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ST. PATRICK'S DAY

How Montreal Celebrated It.

GRAND MASS—NO PROCESSION

THE 1,389th ANNIVERSARY.

THE SERMONS.

The Concert and Addresses.

THE DAY ELSEWHERE

In pursuance with the arrangements previously made the several Irish societies who had agreed to meet opposite St. Patrick's Hall, assembled March 17th between eight and nine o'clock. As usual the street was made almost impassable by sympathisers and sight-seers, but the green was predominant, and scarcely one could be seen who was not

"The chosen leaf of bard and chief." Irish flags were floating from many a window, and in some instances the tri-color of dow, and in some instances the tri-color of france could be seen flaunting gaily side by side with the green banner of Erin. A more pleasant day could not be desired by those who participate in the celebration of Ireland's natal day, for the sun shone brightly above, while the air was sufficiently could to prevent the snow was sufficiently cold to prevent the snow from melting and making the road sloppy.

Mass was celebrated in St. Patrick's Church by His Lordship Bishop Fabre, after which the Rev. Father Bray ascended the public to deliver pulpit to deliver

THE ANNIVERSARY SERMON.

"Instead of speaking to day I would fain remain silent and contemplate in reverence, and with feelings of ecstacy and enthusiastic rapture the truly Catholic character of this glorious celebration in which it is our privilege to participate. In every city and hamlet, across broad continents, in the faroff islands of the sea, in fact, from one end of the world to the other persons who move and act under the influence of the name of St. Patrick, are now engaged in the celebration of the day dedicated to his memory. The present assemblage, vast as it is, represents but a mite of all who are moving under the burning influ-ence of St. Patrick's name. What can I say in praise of Ireland's patron saint that will not warp his image in your imaginations. You, the faithful adherents to the faith which he gave your forefathers. You, and not I are his eulogists. To judge correctly of St. Patrick it is necessary to know the actual place he occupied, and will continue to occupy, in the annals of history; and to have an idea of his glory in heaven we must appreciate the designs of Providence over the country he converted to the true faith. Some of the radiance of his glory may appear to ordinary mortal sight, but it requires saintliness to preceive all its beauty. St. Patrick had all the human hopes and attachments which would influence him to be led by his friends and relatives when they endeavored to dissuade against his plan of visiting Ireland

IN THE CHARACTER OF A MISSIONARY,

but there were stronger and holier influences which determined to carry out the impulse of his heart; and when the struggle between combatting influences was over an angel was sent to convey to him the message of the Irish people:—
"Our Father and our friend, come, oh!

come, to teach us the doctrine of the true

In course of time His Holiness Pope Celestin sent St. Patrick to Ireland. The Saint obeyed, and in pursuit of his onerous duties he lived there for over three-score years, and died with the pleasure of seeing the Island converted to the true faith. He had also to learn semething of the character and customs of the people, for he had to know something, for we find that with our Lord Jesus Christ he conformed with the habits of the various people he was brought in contact with; we see him convert water into wine; we see a fallen woman whom he saved from the attacks of the Pharisees; we see him use the scourge in driving the money-changers from the the temple. Such evidence will be made manifest that St. Patrick did not find

A PROSPEROUS PEOPLE IN IRELAND,

as some historians would tell us. He found a people who knew the value of precious metals; who knew the value of the arts, embracing both music and science? A St. Patrick was for years amongst them, reclining on his pasttoral staff. [Ha came unknown to them ; tudes from the farthest corners of the island. There is no necessity to drive them to hear

Apostle. He knew full well the value of earthly wealth and sought not thereafter. It is forgotten in a few centuries at the utmost,

