

church, and Mrs. Kelly exerted herself by collecting subscriptions whereby numerous and useful articles were procured for the church. This lady also presented several articles of value. By the indefatigable labours of Mrs. Bernyard and Miss Barrett a handsome organ was procured. Father Hackett himself secured a fine-toned bell, that now enjoys the proud distinction of being the first church bell in the district which

"Loud in air calls men to prayer."

It is a most cheering and comforting duty to chronicle such heroic efforts displayed collectively and individually by Father Hackett and his devoted flock in the propagation and sustentation of our Holy Mother Church. Cheering because they evidence the "faith of our fathers living still" and comforting because they forcibly remind us of the never-to-be-forgotten words, "Behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

May God in His infinite mercy shower His choicest blessings upon Father Hackett and His people, the promoters and builders of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Karangahake.

Diocese of Auckland.

(From our own correspondent.)

May 27, 1897.

His Lordship left by the Tarawera yesterday on his first episcopal visit to Gisborne, thence he proceeds to Napier and overland to Wellington to receive Archbishop Redwood on his arrival from Europe and Australia.

The devotions for the month of May are largely attended in the city churches. It is consoling to see practised this eminently Catholic devotion to the great *consolatrix afflictorum*.

Rev. Dr. Egan, O.S.B., officiated at the Thames, thus enabling the Very Rev. Father O'Reilly to proceed to the opening of the new church at Karangahake.

Father Gillan of Ponsonby preached last Sunday evening in St. Patrick's cathedral to a very large congregation.

Rev. Father Buckley of St. Patrick's returned on Monday much benefited by his six weeks' trip to Australia.

At St. Benedict's the congregations are on the increase, due in a great measure to the exertions of the priests there who have entered upon a crusade among the careless members of their flock.

The local branch of the Hibernian Society purpose celebrating their anniversary on July 23rd next by a ball.

Beaconsfield has been outdone by the editor of our morning journal who has originated the idea of adding to Dizzy's "Empress of India" "and of the colonies." I am afraid the colonists in this matter will not be as amenable as the ryots. Anyhow a bauble awaits the editor.

Dr. Giles, ex-stipendiary magistrate, suggests the elimination from the title of "That Rubbish, Defender of the Faith" as it means nothing, and defends nothing, but has in turn persecuted and thwarted reforms all around. The ex-magistrate has never delivered a clearer judgment than this. D. F. is decidedly a misnomer.

So far the local celebrations for the "Record Reign" have been somewhat of a frost, although boomed night and morning by the local Press. To the great meeting summoned with a flourish of trumpets by the Mayor only seventy odd turned up; and ever since those who stayed away are carping and finding fault with what was done there. Loyalty requires a stimulant in the city on the Waitemata.

MACCAWTHY OF PIMLICO.

We reproduce the following little sketch which appeared recently in *The Nation* over the well-known initials, T. D. S.

I.

Yes, I was bo'n in Pimlico, MacCawthy is my nime;
I've neva seen old Ireland, but I love it all the sime;
I wish to 'eaven that all men bo'n within its siced shawe
Would love it awf as well as I; they could not love it mawe.

II.

There's not a mo'nin' of my life but what I've got to 'ear
The blare of trumpets, fifes, and drums from pawks and barracks
near;

It's alwys "Rule Britannia," or else "Gawd Sive the Queen"—
I'd rawther 'ear "The Minstrel Boy," or "The Wyrin' of the Green."

III.

I don't believe we Irishmen can, any dye we please,
Blow this 'ere country all to bits, or beat her to her knees;
But this I s'y—if Ireland's sons to Ireland's cause 'old true
It will be won—it m'y be soon, with English 'elpers too.

IV.

Some Irishmen, before they've been in England many d'ys.
Try 'ard to mimic English speech and copy English w'ys;
But as for me, whatever stoile or slang m'y be in vovge,
I do my best, you must allow, at keepin' up the browge.

V.

Yes, there are some not long from 'ome, and come of decent stock,
Who cawn't get up on Sund'ys until awfter twelve o'clock;
And some who'll s'y, without a blush of shime upon their cheek,
They'd feel unwell if they 'ad fish for dinner once a week.

VI.

I ain't a bigot; not a bit; but it appears to me
That sort of folk are just about as mean as men can be;
Such faithless w'ys they would not try—or rawther would not
dare—
To carry on in Limerick's vyles, or midst the 'ills of Clare.

VII.

They're but a few, I'm glad to s'y. In London and around,
All over England's broad expanse, the good old sort are found—
True-hearted sons of Granuile, and proud to 'ave it so,
Like Patrick James MacCawthy, of Brick street, Pimlico.

