

yet to-day they will pay a visit in spirit to that dear little Isle of the ocean and deplore the cruelty and oppression which drove them hence. They will recount over and over again the hardships of their ancestors and they will bitterly lament that greatest of all sorrows—the one which forced their forefathers to become exiles forever. I would try in vain to express in adequate terms the trials and tribulations of the Irish people. The bitterness of their sorrows shall never be fitly told by tongue or pen, shall never be known to mortals until it be revealed in glory on God's great judgment day. Although her history has been dimmed and her prosperity blighted, yet she holds a favor from heaven which would be the pride of the most powerful nation on earth—this inestimable gift is the joy and consolation which is identical with the faith and religion of St. Patrick. It was her only hope in persecution, her consolation in adversity and now it is her pride and her boast in foreign lands.

And as an Irishman, a descendant from Irish parents, and a native of that dear little Isle, I sincerely hope and pray that God will give to the land of my fathers, that same strong, ardent attachment to the faith of St. Patrick that she exhibited so beautifully and so successfully in the days of her persecution and suffering. And as long as it can be said that the faith of Patrick lives in the heart of the Irish race, it will be a pleasure, a joy and a privilege to join heart and hand to respond to this toast of the Day We Celebrate.

Next on the list followed the toast,

CANADA, OUR HOME.—Responses by E. P. Gleeson, '98, L. Payment, '99.

Before the replies, however, "The Land of the Maple" was well rendered by Messrs L. Payment, G. Fitzgerald and A. Mackie. The toast-master introduced the subject in the following terms:—

"Within the heart of every true Irish-Canadian, there should exist, side by side with love for Erin, a

patriotic ardor for the land of the Maple Leaf. For a twofold reason is this our Canada endeared to us. When, forced from their native land by the cruel ravages of famine, many of the Irish race braved the dangers of exile and faced the perils of a new existence, they found a home and a refuge in our young colony. With open arms were they received. And shall we love our Canada less for this act of kindness? Again Canada is endeared to us by being the land of our birth, and we have reason to be proud of our country. A century ago we were a small colony struggling for existence. A little over a quarter of a century back the Fathers of Confederation laid the foundation of what to-day has proven to be one of the most promising countries of the world. I am sure that those who are to reply to this toast will offer sufficient proofs of the present prosperity and rapid advancement of our fair Dominion. Gentlemen, I propose to you "Canada our Home."

On behalf of the English-speaking Canadians, Mr. Gleeson delivered the following speech:—

"It is not unusual, to hear persons called upon to speak on an occasion like the present, acknowledging their utter inability to do proper justice to their subject. Well, this is, indeed, a very important toast, to which I have the honor of responding; but at the same time I must candidly admit—I hope without any immoderate pretensions—that, if there is not, at least there should be within me, certain qualities that might warrant me in attempting, with considerable probability of success, any task howsoever difficult, for Gentlemen, I lay claim like many of yourselves, to being an Irishman and a Canadian. If, however, even with those qualifications, I fail to satisfy the requirement of this occasion—and I have no doubt that I shall—believe me, the fault lies, not in the fact that I possess *too much* of the Canadian, but because I have in me *too little* of the Irishman.