

record the deaths, there was exported from Ireland sufficient grain produce to have maintained in happiness and luxury three times the population the country held. The third and most ridiculous reason of all was that Ireland was over-populated. So far from its being over-populated, it was like a land deserted. In the County of Kildare, one of the richest in Ireland—(he spoke authoritatively of it, because six of the happiest years of his life had been spent in Clongowes' College there)—take that country alone, miles and miles of land could be traversed without meeting a single person, but here and there were to be seen ruins of habitations, the only remaining evidence of the blighting influence which had been shown by landlordism. None of these three reasons, therefore, could ever hold good for the admittedly unprosperous state of Ireland to-day. A fertile land, inhabited by a sober and industrious people, its produce sufficient for at least 10,000,000, and it was poverty-stricken and discontented. Landlordism was responsible for the bloodshed and rebellion of Ireland which had blighted her fair history, and Ireland's money was spent everywhere save in Ireland. Landlordism lives by the armies of the British Crown. He quoted from Mr. Froude, the historian, Dr. Woodward, a Protestant Bishop, and others whose impartiality nobody could doubt. At the best of times the farmer could scarcely live and pay rent; and when two or three bad seasons followed, his position was truly pitiable. On one side the agent and emergency men, and on the other wife, and children crying for bread. But, thank heaven, they were beginning to recognise their duties, and first see to the welfare of their families (cheers). In many cases they braved eviction, and before the Land League the stoutest-hearted dreaded eviction. Last year landlords had thrown out upon the roadside, like dead dogs, 5200 families, or 36,000 souls, with a ditch for a bed-side, and the canopy of heaven for a cover. Last year, prior to his arrest, he received a message from Miss Parnell and the Ladies' Land League (loud cheers), a message to proceed to the scene of a contemplated eviction at Carlow, and bring money with which, in conjunction with the parish priest, to properly provide for the sufferers—this was a time when a thousand leading workers of the Land League were in prison—he could not refuse. He met the Rev. J. Delany, who drove him to the eviction. He remembered the day as if it was but yesterday. It was a cold, bitter day, the hills covered with snow, and icicles hung dripping from the trees. On the roadside were three cottages where no free-born Australian would house his horses or his dogs. From these the families were to be evicted, not because they would not pay the rent, but because they became members of the Land League. Fifty of the Irish constabulary were on guard, and admittance demanded. The people within held a sullen silence. In an instant bayonets and axes shivered the doors; every article of furniture, even to the beds, was thrown upon the snow-clad road. From the houses went old men and women, children clinging to their parents, wondering at the scene, and in ignorance of their fate. He remembered one poor old woman throwing up her arms as she came out, and exclaiming, "My God I have lived here sixty years, and now there is no roof to cover my grey hairs" (sensation). As he stood and watched that scene he registered a vow that whatever little energy he had would be devoted as long as he lived to destroy that system which made it legal to throw women and children out upon a snow-clad road (loud cheers). People said those people should emigrate. They emigrate! Among them there was not enough to emigrate one to the nearest village for one night's shelter, or food for one chill. But he thanked God there was in his pocket money for them from the Irish National League wherever he might find relief and protection for those people, until the landlords chose to be better for the future, and not to throw helpless women on a snow-clad road in the middle of winter (loud cheers). He then described the Irish Land League, its objects, its works, and its hopes. By their support, moral and material, the movement was constitutional and its demands were based on the holiest and firmest principles of justice. The Land League was an organisation of all kinds of Irishmen, Protestant, Catholic, Presbyterian and Methodist, rich and poor, great and small, all united and meant to conquer, heal past differences, and carry the social and political reforms they desire. He and his brother appealed to all classes for support and help in the name of Ireland (loud cheers). Ireland called for assistance in that struggle—constitutional and moral—for the right of governing and making the laws for the land in which its people lived (cheers). He earnestly besought every one to give a help and they would be rewarded by their consciousness of a great and good work towards their faith and fatherland. He ended with a splendid peroration, stating that opposition only made him the more determined to boldly face the work before him, and, in the words of the poet,

"Let sages frown,
Let cynics sneer,
Let heartless cowards doubt and fear,
Let traitors barter and betray,
And hollow friends go creep away;
Through sun, through shade,
Through good, through ill,
We'll keep the green flag flying still."

—(Loud and prolonged applause and three times three.)

The next evening he lectured on "Forster's Coercion Act," when he was greeted with rounds of applause. Mr. James Clarke occupied the chair again, and was enthusiastically cheered.

Mr. D. Lynch proposed a vote of thanks which Mr. C. Horgan seconded.

Mr. Redmond briefly replied, and finished by proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. J. Clarke, the chairman. So unanimously was it taken up that everybody seconded it amidst tremendous applause. The collections and subscriptions in Hokitika were larger than on any other part of the West Coast, no doubt owing, in part, to the bigotry displayed before Mr. W. H. K. Redmond was heard.

At one o'clock on Friday, October 5, he left for Ross escorted by double buggies, single buggies, gigs, etc. Such a procession never entered Ross in such numbers was the unanimous opinion of old Rossites. Ross account in my next.

