously with the loss by Ireland of her historic parliament, which, extending back into remote times, represented one of the earliest systems of constitutional government. There was darkness all over Ireland for a time. Grattan's eloquence thundered in vain for the restoration of his country's stolen parliament. He failed. O'Connell rose, and at his command the tidal wave of legitimate agitation surged so violently that England was shaken and reluctantly yielded to the majority of the people of Ireland a portion of those rights wrested from them by the greed of the invader. Then came the abolition of the tithe laws, which compelled six millions of Catholics and twenty one thousand dissenters to pay for the spiritual ministrations of the ascendant faction. Then the dread years of famine and fever, and of the victims of landlord rapacity. Then the great trek of the Irish people,—not over a narrow river, but across three thousand miles of the broad and boisterous Atlantic, where the pathway of the immigrant ships was white with the bones of those who died during the horrors of that fierce passage. Then did the great liberator, heart-broken, die, despairing of any future for his country. Then, with body spent and spirit broken, Ireland for a time lay prone and lifeless. Then the abortive fenian movement. Then under Butt the rise and progress of a movement along constitutional lines for the restoration of legislative independence, such as we enjoy,—self rule, Home Rule. Then rose and held the attention of the world the genius of the greatest Irishman of the latter half of this nineteenth century, Charles Stewart Parnell.

To his own self not always just,
Bound in the bounds that all men share;
Confess his failings as we must
The lion's mark was always there.

The later years beheld a statesman, who now rules the destinies of the Empire, betray his master, the greatest English man of modern times, Wm. Ed Gladstone. Later still, in 1893, came the affirmation of the principle of Home Rule by the very government which had denied the nation of the right to rule itself; and then, alas! division among those who should have stood as one man

"'Tis said that fate, a way ward fate,
Our web of discord wove;
And while our enemies joined in hate,
We never joined in love."

But not so; now, at the century's close, all parties in Ireland stand united to bring about the restoration of that which they so foolhy lost. And I think it speaks well for Canada, that foremost among those who have brought about such a desirable result is one of her greatest sons, and, at the same time, one of the greatest Irishmen—the Honorable Edward Blake. Standing here at a distance and ignorant of Irish history, ignorant of existing conditions, many will hastily condemn his recent action. I am not going to discuss it, but I am satisfied that it is entirely compatible with his unbending sense of justice and right, his love of constitutional liberty, and his devotion to the best interests of the Irish at home and abroad.

We have our faults, and that greatest of all faults, the habit of displaying our shortcomings to the world. But it must be remembered that in so far as Irish who are Catholics are concerned, we are but two or three generations removed from the operation of that infamous penal code which Burke described as "a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." And just as we were throwing off the effects of this system, of the accursed system which divided our nation into two hostile camps, apportioning to one, a small minority, all the franchises, all the property, all the education, and making drawers of water and cutters of turf of those who composed the other; the forces of regeneration were again and again paralysed by enactment after enactment of repression and coercion, which we were expected to reverence and observe as law.

Far from me is the wish to engender feelings of bitterness. I wish simply to point out that we have during the century made progress out of darkness into light; that much has been achieved in the old land in the few short years that our race has been free to reap equal advantages with other people; achievements that have been won in spite of stupendous obstacles and heart breaking trials; and to my mind this is evidence of a promise and a potentiality that will make itself more manifest as times removes the lingering effects to the injustices of the past, and affords us the opportunities of development which were so long denied us. The Irish people did not deserve such treatment from the dominant minority. They were never intolerant. Of old, when the many Protestants of sleepy Chester fled from a persecution, partly religious, partly political, under Mary, they found in Catholic Ireland an asylum among Catholics. It was among these refugees, so the tradition has come down to men, that there came to Ireland the first of the name I bear. They were given protection, and exercised in the midst of a unanimously Catholic community their religion, until intermarrying with the Irish, they became, as did my ancestors, more Irish than the Irish themselves.