THE MEMORIES OF SAINTS

live forever, until the latter end of time. We should also remember that the saints were as brave as the bravest warriors, and have done deeds of daring which exceeded those of the most chivalrous and boldest soldiers; deeds from which they would have shrunk. St. Patrick encountered the dangers aroused by entering a strange land, and succeeded in conquering a country single-handed, thus earning fame, not transitory like the earthly warrior, but eternal reward. Then, my dear brethren, it is glorious to uphold the interests of our country and to sacrifice our lives for that purpose. When we teach our children the names of the greatest heroes, let us teach them to reverence the sign of the cross. What greater heroes than those of the faith? No words can express their glory. Ireland was destined to fill a great destiny. She alone remained firm to the faith and proclaimed her unswerving allegiance to the Church of Christ, when other nations were delinquent. France had her god of reason; Germany re-volted, and England rebelled, but

IRELAND REMAINED STEADFAST and not for a single hour did she prove recreant to the trust. St. Patrick prayed for three blessings for Ireland. In the first petition he asked that the men of Ireland should be rich in gold and silver. What was the explanation of this: St. Patrick a poor apostle praying that his flock should be re-warded with gold and silver. No, it has an-other mystical meaning, that by this symbol he intended to convey that they should be rich in the gold of charity and silver of faith. Who can deny the fulfillment of this prophecy, the charity of the Irish people is too well known to need fulsome praise, and their faith has never been questioned. At least in this, the words of St. Patrick have been heard and the history of Ireland correborated.

COMPARED WITH OTHER COUNTRIES, Ireland seems to possess a singular tate. It is the only nation which entered the fold of Jesus Christ unstained by the blood of martyrs. She built up a Church which became a light and a power of future govern-God. For over 1,000 years the very existence of Ireland was imperilled, so that its existence at the present day can only be attributed to the prayers of St. Patrick. They fought with the Dane and Norman for over four hundred years; they triumphed over the failure of the establishment of the Protestant religion, are facts which are not found in the history of any other country. When

THE SCANDINAVIAN CORSAIRS important to meet them, and the element which could be counted on to take the field against the invader was distracted with internal dissensions, occasioned by provincial jealousies. On the other hand, the foes were without religion and bent on conquering the country. They belonged to a race which had overcun the Roman Empire. They had set their eyes on this fair isle as the land of their desires. They had returned fresh from victory, and reigned in undisputed sway, and had the whole forces of Scandinavia at their command. They were nurtured in fierce combat, and from their infancy inhaled the breath of war, thus inspiring them with a love of rapine and pillage. With this element of strength on one hand and weakness on the other, they found they had to give way after a struggle of 300 years. If the Dane had beaten the brave Irish defenders, bloodshed would have succeeded the saints, and the country would have been plunged into a more deplorable state of paganism than when St. Patrick found it. From such a fate, Lord, save it! Not so, however; it was left to the Anglo-Norman in the 12th century. The Norman was a brave soldier by profession, and he impressed into his service all the military science of the day. Returning fresh from the Crusades, he had the experience and a ready sword to secure the prize on the other side of a narrow channel. Nothing else stood between him and this prize but a disheartened people, broken down after a weary struggle of 300 years against the oppressor. Over the scenes that ensued we charitably draw the mantle of religion. On the pretense that they come to reform, the grossest outrages were perpetrated. Having failed again in

ATTEMPT AGAINST CATHOLIC IRELAND and to prevail upon her to accept of the Protestant faith, the system of proselytizing forced upon the people was done by England, the chosen nation, than whom no better instrument could be found. The work of proselytizing Ireland is unparalleled in history, it was made to resemble a gigantic amphitheatre in the arena of which the Catholics were struggling for life. Divested of her rights, both Houses of Parliament, the army and navy, and everything that could be brought to bear leagued against her, this troubled persecution spared neither age nor, sex, and the very children were ruthlessly slaughtered, this execution being accompanied by frightful jests. It was continued for a century, but will Catholic Ireland pass away? Will nothing save it? Is the hand of God: withdrawn? Oh, no, my brethren, it cannot be. He may their earnest minds a glimpse of athe only Ireland that she should pass through this try-true and one God, they flocked from the being furnace. We did it on being so far con-baptized. Unsolicited they came in multi-quered and being compelled to accept a language steeped in heresy, the virus of her apostacy. There was no nation in the

