

lative Council? Thomas Ryan, an Irish Catholic; and I believe you all know that it is an Irish Catholic that represents Montreal West. (Mr. McGee himself.) We are, moreover, interested in all those monuments of French piety and French munificence—the foundations of Madame d'Youville, Mademoiselle Le Bert, and the illustrious Margaret Bourgeoys, the foundress of the Congregation of Notre Dame. (Loud cheers.) Why do I allude to these facts to-day? Because I know that wicked or credulous men have dared to say that this great industrious body of people—one-fourth of the whole city—with their four millions worth of property at stake, with all the rights, privileges, and advantages they possess, would not be found true to the city and the country, if a day of trial came. I say the honest man that believes such an assertion is a weak man, and the dishonest man who makes it is a scoundrel. (Loud cheers.) There is no stigma of sedition in our ranks, and just as jealously and zealously as Father Phelan, (God be merciful to him,) guarded the character and conduct of his flock, in the last great crisis of this country, just as watchful as Father Dowd and his *confrères* watch over their much larger flock at this moment. The Catholics are taught as a religious duty, to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and while we obey the teachings of the church—as I trust we all do cheerfully in Montreal,—we can never cease to be good subjects and good citizens. We assail no man, we war upon no country, but woe be to those who wantonly assail and make war upon us. (Loud cheers.) Their blood be upon their own heads, and on their immortal sou's the everlasting responsibility. Gentlemen, one brief allusion to the memory we this day celebrate. It is not a day for revelling or ribald speeches; it is not a day for idle displays of brute force, or offensive demonstrations of any sort. Those who think it can be celebrated in any such way, short of sacrilege, know not what spirit they are of—they make for themselves a St. Patrick's day, without St. Patrick. What manner of man was he, whose eternal birthday we all turn out to signalize nearly fourteen centuries after his mortal death? A captive of the sword, torn violently from the land of his birth, sold into slavery, and condemned to the menial office of a swineherd, did he cherish an undying hatred against his persecutors and oppressors. Not so—not so. When he recovered his freedom, and was restored to his country, like a true disciple of the all-forgiving Master, he yearned for the salvation of the people who