

## ARRIVAL OF BISHOP RICARDS AT GRAHAMSTOWN.

(Concluded.)

At the entrance gate of St. Aidan's ground, near the porter's lodge, a triumphal arch had been erected, and during Saturday, Mr. Lindsay Eddie—an old pupil of Bishop Ricards'—was busily engaged, notwithstanding the rain, in decorating it with flowers, evergreens, flags, lanterns, &c., and in placing in position the transparencies for illumination at night. On the left of the archway was a full length portrait of St. Ignatius, and on the right one of St. Aidan. Over the archway, in large letters, profusely decorated with flowers, birds, trees, and shrubs peculiar to South Africa, the word "Welcome." Above both effigies of these saints, but in separate panels, were Latin inscriptions. Immediately over the archway was a neatly executed shield, on which were emblazoned the South African arms. Considering that the only guide in the painting of this shield was the small coat of arms that appears in the 'Dominion' newspaper, above its leading articles, the execution of it is very creditable indeed. Lower down on either side of the archways were other shields, one with a Cardinal's hat, surrounded by a wreath of thorns, and on the other side one on which were emblazoned the Papal arms. From the archway to the entrance of St. Aidan's were two rows of poles, painted white and blue alternately, with lines upon which to suspend colored lanterns. Banners, bannerettes, flags, and streamers, of every variety and color, and in great profusion, were displayed from poles around the seminary, giving to it a very gay appearance. Several transparencies were placed in the windows. In that on the right of the front entrance to the building was one representing St. Francis Xavier, the patron saint of missions, preaching the Gospel to the heathen. On the left was another of St. Louis Gozaga, patron of schools. Over the entrance, in the upper story, in the central window was another transparency, with the letters "I.H.S." surmounted by a crown—the arms of the Society of Jesus—surrounded by a wreath of thorns and passion flowers. The remainder of the windows in the front elevation were filled with coloured lanterns for illumination at night. In the lower window in the eastern gable, was a large transparency representing Bishop Ricards. His Lordship is attired in full canonicals. In the background is a view of St. Patrick's Cathedral, with the convent buildings among the trees to the left of the picture. In transparencies of this kind no one would expect to find a portrait as true to life as though produced by the photographer's camera; but the lady who painted this picture of Bishop Ricards—a lady, too, we are informed, who has never seen his Lordship, and had to paint, of course, from a portrait—had not failed in producing a likeness of the good Bishop that could be recognised by all in a moment. In the window above were the words: "*Nou nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo Da Gloriam.*" The whole of the portrait transparencies were the work of a lady, Mrs. J. M. Orpen. Mrs. Cumming painted the elaborate floral transparencies, including that over the archway, with the word "Welcome," and the "I.H.S." over the entrance to St. Aidan's. When the lamps suspended between the poles along the avenue from the archway to St. Aidan's, and those illuminating the archway and the windows and transparencies in the building, were lighted, the effect was very fine indeed.

A torchlight procession started from the Albany Hall at about half-past seven o'clock, and proceeded round Beaufort street, where the Bishop and party joined in the procession, down Somerset and High-streets, and thence by way of Hill-street to the Seminary. The torches were not so good as could have been desired, nor was there much attempt at character representation, there being only three or four mummers at the head of the procession. The members of St. Patrick's Society carried torches and Chinese lanterns. A great crowd thronged the streets, and accompanied the procession to St. Aidan's. The Bishop was loudly cheered on alighting. There was no attempt at speechifying, the crowd and the crush being too great. The professors who are to remain permanently at St. Aidan's—Father Bridges, Principal, and Fathers Lee and Law, were left in possession, and the Bishop rejoined the procession and returned to the episcopal mansion. The windows of St. Patrick's Society-room were illuminated, a very tastefully executed transparency being placed in each window facing the street. Arrived at the Bishop's residence, His Lordship was again cheered to the echo, and having briefly thanked his people and the public for their demonstrations of welcome, retired to the privacy of his own home. The reception accorded to him, and the enthusiasm displayed, could not but be very encouraging and pleasing to His Lordship. Tar barrels and fireworks kept the fun up in the streets for an hour or so longer.—'Eastern Star.'

## BEE-HUNTING BY THE NATIVES OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

HAVING seen a bee alight on any twig or leaf, the black takes a little bit of the finest down of a feather, and rolling it up between his fingers at one end, cautiously steals upon the bee, and dexterously places the down upon its back, to which the honey makes it adhere. Away soars the bee at once, high into the air, and away soars the savage's eye after it, his head being thrown back, and his whole gaze concentrated upon that one speck in the sky. As the bee advances, the black keeps as nearly under him as possible, careering along at full speed, stumbling over boughs and bushes, leaping over bogs and holes, and heedless of scratches and bruises, and everything else, but the speck of white down which is guiding him to the lofty gum tree, in the topmost boughs of which lies his dinner for that day. Having traced the bee to his retreat, he procures a quantity of clean string bark, which he tears up into a mass resembling dried moss, or, more nearly still, the fibres of the cocoa-nut husk when torn. This is to place the honey upon. He then, with his tomahawk, cuts into the hollow branch where the hive is, feasts on it himself, and takes the remainder down in the stringy bark, which, if much adheres to it, he afterwards sucks, so that nothing may be lost.—Henderson's 'Excursions in New South Wales.'

