

St. + Peter's + Church, + Wellington.

undertaker's speech, on any occasion. He is always ready to speak about giving vent—giving vent to feelings: the many virtues of—the dear departed: and doing honour to the solemn occasion—ha, the undertaker (all the time talking thus), having a tear in one eye as a tribute to sorrow, and a merry twinkle in the other, in recognition of business. Taking out a word here and there from the above train of thought, and substituting other words therefore, a very appropriate speech is ready to hand to be used at any joyful ceremony or celebration whatever, by any mayoral undertaker. Then came Governor Bowen. He, surely, there could be no mistake about the dignity of labour—mining labour especially—the hard, but on the whole, enviable life of the miner; the emptiness of rank, the hollowness of titles as compared with pick and shovel work and dynamite blasting underground—all these would be insisted on. For what said the poet Robert Burns?

Is there, for honest poverty
That hangs his head, and a' that
The coward slave, we pass him by
We dare be poor, for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea stamp
The man's the gowd, for a' that.

Satin and Gold.
The Australian summer sun, hot, and fiercely red and as if angry at what was going on, rose and looked over our nefarious proceedings before we had quite concluded His Excellency's remarks; and we cut other people down to next to nothing—and then the *Advertiser* went to press. A thousand extra copies were struck off. The proprietor of the newspaper apologised to his wife for some rude and rather out-of-place remarks he had made to her (as he could not get at me) before retiring to rest. The composing room cat, which had been kicked out of the office with barbarous cruelty the night before at 1.30 a.m., for looking at the printer's boy, was allowed to steal back into the premises in a furtive sort of way, at about 9 a.m. I had thoughts, myself, of getting down some adjacent shaft for 24 hours, to escape the honourable mention showered upon me. A copy of the journal, printed in gold, on white satin, was presented to His Excellency in the early forenoon. He received the gift in the most gracious manner possible; complimented everybody and every department that had a hand in its production—and never let on. In fact he couldn't—and, besides the whole affair was right into his hand.

Another Governor.
However let us say no more about Bowen just now, and I hope I have said no unkind thing of him, anyhow. He kissed the blarney stone, very early in life, to be sure; and there is no doubt that icy performance served his purpose, and came in very handy, and sealed his destiny for life, as warmer, burning kisses sometimes do. If his object in embracing the celebrated stone, was simply to get on in life there is no doubt he accomplished it; and if his ambition was to become a popular Governor he did not quite fail, even in that; for although the people, in various colonies, soon saw through and through him as clearly as one recognizes a pretty face disfigured by the hideous hood of a Sister of Charity, no one actually disliked him, while countless numbers excused him on account of the flavour of genial and genuine humour pervading the whole business. Besides which, one must remember that the Governor of a colony is somewhat of an All Alone man, in his dominions; and, whether he speaks exactly as he thinks; or dissembles a little; or says nothing, good bad or indifferent, in a half hour's speech, he is equally liable to be found fault with. Only yesterday this present writer saw a letter from Lord Onslow to a gentleman in this city; and, really one felt sorry for Lord Onslow on reading it. Our late Governor had, in referring to New Zealand in England spoken in praiseworthy terms of our present Ministers, who, by industry and talent had raised themselves from various positions, to the highest offices in the state; and the ex-Governor had advised young men at Home, no matter what their present position in life was, to bear in mind that New Zealand was a country in which a man might rise from miner to Minister—if talent, worth, and perseverance were in the man. These very commendable and liberal remarks of Lord Onslow were totally misunderstood in various places, and he, naturally, was altogether surprised, and quite disappointed at such result. But really things are going on so progressively throughout the world that it is very probable the whole arrangement of things as they now are will be turned upside down, or inside out by the year 2001—the year already decided on by the *New Zealand Times* for shifting the axis of the earth. When that period arrives we shall hear a peer of the realm say 'Once I was an earl, and had a coat of arms. Now, thank Heaven I'm a miner, and have the pleasure of carrying my own pick and shovel!'

The tongue draws men like music, or drives men like a scourge.

THE book of the Season: 'FRANK MELTON'S LUCK.
Price, One Shilling. All Booksellers

THE first church belonging to the parish of St. Peter's Wellington, was originally built in the year 1847, and cost £891, and during the terrible earthquakes of the following years it was the great place of refuge to many distressed and terrified families. The first who had charge of the parish was the Rev. Robert Cole, M.A. of Queen's College, Oxford, who had accompanied the famous George Augustus Selwyn when he came out in 1842 as Bishop of New Zealand. This clergyman acted as Colonial Chaplain, and re-

During the Rev. S. Poole's incumbency, a very important meeting was held in St. Peter's schoolroom, at which Bishop Selwyn sketched out the leading ideas which he afterwards embodied in his Church of New Zealand Constitution. His chaplain on that occasion was the Rev. J. C. Patteson, afterwards the martyred Bishop of Melanesia.

