

it has been our fortune for a long time to have heard; in the course of which, with simple and unaffected, but originally nervous and powerful language, he displayed the history, and the devotion, and the success of Ireland's Saint in the cause of Ireland's conversion and regeneration; dwelling on the happy fruits that resulted to Ireland in the union, and education, and enlightenment of her people; and calling to mind the proud historical fact, that while the Christian faith was established in all countries, amid scenes of martyrdom and bloodshed, and and the faith of converts baptized in the blood of those who taught them—a blot which even Canada herself had not escaped—that Ireland alone had never stained her history with the blood of a Minister of God. Holy truth! We have never heard patriotic aspiration and proud historical reminiscences more happily blended with the subdued and pure spirit of Christian piety and faith. We do not pretend to do justice to his Lordship's discourse; but one passage, among many, struck us as peculiarly eloquent and happy; when mourning over the inscrutable wisdom of Providence in afflicting Ireland for so many centuries with humiliation and sorrow, and the fearful approaches now of the most terrible of all national scourges—famine and disease—he yet earnestly gathered hope, from the whole aspect of Irish affairs, that the period of God's displeasure was drawing to a close, and happier days about to dawn upon her; filling the hearts of his flock with that hope which “is the anchor of the soul,” while he taught them the submission and patience of Christians waiting upon their Lord.—‘Let us contemplate,’ exclaimed his Lordship, ‘the wonder and inscrutable power of Providence in the late regeneration of Ireland from the degrading stain of intemperance! For how many years had we not seen the philosopher and the philanthropist, the priest from the altar, and the patriot from the forum, passionately struggling to arrest the progress of this national disgrace; and yet how vainly! until the fullness of God's own time had come; and then we behold the wonderful spectacle of an obscure and unknown Capuchin Monk, whose name had not been heard beyond the limits of his native town, strong in the will and power of his Master, accomplishing in a few months this most astonishing reformation.’ We were pleased to observe several members of the Church of England present, whose admiration of the Bishop's eloquence we afterwards heard loudly expressed. Service being concluded, the members of the Society, and their fellow-countrymen who had not joined them, marshalled, and, preceded by the band, marched to the City Hall, and were there joined, as had been previously concerted, by the Sister Societies of St George and St Andrew, and the St Patrick's Society, who were drawn up there and awaiting. The whole body then, composing an immense assemblage which reached from the City Hall along King-street to York street, and of which

we could not repress our feelings of gratification at finding that the St Patrick's Benevolent Society constituted about nine-tenths, proceeded through the most public streets, return' to the English Episcopalian Church, and there the St Patrick's Benevolent Society were formed into double line, extending from the Church along King-street nearly to Yonge-street, through the centre of which, their banners being crossed at intervals, the St Patrick's Society marched and passed into their Church, both Societies headed by their officers, continuing uncovered and cheering each other with a warm and loyal earnestness that filled the heart of every honest Irishman to overflowing. We repeat that it was as proud a sight as we have ever witnessed, and we do not envy the man, come from what country he may, who could have looked on without sharing our emotion. When the last member of the St Patrick's Society had passed, the St Patrick's Benevolent Society was again marshalled, and, preceded by the band, returned to their Committee Rooms, where having heard an admirable speech from Colonel Baldwin, their first Vice-President, and having given three hearty cheers for ‘the Queen,’ for ‘old Ireland,’ and for ‘unanimity among Irishmen of all creeds and classes,’ they dispersed until dinner without one act or expression of rudeness or distrust, if we except a stone thrown by a little urchin at a pane in York-street, for which the offender was promptly chastised by the wand of one of the marshalls. Too much credit cannot be accorded to the zeal and indefatigable exertions of Messrs O'Neill and Hayes, who were Marshalls of the St Patrick's Benevolent Society, and upon whose shoulders a most onerous and difficult duty had devolved, and was most effectually discharged. Once again we repeat, that the events of this day have taught us that if Irishmen can fight with a will when they do fight, as alas! they have only too often proved, so they can extend the hand of cordiality and union to their countrymen with a heart that justifies the most sanguine anticipations of the future position and consideration of Irishmen in this province,

#### ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN HALIFAX.

The anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint—as will be seen from an extract from our talented contemporary, the *Halifax Cross*, which will be found in another page—was celebrated with becoming solemnity and splendour by our fellow-countrymen of Halifax. Irishmen of all denominations—Catholics and Protestants—mingled together on the occasion, and seemed to vie with each other in doing homage to christianity in the commemoration of St. Patrick, and to the Irish character by their public profession of attachment to their country. The Irish of Halifax, and their descendants, would seem to have no bickering and jealousy among them. So far from envying