

members of our Church as he described them—loyal, united, and thoroughly devoted to holy religion (applause). That I have realised the truth of what he said of the people of Dunedin as a whole may best be shown by my saying that I am certain I shall not find in my wanderings a people, however estimable, among whom I should prefer to cast my lot. You say kind things in your hearty address, and your present action is only a link in the long chain of uninterrupted kindnesses. You make allusion to my missionary work. It is true that I have tried to do my duty, but it is equally true that your generosity covers many shortcomings. I hope Almighty God will be as merciful as you are forbearing. It is a pleasurable duty to work for a devoted people. You have always given encouragement in whatever work I have been engaged. I never appealed, even once to you in vain: you made work easy and agreeable. You say I have earned the respect and esteem of very many of my fellow-citizens outside our own communion. I have been informed that some even expressed a wish to join you in complimenting me before my departure. I know I have very many friends and well-wishers in Dunedin. I take this occasion to thank them for many acts of personal kindness and for the substantial help which on many occasions they gave me in my work. A somewhat lengthy experience of Dunedin leads me to firmly believe that difference in religious matters rarely interferes here with social intercourse. Why should it? The spirit of true charity works independently of race or creed. Your reference to my relations with our late beloved bishop has touched and rather saddened me. I dare not trust myself to speak much when there is question of one whom I so respected and loved. From the first time, when as a little boy, I met him a quarter of a century ago on the West Coast to the moment when I knelt by the bedside of a dying saint I revered and loved him. To know him well was to love him much. To work for him was always a most pleasurable duty; to attend him in the terrible illness which brought out the greatness of his virtue was a privilege which carried with it its reward. It delights me to find that though the dead are soon forgotten his memory is still fresh and green (applause). I feel quite sure that no one will be more solicitous about conserving the remembrance of his saintly life than the successor whom priests and people have learned to respect and love. Dr. Moran had for your present Bishop unbounded regard, and I know that Dr. Verdon yields to no one in admiration for the character and worth of the first Bishop of Dunedin (applause). You wish me a pleasant holiday. Thanks, I shall try to spend the time usefully as well as pleasantly. I intend to visit Egypt and the Holy Land, as well as the Continent of Europe. If in Northern Syria the Turks treat me as an Armenian, well—the prediction of many will be verified that I do not return to Dunedin (laughter). For the last month I have been assured by so many that I am not coming back that I have almost come to believe there is something in it. Insurance agents almost by the score recount to me the dangers to which I shall be exposed. It is well to be prepared, so I have taken out an accident policy, made my will, paid all my debts, except that of gratitude to you, and I am ready for whatever the future has in store for me (laughter). Of course many changes will take place in twelve months. I may be in quite a different frame of mind in a year. I am repeatedly asked; "Are you coming back?" An Irishman is allowed to answer a question by asking another question, so I say: "Whither am I to go? Where can I find a more devoted people, kinder fellow-citizens?" I am sure I could not find anywhere *confreres* in the sacred ministry who would reflect more credit on their diocese (applause). As to our Bishop, I have now the same feeling of affectionate respect for him that I had twenty years ago when he received me into the seminary in Dublin. No priest could wish for a more saintly and practical Bishop. I know how he detests praise. Under other circumstances I would be silent. However, I leave on Friday. I dare say he will not show displeasure in the meantime at my daring to speak the truth. This diocese is honoured in having as Bishop one who in an eminent degree is a man after the heart of your late Bishop and Father. You in-enuate in the concluding sentence of your golden-tailed address that I have not much money. You are quite right. Had it not been for the thoughtfulness of friends, I could not possibly take advantage of the goodness of Dr. Verdon in giving me leave of absence for twelve months. I do not know whether I am doing very right or not in mentioning one act of special courtesy. As you are aware, in coming out fifteen years ago I met with a serious accident on board one of the Orient liners. I was for six weeks under the care of Dr. Fitzgerald, of Melbourne. When the eminent surgeon was in Dunedin at the time of the Medical Congress, I called on him and renewed my thanks for his care. He jocosely said: "It is about time you took a rest and a trip." I seriously entertained the idea. The directors of the Orient and Pacific Company heard of my desire, and through my very esteemed friend Mr. James Mills, of the Union Company, granted me a saloon ticket—Australia to London and back (applause). I appreciate the concession, and do not feel particularly sorry that I met with the accident. Of course a return ticket breaks the bank in the great expense of the journey. Your generosity will enable me to see many places that otherwise it would be simply out of the question for me to visit. It is about time for me to "halt." Again I thank my many friends for repeated acts of kindness. I shall no doubt meet you individually between this and the actual time of departure. I should feel very sad if I thought I should never see Dunedin again. I do not say "Farewell"; it is "*Au revoir*." I trust, and not "Good-bye." In the next twelve months and always may God bless you and this fair city of Dunedin (loud applause).

A very hearty vote of thanks to the chairman, to whose efforts the success of the presentation was very largely due, brought the proceedings to a close.

