

A TOAST FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY.



HERE'S to the gladsome day so long wished for, prayed for, fought for, died for, of Ireland's readjustment! Back to the days when Malachi wore the collar of gold? Oh, no! Nor back to the days of the four kingdoms spoiled by a McDermott? No, no. Back to the days of good Queen Bess? Ye powers forbid! Back to the ungrateful times of Stuart defection? Never. Forward is the cry, not backward; forward to perfectly understood *Home Rule*, and to all that the wisest and best expect from nobly administered Home Rule! May the saint whose name brings each year a new glow to Irish hopes make his power felt. May he impart to us the true spirit for a national holiday. May we never lose the spirit of faith that has been Ireland's glory through all years of sorest test; above all things, may St. Patrick's day be ever for us a commemoration of the triumphs of faith. May the soul joys of this day prevail wherever the blessed bells are heard, wherever the bright tapers shine in his honor. May no Irish heart to-day fail to return thanks for the good done through Irish faith and hope and love! And while we, here, in the further west look wistfully toward that once beauteous land, may we be granted the vision of the restored beauty; may we see plainly, through the shadows, the sunburst beginning to gleam upon its hills and dales; may we never lose the true spirit of this day! Erin's sorrows are still felt, but this day is and always must be a glad day. The sons of Erin, wherever their lot be cast, are strong to serve; God bless them! The history of Ireland may be a sore puzzle to our believing hearts, but there is a just God, and all justice-loving people in God's fair world will bring about at last the revelation of the "glory of the sum of things;" and the mystery of the long-suffering nation will be cleared, the sighs of Erin's children will be heard no more; her exiles will return home, her enemies will be enlightened, and Patrick's land will once more be the "fairest gem of earth." So here's to old Ireland and to new Ireland—from the Canadian Irish who pray—

God's blessing and His holy smile
Rest on our dear old Erin's Isle,
And her immortal shamrock!
From fresh hills though far away,
While through these western lands we stray,
From those dear hills there come bright rays
Of the golden light of other days,
So here's to the maple leaf and shamrock!

Ottawa, 17th March, 1901.

WILL L. STONE.