

that guarded her shores against the Danes guarded the hearts of her children against the assaults of heresy. The more violently the tempests raged, the deeper did the sacred tree of divine faith strike its roots in the affections of her sons, and Erin won from Christendom a peerless aureola as the martyr nation of holy Church. (Applause.) Be not ashamed of Ireland. (Cheers.) The winter is already passed, the springtime is come—(immense cheering)—the sunshine and the smile of summer is already upon the green fields of Erin. (Renewed cheering.) Addressing you on this great Easter festival, may I not recall to mind that our Divine Lord lay three days entombed in the sepulchre and arose again glorious and immortal? So does the Church of Christ, after being hidden in the recesses of the bogs and mountains of Ireland for three centuries, come forth in our days renewed in life and vigour and arrayed in the comeliness of her early years to partake of the glory and triumph of the resurrection. (Cheers.) This glorious victory is given to Ireland to reward the fidelity of her people. Look through the annals of her Church. You will find no other people more truly Christian, more truly Catholic. Amid every trial their fidelity to religion has been inviolate and unstained. Her inheritance of sorrow only serves to enhance the merit of her spiritual triumphs. But if bright and peerless is this aureola of Ireland's faith to-day, we must never forget that we are indebted for it to the heroism with which our fathers sustained the unparalleled sorrows and sufferings of a prolonged martyrdom. (Cheers.) But it is not the Church alone in Ireland that has arisen from the tomb. Her national spirit, too, has been revived—(cheers)—and Ireland stands before the nations of Christendom to-day arrayed in a moral force against which the enemies of justice struggle in vain, and asserting her national rights in the calm dispassionate accents of freedom, and demanding constitutional independence as her inalienable birthright. (Great cheering.) At no distant day the great statesman who now holds the helm of Empire will, by granting this legislative independence, add another to the unfading laurels which he has already won in dealing justice to the Irish people—(cheers)—and this legislative freedom will be the crowning triumph of the peaceful struggle for justice which Ireland's sons, through good report and evil report, have carried on for centuries. (Prolonged cheering.) We hail with joy the rising sun of this new era of prosperity and peace; its rays shall soon bathe with glory the emerald gem of the western world—(cheers)—and reflected upon many distant lands shall bring consolation and gladness to the sea-divided sons of Ireland. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) And here I may be permitted to adopt the words with which the immortal leader of the Irish people (O'Connell) congratulated his countrymen on their first great victory of emancipation: "The men of Erin know that the only basis of liberty is religion. They have triumphed because the voice they raised on behalf of their country had raised itself in prayer to God. Songs of liberty may now make themselves heard throughout our country, whose sounds will travel through hill and valley with voice of thunder, and be wafted along the courses of the rivers and streams proclaiming far and wide that Ireland at length is free." (Great cheering.) Go on, then, gentlemen; pursue with courage and perseverance, and earnestness the course of beneficence on which you have entered. Let religion and virtue guide your steps. (Applause.) Fear not those enemies who, here as in the Home countries, persistently heap obloquy on everything that is just and honourable and good. Combat them only by the weapons of forbearance and charity—(applause)—for the golden words of St. John Chrysostom should never be forgotten, "Christians are not to overthrow error by the use of violence or constraint, but by persuasion, instruction, love and charity." (Enthusiastic and long-continued cheering.)

## THE REV. FATHER CAREW, S.M., ON IRELAND.

(From our Greymouth correspondent.)

June 3, 1886.

FOLLOWING is a *verbatim* report of the appeal made by the Rev. Father Carew, on behalf of the Greymouth branch of the Irish National League, to which I briefly alluded in my communication of the 30th ult:—

I am asked by the members of the Irish National League to recommend their cause to you for greater assistance, and I feel a very great pleasure in doing so. I need not tell you that their cause is a good one. It has the approval of all the Irish bishops and priests, and of Irishmen all over the world, and in fact of all liberal-minded men. It meets with disapproval only from Ireland's enemies. The unpatriotic man may say, "I have long since left my native land, and I fail to see what claims she can have on me now. I expect no benefit from her, and why am I to be importuned to assist a cause that is not only profitless to me, but when the fact of my doing so may deprive me of the confidence and esteem of my neighbours—men of other nationalities." The Irishman who speaks so betrays a considerable amount of selfishness, and a great ignorance of Christian ethics. There are certain obligations that a man can never shake off no matter to what country he emigrates. These are threefold, namely that he is, firstly, to love God above all things; secondly, his parents; and, thirdly, his native land. And these obligations follow him, it matters not to what country he emigrates. He may go to the extremes of the earth, but God has still the same dominion over him, and his travelling beyond the seas does not emancipate him from the obedience to God. In like manner, our parents after God, the authors of our being, have always a claim on us. The immense oceans between them and us do not sever the bonds of that claim, and when the parent is oppressed by supreme indigence, God's laws demand of the child that he should assist his parents in preference to the fulfilment of any other earthly obligation. God demands that the love of country should hold the third place in the Christian heart. We are bound to love our native land not merely from sentiment, but because it is the will of God, not negatively only, but in