truth and religion by disseminating the catholic truths throughout New Zealand, Find me another nation standing to thank Mr. United States and Canada. These facts persecution so long without being courtesy towards. tained by a valiant struggle, where priests and parishioners huddled together in some lonely glen or cavern to accept the offering of the Divine Sacrifice, with a fixed price on their heads if detected. The reverend speaker then concluded by reaffirming that the famine and the sword were harmless to exterminate the faith so firmly rooted in the Irish heart. The discourse was aptly concluded by a prayer to St. Patrick for his blessings on this glorious occasion.

At the conclusion of Mass the societies

quietly dispersed to their homes without any addresses being delivered.

At an early hour in the morning the streets in the neighborhood of St. Bridget's Church were crowded with persons eager to catch a glimpse of the societies, which were to participate in the demonstration. As before arranged, the procession was unostentatious, and, although numerically large, the parade was not attended by that pomp and ceremonious formalities which have been observed on former years. The societies of the parish, three in number, met at their respective halls at the appointed hour, and thence proceeded to St. Bridget's Church, where High Mass was celebrated by the respected pastor, the Rev. Father James Lonergan.

"For I will shew him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake."—Acts Apost., ix. 16.

Deep feelings of joy and sorrow are pressing in your hearts on this festival of St. Patrick's, which reminds us all of the noble blood from which we spring. The old, as if touched by an electric stroke, picturing to themselves the green vales, the beautiful mountains, the lofty towers and abandoned castles, wish they were pressing to their hearts their once fond mother, the sacred isle from which they were violently ejected. The young learned from them its beauties, and they know her as the mother of those from whom they hold ment. Having quickly huilt up her colleges, their existence. But at the same time, picturing she soon acquired the title of the Seminary of to yourselves the sorrow and agonies of the motherland at this hour of suffering when famine is exercising its ravages over this beautiful isle, you here wept in sorrow. The cry of the famished had stricken your ears, and I must say that the poor congregation of St. Bridget's was the first in the Province of Quebec to respond to the call of their afflicted assemblage, and the programme presented for brethren. And considering the miseries of the delectation of the vast audience was Ireland, as the Israelites on the rivers of Babylon when remembering Sion they hung up their instruments to the willows and releading amateur vocalists assisted in the first their hymns of joy; you also event, and everyone knows what Montreal's that the day will never come when Ireland crying in the plaintive words of the inspired have refused to unfurl your banners, to fill the air with the music strains of our national anthems and I congratulate you. The moral effects of this abstention will be great on our French, English and Scotch friends, who will say, "How they love their mother, when they abstain from all joyous demonstration when she is in sorrow." The sorrows of Ireland are my pride. I leave to others the title of emporium of commerce or the mother of modern civilization, but I claim for Ireland the sacred title of Queen of Martyrs. Yes! like Mary on Mount Calvary, she stands aloit amid nations, vested as Mary, not with gold and silver and precious stones, but with her royal mantle of mourning, wearing on her head a crown of thorns instead of jewels. And so should it happen that Ireland has been chosen, not individually, but as a nation, to preach the Gospel, and if the grandeur of a nation depend on the excellence of its mission, and the fidelity with which such a mission is forwarded, I ask of you to point out a more noble nation. And since she was to be an apostle, she had to tread the royal way of the filled the position of President of St. Patcross. Yes, brethren, God came to preach the rick's Society, and when he had been Gospel, and in order to realize this end he had called away the association gave him to be " Vir dolorum," (the Man of sorrows.) Mary is styled the Queen of Martyrs. Paul stood up to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles, and scourges, blasphemies, abuses, and insults of all kinds are showered upon him, but he only answered, "I will show him what things he can suffer for my name's sake." Yes, if Ireland had not suffered as she has, might be inclined to doubt her sublime vocation; but centuries of hardship, of sufferings, of persecution have taught the world how she clung to her vocation. She offered on the altar of sacrifice the blood of her daughters, her sons and her priests, but never for one moment could the sacred boon of faith be crushed in her heart. Ireland adhered to her faith, and wealth and honors were considered nothing in comparison to this heavenly gift. Ireland is essentially an Apostolic nation, and see the works of God preparing in a gentle way this nation to assume her destined position. He touches softly the heart of this barbarous nation which Patrick finds pagan and converts it in-to a Catholic stronghold. Immediately universities are founded and opened, and from every point of the continent they flock to those universities as nurseries of learning and sanctity. France sends the sons of her best men, Germany is not behind, and the Italian genius will find ample nourishment tor its cravings to acquire knowledge; and once they are formed they leave the coast to spread through the world the good tidings of faith and of truth that he explained the beauties of the mountain permit it again, but He will net now stand in their minds and hearts, ranges, how the turi-clad hills were beautient her death after three centuries of As new vessels constructed in Irish ports, teous in their lakes teemed with living tood. The people listened to his inspired utterances cate the preference of God. Now, what further and when he revealed to is this lesson to teach us; is, it consistent for the ranges and when he revealed to is this lesson to teach us; is, it consistent for the range of another to the restant winds a column to the range of t servare omnia quacumque mandavi vobis. Yes, I conclude Ireland had; to suffer to fulfil