Here too, upon this continent the Catholic Irish of Maryland first set the example of tolerance, that did elsewhere not then exist. But while they are thus tolerant, they would be, I am sure, the first to cry down a man, particularly a man claiming in some measure to represent them in the public life of the country, who would refer to the past, or deal with the issues of the present, in a manner calculated to create discord. But just as they would condemn such conduct in their own race, they will reprobate it in any other. Mutual toleration is essential to the future welfare of our fair Dominion. Here we have peoples of different races, of different faiths, different tongues. The pride of race, of language and steadfastness in faith, will continue that diversity, and we can only make our new nation great by overlooking the peculiarities arising from these differences, and by practising that toleration which, as Burke well said, "being a part of moral and political prudence, ought to be tender and large."

The Celtic race stands everywhere for the highest practical form of human liberty, and at the same time makes for the permanence of the institutions under which it lives. God has implanted in our race a spirit that is immortal, that not time nor space can destroy. Its history has been a constant and expanding miracle, from the days when Irish saints and scholars lit up all Europe emerging from barbarism, from the days when exiled soldiers, fighting for any flag that gave them protection, led the armies and fought the battles of Russia, Austria, Italy and Frace, as they lead and fight the battles of their ancient enemy to-day.

We do not wish to remember the bitter wrongs of the past. But at least once a year we are offensively reminded of the ascendency which existed in Ireland, which was fought for bitterly there and in the English House of Commons; offensively reminded of the degraded position in which we were said to be placed in the Old Land. "Lest we forget,—Lest we forget." Now the men who do this are Celts like ourselves, fellow-Irishmen, fellow-Canadians, generous, warmhearted, impulsive like ourselves; but, I cannot help thinking, inconsiderate. But their dream is of ascendency that has passed away, or which, perhaps, I should say, ought to have passed away. It is entirely foreign to the spirit of the time, though it still prevails in this province, and I need not go far to cite an instance of it. My attention was recently called to an advertisement in a trade paper of one of the largest manufacturing establishments of this province, or, indeed, in the Dominion, a corporation priding itself in the title of "Imperial." It was an advertisement for a book-keeper. One would have thought that no great evil would result to the books of this corporation from the profession of and for any religious belief by one of its book-keepers; but that great company was not ashamed to declare that any persons seeking the employment must not be a Catholic. One cannot help entertaining a feeling of regret that ascendancy dies so hard.

We ask for ourselves an equal enjoyment of the right to existence with men of other races or other creeds. We ask here for no favor. Our race asks no favor in the Old Land, simply the equal rights that the Empire is now fighting for and winning with the help of Irishmen. They have given to Canada and the Empire as much as they have received and they must decline to allow any of their rights and privileges to be impaired. They recognise that in this country we must not have government by race or creed or by class. They do not ask, and they would be insulted by any one who ventured to ask for them, a share in the representative or administrative departments of government, on the mere grounds of race or creed. But if I correctly interpret their position, they will at the same time resent any refusal of a right or a privilege on similar grounds. And they insist and will insist that in the public life and public service of the country, no matter what be the name of the party that rules, no man shall suffer because he is Irish or Catholic, and that they as a people shall not be excluded from having a proper voice and a due share in the making of the laws and the carrying on of the administration of the affairs of this country. Canadians of Irish stock need not fear for their future in this fair Dominion. They have but to be true to themselves, true to the traditions of their race, to the institutions under which they live, and no man or body of men can keep them from the enjoyment of those rights to which they are fairly entitled.

Let us manifest a prudent but manly assertion of our rights. Let us be a unit in the determination that there shall be easy access for our children to all the facilities for the soundest and highest education. The Celts are the most teachable of nations. No people show to more advantage qualities begotten of the discipline of mind and heart, which a good education gives. Then let us make sure that this means of advancement shall be most perfectly and most adequately provided and maintained. Let us see to it that the means of recuring an education, not designed for ornament, but for practical use in daily life, is afforded to our children. We may then rest assured that, as the years go by, those Canadians who have the privilege of being of Irish descent will have good reason for continuing to celebrate St. Patrick's Day without fear of being put to shame by a comparison with the low vaulted past out of which our race has won its way. Let us cherish the religion of St. Patrick, a charity as wide as our faith, and that love for learning, which made Ireland of old the school of all Europe. Nor must we forget the old land. Our hearts and hopes are still with her still. And cheering to us as the breath of an Irish morning is the news that the great heart of Ireland, as well as Britain's Queen has been stirred to its depths with sympathy for Ireland. May we not fairly hope that hers will be the credit, nay, the glory, of righting the wrong wrought a century ago, and restoring to her Irish subjects the blessing which all men here enjoy, the right of self-government, remove the last vestiges of ascendancy and conquest.

