

from the larger continental nations, brings man more to learn the necessities of his fellow creatures as also their virtues, and thus a fraternity of feeling is kindled which becomes a pure and enlightened patriotism, stimulating the mind to virtuous and heroic deeds, and high achievements; for true love of country can never dwell in any human breast that is not enriched with other noble qualities.

It is not my province to investigate what foundation there may be in truth for establishing this doubtful axiom, or how far, if at all inferior, the sons of Gaul may be in love of *la belle France*, or the children of *dolce fur niente* for the land of song and sunny skies, to their island neighbours who inhale the foggy English atmosphere, the misty grandeur of the Scottish Highlands, or trot over the bogs and slopes of green Erin, fondly and filially deeming it, "First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea." Springing, as most Canadians do, from the parent stock which people those three countries, we fully know the love that dwells in every heart for the spot where he was born, the reverence all pay to the land of their nativity, the aspiration every soul feels that that land may continue prosperous, powerful and happy.

As it is my design in this address to dwell on our duties and interests as Canadians, an allusion to the patriotic feelings of our forefathers in the old countries from whom we are descended is all my purpose requires; and even this is scarcely necessary, for where is the poet, the novelist, or historian of old Ireland whose pages we can open, and not find them replete with apostrophes to his country's beauty, the heroic deeds of her sons, the virtuous chastity of her daughters, the piety of her saints and prelates, and the unrestricted hospitality of all her children.

"Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

"Wert thou all that I wish thee—great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?