as that of Saul of Tharsus, for which God chose her from the beginning, and form which He preserved her from all danger.

We have it proved that the religion and to the life is a mystery without religion and faith. Without these two necessary elements the Irish people have nothing whatever to keep them together. Robbed of their life is a mystery without religion and faith. Without these two necessary elements the Irish people have nothing whatever to keep them together. social position for centuries, the people still subsist. Religion unites the people and keeps them strong and undivided. The Irish people still form a nation, and sooner or later the sun of liberty shall shine over that sacred land of martyrs. An individual may continually suffer here below, because he may confidently expect his personal reward hereafter, but a nation must be rewarded here. Ireland has suffered for her faith, and will be rewarded accordingly as a nation. The time shall come when my mother will be in bondage no more but free and governing her own destinies. This may not happen immediately, but may be the result of this agitation which, I trust, will be crowned with success. The Irish Liberator must be a Catholic, and although I admire the efforts now made, I say that he is John the Baptist, the precursor, but not the Messiah. The true liberator shall arrive when another O'Connell, embodying the joint spirit of the whole lrish nation, shall cry out "I claim for my motherland liberty and freedom." And then let us hope that God, touched by the long sufferings and affliction of Ireland, will say:—"I have seen the affliction of my people in Egypt, and I heard their cry be-cause of the rigor of them that are over the works; and knowing their sorrow I am come down to deliver them out of the hands of the Egyptians, and to bring them out of that land into a land that floweth with milk and honey, for the cry of the children of Israel has come unto Me and I have seen their effection." And they we chall rejete with affliction." And then we shall rejoice with Jerusalem, and be glad with her all you that love her; rejoice for joy with her all you that mourn for her that you may suck and be filled with the breasts of her consolations. But remember to keep sacred your faith and your religion. As O'Connell dying in a foreign land, leave your bodies to Ireland but your hearts to Rome. Be Catholic above all, since religion is the principle of your national life. Love Ireland but love your religion still more. And with the love of religion, the love of Ireland, and the love of Canada, our adopted land, we will please our patron Saint.

amateurs can do. Shortly after eight o'clock, Mr. F. B. Mc-Names, President of St. Patrick's Society appeared on the platform, arm in arm with Mr. John O'Donohoe, Q.C., of Toronto, fol-lowed by Mr. John Arnton, President of the Irish Protestant Society, Mr. Thomas Robins, President of the Caledonian Society, Mr. Peter Fulton, representing St. Andrew's Society, Ald. Nelson, Ald. Thibault, Rev. Father Murphy and Rev. Father Foley, Vankleek Hill, and the officers of the various Irish societies.