But returning to ourselves: we know that the pure white light, which beams alike from the glorious sun,—the emblem of the worship, highest and purest of its kind, which St. Patrick's faith supplanted, as from these lesser lights, though apparently one and indivisible, is really made up of seven distinct colors; so, the differences arising from the diverse origin of the people of Canada, while continuing to exist, shall be merged in the one pure light of Canadian nationality. Here in this free land let us resolve to crown the miracle of the past by continuing steadfast in what, for fourteen hundred years, we have kept through good and ill; by devotion to the institutions under which we live, and, holding fast to the traditions of our race, by uniting with the other races forming the people of Canada to build up here a great nation, devoted first, to the preservation intact of its liberties, as the highest form of patriotism; and these maintained, giving of its surplus energies to ensure everywhere that freedom, which, with us, ever goes hand in hand with reverence, and respect for authority; creating in this great northern land a Dominion extending from ocean to ocean;—a nation strong and great, united, indissoluble, every sectional and racial animosity subdued, but with every worthy racial virtue preserved and perpetuated to give a higher note to that Canadian nationality of which we form so large a part.

In Windsor

The solemnity was kept in Windsor with Grand High Mass, on Saturday, at 9 a. m., and a literary entertainment on the evening of the Monday following. The Church of St. Alphonsus was crowded with devout worshippers—sons and grandsons of the Emerald Isle, with a very fair attendance of parishioners whose ancestors came to Canada in the days of Jacques Cartier and Champlain. Rev. M. J. Brady was the celebrant. After the Gospel Very Rev. Dr. Flannery ascended the pulpit and delivered the panegyric of Ireland's Patron, from the text: "Well done thou good and faithful servant, because thou hast been faithful over a few things I will place thee over many; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord" (St. Mathew 25 ch., 21. v.) Among other striking incidents inseparable from St. Patrick's mission, the Very Reverend preacher mentioned that when the whole Christian world was rejoicing over the results of the great Dogma—lately pronounced at the Council of Ephesus, that Mary is Mother of God—ad Dom. 430—St. Patrick was in Rome, and participated in the festivities. Pope Celestine, whose sign manual ratified the Dogmatic Decree, gave to St. Patrick his mission to preach Christ crucified to the Irish people and impress on them a tender devotion to the Mother of God.

On Monday evening the St. Alphonsus Dramatic Club presented "Caste," a comedy in three acts, which was favorably received by the large audience.

Very Rev. Dr. Flannery delivered the opening address, which we have much pleasure in reproducing below. Miss Kate Halley recited "Shamus O'Brien," with pleasing effect.

REV. DR. FLANNERY'S ADDRESS.

Ladies and gentlemen: Those in charge of this evening's entertainment have assigned to me the duty of a short address, as though a short address, though ever so eloquent or patriotic, could do justice to a subject that for centuries has exercised the mind and taxed the ingenuity of poet, orator and historian. All that can be achieved within the limit prescribed for me is merely to mention a few facts of tradition and history, and, like the sea gull that floats over the rocks and headlands of our native coasts, skim lightly over the surface of great events that mark Ireland as one of the most interesting and most lovable countries on the face of God's earth. To be concise then, as well as comprehensive, I will consider in a few words Ireland's past and Ireland's present. The gift of prophecy, which I do not claim to possess, would be necessary to forecast what I might designate her glorious future. In both her past and present she is great and glorious. With the poet I would like to add "free," but, as a Home Ruler, I must wait until she stands, like Canada, in a position to make her own laws, to have her own fleet, to possess her own crown lands, to attend to her own interests of mining and fisheries, own all that belongs to her as a nation, and to reopen her legislative halls in College Green. Three years ago Sir Wilfrid Laurier told assemblages of Englishmen in Liverpool and London that if the Canadian people are loyal to England it is for no other reason than because England gave to Canada a constitution with a responsible parliament and made her people as free as the air we breathe. When Ireland obtains the same conditions of freedom that Canada enjoys, then indeed we may salute her as the poet did:

"Great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth,
And first gem of the sea."

