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Christmas Influences.

(Continued from page 4 of Supplement.)

who was alive. Ill usage and poverty had done their work, and the woman seemed older now than the sister who had watched over her infancy. In the early days of her unhappiness and disappointment Jeanne had been appealed to, but Jeanne had repulsed the appeal. As Marie had chosen happiness independently of her, she must meet misfortune without her aid. She had been ungrateful for a life time given up to her, and she had met with no more than her reward. The jealousy and anger of love burned in the woman's breast, and the obstinacy of her nature enabled her to sustain it. Her conscience, indeed, smote her, but she quieted it as best she might. Marie had no true claim upon her. She had chosen another protector, acting upon the undoubted right she had to do so, and she herself therefore was not bound to interfere. She owed charity to all men, but not to one more than another. She wished her sister no evil, but only good. If it came in her way to confer a benefit upon her she would gladly do so, as upon any one else, but she was not called on to put herself out in the matter. She had said she would have no more to do with her, and she must abide by her word. During all these five years she had never seen her, and the short answers she gave to those who spoke of her soon brought her neighbours to understand that the subject was one to be avoided by them if they would not displease.

On the afternoon of this Christmas-eve of which we write, Marie was in her home—a room on the fifth story of a poor house in a poor street. Every thing about her spoke of poverty: the furniture was scanty, there were indeed hardly any articles that could lay claim to the name—a table and a few chairs of the coarsest make, and some common vessels for cooking or for meals, made up nearly all that was to be seen. Although the day was frosty and cold, there was no fire, and the woman now and then paused in her needle-work that she might rub her thin hands into sufficient warmth to admit of her continuing her task. In a corner of the room, upon a poor looking mattress that was laid upon the floor, and wrapped in a woollen shawl—the only comfortable seeming thing in the place—a little child was lying asleep. It was at least well the little thing could slumber tranquilly amongst the wretchedness in which it lay. The round, fair limbs could not have lain more easily on a bed of down, nor could the placid countenance more peacefully have veiled the ineffable mystery that was hidden there. The face was a sweet one, dimpled, and well featured. One tiny hand was hidden beneath the head under which an arm was stretched, and the other lay palm upwards and half closed, displaying the fairy-like fingers in their tender pliancy. It seems hardly a superstition that suggests that the smile of a sleeping baby is caused by the whispers of the angels, who hold communion with the soul so purely shrined. It is not difficult to believe anything beautiful that can be imagined as to what is taking place in the mind that wears so sweet an outward covering. Since life has not presented phantasmagoria, that may pass across the brain in dreams, what is there that takes place there? But who can make answer truly? That which is so near to us is still far away. That which seems so familiar is still as mysterious and removed as if it lay at the centre of a world unknown. Nay, still more mysterious, for why do we not understand our very selves, and why are the secrets of our own being thus hidden from us?

But Marie was hastening her task; it was work which she had engaged to complete by a certain hour on this afternoon, and but a short time remained to finish it and carry it to her employer. She had a scanty living now by working at the needle, for her worthless husband had crowned his course of ill usage of her by deserting her. It was about a year since he had left her. He had gone she knew not where; he had not even waited until the child to whom she was about to give birth was born; in her sorest need he had gone away, and left her to struggle with the world alone as best she might. And yet in her constancy the poor woman regretted him. Despite his ill-usage, despite his selfishness, the poverty he had inflicted upon her—for he had soon squandered the money she had brought to him as her portion—and the evils which even to her had become ere long apparent in his character, her true woman's heart clinging to the last to that around which its young love and confidence had been twined had grieved for his absence. Even though he had continued to abuse her, she could have suffered his presence with comparative contentment. The loneliness at first seemed more than she could bear, but the little child came, and, although it brought additional anxiety, it brought also consolation. Marie finished her task, and, folding up the garment she had made, took her child in her arms and went out. She carried the work to her employer, and having received her payment, she turned her face once more towards her comfortless home. But as she went through the streets she felt that there was coming upon her an attack of illness to which of late she had been subject. A sharp pain it was that darted through her side, and made her weak and faint; if it came on in the street she must have fallen down amongst the feet of the passers-by, and therefore she looked around for a place in which to rest until the agony had subsided. She found that she was

close to the door of one of the churches of the town, and she went in and knelt down at the base of a pillar with her head bowed upon the back of a chair that stood close by. Here she awaited the passing of the spasm. Sorrow and privation had indeed done their work. The woman was affected by a mortal illness, whose end generally comes with suddenness; but her hour had not yet arrived.

