

## GREYMOUTH.

THE 15th of August last marked an epoch in the history of the Convent of All Saints here, for on that day two young ladies, the first local recruits, joined the convent as postulants. One of the young ladies, Miss Ellen Sheedy, is the third daughter of a well-known and much-respected townsman, Mr. D. Sheedy, and had been a pupil of St. Mary's School since the convent was established until she entered it. She is about 17 years of age, and with truth it may be said of her that her voice has been the blest interpreter of thoughts as pure as virgin wells where Dian takes delight or fairies dip their changelings, and she cannot but prove an ornament to the institution. This is the first marriage, if it may be so called, of Mr. Sheedy's family, and that all future marriages may be as happy as this one is the fervent wish of many. The other young lady, Miss Marion Taylor, has all through her career given evidence of the possession of all the qualities necessary for the conventual life. May they both continue to wax strong in their faith and love for Christ, and, after a long and useful life of piety here, be transported to those realms of bliss, there to receive the virgin's crown of immortality.

Our old but pretty church is becoming rather small for the rapidly-increasing congregation, consequent on the influx of labourers for the many important works inaugurated by the Harbour Board; so that the erection at an early date of a more commodious structure is in contemplation. Mr. Martin Kennedy has offered to supply, at his own expense, all the bricks and lime necessary for a new brick building. This munificent donation of something approaching £1000 is worthy the generosity of the donor, and he sets a noble example to the wealthy members of the Catholic Church in other districts. Mr. Kennedy's liberality to the Church has not suddenly developed itself. He has for years contributed, both publicly and privately, large sums of money to various objects, and in this case, at least, wealth has been given to one who is in all respects deserving of it. May that wealth increase.

Our Church Committee, with a commendable foresight, has lately made a purchase, the value of which will be fully estimated by after generations only. It has become possessed of Mr. H. Williams's interest, for the sum of £1000, in a large area of the most valuable property in the town. The land adjoins the convent, and there are several substantial residences—including that of the Mayor—erected thereon. By this prudent transaction the committee will be able to erect the new church in close proximity to the convent and presbytery.

## QUIVIS.

## PRESENTATION TO MR. JAMES CREAUGH.

AT the usual fortnightly meeting of the Greymouth branch of the Irish National League, held at St. Joseph's schoolroom on Sunday, August 16.—Mr. J. O'Brien, president, in the chair—after transacting the ordinary business, the president, on behalf of the subscribers, presented Mr. Jas. Creaugh, hon. secretary, with a very handsome gold lock and guard (from the firm of F. C. Dupré, Esq.). The lock bore the following inscription, which was handsomely executed and artistically arranged: "Presented by the members of the Greymouth branch Irish National League to Mr. Jas. Creaugh, hon. sec., March 17, 1885." He was also presented with an address. The president spoke for a considerable time of the good done by Mr. Creaugh towards the National cause. He said the West Coast was noted for good Irishmen who made great sacrifices for their country, but he doubted if any other man on the Coast had done so much good or made greater sacrifices for the land they all loved so well as Mr. Creaugh. He kept the Greymouth branch together by his untiring labour and strict attention to business. During the four years the branch was in existence he was never absent from a single meeting. Correspondence, which at times was very heavy, he never neglected, and when his day's labour was over he often had a dozen letters to answer, instead of taking the healthy recreation which was necessary to give him new vigour to carry on his work. He (the president) did not know another young man, or old man either, who would do it; Mr. Creaugh had to do it scores of times. He was sorry the presentation was not more valuable, but, considering the numerous calls that were on the subscribers' purses, it was very creditable to them. He (the president) hoped that the dawn of Ireland's independence was breaking, and, as everyone knew, that dawn precedes the day. He confidently hoped that that glorious day for which the greatest and noblest of their race had suffered and died was not far distant. It was the duty, then, of every man who deserved the name of Irishman to stick to the Irish National League until the happy day arrives that puts an end to Saxon misrule. Then Ireland will stand forth

Great, glorious, and free,  
First flower of the earth, first  
Gem of the sea.

He wished Mr. Creaugh a happy future, and hoped he would always keep the "token" as a reminder of the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-labourers. The president then read the address.

Mr. Creaugh in replying was visibly affected. He said this presentation was quite unexpected on his part. Had he known that a subscription was started for that purpose he should have put a stop to it. When he undertook the duties of secretary he expected no fee or reward. It was to him a labour of love, and he only regretted that he could not devote more of his time to try even in a small way to benefit his country. What after all were the sacrifices he made compared with the sufferings endured by the members of the Irish National League at home? Nothing whatever. When men, the very flower and pride of Ireland, such as Parnell, Davitt, Dillon, Harrington, Redmond, and scores of others equally as good were tried like felons and sent to prison to sleep on plank beds; when Patrick Sgan had to fly the country with the funds of the League lest the English Government should rob them, and seek an asylum in France: such men as those it is that make sacrifices for their country's sake.