## THE SLAUGHTER OF SMALL BIRDS.

The correct thing for the decoration of ladies' hats during the present season is small English birds. Some go in for the "entire animal;" others can only mount a wing.

Where the whole bird is used, robins seem to be the favorites; but for the most modest requirements, the feather of any dark plumaged bird is sufficient. The old foreign favorites—the bird of paradise, humming-bird, and cockatoo feathers are quite discarded; though we do not doubt that means will be adopted to tone down their brilliant plumage to more sombre tints, and enable them to play a fresh role. Meanwhile this demand for English birds has given great impetus to the bird-catching fraternity, who are busily employed in supplying the demands of the London market. If this fashion is carried to any extent, we need hardly say that an Herodian slaughter of our small birds will set in. This would be a matter of extreme regret. The small birds have been called the "farmer's friends," and their wholesale destruction in other countries, notoriously in France, has been followed by disastrous consequences to agriculture. On the score of sentiment we would plead for the preservation of our small friends. They give a charm to our rural scenery, and usually "unheard in summer's flaring ray," they enliven by their sweet notes the dullest seasons of the year. We hope that the ladies will discountenance a practice at once wanton and mischievous, and so repugnant to their better feelings. The "lady patronesses" of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals might appropriately take the matter up; a well considered protest and remonstrance from them would no doubt be listened to with respect by the leaders of fashion, as coming from those having authority.

## IRELAND'S LOVE FOR MARY.

"One great feature in Patrick's preaching was devotion to the Mother of God. Of this we have abundant proof in the numerous churches built and dedicated to God under her name. *Teampóill Mhuire*, or Mary's Church, became a familiar name in the land. In the far west of Ireland, where the traditions of our holy faith are still preserved, enshrined in the purest form of our grand old Celtic language, the sweet name of the Mother of God is heard in the prayers and songs of the people, in their daily familiar converse, in the supplications of the poor, not under the title of 'our Lady,' or of 'the Blessed Virgin,' but by the still more endearing name of 'Mary Mother.' And so it was that Patrick sent his Catholic doctrines home to the hearts of the people. He preached Jesus Christ under the name by which He is still known and adored in that far western land: 'the Virgin's Son,' thus admirably insinuating the great mystery of the Incarnation, and preaching Jesus through Mary; and Mary herself he preached, with all her graces and glories, as 'Mary Mother.' The example of virginal purity and maternal love he made the type of the Irish maiden and mother: and so well did they learn their high lesson, that they have been for ages the admiration of the world, and the glory of their afflicted country. The devotion to Mary sank deep into the heart of the nation. So well had they already learned to love and appreciate her, that, in a few years after their conversion to the faith, when they would express their love and admiration for the first great Irish virgin saint—St. Bridgid—they thought they had crowned her with glory when they called her 'the Mary of Ireland.' This devotion to Mary was a protecting shield over Ireland in the day of her battle for the faith."—Father Burke.

## PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

Those of my own flock pray daily for those they have laid in the grave. They never come to the Holy Mass without making commemoration and loving prayer for the poor souls that have gone into the other world; but I ask all others not for my flock, What have you ever done, and what are you doing now, for those you loved so well in life and who have been taken away from you by death? Are you mourning over their memory? Do you do anything for them—do you never put up a prayer for them? Your father whom you loved so dearly—the father who was the strength and the guide of your youth—have you forgotten him? Does day pass after day without a filial memory and a loving prayer for the father that loved you so dearly? Or your mother whom you loved with a tenderness only less than the tenderness with which she loved you. The mother that bore you—the mother that so loved over you—the mother whose memory, it may be, has restrained you again and again from doing wrong. She is gone: you buried her in the earth—have you forgotten her—and when you pray for yourself do you never offer up a prayer for her like this: "May she rest in peace—Oh, my God, may we meet again—Oh, may she enter speedily into the bliss of your kingdom?" Do not your hearts breathe like this? If you have hearts that love, human hearts with human sympathies, is it possible you have not these instincts? Or it may be some friend who loved you dearly, and who sacrificed himself and all he possessed for love of you; have you forgotten that friend? It may be again some friend whom you wronged, who loved you and you broke his heart, and it may be your example led some one into sin, and in their sin they died, as far as you know, and they are gone to their judgment before the great white throne; do you never pray for them, that God in His mercy might have pity on them? Alas, as I said in the beginning, those who forget the dead, those who blot out the words, "may he rest in peace," can have but little human love or human sympathy. There is but one other word I will say. None but saints can go straightway to God after death; every one of us, not being saints, must be purified, "so as by fire,"—we shall have to tarry, to expiate, to suffer.—CARDINAL MANNING.