OPENING OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, GORDON.

(The *Mâtaura Ensign*, October 19)

SUNDAY last was a red letter day in the annals of Roman Catholicity in these parts, witnessing as it did the opening of the neat little church at Gordon, just completed by Mr. T. Latham, the well-known contractor. The building occupies a good site. The exterior is plain and somewhat sombre looking; inside, however, the church is decidedly comfortable looking, and the altar and its surroundings are of an exceedingly chaste and attractive design. When full the building would probably seat some 250 people, and nearly this number assembled on Sunday last, wintry as the weather was. A worse day in the whole year could scarcely have been selected, a biting south-west wind raging and heavy showers of rain falling at brief intervals. That there should have been such an attendance must have been gratifying to the resident priest, especially when it is considered that a charge of half-a-guinea was made for admission to the sacred edifice. Shortly after 11 o'clock the dedication and blessing proceeded, pontifical high Mass being held. The celebrant was Bishop Moran, and the deacon and sub-deacon were Fathers Burke and Fitzgerald respectively. Throughout the ceremonial was most impressive, this being in no small measure due to the efforts of a well-trained though small choir who had practised Mozart's 12th Mass assiduously for the occasion. Mr. Brett presided at the organ, and Mrs. Brett rendered specially valuable assistance during the services, giving the parts allotted to her with a gracefulness and precision begotten only of a trained voice and great practice. The ceremony over a collection was taken up, and we understand the gross proceeds of this, added to the tickets, will slightly exceed £100, an amount that would have been nearly doubled had the day been sufficiently fine to enable those living at a distance to be present at the ceremony. Still, it will reduce the debt on the church to £170. In the course of an address on the occasion.

Bishop Moran said that day was for all of them a memorable one, marking as it did an epoch in Catholicity in these parts. This holy and important dedication would have its yearly anniversary, and no other festival would take precedence of this one. But from another point of view special interest attached to this dedication: this second Sunday in October was the anniversary of the dedication of the churches of Ireland, the land from which most of those present had come. The associations connected with that day brought forth indescribable feelings. Not only did they bring to mind the land of their birth, but an epitome of the history of their country and Church. He had told them the dedication of that church would be a memorable event in after years, but only so that church, not to other churches. If so, then why were they celebrating that day the dedication of all the churches in Ireland? The answer would disclose an important and touching history. St. Patrick, the singularly gifted apostle of Ireland, was sent there by the Pope after many long years of preparation for this important mission. When 16 years of age he was brought into the country in captivity, and until 22 years old he remained a captive, being delivered in a wonderful way. Providence had designed him for a great mission, and after his escape from Ireland to France he was soon in preparation for his work. It was not until he was 60 years of age, however, that he was sent to Ireland. He offered the gospel to the people of Ireland, and he confirmed his right to make that offer by stupendous miracles. He arrived at the great age of 120 years before he slept in the Lord and received his reward in the Kingdom of Heaven. During these 60 years he preached the gospel throughout Ireland, everywhere confirming his mission not only by the austerity of his life but by the sanctity of his work, the purity of his teaching, and by the most stupendous miracles, amongst them the raising of not less than nine people from death to life. On one occasion he restored to life a man who had been dead 27 years, and this man lived for fifteen years afterwards. Almighty God gave St. Patrick power to work these miracles in order to confirm his mission. By these means he converted the entire nation, and when they considered the life he led and the miracles he performed it was not surprising that the people he converted became both zealous and devoted. Religion was cultivated. Schools were established throughout the land, at which numerous students were wholly maintained by the people. Great monasteries were also established throughout the country. Spread this picture over a period of 300 years and an entire nation, and some idea could be formed of the state of Ireland during the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries. Peace for the Christian, peace for his religion, reigned. In the whole history of the Church of God they could find no parallel picture. The people attained to an eminent degree of sanctity, and spreading into other lands brought to these nations also the light of the gospel. A wonderful picture that of the zeal of the Irish Church! But this state of religious prosperity was destined not to last for ever. After these three centuries, there followed three centuries of deep conflict, great humiliation, and terrible losses. The Danes invaded the country and spread desolation throughout the land, exhibiting a special enmity towards the priests of God and the churches, monasteries, and schools, every one of which before their final defeat by Brian Boróimhe they had succeeded in demolishing. Then there was a dark period in the history of the church. When the Danes were at last driven from the land, when the great culminating victory was won, the homes of religion were desolate, but religion had not died. Faith still existed, and the fight of the Irish people had been more for their altars than for their homes and lands. But their state after such a conflict could not be a desirable one. Yet the nation was still Christian, and Christian to the core. They repaired their losses, and though they could not celebrate the anniversary of the dedication of their churches, because their churches no longer existed, there was one great festival instituted to embody the dedications of all. That was the festival they were celebrating that day in this remote land. They the descendants of those men of whom he had been speaking, were dedicating that day a new church to the same God—a church in which the same faith would be preached, the