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scholars and the nurse of arms; if now and then I like to picture anew, the time when the genius of Irishmen shone like a beacon light from pole to pole, and the virtue of whose daughters has for ages been the theme of universal admiration, then I only express myself as Deakman did when he wrote

——— —“ Our Fatherland !

Who speaks the name of Fatherland without a tear?

The voice of love, the voice of fame,

The voice of all we hold most dear,

Tell us to love our Fatherland.”

But as I have been all my life an Irishman, so have I been all my life a Catholic; and as I have often battled for the old land, so do I now find myself battling for the Faith. To-night I come before you in a new character—placing for awhile Ireland and her cause aside—I am here to-night to defend the Catholic Church. I neither sought nor desired this quarrel. I, as one member of that “Romish” Church which has been so much calumniated, had no wish to measure weapons with a foe. I certainly never would have commenced the assault, nor have stirred up religious feuds, which, in my opinion, have done much to retard the progress of Christian communities. But the worm has been trod upon and it has turned to sting. Unfortunately, perhaps, I am not of too amiable a mould, and when I am slapped upon one side of the face, I never turn the other to receive a like castigation. I generally try to give back blow for blow, and in self-defence to fight my corner as viciously and as determinedly as an Irishman can. I am by nature a hater of bigotry in any and in every form, and I care not from whence it comes, bigotry is to me a thing accursed. Christ died to save mankind—He suffered for us all, and while believing in no theory about a universal religion, such as Emerson desires, yet I hope to do my best to cultivate a kindly and a friendly feeling towards those who differ from us in