In the church there was the dim light that is so favourable to reflection. It was a Gothic building, erected in the ages of faith, when men felt that it was a privilege to record their gratitude to God in noble monuments like this—monuments of holiness in a world that bears so many that testify to guilt; for is not the whole world filled with such? Is it not itself, indeed, a monument of man's guilt and of the mercy of God? Are not the mountains and valleys, the plains and seas, and rivers, all monuments of men and of nations, whose very name it may be has perished from the reading of all but the Eternal Eye? It reads the records they contain, and although they may have been lost to the sight of men, none of them shall fade from off the earth until all has been declared and answered for. Nay, do we not, each one of us, inscribe such monuments of our own being, and are they not written by us even in the lives of others, condemning or pleading for us in the sight of Heaven? Let us rest assured that the home in which peace has been disturbed where we have restored peace, the sorrowful comforted, the needy succoured, are for us as lasting monuments in the All-Seeing Eye as even such a church as that we write of would fall short of being. Through the stained windows the early setting sun of winter was sending its beams, casting amongst the ancient arches, and on the flags beneath, worn by the feet of pious generations, the reflections of many colours, but all too weakly to cause a glare throughout the lofty aisles. At one of the side altars the crèche was being prepared for the Christmas, and Marie, recovered after a little from her bitter throes, staid for a time watching the arrangement of the figures that represented the actors in the great scene at Bethlehem. The place favoured reflection, as we have said, and, while the woman looked on, her thoughts strayed back to former Christmas times spent in the tranquility of her early home. One image after another of her happy girlhood passed before her, and as she dwelt amongst their memories, the miseries of the present were for the time forgotten. Her father's doating love for her—for she had been as the core of the old man's heart,—her sister's motherly care—all came upon her and filled her with a strong yearning to see once more the familiar place. What if she were to go and beg Jeanne to forgive her at last, or, if that might not be, at least to take pity on her little child.

The morn was about to dawn when every little child must exhale a fresh beauty from the recollections inseparably bound up in it. Jeanne, she knew, was not insensible to such recollections, and the mother thought that amongst all little children hers was the most fitted to recall the associations of the day—she would try once more; she would take her little one and go and lay it down in the early hours of the morning before the day had dawned at her sister's door, Jeanne would find it when she returned from kneeling before the crèche, and surely then she would not reject it. She felt that to obtain for her little one so trusty a friend she could sacrifice herself, she could even give up her one treasure to save it from suffering and sorrow. Her poor preparations were soon made. An hour later and she set out. The way was not very far, it was but a few leagues, but yet it took her deep into the night ere she reached her native parish. She was obliged to rest frequently by the road side or in the cottages of the peasantry, to many of whom she was known, and who gave her now and then a little milk for her child. The path to the old home lay by the place where the crucifix stood, and there we have seen her arrive some time after the last of those who went to attend the midnight Mass had passed by.