Previous to the Christian era Irishmen were noted as they are to-day, for love of country, love of learning, for generous hospitality, for polite and refined manners in the home circle, and for unequalled valor in the tented field. Their mode of public worship had in it all the elements of a pure morality. Of all Pagan religions it made the nearest approach to the Christian standard of private and public worship.

They never, like the Pagans of Greece and Rome, deified Impiety or Crime. The Irish Pagans never thought of erecting altars to Jupiter, Venus, Bacchus or Mars. They worshipped what came nearest to God in the heavens—the rising sun and the pearly stars. The gentle moon came in for her share of veneration, as appealing to man's gratitude for her beneficent influence on land and sea.

St. Patrick found in Ireland a people ripe and ready for the acceptance of Christian verities. Christian ethics, for submission to God's law and God's love, and to the Golden Rule traced by an Omnipotent hand on every heart that pulses, whether Pagan or Christian birth. The whole nation, under guidance of the Brehon laws and the inspiration of Druidical worship of all that is lovely and bright in the heavens, had no difficulty in embracing the pure religion preached by St. Patrick. Christianity spread over the land with the suddenness and fulness of northern summer. During the life time of the sainted Apostle churches sprang up and dioceses were formed and monastic establishments, where science flourished and piety grew, embellished every hill and vale of the beautiful Emerald Isle. Votaries of science and sanctity were attracted from England and distant portions of the continent, at that time a prey to the ravages of Goth and Vandal, until Ireland became famous as the sanctuary of pure religion, as the "Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum," the island of saints and learned men.

The most renowned seats of learning in Ireland were Clonard, in the counties of Meath, Cashel and Lismore, in the east and south, Rangor in the north, called the Valley of Angels, where 1,400 students attended and Clonmacnoise, founded by St. Kieran, whose moss covered monuments and ivy clad belfries yet stand, the mute but elcquent witnesses of ancient faith and piety on the banks of the lordly Shannon.

From these schools went out missionaries by the hundreds to restore Christianity and found universities in all parts of Europe. Columbia, or Colum Kill (Columba of the churches) built a monastery on Iona Island, whence missionaries carried the story of the Crucified into all parts of Scotland.

St. Aidan founded Lindisfarne, and, with the aid of King Oswald, his interpreter, established Christianity among the East Angles in Northumberland. Luxen university was founded by St. Coumbanus at the foot of the Vosges mountains in France, St. Gall and St. Virgilius, Irish missionaries, reclaimed from paganism the savage hordes who roamed east and north of Alpine snows in Berne and Geneva; Sts Sedulius and Donatus evangelized northern and southern Italy. These and many other sainted and learned sons of Erin, disciples of St. Patrick, carried the gospel into all parts of disorganized Europe, and were patterns to all of the exalted lessons contained in the Sermon on the Mount. Their names are yet invoked as patrons of many churches in La Belle France and in sunny Italy.

Down through the ages have come to us undimmed and unchanged the principles and teachings of our Fathers in the faith, and, like them, we are still missionaries to a cold, sceptical and unbelieving world. By the providence of God we are scattered over every known sea and have gained a foothold in every newly discovered land. We have had a large share in reclaiming and building up this great continent. Wheresoever the Irishman's lot is cast, whether in the lonely isle or the crowded city, whether in forest or prairie, or fertile vale, his first care and duty is to raise an altar and lift up towards heaven the emblem of man's salvation, a cross. The Irish have lost much in this world. Their lands were taken from them; abbeys and schools were demolished; their churches turned over to the uses and worship of the conqueror. The Irish lost their homes and their autonomy as a nation, but one they never lost, their ancient faith the faith of St. Patrick. There are, no doubt, the indifferent and the undeserving in Ireland—there are absent minded beggars in all countries by the score—but, as a Christian people, they are sound to the core. They love their country and religion and would lay down their lives for a principle. As a people they are moral and generous to a fault. They are capable of great things, whether as valorous soldiers, able statesmen, or uncomplainable leaders of armies. They have distinguished themselves on every battlefield from Dunkirk to Belgrade and from Waterloo to the Modder River (Applause). We are all proud of you, Ireland and Irishmen, Lord Roberts is proud of you. Even those at home and abroad who do not favor this present war are proud of your dash and of your bravery, which no kopje or Mauser rifle or Long Tom could resist. (Applause.) Queen Victoria is proud to-day of her Irish soldiers. In a few weeks she is going to Ireland to pour thanks and blessings on the mothers and sisters of her brave Eniskilleners of her Connaught Rangers and her Royal Irish Fusiliers. (Cheers.)

