

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN WAIMATE.

(From our Temuka Correspondent.)

Temuka, March 26, 1892.

THIS rather remarkable—remarkable for its lively faith—parochial district, Waimate, celebrated the feast of their patron saint in a very special manner. Unfortunately the day, as well as several of the preceding ones, was extremely inclement. The Rev Father Foley came, at considerable inconvenience, from Timaru to preach the panegyric on St Patrick, which was as eloquent as it was expressive. Before commencing, the rev. gentleman paid a high tribute of praise to the people, who, despite the inclement weather, as it rained in torrents, came to do honour to Ireland's great patron by attending the holy sacrifice of Mass—a strong proof that the faith was as strong in Waimate as it was among their forefathers when they received it from St Patrick. Another proof of this was the beautiful school and convent they had so nobly erected—sparing no cost, thinking no sacrifice too great, rather than that their children should be educated in those godless schools. Their fathers had waded through blood to keep that faith, and they, if necessary, were ready to do the same. Then followed an eloquent panegyric on the life and labours of St Patrick, words which, no doubt, will long be cherished in the hearts of those whose privilege it was to hear them. The 7 a.m. Mass was celebrated by the Rev Father Foley, and the High Mass at eleven by the Rev Father Regnault. At both Masses a large number observed the feast by receiving Holy Communion.

In the evening the pupils attending St Patrick's convent school, which is conducted by the Sisters of the famous Order of St Joseph, gave a most excellent entertainment. Though, as I before added, the weather was unpropitious in the extreme, St Patrick's Hall was filled to excess with a very enthusiastic audience. The commodious stage was artistically draped with art muslin, while the floral and fern decorations were of an unique design. These constituted the background, while the wings were similarly adorned. The taste and judgment used in the get-up is really praiseworthy, and reflects great credit on the realisation of the beautiful, for which the good Sisters are so notable. The crowning feature of the staging was the splendid illumination. Several Chinese lanterns were also suspended from the ceiling, while the motto *Cead mille failthe* could be read. The programme was opened precisely to time, with a duet, "Irish Quadrilles," by Misses Cummings and Toohers, highly delighted the audience, which was followed by the girls singing the ever-dear melody "The dear little Shamrock," which was responded in a manner as one should expect from the light where the "dear little plant" thrives. The dialogue "The pussy cat," was spoken by two little pussies, Misses D. Fowler and O. Cameron, in a manner that brought forth a round of applause. A solo and chorus, "Music and her sister song," followed. In this the girls displayed the careful training which had been bestowed upon them by their faithful teachers. The very pathetic recitation, "Papa's letter," was rendered in a clear voice, and with much elocutionary power by Miss St George, for which the young lady was loudly applauded. "Darby and Joan" (in character) came next, and was rendered doubly droll by the apparent youth of the distinguished actors—Master M. Edwards and Miss A. Shirley—their naive and charming manner of singing it being encored. The dialogue "Taking the Census," one would easily suppose a scene taken from real life, so ably and naturally were the characters portrayed. This was spoken by Misses Margaret O'Shea, O'Rourke, and A. Shirley. The chorus "Come O'er the Moonlight Sea," by the girls followed. This was indeed a gem, one would almost imagine he heard the rippling sound of the flowing waters. Master J. Costello did full justice to the recitation, "A scene from Dublin Bay." The duet "A B C," by Misses Bartos and Dooley proved very mirth-provoking, and was followed by the chorus "Let Erin Remember," (the girls), which, judging from the applause, seemed to awaken the deepest sentiments in the patriotic Irish heart. "Mrs Brown's Luggage" (comic song) was greeted with prolonged applause, the sweetness of Miss Norah Hogan's singing being extremely penetrating. The recitation "Paddy the Piper" proved a fair "knock out," the applause Master M. Lyons received being deafening. The chorus "The Travelling Musicians," which was sung with much earnestness by the infants, brought the entertainment to the last item on the first part, the "Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle," which was sung with wonderful expression by Misses M. Hughes, Katie Flaherty, and Norah Hogan. The second part was opened with the duet (in character) "Hunting tower," by Miss M. O'Connor and D. McPherson, who seemed a very youthful pair for the maturity of the sentiments they so modestly expressed. The chorus "The minute gun" (boys and girls), was very successfully rendered, and was followed by the dialogue "School Discipline," by Miss M. O'Shea and Master P. McGrath, which proved inexpressibly droll. The vocal duet "List to the Convent Bells," was indeed listened to with rapt attention, Misses Lily Bartos and Katie Flaherty imparting much unction to its rendition. Master J. O'Rourke recited the memorable eleven minute engagement at "Fontenoy," the recall of which seemed to

