

Society in New Zealand. Over twelve thousand people attended the last St. Patrick's Day demonstration, when interesting displays were given by the children of our Catholic schools, the monetary proceeds being devoted towards the schools' fund. It will be of interest to Wexford men to know that in Waverley, New South Wales, there is a monument to the heroes of '98. It is a massive memorial thirty feet long by twenty-seven wide, and bears the inscription—'In loving memory of all who dared and suffered for Ireland in 1798,' and the names of Father Murphy, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Henry Joy McCracken, Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, and Michael and Mary Dwyer.' That the Irish are to be met with the world over is a generally accepted fact, but it has been Father Holbrook's pleasure to meet with his fellow-countrymen and women in many remote and unexpected places. At Colombo he found a convent of St. Brigid conducted by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, who educated some hundreds of native children. The community consisted of six Irish nuns, two of whom were from Dublin, one from Kilkenny, and two from the West of Ireland. Coming out of a church in Constantinople, he met a Little Sister of the Poor, and mustering up his best French entered into conversation, asking if there were any Irish Sisters in the community. To his surprise he was answered with a delightful brogue—'Yes, Father; I am from Belfast, and there is also another Irish Sister in the community.' In Rome the Irish Christian Brothers conduct a night school for the boys of the Eternal City, and there are as many as 543 pupils enrolled on the register. On reaching London Father Holbrook had the pleasure of renewing his acquaintance with Mr. Joseph Devlin, M.P., and Mr. Richard Hazleton, M.P., whom he had met during their Australian tours. He also met Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., the leader of the Irish Party, and Mr. Peter Ffrench, M.P. for South Wexford, and had an opportunity of being present at debates in the House of Commons on two occasions.

## HIS FIRST VISIT TO IRELAND

### RECOLLECTIONS OF FORTY YEARS AGO

I could never forget the day I first set foot on Irish soil (writes the Rev. Harold Rylett in the *Irish Weekly*). In 1874 I had accepted an invitation to spend a summer holiday with a college friend, who had become the Minister of the Nonsubscribing Presbyterian congregation of Warrenpoint, Co. Down, the Rev. Wm. McCullough. I crossed from Liverpool on the night of the 11th of July in a boat for Newry. The accommodation was not what it is to-day, so I suppose that was the reason why some of the passengers sat up all night.

A Catholic priest and myself were among the number. I remember that the priest seemed to keep himself somewhat aloof, and that I was consumed by a great desire to make his acquaintance. He drew me somehow. He was an older man than myself, and of a pleasant countenance. I made an overture of some sort, and was highly gratified to find it cordially welcomed. I have a very vivid recollection of several hours' delightful conversation. My companion was a man of large culture, broad mind, and amiable disposition, and responded readily to my many requests for information. I was but a youngster of three and twenty, and I remember that I thought it extremely kind of the good priest to give me so much of his company. I have often wondered since who he was. Before we parted he uttered some words that made one of the profoundest impressions upon me that I have ever experienced.

No Man's Enemy.

We were preparing to go ashore at Warrenpoint, and we shook hands, and I said something in acknowledgment of the pleasure he had given me, and added—'I have enjoyed our conversation very much indeed, though we are supposed to be enemies.' 'I am no man's enemy,' he said. The words were spoken very quietly,

but with a solemn earnestness that positively thrilled me. I experienced the sort of shock that a sudden blaze of light gives. For months past I had been listening to learned professors talking about Christianity, and reading many books on the same great subject, but here it was all summed up in five words and a handshake. It was the first time I had ever spoken to a Catholic priest; but I have never ceased to be grateful to that good man, for his words, 'I am no man's enemy,' made clear to me the reality of Christianity, and determined, I have no doubt, the respectful attitude of my mind towards the Catholic priesthood in later years.

I lost my companion in the crowd on the Quay, and was cordially greeted by my old college chum.

As we turned in the direction of his lodgings, I found myself gazing upon the most extraordinary scene I had ever witnessed, and listening to the most fearful din I had ever heard. A wretched little procession of men and boys was moving along the middle of the thoroughfare. Some were making a horrible screeching noise with what I thought must be penny tin whistles, but proved to be fifes. Several were rattling away with great energy at kettledrums, while one stalwart young fellow was pounding a big drum with tremendous vigor. The way was kept clear for the procession by a great number of constabulary, carrying rifles with—such is my impression—fixed bayonets.

'Good heavens!' I said to my friend; 'what on earth is all this row about?'

'Oh, don't you know?' he replied, with a peculiar smile. 'It's the Twelfth of July! And these people are demonstrating in support of Protestantism.'

I watched the passing of the procession with feelings of astonishment, curiosity, and—compassion.

I have seen bigger things since in connection with the wonderful Twelfth, of course; but my Orange friends must forgive me if I say that my measure of Orangeism has ever been that absolutely ludicrous spectacle with which I was greeted the moment I set foot on Irish soil on July 12, 1874. These were the two first but lasting impressions that I have of Ireland:—'I am no man's enemy,' and 'The pitifulness of Orangeism.'

John Mitchel.

This first visit to Ireland was notable to me further for the fact that it was then I came in contact with John Mitchel. He had come home—an escaped convict and liable to arrest—but it was so evident that he had but come home to die that the authorities left him alone. I can see him now, on the platform of Portadown railway station—a slight, square-built man, sad and haggard of face—a broken fighter. I gazed upon him with profound sorrow, for it was evident that he was a dying man. What an awful difference between the Mitchel that I saw and the man whose portrait as a younger man I have before me! The old engraving shows me a fine intellectual countenance—not unlike that of John Dillon in the Land League days! It was during this visit, too, that I saw John Martin, and I have a clear recollection of his earnest, thoughtful face, his pointed grey beard, and his bowed form. It was during this visit also that I caught the spirit of Irish Nationality. An old friend of my host—Mr. Glenny, I think his name was—a member either of the Nonsubscribing Presbyterian congregation of Warrenpoint or of that of Newry, took me in hand. He urged that, as self-government was the surest way to the development of high individual character, so it was the surest way to promote the best type of national character. He urged also that self-government was the truest economy, and illustrated his argument by a reference to Newry and its waterworks. The cost of getting through the British Parliament the necessary Bill for the construction of the works, he said, was as great as the cost of the works themselves. So that there were Protestant Nationalists in and about Warrenpoint and Newry in 1874.

At the World's End.

Another incident in connection with this, my first visit to Ireland, and one that, interesting though it was, had completely slipped from my memory, was

**W. Morrish & Co.** THE LEADING HOUSE FOR FOOTWEAR, GREYMOUTH. One of the most miserable feelings is that of uncomfortable feet. You cannot expect to have ease and comfort for your feet unless you wear properly-made Footwear, and there are no Boots or Shoes on sale to-day that excel in any one particular those stocked by us. Better than that you cannot buy.