You will have gathered by this time that the contest which had arisen in Jeanne's breast that night before the crib had been between her determination to abide by her resentment against her sister, and the relenting that had suggested itself to her, as she knelt there with the emblems of the great forgiveness before her. Some chord had been touched, some remembrance of former times, when the sister she had so loved had been by her side. She hardened herself at first, and strove to crush down from her heart the tenderness that was rising up there, but the influences of the place were too strong for her, she was in that presence in which thoughts of pardon must be uppermost in the minds of all the faithful. His image was there before her, too, pleading for all who err. Who had been so deeply offended as He? Whose love had been so spurned? And yet there He was, not terrible as an avenger, but a little child, the most helpless and tenderest of all things, stretching out His soft baby hands to all the world. Shedding from them, as the weapons of His warfare, grace and healing. His helplessness appealed to the love of all men. It called all men to His feet, and it pleaded with them for His sake to forgive and be at peace with one another. It pleaded especially for the little children, and called on all to love and cherish them as His emblems; and had she not received Marie first into her arms as a little child, was she not always as her own dear little one? And now there was another as well as she, one depending on her who was so tender and so helpless. The obstinacy of her nature was broken through at last, in the appointed hour. The grace of pardoning was given to her and the weight that had oppressed her was lifted from off her spirit. She

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rose up from her knees and went out of the church resolved to seek her sister and be reconciled to her.

Meantime many of the people who had left the church before Jeanne, in returning to their homes had passed the crucifix of which we have written. A woman was kneeling there with her head bowed in front of her upon her hands, and, as they saluted the sacred image or knelt a moment at its feet, she did not move. Yet no one tarried sufficiently long to notice that she had been in the attitude of prayer, and motionless there for an unusual length of time, considering the hour and the temperature of the night.

On reaching the outside of the church, Jeanne found there a neighbour named Toinette Guyon, who had been much attached to Marie, and who had persisted in pleading her cause when every one else had given it up. Her dwelling stood close to that of Jeanne Bizet, and she was waiting to accompany the latter home.

"Toinette," said Jeanne, "you will go with me to-morrow to the town. I am going to look for my poor Marie."

"It is the good God that has put it into your heart, Jeanne."

"Yes, the good God and His blessed Mother. I tried to keep it out, Toinette, but the little Child was too strong for me to-night. I have been hard and cruel, and resisted Him these four Christmases, but to-night He conquered. But why did she not come to me? It was one thing to send by others—but why did she not come herself? In my worst hour I do not think I could have driven her from my door, but now I will go and bring her home. My poor little one; they tell me she has suffered terribly, but I also have not lived in peace."

"We will go together, Jeanne, and find her, you and I. It will be a joyful Christmas for us all. It was but last night we were talking of you both, my mother and I, and wondering whether you would ever relent. You know I wanted her to come to me last summer, but she was then hoping her husband would return, and refused to leave the town. I have not seen her since. They tell me she does work for Guillemet, and that her baby is so pretty."

The women walked along conversing in this manner, for now that Jeanne had broken the ice of her stern resolution, the subject was one on which she hardly seemed capable of saying or hearing enough; and they were talking busily when they reached the crucifix. The woman was yet kneeling there: she had not stirred all the time from the one posture. The moon was shining brightly as before, but had there been less light the quick eyes of Jeanne would have recognised her sister's unmistakable form. She knew the turn of her head and shoulders too well not to perceive at once to whom they belonged, and the position in which Marie knelt was one peculiar to her when she was at prayer. With an exclamation of surprise Jeanne hastened to the side of the kneeling figure, and placing a hand upon her shoulder called her by her name. There was no answer, and she stooped down towards where her sister's face lay hidden in her hands. With a wild scream she started back; the face and hands were cold as the stones on which they leaned. Marie had gone to a better home than even that which now Jeanne would have given her life to offer to her. The summons had come while she knelt thus in prayer—perhaps she had felt that it was to be so when she laid her baby down beneath the cross,—and the story of her life was told.

