

WELLINGTON.

April 16, 1875.

SINCE I last wrote to you several circumstances have come to pass here, which it would have been very wrong to pass unnoticed, the more so, as most of your subscribers here keep their papers filed, the others get bound volumes at the end of the year, and they would naturally like to see some reference to those events which, at the time of their occurrence, they took a deep interest in. Captain and Mrs. Sharp left on St. Patrick's Eve by the San Francisco branch mail steamer, and were accompanied to the wharf, despite the inclemency of the weather, by several of the leading citizens of Wellington, who testified their regard by many a God speed and cheers again and again repeated as the steamer left the wharf. At 11 o'clock the same morning, Mrs. Sharp was presented, at St. Joseph's School, with a beautiful address from the Catholics of Wellington, expressive of their appreciation of her "services to religion, education, suffering humanity, and a watchful interest over the footsteps of the faltering of her sex." It was at first intended to accompany the address with a presentation, but circumstances prevented this owing, in a great measure, to shortness of time. Charles Johnston, Esq., read the address, and during the reading thereof both Captain and Mrs. Sharp were much affected. Mrs. Sharp in replying stated she had done nothing but what every Catholic was in duty bound to do. Captain Sharp said his work was simply taking a pardonable pride in "looking on" what Mrs. Sharp was doing. During the time Fathers O'Reilly, Petit Jean, Kearney, and McCaughey were present. Before the proceedings terminated, Father O'Reilly announced that Charles Johnston, Esq., would, on behalf of Mrs. Sharp, give the annual Easter Monday picnic to the children. This event has since taken place, and was attended by about 180 children.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Was celebrated with a solemnity never before witnessed in Wellington, and so imposing that we could scarcely hope for an improvement. Certainly his Lordship was not present, being on his visitation through the diocese at the time, but we had his sympathies. He is, in fact, "more Irish than the Irish themselves," being an Irishman by residence and sympathy, he chose St. Patrick's Day as the day on which he received the mitre, and he takes a great interest in the Hibernian Society, having become a member of our branch. We had early Mass, at 7 o'clock, celebrated by Father Kearney at the High Altar; simultaneously at the Blessed Virgin's Altar by Father Petit Jean; and at St. Joseph's by Father Lardin. About 30 of the H.A.C.B. Society attended in their regalia, and about 20 received Holy Communion. The smallness of the number at Holy Communion was in a great measure owing perhaps to the fact that a great many of the H.A.C.B.S. members are also members of the Young Men's Society, and they were all at Holy Communion the Sunday previous.

But that which was the crowning of the day, was the special service in the evening, at which the following clergymen were present:—Fathers Petit Jean, O'Reilly, Yardin, Kearney, and McCaughey. Father Kearney delivered one of the finest panegyrics on the life of our great Patron Saint that it has ever been my good fortune to hear. He spoke as one who knew his subject, as one who knowing was able to deliver, and knowing how to deliver, was able to impress his hearers. Place of birth, his slavery, his freedom and his call to the mission, his conversion of the family of his old master, his appearance before the Monarch Laeghaire at Tara, and the utterances of the arch Druid, his career through the *insula sanctorum et doctorum*, the deathbed scene, in which the glorious Saint said, "in futurity the fruit of his labours, and the colouring of the flock, his great grief thereat, and how through his great grief he had to withdraw his sight, how the Lord called on him to look again, and how he said the flock gradually assumed its former whiteness, and how he bestowed his episcopal benediction on those around his bed." The Rev. clergyman referred at length to the persecution which the Catholic Church endured for the last two hundred years, and that although the faith was planted in Ireland without a martyr's blood, it has been since nourished by the blood of thousands, and is at the present day the white flock vouchsafed to Patrick by God. Finally he exhorted his hearers to be true to that faith; let it be their boast now, as it had been the boast of their fathers for ages past, and show by their practice of it that they were worthy of the name of Irishmen and Catholics. There were two in the church to whom the panegyric must have been more than pleasing, one a brother, and the other a son to the great Saint. I allude to Father Petit Jean and Father O'Reilly, they came here more than 30 years ago on the same mission that took Patrick to Ireland, and found here "not where to lay their head." They have now two of the finest churches in the colonies, two schools, two convents, and are now making a noble effort to build a fitting residence for their Bishop. I may state while on this subject that the church was filled to overflowing, it was also on Good Friday, and throughout Holy Week. The greatest number ever seen at Holy Communion attended on Easter Sunday, both at the Cathedral, and at St. Mary's I have not ascertained the exact number, but it was surprisingly large.

The people of Arrowtown have acquired the services of a good zealous Catholic teacher from here in Mr. Horan, who has just left with excellent testimonials from the clergy. The Hibernian Society, and the Catholic Young Men's Society have presented him with an address and testimonial.

At the last meeting of the Hibernian Society a circular (copy of which has already appeared in proceedings of Dunedin branch published in TABLET) was received from Dunedin Branch, and on the motion of Brother Harley, seconded by Brother Breen, a resolution to the following effect was unanimously agreed to: "That we cordially agree with the objects of the Circular, and that the Secretary be requested to reply to this effect."

