

titude, 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 to St. Patrick's fellow country men, to St. Patrick's native land. That land which has sent out so many glorious missionaries foremost among 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 be their devotedness to the cause of Christ they have ever known any loved each other as sisters. France has ever had the glory of having Irish priests in her land, sometimes in her hierarchy, and Ireland has never been without a French priest upon her soil. The French priests have 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.

And for the rest of this vast northern continent, the other vast British possessions, the immense territory beyond the limits of our Dominion in every town and settlement of which, what is, is due to the children of him who are celebrating to-day in the largest city, and in the lowest hamlet the memory of the great one whom we all so dearly love. That vast Republic which fifty years ago had but one bishop, sixty-eight priests, and eighty churches and missionary stations, and now has sixty-one bishops, two thousand five hundred priests, and nearly four thousand churches and stations, and a Catholic population of five million and a-half; ask of the lips of every bishop and priest you meet, they whose "lips keep truth and are to utter knowledge," let them be Irish, French, German, of what nationality you will, ask who has ministered to his wants? Who has built these numberless churches, colleges, asylums, hospitals, schools? Their answer is but one. It manifests, I think, the fulfilment of the decrees of God. It is "the children of St. Patrick."

The feast of Ireland's patron Saint is truly the feast of faith. There is not a page in the history of Ireland, however dark and disastrous in other respects, that is not brightened by the heroic fortitude, the generous self-sacrifice, the perseverance which has been exhibited in the defence and propagation of the faith. Its memorials are to be found on her mountain tops and in the depths of her valleys, not the less because inseparably linked with the holiest affections of a persecuted people, nor the less enduring because crimsoned in the blood of her martyrs. The verdure for which Ireland is famed springs from grass rich with the bones of the saints of God. Those that now walk on it are but a handful to those who sleep beneath its surface, who have passed to the eternal ore-