Very tenderly did the heart-broken woman, Jeanne, take her in her arms now there upon the ground, pressing her to her bosom as if hoping against hope that she might restore warmth to the worn and ice-cold frame. It was a piteous sight to see her in her great remorse, caressing the corpse as if it had been the little child that she had nursed so tenderly in her girlhood. The poor worn corpse in which was seen so little that recalled the loveliness that had been so cruelly destroyed in the living woman. She seemed to have forgotten for the moment the realities about her. To remonstrance and persuasion she turned a deaf ear; or rather did not appear to know what was meant by them. They could not get her to relax her hold of the dead body, and they were unwilling to unloose by violence her claspings arms. At last one of the women, of whom many were now gathered around, bethought her of the baby. It had been found—the living emblem of the Saviour's birth lying beneath the inanimate emblem of His death—at the foot of the cross, where its mother had laid it down; and now they brought it and placed it between the living and the dead. The device succeeded—Jeanne looked for a moment intently into the tiny face, the face with its soft, undefinable baby-charms, that whoever does not perceive and acknowledge the influence of fails in laying hold of one of the most purifying mediums on earth—charms that exhale a sweetness as of a flower culled in Eden, and which bring before us a vision of the primal innocence. Jeanne looked for a moment at the little creature, and then she seemed to come to her recollection. She stooped and kissed the brow of the dead woman tenderly, and allowing the body to be removed from her arms she took the little one to her bosom. Poor Marie's piteous ruse, although not fully accomplished, had been successful. The woman returned to her home in the early hours of that Christmas day, older, if seemed, by many years, than she had been on setting out. She came there broken to some extent in spirit, but in heart more sound, and the little child, who had been sent to her by Him who was once the Babe of Bethlehem, found her care tempered with the gentleness and patience that should ever accompany the lives of those who kneel in faith and pray before the crib.

A Russian semi-official journal reports 59,434 Russian troops killed and wounded to Oct. 11.

Mr. Theirs' parents were Protestants, and he was born in that faith, but died a Catholic. It is curious that no memoir, as yet, has mentioned at what stage of his life his conversion took place.

Mrs. Catharine O'Daly, Deburgo, Alleghany, Cataraugus County, New York (seventy years old in 1877), says: "Years ago I wrote to *The Pilot* that I had 100 potatoes that weighed 115 lbs.; but now I have 100 potatoes that weigh 122 lbs., and no horse, ox, or man to help me, for I would not let horse or ox in my beautiful orchard I planted with my own hands. At the present time (15th of September) my grapes are ripe, and I have a horse and buggy, and cows, and sheep, and 18 rabbits; it does my heart good to see them skip about my dwelling."

MAKETU: EXAMINATION OF THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL.

(From a correspondent of the N.Z. Herald.)

THE annual examination of the children of the Catholic school of this district took place on Wednesday, 5th inst. It was presided over by the Very Rev. Dr. Macdonald, assisted by the Rev. Father Macdonald, who came from town in order to be present on the occasion. The school is conducted by Miss Rogers, a highly-accomplished young lady, who was formerly a pupil of St. Mary's Convent boarding and select school. Upon the arrival of the above clergymen, they found the children to the number of about eighty assembled at Mr. Garvey's house, where Miss Rogers resides, and were received with loud cheers and waving of banners, large and small. The number of pupils attending the school is about forty-two, but these were joined by thirty others, and their fine, healthy, neat appearance and joyful countenances formed a picture of happiness which was ardently appreciated by the large number of ladies and settlers who were present during the day. The procession to the school was relieved by a number of bannerettes held by the pupils. The school-room was tastefully decorated with flags, ferns, &c. A congratulatory address was read by Miss Pratt on behalf of the scholars to Dr. Macdonald for the great interest he had taken in establishing the present school, and also to Father Walter Macdonald for kindly coming such a long distance to assist at the day's proceedings. The examination, a searching one, was conducted by Father Walter, assisted by Miss Rogers, the teacher. The subjects were catechism, reading, spelling, arithmetic, history, geography, &c., in all of which the answering was highly creditable. At intervals musical selections, vocal and instrumental were pleasantly rendered. Misses Mary and Alicia Pratt, Miss Mary Sheridan, and Misses Ellen and Kate Toomy especially distinguished themselves in the musical selections, and Miss Rogers, who has a very pleasing voice and a thorough knowledge of music, presided at the harmonium. During the examination, the audience, of about forty, who had crowded into the hall, manifested their pleasure and interest by frequent applause.