Mr. F. B. McNames, in opening the concert, referred to the progress made by St. Patrick's Society, and the benefits it had conferred on their fellow-countrymen in distress. During the past year the Society had not had much funds at its disposal, but the little money in their treasury had been used to the best advantage. Since the last anniversary they had lost by death one who during his life had been a credit to the Irish people. For many years Mr. Devlin had three public funerals in fort to show its appreciation of the loss it had sustained. Alluding to the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, he said he had been opposed to a procession because he considered it in exceedingly bad taste in view of the present unhappy circumstances in which Ireland was placed. It would have been thoroughly inconsistent with the boasted Irish love of fatherland to parade the streets with gaily flaunting banners and lively music at a time when it was possible that coroner's inquests were being held over their fellow-countrymen and countrywomen who had perished from starvation. Next year he hoped they would be able to celebrate the day in any manner they desired In view of the expected extensive emigration from Ireland next summer he feared that the resources of the society would be taxed to the utmost, and it was incumbent on the various Irish societies to make every preparation for an unusual strain upon their treasuries. He trusted that their anticipations of witnessing an immense rush of Irish emigrants to America would be disappointed, as he believed, with Parnell, there was room enough in Ireland for all who were there, but if emigration was necessary he hoped the landlords would be shipped. He would like to get the contract for removing them, and so much pleas ure would he take in the job that he would prepare his own plans and specifications. If the Irish were forced to emigrate, how-ever, they would find homes in this country,

and if the Government was not disposed

to help them they would give them a taste of

Home Rule here. From time to time certain, items, had appeared in the different news-

papers which, would lead people residing in other parts of the country to believe that in Montreal the Protestants and Catholics, were

on very unfriendly terms. .. Now, this infer-

ence would be a very false one, and, in proof

her mission; she suffered, and consequently ence would be a very false one, and, in proof she can boast of being witness to God and of his assertion, he might state that in not

His truth all over the world. "Testis in one single case had a Protestant been asked

standing to thank Mr. Dougall for that gentleman's being courtesy towards them, for the Witness had published a very elegant advance notice of And he further said that the laurels which the festival held that evening. He also the country had been pleased to bestow upon thanked the audience for the large numbers him were in reality the property of the Irish in which the concert had been attended, and people alone. (Enthusiastic cheering.) resumed his seat amid vehement cheering. His remarks, also, were frequently interrupted by applause.

The boys of St. Ann's School choir, being placed in position, sang with great effect "Let Erin remember the Days of Old,' led by Master James Carroll, a promising young vocalist, who subsequently acquitted himself with great credit in a couple of solos. They were cordially applauded. Miss Hart then sang very sweetly that very pretty ballad entitled "Beautiful Girl of Kildare." The conclusion of the song was the signal for vigorous plaudits, and Miss Hart was presented with a handsome bouquet. Mr. James Shea followed with a song entitled

"The Knights of St. Patrick," and in response to an imperative *cncore* gave "Dublin Bay," Mr. George Holiday was next to receive the applause of the audience, the plaudits being fully deserved by his rendering of the "Stirrup Cup."
Mr. McNamee then introduced Mr. John

O'Donohos, who was received with vociferous cheering. He said:—

I feel that I am more than amply repaid for the little trouble I experienced in coming to attend the concert by the exceedingly warm welcome I have received. I see before me a fair sample of my fellow-countrymen and countrywomen, and when I think of the im-mense number of such people who are now celebrating the anniversary of their country's patron Saint I must come to the conclusion that anything urged agains: their will must ultimately fail. All the Irish people living in exile are to-day in spirit with the land they have left behind them, and the devotion thus manifested is not the love put on for a purpose, but is an affection deep, profound, and undying. No stranger could realize the