deed and in truth. And thus is our natural love of country perfected by religion. Hence he is a hero in the eyes of God and man who lays down his life in the honourable defence of his country. If so much is not asked of us, less will have its meed of reward. What Irishman, then can refuse the trifle of sixpence per month asked by the National League to assist his country through her present difficulties? "If such there be, go mark him well." He has no love for his native land. Our poor country is now in the sad condition of the man mentioned in the Scriptures who went from Jerusalem to Jericho, and on his way, fell amongst thieves and robbers. They not only robbed him of his money, but used their daggers freely on him, and left him insensible on the road side, giving out his heart's blood. The cruel-hearted and uncharitable passed him by. The good Samaritan came at length to his assistance. He poured oil and wine into his wounds to staunch and heal them. He conveyed him to the nearest inn, where he paid his expenses till recovery. Our native land has for centuries been in the sad condition of this poor man. She fell amongst thieves and robbers. They have outraged her in every sense and inflicted wrongs on her that are unequalled for atrocity in the annals of the world. Long has she lain on the roadside of neglect. Not, indeed, that good Samaritans were wanting to render assistance, but because the robbers who ruined her slaughtered them also. But a new day is dawning on us, the time of God's mercy is coming round; our best friends seem to be in the majority in the British Parliament. But it is because the good Samaritan of divine appointment has passed down the road. And he is Mr. Parnell and his noble band. Seeing our afflicted country pouring out its heart's blood through its many gaping wounds, of famine, of misgovernment of all sorts, of evictions, of emigration, and of thousands of others, his great heart is touched, and he is pouring into her wounds the balsam of healing ointment. His cause is truly a noble one; all good men approve of it. Let us, then, the children of Erin in this far-off land, not forget the place that gave us birth—"The Emerald Gem of the western world." Let us love her indeed and in truth, and let us bear a hand with the good Samaritan in redressing her wrongs and in healing her wounds.

## PROFESSION AT ST. MARY'S, HOKITIKA.

(West Coast Times, May 19.)

AT eight o'clock yesterday morning a numerous congregation assembled at St. Mary's chapel to witness a most solemn ceremony in the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church, at which four of the sisters of the convent—Sisters Mary Ignatius, Mary Xavier, Mary Gertrude, and Mary Ita, who had already been received, exchanged the white veil for the black, in token that they had renounced the vanities of the world and given up the remainder of their lives to perfect self-sacrifice and never-ending charity. On entering the church it was impossible to avoid becoming impressed with the air of solemnity which seemed to permeate the very atmosphere. The flowers on the glittering altars, the burning candles, the four suggestive *prie-dieus* ranged in front of the altar, the black veils visible in a basket on a side table, and a hundred and one preparations for a great event—all these objects upon which the eye turned what way it would, was continually falling only served to increase and intensify this feeling. Up to the stroke of eight this feeling was permitted to hold full sway, as beyond the subdued noise occasioned by the entrance of some of the members of the congregation the silence was unbroken. But when the hour struck the doors of the church were flung open, the organ pealed out the *Toni Creator*, and a procession of little girls in blue and white, the colours of the Virgin, headed by the Rev. Mother, and followed by the cross-bearer of the Sisterhood, the novices in white veils and the sisters attendant upon them bearing lighted candles, filed slowly up the nave of the church, until, arrived at the altar rails, it divided into two, one part going to the right and the other to the left,—the four immediately concerned in the ceremony, kneeling reverently in their places before the high altar. Simultaneous with this movement, a side door opened and his Lordship, Bishop Redwood, in cope and mitre, preceded by an acolyte bearing the crozier and followed by five of his clergy, amongst whom were Brev. Father Martin, Walshe, and Ahearn, came forward and took his stand in front of the altar, the clergy grouping themselves round about him. At this moment the sun, which had been struggling with the morning mists, shone out and added a wonderful charm to the scene. Right over the altar, the stained glass representation of the crucifixion assumed a reality which was absolutely startling and in wonderful harmony with the time, the place, and the occasion. After some time spent in prayer, his Lordship taking up his stand on the step of the altar, addressed a special sermon to the Sisters about to take the vow.—He took for his text the 19th chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, beginning at the 27th verse. In glowing language he depicted the special advantages held out to those who were prepared, in the words of the text, to forsake "houses or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands," for the sake of Christ. He reminded the congregation that those who were now about to yield themselves wholly up to God were sacred to God henceforth, and for any one to harm them or for themselves to commit any grave acts contrary to the rules of their Order, would be an act of sacrilege. He showed how fitting it was that the reward should be in proportion to the completeness of the sacrifice. Henceforth it would be their duty to yield complete obedience to the will of God,—visit the sick, the destitute and abandoned; go forth into places and commune with and even love, people most abhorrent to their natures. "The sacrifice," concluded the Bishop, "must be complete," and he brought an eloquent and powerful address to a close by congratulating the novices upon having, after a long and severe trial of themselves, elected to become the spouses of Christ.

After the sermon Holy Communion was received by the four novices, each of whom was escorted to and from her place by two Sisters who walked one on either side of her.