At the conclusion of the examination, the Very Rev. Dr. Macdonald spoke in terms of praise of the exertions of Miss Rogers and of her pupils, and said that nothing had contributed more to his happiness than the fact that such an excellent provision had been made in the district under his pastoral charge for imparting the blessing of Catholic education to the children. The progress made by them, and the good order and neatness which prevailed surprised him not, from the fact that Miss Rogers had been a pupil of St. Mary's select and boarding school. He thanked Father Walter Macdonald for his attendance, and also his parishioners for the lively interest they had taken with him in that all-important branch. The Rev. Father Walter Macdonald followed, dwelling particularly on the merits of Miss Rogers, whom he had known from her childhood. He alluded in terms of the highest praise to the exertions of their pastor, Dr. Macdonald, who, without aid, either from Government or any other source, save that of his own pocket, and the support he received from his devoted people, had placed within the reach of the children of the district the means of acquiring a sound education. He felt much pleased at observing here what he had also noticed in other districts, the harmony and good feeling which existed between the people of all religious denominations. He begged to thank them, in union with Dr. Macdonald, for the hearty support they had accorded in subscribing for the purchase of a harmonium for the Maketu church and school. He also felt glad of the opportunity to mention that Dr. Macdonald had two other Catholic schools in addition to that which had just been examined, and both in excellent operation under well-trained teachers, formerly pupils of the good Nuns. One of those was at Pukekohe West, conducted by Miss Mulqueeny, and the other at Waipipi, conducted by Miss Little, and he would be in a position to establish two more—one at Ararimu, and the other at Tuakau—early next year. He concluded by thanking those present, and said the hearty reception he had met with would not be soon forgotten.

Prizes were then distributed to the more deserving scholars by the Rev. Father Walter Macdonald, after which the National Anthem was sung, and the children adjourned to a luncheon spread under the trees in the paddock adjoining the school. The tables were presided over by the mothers of the pupils. Various games were inaugurated, and at five o'clock the procession was reformed and marched to Mr. Garvey's house. Here three cheers were given for the Very Rev. Dr. Macdonald, three cheers for Father Walter, and three for Miss Rogers.

The first banished Ursuline nuns from Germany arrived in England lately, and founded, with the kind permission of the Bishop of Southwark, and under the care of Canon North, a community in Greenwich. They came from Duderstadt, in Hanover—where they had been established for about 200 years—and belong to the oldest and original branch or congregation of the Ursulines, viz., that of Paris, founded in 1612. On Thursday, the 13th of September, a further number of four Sisters and about seventeen children, conducted by their late parish priest and director and episcopal vicar, the Very Rev. — Pasch, arrived from Rotterdam via Harwich, and were accompanied from Stratford by the Rev. W. Jansen, chaplain to the Ursuline Convent in Upton. It was certainly a strange sight to see that procession wending its way through the city, and at the busiest hour of the day, especially as most of them were worn out with fatigue, having travelled for more than forty-eight hours and by rough weather. Nothing but the greatest interest and respect was shown them on their way to Cannon-street station and further on. Then came the touching reception at the convent, when tears had to say everything in a language only too well understood by all the banished ones, and those who shared the banishment by their own wish (and several of them were Protestants). A few more Sisters have to come, and England will possess a community of Ursulines, who are the closest followers of their great patron Saint, St. Ursula, as they too left their country rather than give up their fidelity to God and their vows.

NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE COMPANY.

(FIRE AND MARINE.)

Capital £1,000,000. Established, 1859.
With Unlimited Liability of Shareholders.
Offices of Otago Branch:
HIGH STREET, DUNEDIN,
Opposite the Custom House and Railway Station,
With Sub-Offices in every Country Town throughout the Province:
FIRE INSURANCES
Are granted upon every description of Buildings, including Mills, Breweries, &c., Stock and Furniture; also, upon Hay and Corn Stacks, and all Farm Produce, at lowest current Rates.