P I O N O N O.

A PORTRAIT FROM A FRENCH PEN.

THIS man, hallowed by a moral splendour, and who has known all kinds of temporal tribulations, when once seen never can be forgotten. How bright and happy were the first years of his reign, and how little promise they gave of an unceasing martyrdom! I was at Rome when the famous speech of M. Theirs came, an electric discourse, which began with those words—"Courage, Holy Father!" He needed courage, indeed, but it was not necessary to tell him so. That courage was equal to all his trials. At the beginning of his reign not one of the "Fadines" but would have willingly worn on his cap the words "Viva Pio Nono!" The Roman police had nothing more to do than to protect him in his walks from the enthusiasm of the crowd. There are princes who fear to let the itinerary of their movements be known in advance to lessen the chances of being shot at or poignarded—that of Pius IX was concealed to spare him the supplies of triumphal arches and daily ovations. This prince had to be defended against the zeal of his subjects, and against the movements of his own heart. He used to go and preach in the first church that lay on his path, and towards which the inspiration of the moment carried him. The Christian world, unaccustomed for centuries to see a Pope preaching, felt itself renovated. And what a fine, intelligent and graceful countenance! A Roman cast of features, such as we may see in many of the ancient busts of the museum of the capital. Something like a Christian Trajan. In his gaze there is all the hallowed light of evangelical inspiration, grace and peace emanate from it—*gratia et pax*, these two things so much admired by the prophet. And, above all his prestige, that of simplicity and expansion. If the temperature of Rome is unhealthy he will try to excuse the city for being so inhospitable to strangers. He will obligingly give you the best hygienic prescriptions to preserve you from the effects of the atmospheric changes, and in a flow of words, familiar, candid, soft, falling from his lips like flakes of snow, and with them he would mix up sermons and deep-felt thought that go direct to the heart—and all that in the tone of simple conversation, without thinking of playing a part, holding a rank, and still less producing effect. He knows well how to hold his rank as a sovereign, yet he prefers to be a father. His house, so small to-day, and so well watched, is truly the house of the Lord. If you are four or five who have obtained a letter for an audience you need not fear to make the snow-ball and take with you as many as you like (go to even thirty), and you will be all well received. From these audiences one does not only come away better, but quite different and possessed by the Pope. If it were possible for the Holy Father to be seen by everyone, how few free-thinkers would remain in the world. Who even is not affected by seeing him, and hearing him, is only susceptible of being touched by a fall ora blow. Who would not prefer to be the captive and crucified Pontiff in the Vatican than to be William, the all-powerful Emperor of Germany, conqueror, with laurel-crowned-head of Austria, and of France alas!—for we must say so, and remember it? Who would not prefer to be the Pope, insulted and persecuted, than to be Victor Emmanuel with ten crowns to be King of united Italy, and on his throne in the Quirinal. Neither the Landwehr, nor the Landstrum, nor the Krupp cannon, nor the white Cuirsassiers, nor the audacious Bersagliers can keep aloof that brigand who despises kings, and whose name is Death. There will be heavy accounts to render in the sixth chamber above according to the threat of Gregory XVI. to the Emperor Nicholas, who grew pale under the quiet gaze of the Pope. The most incredulous, and those who excuse everything by *raisons d'etat*, the most hardened against the protestations and complaints for what is right and just, must sometimes think of him, and it is not probable that they do so without being affected in soul or body. He, the loved and venerated old man, will sleep gently in peace and glory, blessed for his trials, his labour and good deeds, with consolation of having borne up against misfortune, of having courageously accomplished his duty to the end, and of having given to the last hour of his life the example of faith and constancy to the millions of Christians of whom he was the father.—'Figaro.'

THE PERSECUTION IN SWITZERLAND.

GERMANY is certainly doing all it can to keep ahead, in the race it is running with Italy and Switzerland, in persecuting the Church. But it looks at present as though Switzerland would come out first. Certainly in the effort to play the part of a "Seducer and of Anti-Christ," the following action taken by the secular authorities of St. Gall, Switzerland, caps the climax of impious assumption of spiritual power:—

"Considering that the clergy persist in teaching the doctrine of the Infallibility, the 'Catholic' (!) School Board has decided to entrust the instruction for the approaching first communion to secular teachers. Should the priests of the parish object to this, and refuse to administer the Sacraments to children thus instructed, the School Board will employ one in their stead."

In Germany, the Bureau of Public Instruction, under the decrees of Caesar Wilhelm is invested with the office of teaching the truths of Divine revelation which Christ committed to His Apostles; the *Christian* (!) Government of Switzerland has gone a step farther, and undertake to clothe each School Board of infidels (hypocritically called Catholic) with this Divine authority.

The well-known steamship Great Britain, built in 1843, has now completed her 35th voyage to Australia. It is estimated that during that time not less than 30,000 persons have travelled in her.