

owe the inestimable boon we here enjoy—of Catholic education undiluted by those poisoned sources that taint the institutions where religion is given a secondary, if any, place, and to mark our deep sense of your fatherly care to share these blessings extending beyond the bourne "whence no traveller returns." From the busy Athens of the South, from the snowy slopes of Westland, from the golden gates of the North, New Zealand has sent its representatives as foundation stones of St. Patrick's College, to testify by our presence its adherence to that principle of Christian and Catholic education of which your Lordship is the determined and unflinching exponent. In the short time we have been within these walls we have learned to make them our home, and to love and revere the good fathers, whose sole aim is to advance our best interests. Our earnest efforts—we know your Lordship counts on them—shall be lovingly and loyally directed to benefit to the full by the advantages showered on us with no niggard hand, that when the battle of life begins we shall be found ready to take our place in the van and vindicate those principles of which this College is the embodiment. We shall always gratefully pray that your Lordship may for many years to come be frequently found amongst us to assist and encourage the students of St. Patrick's College. Signed on behalf of the pupils by

"J. A. McILROY,
"F. W. REDWOOD.
"B. M'MAHON.
"CLEMENT LEE."

The programme of the concert was as follows:—Chorus, "Canadian Boat Song," College Choir; violin solo, "Selections from 'Norma,'" Master J. A. McIlroy; "The Pillar Towers of Ireland," Master J. Sheridan; song, "Silver Threads among the Gold," Master R. Kett; duet, "Osborne Quadrilles," Masters F. Redwood and E. Holley; song, "Take me back to Home and Mother," Master S. Mahoney; "The Charge of the Light Brigade," Master J. Bond Stead; violin solo, "The Old and New Love Waltz," Master J. A. McIlroy; cornet solo, "Cordelia," Master S. Mahoney; song, "Old Black Joe," Master C. Diamond; "The Rising of the Vendee," Master S. Mahoney; violin solo, "Marche aux Flambeaux," Master J. A. McIlroy; chorus, "Auld Lang Syne," College Choir.

His Lordship Dr. Redwood, addressing the company at the close of the entertainment, said that it was a matter of the liveliest consolation to him on his return, to see his hopes and his prayers so eminently realized. He had left home on the summons of the Sovereign Pontiff with no little anxiety, but, thank God, his absence in no way interfered with the successful opening of St. Patrick's College. He expected great things from the professors and students of St. Patrick's College, but the programme that had just been brought to a close, that had been gone through with such success, far exceeded his most sanguine expectations. The dream of his life had been to erect a great Catholic College, from which, as from a centre, faith, and truth and virtue would issue; whose halls would offer with these safeguards for faith and morals—of which the present directorate was ample guarantee—the broadest field for intellectual culture, where every science could be taught, and every talent developed. The Holy Father took a deep interest in this College. On his table you would see a photograph of this building. To all concerned in its foundation, direction and support, he sends his congratulations and blessing. He, Dr. Redwood, was delighted, he might even say amazed, at the brilliant display, the more so as short notice was given for preparation. If amongst fifty boys such bright and diversified talent was shown, what may we not reasonably expect, when in due time the youth of the Colony fill these benches, and when this College would become, as he had no doubt it would become, a great educational centre, where the rising youth would receive education in the truest and highest sense of the word. *Sectare fidem* is the device of the college, let it also be the motive and guiding power of those who are privileged to study within these walls. He had heard with pleasure of the students' success in other fields where *physique* was more a factor in the contest than mental training or academical culture and he rejoiced to think that the laurels that crowned the first combats of St. Patrick's boys were an omen and an earnest of greater victories when the issue must be knit and conclusions fought out in lists that will test the metal of our students. He congratulated the Fathers on the signal success that so far attended their labours, and he hoped and prayed that God would still bless their efforts, for to Him we must with humility and confidence look for the crowning of the great work. He thanked the students for their enjoyable and creditable entertainment, and, as a return, proclaimed that the two following days would be devoted to amusement, an announcement that was the signal for an outburst of cheering from the boys of St. Patrick's College.

Besides the Fathers of the College there were also present:—The Very Rev. J. Macnamara, S.M., the Very Rev. F. Sauzeau, S.M., Rev. Charles Kirk, S.M., Rev. P. McKenna, Rev. John Lane, Rev. Peter Moore, Rev. P. Smyth, S.M., and Rev. P. Kerrigan. The music was conducted by the Rev. N. Carolan, S.M.

Next morning his Lordship celebrated Mass in the College Oratory for the students.

Irishmen will smile in derision when they read that at a meeting near Bacup, in Lancashire, on Saturday last, Lord Hartington, as well as declaring that Ireland would never obtain an independent Parliament, laid the flattering unction to his soul that Mr. Parnell "over-estimates the power which he exercises in Ireland."—*Nation*, September 5.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* maliciously twits both the Tories and the Whigs of England on the want of a good "cry." Peripatetic politicians of each party are just now eagerly trying to find one. If they only wait for a little time until Ireland wins everything at the Polls and sends into Parliament a body of eighty or eighty-five national members our British friends will find themselves able to indulge in a "cry" that should be sufficiently passionate enough to satisfy them. A good fit of weeping at times softens disappointment and tones down the harshness of defeat.—*The Nation*, September 5.

CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own correspondent.)

October 27, 1885.

We have the Colonial Treasurer staying with us, banqueting, addressing multitudes, visiting places of note (we have places of note here), and giving everybody good advice, from which you will conclude that our Colonial Treasurer is a very affable gentleman. You have, of course, heard that he is the best abused man in the Colony. Now, I have seen him during the last few days under many circumstances, eating and drinking, speaking publicly with great power and cheerfulness, driving in his little pony chaise (the gift of a firm supporter), looking contemplative and prosperous, with his attendant behind him, and the strongest member of the A. C. Force sitting beside him, charged with the special duty of lifting him up and down as occasion (in the shape of steps and abrupt alterations of level) requires—under all these circumstances have I seen him, and I am bound to say that had you seen him too, you would agree with me that there is no sign of the best abused man about him. Of course I do not mean that Sir Julius hits no return blows. As he said himself at the banquet on Wednesday, he is not of the lowly order who, when one cheek has been smitten, presents the other. Every now and then in his discourse there is a flash of vengeful fire, and we have not long to wait for the yell of pain which shows how the fire burns. His opponents have been making it clear by their behaviour that they think it very wrong of Sir Julius to interfere with their monopoly of mud-throwing. "Office is your principle" these gentlemen are never tired of saying about Sir Julius, and they invoke Heaven in support, as Mr. Ormond did once in his place in the House. Sir Julius occasionally declares, as he did last Wednesday, that more ravenous office-seekers than the Opposition the world has never known. This is really very unprincipled of Sir Julius. What ought to be very afflicting to the public of this country is that all the leaders twit one another with an appetite for the loaves and fishes. The public is, I suspect, not afflicted because this kind of thing has been going on from time immemorial in old countries, and in this ever since the first row occurred in the House of Representatives (seven minutes and a half let us say) after the successful launching of the principle of Ministerial responsibility.

The banquet was very successful from the point of view of attendance and speechifying. One rarely expects to get a two guinea dinner for seven and sixpence, and even more rarely does one get it. Last Wednesday was not one of those extremely rare occasions of agreeable disappointment. But the dinner was, nevertheless, good enough for anybody. If one never gets worse fare than cold saddles of prime mutton, cold roast chicken in abundance, and great variety, except the variety which is tough as to flesh and unprincipled as to muscular old age, cold beef in rounds and sirloins, salads crisp and succulent, a steaming rich mock-turtle soup to begin with, and array of puddings and tarts and custards, and the various sweet things that some men pretend they are too manly to care for, with a little good ripe fruit to finish up with; and if in addition one has a good bottle of beer to wash it all down with, and a glass of rare whisky just to keep down the thought of those speeches you are going either to make or listen to, then I say you are very well off. As for wines well, no man who looks for good wine, besides the above, at a seven and sixpenny banquet can have had much experience of men and cities, when he complains as some had the bad taste to do on Wednesday. He only deserves that honest people should laugh at him, just as very many had the good taste to do on the same occasion. As a political demonstration, I have heard the dinner described as a failure, on the ground that there were not more than 300 subscribers. The price they say ought to have produced a thousand. Now, two things occur to me here. Three half-crowns make a tidy sum in these times—and the caterer who could feed a thousand people, has not yet appeared, neither has the room to feed them in. The absence of most of the Canterbury members has been commented on rather unfavourably. Jealousy of Mr. Holmes as having been singled out to stand beside the great Panjamdrum, is assigned as the cause. The cause I have ascertained is simply the same cause as invariably prevents your humble servant from appearing at the sparkling banquets for which Buckingham Palace is so famous—the want of an invitation. In my opinion, this was a blunder. I refer not so much to the Buckingham Palace as to the other episode. But the city had made up its mind to honour its members, and would not go beyond. Had the Canterbury contingent been entirely unanimous about the West Coast Railway, there would have been no difficulty. But Mr. Rolleston, Mr. Wakefield, and Captain Sutter were not with our members, and Mr. Reese was not always with them, and each of these gentlemen has friends here who would not like them left out. They could not with propriety have been omitted from a Canterbury demonstration, and they could not with propriety have been present as supporters of the late West Coast Railway policy. Therefore Christchurch confined herself to her own. From which, perhaps, you may feel tempted to conclude that the railway is not a cause which makes our people exactly burn with fanatical zeal. The banquet has undoubtedly given a fillip to the Treasurer's popularity here. This, no doubt, will be increased by his speech on Wednesday night, when possibly the Government policy will be announced with regard to Public Works and Protection. That was the scope of policy hinted at by Sir Julius at the banquet. All else was of the usual post-prandial order, and of the ordinary political character, and though very well said, requires no addition to the telegraphic reports your readers have already received. For the rest, the proceedings were enlivened by good speeches (for the most part), which kept the feast dragging on till nearly one o'clock.

A fine constitution may be broken and ruined by simple neglect. Many bodily ills result from habitual constipation. There is no medicine equal to Ayer's Pills to correct this evil, and restore the system to natural, regular, and healthy action.