awaken a vigorous applause. Miss M. O'Shea, who deserves special praise for the heavy task which was allotted to her in the entertainment, and for the manner in which she sustained it, rendered (in character) the song "Camomile Tea," but it was evident that there was some good reason for the love of the tea. The next item was a recitation, "Children's choices," in which Misses N. Hogan, N. Dooley, and N. Wall, and Masters St George and J. Sims acquitted themselves capably. The chorus "The old folks at home" followed. The "niggerly" appearance of the boys fairly brought down the house. The farce "A precious pickle," in which Misses St George, Dooley, Hughes, Bartos, Flaherty, McPherson, and O'Shea sustained the various parts, was given in a professional-like manner. The "pickle," indeed, was not to be pickled. There are songs which never fail to awaken in one sweet memories, and foremost amongst these is "Killarney." Though on this occasion this ever-popular melody of the famous Irish bard was not rendered by one whose sympathies have been enkindled by the close connection with the Green Isle, yet the unction which Moore desired to be imparted to it was creditably sustained by Miss Bartos. In response to an encore, this young lady sang "Kathleen Mavournean" with great feeling. Your correspondent is pleased with this, for, indeed, both the singer and correspondent came from the land of music—Moravia. The dialogue "The new boy" was irresistibly laughable, in which Misses M. Hughes, and M. O'Shea, and J. Roach, and M. Lyons took part. The chorus "Seesaw," by the girls, was succeeded by "Nell Haggerty's visit to Cork." This kept the audience in roars of laughter, and was done full justice to by Miss M. O'Shea. "God defend New Zealand" brought a most enjoyable entertainment to a close. The singing, and it fact everything, was splendid. The Sisters are to be complimented on their labours of love. Everything disclosed most careful training. The children were a source of credit to them and pleasure to their parents. It could not have been otherwise than successful, for wherever the Sisters of St Joseph are, there success reigns supreme. A word of praise is justly due to Father Regnault, who worked very hard to make the entertainment a success.

WHAT PEOPLE SAY.

Mrs M. L. Morgan, Clifton, Aratapu, Auckland, N. Z., under date 24th January, 1892, writes:—

Dear Sir—Some two years ago, having previously enjoyed fairly good health, I was taken seriously ill, and found it very difficult to get relief. At first I treated myself, thinking that I should soon be well again; but my illness grew upon me and I was completely prostrated and unable to do anything. I sought medical advice from our local doctor, and he prescribed for me. My ailment was described as black jaundice and gall stones, and at times I suffered much pain. Our doctor's treatment did not do me much good, as the attacks were frequent and very severe. Some months passed, and I felt that I was becoming hopelessly ill. My friends were shocked at my sallow and changed appearance, and more than one has told me since that they never expected to see me well again. I went to Auckland for change of air and scene, and to seek further medical advice. I got it, and for time seemed to improve, the changes evidently doing me good; but it was not tonic enough, for after a week or so I was again laid up.

All the medical advice I got in Auckland seemed unavailing, and I returned home with very little to hope for. Here I suffered several attacks, and had to lay up repeatedly. My husband had a very poor opinion of patent medicine, but seeing Clement's Tonic advertised as of such wonderful effect in serious cases, and being quite at a loss to suggest any other untried remedy, he brought me home a bottle, and we determined to try it. At the same time we resolved to say nothing of the medicine we were using until fully satisfied of its effects. The first dose did me good, and I improved rapidly. Friends who would not have been surprised to hear of my death were really astonished at my rapid recovery. I was soon satisfied as to the value of Clement's Tonic, and gladly recommended it to others, and so did my husband. The storekeeper spoke to him one day, and asked him if he had been recommending Clement's Tonic, for he was almost sold out, and had only one bottle left. "Give it to me," said my husband: "I wouldn't be without it for anything." By the time I had taken one bottle I was able to get about my work again. Friends thought the improvement only temporary, but I am thankful to say that such has not been the case. Every dose did its work, and after a fortnight I only took one dose a day, in the early morning. I have used only three bottles, and have the fourth in the house. I do not take it regularly, but fly to it on the least symptom of anything being wrong, and I have many times proved it to a good preventive of returning sickness. It is now eight or nine months since I recovered, and Clement's Tonic has kept me in good health all through. I can again get on with my house and dairy with comfort and pleasure. I am pleased to be able to recommend Clement's Tonic, for I have found it a true friend, and am convinced that it will give health to many now suffering if they will only give it a trial.—I am, Sir, yours gratefully, M. L. Morgan

Still another convert from the Anglican ministry. The Rev Herbert Boothby, late of Oxford University, who came last year to a curacy at the Church of St John the Evangelist, Montreal, has been received into the Church, and will enter the Society of Jesus.

The Chinese ambassador, who has resided in Paris for some months, has come to London, where he will remain until the summer, at the Embassy in Portland place. The ambassador is a Catholic, the son of a family that has been Catholic for many generations.