P.P.P.—Pacific Pain Palliative cures all Sprains, Neuralgia, Rheumatism and similar ills. To be had from all chemists.—ADVT.

THE HEROES OF '98.

IRISH-AMERICAN PILGRIMS.

We take the following from the *New York Sun*:—

Who fears to speak of "Ninety-Eight?"
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate
Who hangs his head in shame?
He's all a knave—or half a slave—
Who slights his country thus:
But true men, like you men,
Will fill your glass with us!

He is a staid, conservative, graybeard now—the man who wrote those lines. A Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and an Episcopalian clergyman to boot, the Rev. Dr. Ingram almost forgets that he was once an Irish revolutionist, applauding in stirring strains the gallant, though unsuccessful, effort to throw off English rule in that year of blood and bravery—1798.

But if Dr. Ingram forgets, there are millions of Irishmen and Irish-Americans who remember. The story of the rebellion is a vivid story to them, and hence comes it that, two years from now, they will celebrate the centenary of '98.

Some years ago a modest association was started in that ancient section of New York City known Greenwich Village. It was called the Ninety-eight Club, and its object was to devise some means of commemorating the rebellion. The central organisation in New York enlisted hundreds of members, while throughout the country there was scarcely a city or town that did not start branches and affiliated bodies. A weekly tax was collected from every member, concerts and other entertainments swelled the receipts, until today the association of Ninety-eight Clubs stands before the world with over 1,000,000 dollars to its credit. How large will be the resources when 1898 arrives it is hard to say, but the prophecy may be safely ventured that the centenary will "bang Bannagher"—and, as most Irishmen know, "Bannagher bangs the devil."

The celebration will take the form of an invasion of the "Old Dart" by Irish-Americans. Not an invasion by force of arms, with drums beating and bayonets fixed, but a peaceful and reverent revisiting of the Green Isle, and in particular of the scenes hallowed by rebel battles and rebel blood.

This means simply that in the spring and summer of 1898 a vast army of men, women and children—a conservative estimate places their number at 50,000 souls—is pledged to sail from this country and hold a grand gathering of the race among the glens and uplands of south-eastern Ireland.

The preparations for this gathering of the Irish people are being made all over the country under the auspices of the Ninety-eight Club of New York city. This club was established in 1881, and has always enjoyed a large membership of conspicuous Irishmen of the metropolis. Its present president is John B. Vrely, well known in the dry goods trade, and the treasurer is Edward O'Flaherty, a member of a large retail establishment of New York. John B. Goff, Recorder of New York, is one of the leading spirits of the organisation, and others are ex-Commissioner of Street Cleaning, Thomas S. Brennan; Thomas F. Grady, Patrick J. Cody and James J. Stafford. The club has branches in every city in the East and middle West, where members of the Irish race exist in any numbers, as for instance in Fremont, O., where the Rev. Patrick O'Brien, of St. Patrick's Church, is taking a leading part in the movement.

An idea of the invasion's scope may be gathered from the fact that three ocean liners—the largest that can be obtained—have been already chartered to ferry the pilgrims to and fro. The steamers are to land their passengers at the ports of Kingstown and Waterford, according to where each family is to billeted. This billeting system is one of the features of the trip—a feature, too, which will pour many thousands of good American dollars into the hands of the Irish peasantry. For some months agents of the Ninety-eight Clubs have been at work selecting inns, farmers' houses, cottages, etc., in the counties of Wexford, Carlow, Kilkenny, Waterford, Kildare and Wicklow (the area covered by the rebellion). The visitors will be quartered at these places, according to their means. It is proposed that the sojourn in Ireland shall cover a period of six weeks. During this time the path of the rebellion is to be traversed step by step. A committee of Irishmen learned in their country's history has been chosen to pilot the pilgrims from battlefield to battlefield.

What appeared to be a serious obstacle in the way of the centenary has been overcome. The British Government, it was feared, would not consent to a celebration glorifying a direct onslaught upon its authority. For the last month a discreet agent has been busy in London and Dublin interviewing the heads of Government departments and the leaders of the two Irish political parties with a view to straightening out this difficulty.

John Bull has shown more liberality than was expected, and last week the agent cabled to New York that her Majesty's Ministers would not interpose any objections to the '98 celebration.

An important feature of the pilgrimage will be, as heretofore stated, the erection of monuments on all the principal scenes of the rebellion. A handsome cross of black Kilkenny marble will stand on the site of the old gates of Ross, where the Irish won a decisive battle. Vinegar Hill, the eminence whose feet are encircled by the Slaney, and whose stone-crowned summit overshadows the town of Enniscorthy, where the insurgents were crushingly and finally defeated, will be adorned with a broken granite shaft. Handsome monuments will be erected over the graves of Father John Murphy, Beauchamp, Bagenal, Harvey, Dudley Coleclough, Esmond Kyan and other leaders.

Father John will be honoured with a tombstone cut in New York by one of his own kin. Tablets with suitable inscriptions will be placed at different points of interest, so that the youth of Ireland may read on every roadside some portion of history of the memorable struggle.

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