

sincerely attached to the country if their adoption, they are none the less ardent in their affection for the land whence they have come. And, not only do they not forget their native Island, but they teach their children to love it by reminding them of its brave men, and its pure women, of its sufferings, its faith and its ancient glory. On this glorious day we behold the green and gold lovingly entwined with the national flag of Canada. Borne aloft amid cheering thousands are these streaming banners of love, friendship, and justice, by the sturdy sons of the Emerald Isle in the land of their adoption.

Canada has possessed Irish sons whose names are brightest on her honor-rolls. The history of their achievements in the church, in the halls of our legislatures, in the learned professions, in science, in literature and in art, is recorded by the deeds of a Lynch, a Walsh, a Baldwin, a Blake, a Thompson, a McGee, and a Sadlier.

In Canada, Erin's exiles, among the purest, the noblest, the most trustworthy citizens of our country, have tasted Canadian freedom; they have become an important element of the greatness of the world's future nation, pioneers in her progress, partners in the rich heritage of her giant trades, and of her mineral and agricultural wealth. They have grown with the greatness of the land of their exile, and have showered countless blessings back upon the land of their birth. Many are the sympathetic greetings wafted across that large expanse of ocean, by Irish Canadians on this most glorious of festive days.

We Canadians enjoy that great blessing—self-government, denied the Irish at home. Everything indicates that brighter days are dawning upon Ireland's people, and when that long-looked-for, and long-expected time arrives, and Ireland shall take her proper place among the nations of the world, she will remember that Canada was proud to be among her sympathizers."

Mr. St. Jacques followed:

"Years ago, there dwelt, in our fair Dominion, but one race whose boast it was, and still is, to celebrate a feast national and Catholic. Another race full of promise and bright hopes, endowed with similar characteristics, sprang up by its side and waxed stronger and stronger. Is it not then, most proper for us Catholic French-Canadians, in our zeal and love for the propagation of our faith, to join with our fellow-countrymen of Irish descent, in paying dutiful honor to one of the grandest saints of Holy Mother the