IRISH LOVE OF FATHERLAND, unless he visited Erin and saw how worthy was the object of their affection. In this assemblage I can realize the grandeur of the reception given recently to Mr. Parnell, (tre-mendous cheering) to the man who, occupying a high social position, gave up a life of case and pleasure to devote himself to the cause of his country. I left Ireland while I was yet very young, but not a day has since passed that I have not seen something new to increase my devotion to the land of my birth. To-day there is not a country where there are not hundreds of thousands of Irishmen celebrating the anniversary of St. Patrick, and in the face of such devotion to will once more be in the hands of the Irish; starving people, in a land from which numerous vessels are daily leaving laden with food, will exist only as a terrible memory. I wish to entirely eschew politics to-night, but I must say it is extraordinary that in the most fertile country in the world the people are starving; and the first Minister of the richest country in the world stands with folded arms while a vast number of the Empire's subjects are perishing for lack of food. Every other people in the world are up and doing for the cause of humanity, but those who created the famine are idle. The Canadians have done nobly as befits a free people, and in Toronto, the chief city of the Protestant Province of Ontario, both Catholics and Protestants have

the suffering, and EVEN ORANGEMEN CAME UP

stood on the one platform to urge relief for

and left with Parnell (cheers) the various sums which their charitable hearts prompted. (Great cheering.) Unhappily, the subject of religion has always to be mentioned when Ireland is spoken of, but I appeal to my Catholic fellow-countrymen to make greater efforts towards a union with their Orange and Protestant fellow-countrymen, for I believe those efforts would be reciprocated. must unite for our common welfare, for the whole press of Great Britain are united against us. Listen to the calumniating charges which they throw against anything Irish, or any one who represents Ireland They are now extending similar treatment to Parnell (cheers), but Parnell is not alone in the position he at present occupies. O'Connell received the same vituperative abuse, and among other names was repeatedly called an agitator. Some of the papers used the word "agitator" as a term of reproach, but it is a glorious name, for

JUSTICE CANNOT BE ORTAINED WITHOUT AGITA-TION.
At the present day Alexander of Russia is a live man among the dead, but if Russia was a free country he would not be occupying his present position. The Nihilists are not the bad shots that some people believe them to be, but they believed that by keeping Alexander in constant fear of his life they can make him suffer more than by killing him outright, and thus they have wisdom in their anger. We do not desire to absolutely sever ourselves from the Empire-O'Connell did not ask for it, nor does Parnell ask for it-but a union with England where that country can do as she pleases with Ireland, and make Ireland a periodical mendicant before the word is a union which we will never submit to (Cheers). The English Government recently spent over 5,000,000 for the pleasure of bringing Cetawayo in a plug hat to London, and it could not afford anything for the relief of the distressed Irish And yet the people are the mainstay or the Empire, and have frequently kept it together in times of danger. In a speech made by

before the House of Lords he said that it was in the hour of danger and glory that the Irish the word of God, the news became dissemi. Ilmits of God's Church which could nated throughout the land and they came to check her ravages. Ireland became the mudum, fides nostra." Her victory is one of and the request refused. The same could the Irish had chosen to desert their colors receive haptism at the hands of the gifted sole antagonist of England on the case of faith, and her fidelity to conserve is not be said of their own people, the field would have been lost; and although

He desired the remainder of the army had upheld the pre-eminence of the British arms all their efforts would not have prevented a disaster.

> The speaker then returned his thanks to the audience for their hearing and sat down

amid tremendous plaudits.