From the London Tower and My Lord Mayor's Mansion House to-day are flung to the breeze the banners of our emerald green with

"The harp that once thro' Tara's halls the sound of music shed,"

The command has gone forth from royal lips that never again shall it be heard in song or in speech that

"They're hanging men and women for the wearing of the green."

(Applause.)

In Hamilton.

On the 17th the annual St. Patrick's day service in St. Patrick's church attracted a large congregation. There was a large attendance of the clergy and the service was very impressive. Rev. Father Brady sang the Mass, with Rev. Father Hinchey as deacon and Rev. Father Coty as sub deacon. Bishop Dowling was assisted by Rev. Father Cleary, of Dundas, and Rev Dr. Walter, of St. Mary's Cathedral. The St. Patrick's day sermon was preached by Rev. J. P. Cummings, of Brantford.

The sermon was on the parable of the sower—St. Lukeviii.—and the preacher gave an instructive account of the life and work of St. Patrick, dwelling at length on the great influence he had exerted on the religious life of the Irish people. Irish history for three hundred years was a tale of oppression such as no nation in the world had suffered under. The oppression of the Irish race had robbed the people of their schools, their priesthood, their Legislature, and in thousands of cases of their homes. Much of this persecution had been because of Ireland's religious faith, and it was a splendid evidence of God's watchfulness and care over His people that through all these centuries of wrong the Irish race had preserved its nationality. It had been said that the Irish people were unreasonable, charged wrongs where there were no wrongs, and claimed rights where none were denied. The speaker claimed that the story of Ireland's oppression was in itself a sufficient refutation of such charges. He referred to the advance made by Irishmen in all parts of the world and in every walk of life; to the many obstacles they had had to overcome, and pointed out that everywhere the race had proved an honor to itself, to its religion and its God. The Church taught Irishmen to be loyal to their rulers, and no race had proved more thoroughly loyal. Despite the wrongs of government, which Irishmen the world over believed Ireland had suffered and still suffers under, Her Majesty had no better or more devoted troops than the Irish Catholics. Irishmen had a right to criticize the Government of Ireland and to agitate for the remedy of unjust laws. They could do nothing less and remain manly men. Few nations had suffered more persecution on account of their religious belief than the Irish. They had been the victims of secret persecution, contempt and ignominy, and yet through it all had remained in every country in which their lot was cast loyal to their rulers, their Church and God.

Bishop Dowling, at the close of the service, briefly addressed the congregation, expressing pleasure at the interest evinced at celebrating the anniversary of Ireland's patron saint, St. Patrick was not an Irishman, but he loved Ireland and Irishmen, and was the special advocate of the Irish people in heaven. St. Patrick taught the people to love God and to love their fellow men, and God had blessed his labors abundantly. The Bishop said that the Irish people had their faults as well as other nations, but the wonder was that they had so few considering the persecution and impoverishment they had undergone for the sake of their faith. England had deprived them at one time of everything they held most dear, except their faith, and it was their loyalty to their Church that had preserved them as a nation. This was a day long to be remembered, in that it was the first time in the history of Great Britain that the sovereign had recognized the Irish emblem, the shamrock. The Bishop believed that every man who was loyal to his God would be loyal to his rulers, and he thought it a grand thing that today the Irish flag was flying over the Mansion House in London, and British soldiers everywhere were wearing the shamrock and cheering for dear old Ireland.—Hamilton Times, March 17th.

In Brantford.

The celebration of St. Patrick's Day in Brantford this year was one that will long be remembered. With his characteristic foresight, Rev. Father Lennon had secured the Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, Solicitor-General of Canada to lecture on the "The Irish Canadian" on the evening of the 16th in Stratford's Opera House. To secure such a busy man at a season of the year when many duties must occupy his attention is a task that would baffle any man with less courage than the ardent priest of St. Basil's; and he should certainly feel highly pleased at the result of his efforts. All who listened to the scholarly address were delighted both with the points touched upon and the masterly manner in which they were handled by the honorable lecturer. Before and after the lecture, Hastings' orchestra rendered a choice selection of Irish music which was much appreciated.

