

native land, we are not insensible to the historic glories of our Sister Islands. We too, can glory in England's Shakspeare, her Milton, her Dryden, her Pope, her Byron, her Pitt, her Chatham, her Peel, her Russell, her Gladstone, and her Beaconsfield. We too, can glory in Scotland's Wallace, her Bruce, her Burns, her Scott, her Tanahill, her Ramsay, her Ferguson, and her Macaulay. Nor would he willingly forget what Liberty and Letters owe to France's André Chenier, her Rouget de Lisle, her Lamartine, her Guizot, her Thiers, and to that Moses of the modern gospel of Freedom, Humanity and Romance, Victor Hugo! I would not attempt to blight the bloom of England's Rose with the breath of envy. I would not pluck one thorn from the defiant emblem in Scotland's escutcheon, nor would I stand either silent or sullen, while our brother Islanders are singing the glories of their national renown. But while love of country remains one of the acknowledged cardinal virtues of the heart, I would not, if I could, be other than what I am, an Irishman. No, by every Shamrock in every Irish vale, never! No! though a sceptred hand should offer a King's ransom for what might be worthless to another, my birthright, which is everything to me. Let us, then, while we honor our native land—while we lovingly remember her here afar from her ocean-washed shore, try to feel that we are

brothers. Let us forget, but if we can't forget, let us suspend by the mesmeric influence of a common nationality, the bitterness and disunion of the past, and endeavor to realize the great fact that we belong to one soil and to one family; and that union and brotherly love are the only true elements of strength. Whatever we have done in the past. Whatever we shall do in the future, let us today, remember that we are children of the same dear old mother. We shall not make a bit worse Canadians because we honor our native land. A patriotic apostate is not to be trusted. The man who does not love the land of his birth, can have no affection for the land of his adoption. Our fellow-citizens of other nationalities—and we offer the right hand of fellowship to every one of them—will acknowledge the truth of this, when they discover that, in the grand and imposing struggle for national honor, Canadian development and progress, no stronger arm will be found than the arm of an Irishman. No more potent and sagacious guide in the majestic march of our Country's Liberty, Enlightenment and Civilization than the prophetic genius of the Irish mind. No more ennobling impulse will ever thrill in the great throbbing, expanding heart of this young and aspiring nation than that which gathers energy and inspiration from the enthusiastic spirit of the Irish Race!