

On Tuesday last an Office and High Mass. at which the Bishop presided, were celebrated at St. Mary's, for the repose of the soul of Mr. William Cronan, whose edifying death in the West Indies was lately noticed in this journal. May he rest in peace.

When Bishop Hughes, of New York, was in Paris, he preached some English sermons there which were most numerous and respectably attended. Amongst his audience were Lord Cowley, the English Ambassador, and his lady.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN TORONTO.

We copy from the *Toronto Mirror* a glowing account of the celebration of the Great National Festival in that city. Irishmen and Catholics have reason to be proud of this triumphant demonstration. We feel peculiar pride and pleasure in directing attention to the warm eulogy so justly bestowed on the pious, accomplished and eloquent prelate who governs the Diocese of Toronto, and who delivered the Panegyric of St Patrick on the last festival. The good Bishop Power, though he proudly claims the honour of Irish descent was born in this city, and Halifax has every reason to boast of him as one of her most gifted sons. We hope that the day is not far distant when we shall have the happiness of welcoming him to his native city.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

We have not seen since we left the shores of 'Old Ireland' so heart-stirring a spectacle, as the streets of this city presented on last Tuesday, the anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint. The GREEN FLAG OF ERIN never had cause to wave more triumphantly in the bright sun and free breeze of propitious Heaven, for it proudly headed as gallant an array of Irishmen as ever graced a foreign soil, and we could hardly abstain from asking ourselves again and again is it possible that we can be three thousand miles away from the 'Green Island,' and find ourselves in the midst of such a monster meeting of her sons?

It was a proud sight to see Protestant and Catholic, Tory and Liberal, Repealer and Orangeman, walking side by side in generous rivalry to honour the common land of their fathers, and the common home of their hearts; and we devoutly bless the mighty Ruler of Nations for such a sight. It is the opening to us of a vista which through the dissipating darkness of our country's calamities, feasts our eye with bright and near glimpses of proud and prosperous days for her. And what lover of Ireland could look at Ireland and Irishmen a few years since, and at this day, and not join us in our

homage of gratitude, and not anticipate with us that it has at length pleased the Supreme Being to stay the plague of discord and division among us, and cut short the period of our country's humiliation. The instinct of an honest and generous nature is surely at length about to claim its ascendancy over our hearts, and who will measure the triumph and prosperity that may yet be compassed by the consciousness of our strength.

We will measure even in this remote quarter of the world, how much such a blessed consummation may not achieve for the honor and the respect of our country. We all have too good cause every day and every hour to feel that if our arch enemy—the curso of disunion—has followed us and found us out even here, so have the bitter consequences been felt by us too, in the contumely and contempt which is but too often our portion. We have often said and the spectacle of last Tuesday might convince the most sceptical that if Irishmen were only united, with that spirit and endurance, with that intellectual and physical superiority, with those warm hearts and clear heads in the possession of which we are pre-eminent above all other nations, it would not be in the power of any country or any set of men to keep us in the position of 'National Coventry' (if we may so express ourselves) in which, it is fruitless to deny, that we have long been kept, and are still kept, and not in Canada alone, but in every part of the globe where we are found. It is our firm conviction that in place of being made light in the scale of Colonial merit—in place of being 'the poor Irish' as we are so often termed in the insolent affectation of provincial compassion instead of being sought out only to be shunned and passed over, and barred, and banned from office, power, and rank, and respect, slighted in the relations of public life and tyrannized over in those of social intercourse, we might sway—united in heart and purpose as Irishmen ought to be—the destinies of this province as we pleased and offer a proud proof to our fellow-subjects of the empire, and to the whole world the soundness of our country's claims, to be treated with consideration and respect. But we must not wander, in our enthusiasm as Irishmen, from our duty as journalists, to sketch to our readers the proceedings of last Tuesday.

At half-past 10 o'clock, the St Patrick's Benevolent Society were convened at their Committee Rooms, Colborne-street, and being arranged in order, and preceded by the band of the 62d Regiment, marched to the Catholic Church, where Divine Service was performed in honour of the day, by the chaplain, Rev Mr O'Reilly, and an eloquent Sermon preached by his Lordship, the Right Rev Dr Power, to the assembled multitude, many of whom, notwithstanding the capaciousness of the Church, so great was the throng, were unable to reach beyond the threshold. After the celebration of worship, his Lordship delivered one of the most eloquent and earnest appeals to his countrymen that