On the platform with the lecturer were: Mayor Cockshutt, who acted as chairman; Hon. Wm. Paterson, Minister of Customs; C. B Heyd, M. P; Robert Henry, ex-M. P; T. H. Preston, M. P. P., and Rev. Father Lennon. In the boxes were seated Rev. Father Doyle, of Hamilton; Fathers O'Reilly and Cummings, of Brantford; Rev. Mr. Martin, of Zion Presbyterian church (successor to the late Rev. Dr. Cochrane) and other local ministers and prominent citizens. All the gentlemen on the platform wore bunches of shamrock and green badges, and everyone in the large audience displayed some green token of honor to Ireland's patron saint and his valiant sons.

Hon. Chas. Fitzpasrick, after a brief introduction said he would speak of "Irish Canadians" under two headings: first in respect to their relation to the land of their ancestors, and, secondly, with respect to the land of their adoption.

In continuing he said, "You will agree with me that there is no subject which has been more universally treated than the one of which I am to speak to you this evening. It has attracted the attention of writers of all nationalities, and innumerable opinions have been expressed of that country. The checkered annals of the history of Ireland afford a wide field for antiquarian research not to speak of her music exceedingly tender, filling some with a melancholy tenderness of feeling; not to speak of the literature; not to think of the many things that combine to bring Ireland and the Irish before the attention of the people of the world. The history of Ireland is closely connected with the development and civilization of the western world. I am not going to claim for the Irishman or the Celt any marked superiority over the people of other nations, but I do not go beyond the limits of truth when I say that they have shown to the other nations of the world a spirit of deep and lasting loyalty and devotion, under circumstances which were most oppressive. They have also shown great bravery and courage in giving testimony unto death of the convictions of the soul."

The lecturer gave a brief outline of the history of Ireland from the time the northern barbarians covered Europe in their onslaughts. At that time Ireland was studded with monasteries and seats of learning which were ruthlessly swept away. Then the monks came and restored the country to a state of civilization. The Danish invasion was touched upon, and the final expulsion of the invaders and the return of progress and prosperity. Later the Norman invasion came and deprived the people of their lands and drove them away to seek new homes among strangers. It has been said that the Irish speak disrespectfully of the English and it is impossible that the years of suffering could leave any but painful recollections. But it is not true that they hate the English, and they have no such feelings. If you wish to prove this look to-day at South Africa, where the men are laying down their lives—I will not say in greater numbers, nor will I say that they are showing greater deeds of bravery, but where they are fighting for a common country and a common flag. The Irish have never discriminated between Catholics and Protestants, and their first thought has been devotion to country. The love of country was the first thing that was required there, and they did not care at what shrine their leaders worshipped.

Of the men of Irish blood who had attained to high places in the British empire he would not attempt to refer to many. Lord Russel, the Chief Justice of the Empire was mentioned; and Lord Woolsley the commander in chief of the army, as well as others prominent in the war in South Africa. He paid a high tribute to the bravery of the Irish soldiers, and said, "The people of England cannot but feel that the men who shed their blood in defense of Empire would do it a thousand times more readily and more gladly if the flag that they carried represented liberty to them as well as to the other colonies."

In the second division of his lecture the speaker dwelt on some of the historical events of the past and concluded by saying:

"Canada is, however, my country, first, last and always, and is the most glorious land that any man could look upon. Look at the west where you see riches beyond the dreams of avarice; look to the plains where the farmer plows his furrows by miles, and looks back to see a harvest of golden grain which extends to the horizon; look at the province of Ontario here where we have unlimited resources; look at Quebec, the birth-plate of Canadianism, the province that has seen bitter fight between the rival races which will never be seen again. It is our duty to develop this country and to put to a use the things which have been bestowed upon us by nature. We look to Canada as the coming advance guard of the Empire, and I feel that I am expressing the thought that is uppermost in the minds of all when I say that we have received a trust that we will keep inviolate and which we will hold as a sacred one. We will hand it down in the same condition as we have received it under the one free flag of the world.

"And now I wish to say that it is for the Irishmen of this country to love dearly the old land beyond the sea; to cherish her traditions; to sing her songs; to read her history, the true history of oppression, some of which has been removed, but some of which still remains; to be open and frank; to be never afraid to say 'I am Irish;' never to be afraid to claim as

CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.

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