Regret at the conclusion of Mr. O'Donohoe's address speedily vanished when Miss Kate Harrington made her appearance. Although not freely appearing before the public, the two or three occasions on which this young lady has been heard have been sufficient to acquaint it with a knowledge of her great vocal powers and to make her a popular favorite. Therefore her entrance on the platform was marked by cordial and general applause, which ceased only to be renewed with even more vigor at the conclusion of her rendering of "Katie's Letter." An encore was insisted upon, and in response she sang "Dear Little Shanrock" with signal effect. She was also presented with an elegant bouquet, and the audience loudly testified their appreciation of the courtesy. Miss Harrington's voice is pure, sweet, and of great com-pass, and promises great things in the future if properly taken care of. The boys of St. Ann's school choir opened the second part of the concert with the new popular song of "Hurrah for Parnell," Prof. Wilson playing the accompaniment. The gentleman above mentioned presided at the piano on several occasions during the evening. The conclusion of each verse was followed by a storm of applause. "Let me like a Soldier Fall" was splendidly rendered by Mr. Verner, and the pleasure of the audience was loudly demonstrated.

Mr. C. J. Doherty, B.C.L., was then intro-duced by Mr. F. B. McNames, when he delivered the following address :-

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

This is a day sacre i to feeling. We are gathered here this evening, animated by what is perhaps the ruling passion of the Irish heart—that love strangely mingled of exult-ant joy born of a honest pride, and tender sadness springing from consciousness that the old land suffers, that binds us indissolubly to that isle that Patrick won for Christianity, that Brian held for Christianity; whose fair fields
Milesian and Dane, Norman, Saxon and Celt
have struggled to have and hold; the land
where Ossian sang, the land that Bridget
prayed for, the land that Grattan lived,
O'Connell labored and Emmet died for; the land whose glimpses of joy have been scat-tered and of short duration, whose sorrows have filled the world; the land that to-day, writer: "O vos omnes qui transitis per viam, and when that day comes, the spectacle of a lattendite et videte si est delor sicut delor meus." The land that is your fatherland and mine; the land that here in this New World, where our fathers have found a home they have learned to love-a home that has been ours and loved by us from our cradles-we cannot but look longingly back to, whose name is on all our lips, as in all our hearts, tonight! That name we reverently murmur. hardly knowing whether it be with a smile or a sigh--

OLD IBELAND!

Ladies and gentlemen, that feeling is so strong upon us all to-night that, in its presence, under its influence, its very intensity would seem to bid me be silent, for what can I hope to say that will adequately give it expression? What word of mine can, I will not not say, add to your love for Ireland—that were an unneeded effort—but even approach to properly express it? Feeling, the past has told us, "is deep and still." When it does speak, words-particularly the words that this cold Saxon affords-are not the means of expression it chooses. In music it finds a better exponent. Erin's sons have spoken their sentiments in Erin's songs. Of those you have heard and will hear more this evening. If, then, I stand here striving to say something of the day that has called us together, it is not that I fancy any words of mine can even faintly echo the feelings with which our hearts throb to-night. If those words be cold and lifeless and seem to you without meaning, I would ask you to remember that the same poet who has told us that "feeling is deep and still" has added "and the word that floats on the surface

"Is as the tossing buoy that betrays where the anchor lies hidden."

It is then as such a buoy to indicate the feeling that animates me, rather than for any result my speaking may produce, that I put my words before you this evening. It I speak it is not because I expect to say anything new, anything worthy of you, or of the land we have assembled to honor, but rather in the hope that what I say will be taken as dictated by a sincere love of that old land, that, if you cannot give me credit for a successful effort to say something that might

be for the greater glory, you will at least accept my attempt as an indication that, if my lips have not spoken it, there lies "deep and still" in my heart, as in each one of yours, the love for Ireland, that makes me wish to say something of her. (Applause.) . And now, ladies and gentlemen, what am I to say? Our celebration of to-day is hardly one of rejoicing. We are gathered on our mother's, festal anniversary, and, lo, we find that mother plunged in sorrow, weeping for that the children who have remained with her in the old homestead have: not bread to eat. Is it, then, fitting that we should rejoice? No, ladies and gentlemen, the condition of the Ireland of to-day is not such as to give us cause for saything but saddening reflection. Shall we then turn for consolation to the history of her past? Alas! we find there sorrows too. The tale the pages tell us is almost a lament. If, in the perusal, we could find consolation, it.

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