

the world and in politics have come before hand and have said to me : " Don't go. An Irish Protestant, you will destroy your influence with those who are your natural allies, the strongest body in this Dominion." But I have thought that as an Irishman, even if I be an heretic, I have some share in St. Patrick, some right to wear the shamrock, and on this ground and more especially for reasons already noted and feeling it was a great evil to keep any two classes of the community apart, and particularly Irish Catholics and Irish Protestants, I have turned me from such Achitophel counsels and have said : " Go speak your honest thought, remembering that the communication of our thoughts, the passing of the sacred fire from soul to soul is that which links us with the Deity and is the fountain whence true progress springs. The men you are called on to address are like yourself, made of the very dust of the land of Grattan. If you kneel at different altars, your voices go up to the same universal Father. Amongst them all there will be no single heart that, struck by a loving hand, will not be found to beat true to the music of generous instincts. Throw away calculating prudence. You bear the name of the man who first made Ireland an organized political power, and redeemed Protestants and Catholics alike from humiliation. With whatever message reading observation and reflection may have given you, a son of Ireland, proud of her and concerned for her welfare, go—take counsel with your brethren ; speak out your honest convictions. On some points you may not agree with them, nor they with you. But on one point you will be a unit—love to Ireland." (Loud cheers.)

Other sagacious individuals advised me to avoid important practical subjects, and to give you a literary essay on the patron saints of the three kingdoms. I am not sure that this would be very profitable, as I am not up in hagiology, and I might therefore, in the case of at least two out of the three saints, have had to evolve their characters out of my moral consciousness, or else infer them from the characteristics of their votaries. About St. Andrew I know nothing save what I learn from the meagre account of him in the Gospel. If however there is any relation between patron saints and their votaries I am sure he was of a saving turn, and if he did not run he lived on or near a bank (Laughter.) A mythical atmosphere envelops St. George, but as we know him he is not a martyr but a conqueror. He is always killing that dragon, and England, whose patron saint he has been since the time of Edward III has gone in quest of somebody or other to fight with from the earliest times. A war steed has been her hobby-horse, and whoever does not get out of her way, she has regarded as a dragon for whom the best thing she could do was to kill him. In the tenderness and generosity for which the Irish people are remarkable, we may perhaps trace the influence of St. Patrick. I am certain there was nothing parsimonious about him, that he was brave, generous to a fault and as the song says, " a gentleman." (Laughter.) I am sure there are points of difference between the patron saints and their votaries. There is, for instance, something mythical about St. George. I need hardly say there is nothing mythical about John Bull. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) He is a fact, and the roast beef which builds up his rotund