EXIT DIANA VAUGHAN.

M. JOGAND, *alias* Leo Taxil, who promised to produce "Diana Vaughan" at a lecture to a meeting in Paris, acknowledged at the gathering what most people have long known—that she never existed save in his imagination. The Paris correspondent of the *Times* telegraphs:—"Taxil announced that Diana was one of a series of hoaxes. He had begun, he said, by persuading the Commandant of Marseilles that the harbour was infested with sharks, and a ship was sent out to destroy them. He next invented a lacustrine city on the Lake of Geneva—a story which drew tourists and archaeologists to the spot. He ironically thanked the bishops and Catholic newspapers for facilitating his crowning hoax—namely, his conversion, his penitential retreat with the Jesuits, his audience of the Pope, the Pope's rebuke to the Bishop of Charleston for denouncing the anti-Masonic confessions as a fraud, and the Papal blessing to Diana Vaughan, who was a simple typewriter in his employ, but who laughingly allowed her name to be used by him in letters and pamphlets. The audience received these shameless revelations with mingled indignation and contempt, and Taxil was mobbed on leaving the hall, so that policemen had to escort him to a neighbouring café."—*Catholic Times*.

SPEAKING OF LONG AGO.

TO-DAY, as I pen these lines, one picture from the long-vanished past rises in my memory as clearly as though it hung on a wall before my very eyes. It is of a boy about fourteen years old, propped up in a great arm-chair with pillows and bed-clothes, and gazing through a window. He is just convalescing after a long and dangerous illness, and is still thin, pale, and weak. The strong arms of his loving father have taken him from the bed and placed him snugly by the window in order that he may see his playmates at their games in the snow; for the time is mid-winter. They wave their hands to him and he waves his hand feebly to them. The scene is from my own boyhood, forty years ago. What magic has conjured it up now? Only a sentence from a letter.

This: "I was so weak that for years I had to be carried upstairs to bed." A lady speaks thus of her girlhood. What a pitiable thing. It is not what nature meant; but alas! too often what really happens in this perverted world. Children should never suffer pain, for pain is punishment. For whose offence, then—surely not their own—do the little ones sicken and die by uncounted millions?

"From childhood," so runs the letter, "I was always delicate. When fourteen years old I got a chill on the lungs which left me in a weak state. Indeed, I was always tired and weary, and never knew what it was to feel strong."

Now, tell me, if you can, what sadder reading one is apt to come upon than this? Fancy a young girl being *always* tired, weary, and weak!—too weak to climb the stairs to her own bed! so feeble and lifeless as to require to be carried over the house through which she *should* have skipped and danced like a fawn. What had so crushed her? Disease? What disease and how caused?

"I was very pale," continues the letter; "My feet were cold and clammy, and hot sweats now and again burst over me. My appetite was poor; and, after eating, I suffered such pain at the chest and sides that it often amounted to agony; and the palpitation of the heart was so bad that many times I got no sleep at night on account of it."

"After a time," says the writer, "I could take liquid nourishment only, my stomach being too weak to retain anything solid. Thus, I gradually wasted away until I was nothing but skin and bone. I had not even strength to walk across the floor; and all who saw me said it was impossible that I should ever get well."

"From time to time I saw doctor after doctor, and twice went to the Sherborne Hospital, but received no benefit from the treatment there. At last the doctors said that both my chest and bowels were ulcerated and that there was no hope of my recovery. I was now so bad that I could take nothing but weak brandy and water—and that only occasionally."

"In this hopeless condition I lingered on until March, 1890, when I heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Although I had given up all hope of deriving any benefit from any medicine, I nevertheless, sent for a bottle of the Syrup, and after having taken it for a few days I found myself a little better. This led me to continue using it, and shortly I was able to take solid food, and the sickness gradually left me. Holding to this medicine—the only one that had ever helped me—I grew stronger and stronger until I was in good health. Without Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup I should never have recovered; and you must try to imagine how grateful I feel. I can never put my thankfulness in words. Yours truly (Signed) (Mrs.) Mary Jane Hilliar, Rimpleton, near Sherborne, Dorset, March 9th, 1893."

We rest at this. Here is a life history. How can we comment on it adequately? What a pity that this woman should have so suffered! What a satisfaction to know that she suffers no more! And yet—the lost time, the lost happiness! Ah, yes! Mother Seigel had reason enough to induce her to labour as she did to relieve her sister women. Thank Heaven for her success.

Mrs. Hilliar's real disease was of the stomach—indigestion and dyspepsia; inherited, probably, and made chronic by circumstances. The remedy she finally used cured this, and so freed her from all the symptoms and results. How kindly are the arms that carry us in our weakness. How glorious not to need them!