They ought to be a bright example to us, for no great glory was ever yet attained without corresponding sacrifices. Mr. Creaugh then thanked the members for their signal mark of respect, and said he would always treasure their gift not on account of its intrinsic value, but as a memento of the affection and confidence that existed between himself and the members of the I.N.L.

The following is the address:—  
"To Mr. J. Creaugh, Hon. Sec. of the Greymouth Branch of the Irish National League.

"Dear Sir,—From the establishment of the Greymouth Branch of the Irish National League to the present time you have in a truly patriotic spirit gratuitously performed all the literary work in connection therewith, which was rendered considerably more arduous than it would have ordinarily been both by the visit to this town of that distinguished young Irishman Mr. W. K. Redmond, J.P., and by your own removal to Brunerton, a removal that necessitated a journey on your part of sixteen miles very alternate week so as to be present at the meeting of the league held in Greymouth. It is no exaggeration to say that in all respects you have satisfactorily discharged the duties devolving upon you. Without your ever ready assistance the organisation could not, in so brief a period, have attained the position that it now occupies, numbering among its members many of the most influential gentlemen of every denomination in this district. Therefore, in order to give practical effect to their appreciation of your efforts in behalf of the Irish National League, the members of the Greymouth Branch desire you to accept the accompanying testimonial and earnestly pray that you may live long to enjoy it and to continue the performance of the duties connected with your office.

"On behalf of the subscribers, faithfully yours,

JAS. O'BRIEN, President. J. MOLONEY.  
M. MOLONEY, Vice-President. E. LODGE.  
M. RIORDAN, Treasurer. THOS. P. O'DONNELL.  
W. HEFFERNAN. M. PHILLIPS.

## MR. DILLON IN DUBLIN.

MR. JOHN DILLON'S address to the people who received him with such enthusiasm in Dublin on his return, was the following:—Men of Dublin and fellow-countrymen—I cannot find any words to express to you how deeply I feel the more than kind, the undeserved welcome (loud cries of "No" and cheers) with which you have welcomed me back to the old country, which you and I are proud to call our native land (cheers). I feel it all the more deeply than I can tell. I feel it all the more because nothing could have happened to me more unexpected, coming back as I did without in any way announcing my arrival, after three years in which I had wandered in lands far away from that old country in which we stand to-night. And although, like many another Irishman, banished by one cause or another to remote parts of the surface of the earth, my interest never slackened in the fortunes of the party who were struggling to raise this old country to her once proud position (cheers)—

A Voice—Parnell (renewed cheering).

Mr. Dillon—Yet, through circumstances which were irresistible to me I had for three long years given them no help in that struggle.

A Voice—You will again (loud and continued applause).

Mr. Dillon—And I had no idea that the memories of my countrymen would prove so long as to think of the old days when I was able to stand shoulder to shoulder (cheers) with Parnell and with Davitt (cheers), and with the other men who have carried on the struggle with unflinching vigour and undaunted courage, while I was condemned to idleness in a foreign land. I feel, fellow-citizens, at a loss—utterly at a loss—to know what to say to you here to-night, because I will not speak to you on Irish politics, and for this reason—that I have all my life abstained from criticising the deeds and words of men who are bearing the brunt of the battle. I believe that no man is entitled to criticise them who is not doing any work himself (cheers). One thing there is on which I can congratulate you, and that is the enormous triumph which has carried the renown of a small party of Irish members and of the Irish people all through that great country where I have recently lived, and that is the triumph which drove Mr. Gladstone from office (cheers).

A Voice—And Spencer and Bucksot (loud boos and hisses).

Mr. Dillon—And drove Earl Spencer from the Castle (renewed boing). The last time that I stood in this hotel it was to see this street lined by military and police; it was to hear the measured tramp of cavalry who had come to clear the streets at the order of Forster (groans), and to inaugurate a policy which, after three years of struggle, the Irish people struck down by the vote of the other night. Men of Dublin, those strangers who come from a distant country—

A Voice—You are no stranger (cheers).

Mr. Dillon—Well, I am not exactly a stranger, but we who have been absent from this country for three years see and notice more clearly the vast changes which have been wrought within those three years. And when I recall the opening days of the Crimes Act, when no man's liberty was his own for a single day, and when I have watched—as I have watched from the papers, though in a lonely part of America—when I have watched the patient, sagacious, and long-enduring struggle which the Irish members have waged on the Crimes Act, and when I see the crowning victory by which the Government who passed that Act were sent to ruin (cheers)—I say to myself, and I said to the Irish people in America wherever I met them, "If Parnell can do that with 39 men, and I with very little means at his control, send him eighty men and send him means, and the liberty of Ireland will be in our hands" (cheers). The Irish people in America believe that this victory over the coercion Government has been one of the greatest triumphs in the past history of Ireland, and that when the hour comes that an opportunity will be given to the mass hood of Ireland who are now enfranchised to proclaim their opinion on the question of their freedom, believe me when I tell you that the Irish manhood of America—that outnumbers