On the resignation of Mr Poole the Rev. Arthur Stock, B.A., of Pembroke College, Cambridge, was appointed to the vacancy, and when the New Zealand Church Constitution had been adopted and the first General Synod held at Wel-



Wrigglesworth & Binns, photo., Wellington.
REV. W. C. WATERS.
(Incumbent.)



Wrigglesworth & Binns, photo., Wellington.
MR J. H. BETHUNE.
(Incumbent's Churchwarden.)

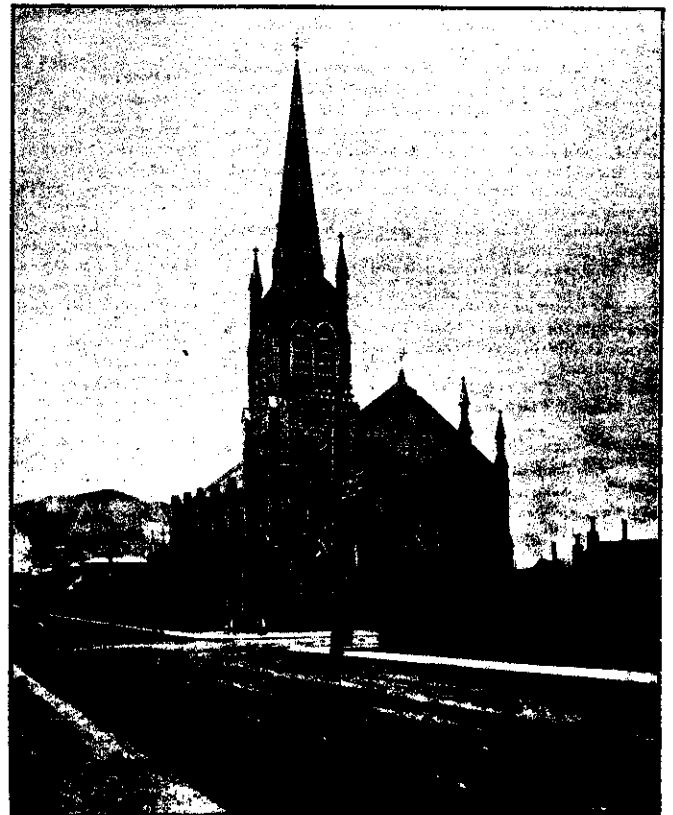
ceived state aid up to 1853, when the New Zealand Constitution was proclaimed, and religious equality established. Nothing of any note happened during his cure of the parish, and eventually his health and private matters obliged him to return home, and the Rev. Samuel Poole, M.A. of Pembroke College, Oxford, was appointed in his place. The parish was now worked upon the voluntary principle. The barracks were situated within its boundaries. Other soldiers were accustomed to attend services specially provided for them every Sunday at 9 a.m. It was somewhere about this time that St. Paul's Parish was constituted, St. Peter's being looked after by Mr Poole, who also held a service at St. John's on the Parirua Road.

The newly elected church officers were most zealous, we may mention, in particular, Mr J. C. Raymond, Manager of the Union Bank, and the Hon. R. Stokes, editor of the local paper, and the parish, under the combined energy and zeal of these and their minister, soon became a flourishing and self-supporting institution.

One of the most valuable works undertaken in those early days was the foundation of a school in June, 1854. This had as its first teacher Mr W. H. Holmes, whose memory will be quite fresh to many even in these days. He had been trained in England at Battersea, and had been originally selected for the Canterbury settlement. Although religious instruction was given during school hours, in accordance with the principles of the Church of England, yet all denominations availed themselves of the secular instruction, and on one occasion the then Governor, His Excellency, Sir Gore Browne, visited the school and expressed his 'greatest satisfaction' at the way in which the children underwent Biblical examination in his presence.

lington, in 1859, at which provisions were made for the formation of parishes, Mr (afterwards Archdeacon) Stock was nominated, and duly inducted into the incumbency of St. Peter's parish.

During his loving and devoted ministry of nearly 33 years the parish grew in population and the whole place underwent a marvellous change. When Archdeacon Stock succeeded Mr Poole there were hardly any houses in Te Aro, and when he resigned in July, 1888, nearly all Te Aro



Wrigglesworth & Binns, photo., Wellington.
ST. PETER'S CHURCH, WELLINGTON.