SUB-AGENCIES.

Port Chalmers	William Elder
Green Island	William Gray
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West Taieri	David Grant
Baichutha	J. Macdonald & Co.
Lawrence	Herbert & Co.
Wakouaiti	W. C. Ancell
Palmerston	John Keen
Oamaru	George Sumpter
Kakanui	James Matheson
Otago	Henry Palmer
Naseby	J. & R. Bremner
Queenstown	T. F. Roskrige
Otepopo	Chas. Beckingsale
Cromwell	Chas. Colclough
St Bathans	Wm. McConnochie
Clinton	Cameron & Garden
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Riverton	Peter Grant
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This Company has prior claims upon the patronage of New Zealand Colonists, as it was the first Insurance Company established in New Zealand; and being a Local Institution, the whole of its funds are retained and invested in the Colony. The public, therefore, derive a positive benefit by supporting this Company in preference to Foreign Institutions.

GEORGE W. ELLIOT,
Agent for Otago.

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At Moderate Prices.

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MACLAGGAN STREET.

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THE TEMPLE OF FASHION.

By Appointment to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

F. BEISSERL
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S HAIR-DRESSER, WIGMAKER, AND PERFUMER,
PRINCES STREET.

The finest assortment of Hairwork of every description. Ornaments for day and evening wear. Perfumery (only of the best makers). Hair Jewellery made to order from your own hair.

The latest fashions by every mail.

For the growth of hair, Beissel's Cantharides Fluid.

Warm, Cold, and Shower Baths always ready, Price 1s.

MELVILLE HOTEL,
MAIN NORTH ROAD,
TIMARU.

M. MULLIN, PROPRIETOR.

Good accommodation for Boarders and Travellers. Wine, Beer, and Spirits of the best brands.



WONDER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

In these days of sham and false pretences, it is pleasing to meet with anything that is reliable, truthful, and worthy of confidence. The following testimonial, which is given by way of example of the very many to the same effect received by the proprietor of

GHOLLAH'S GREAT INDIAN CURES, speaks for itself and requires no comment. All who are suffering from Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatic Gout, or that dreadful malady **GOUT**, can get completely cured by these remarkably curative

INDIAN MEDICINES.

Nelson, July 24, 1877.

SIR,—I can speak with great thankfulness of your **INDIAN CURES**. I have been a great sufferer for some time, and tried Wizard Oil, Painkiller, and all sorts of remedies, all of which did me no good; but the **INDIAN CURES** have effected wonders with me. I only required three bottles.

Hoping this may induce others who are ailing to try your medicines,—I am, yours truly.

(Signed) Mrs Wm. GILL, Wakapuaka.

JOHN HISLOP,
(LATE A. BEVELY),
CHRONOMETER, WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,

Exactly opposite the Bank of Otago,
Princes-street.

Every description of Jewellery made to order. Ships' Chronometers Cleaned and Rated by Transit Observations.

N.B.—J. H. being a thorough Practical Watchmaker, all work entrusted to his care will receive his utmost attention.

WANTED KNOWN.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE.

Drain Pipes of all descriptions; Flower Pots, Vases, Chimney Pots, Butter Cocks, Flooring Tiles, Bricks, &c.

LAMBERT'S
North East Valley Works.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

Mr. M'GOLDRICK, (Late of the Exchange Hotel, Revell-street, Hokitika), begs to inform the public that he has purchased **BARRETT'S HOTEL**, Revell-street, opposite the Duke of Edinburgh Theatre, which he intends opening shortly, as soon as the necessary repairs have been effected, due notice of which will be given.

HOUSE OF CONFIDENCE.

CH. CHEYMOL,
WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,
AND
GENERAL FRENCH IMPORTER,
HUNTER-STREET,
WELLINGTON.

MATHEW HAY,

Late of Lawrence,
AUCTIONEER AND COMMISSION AGENT,
Stafford-street, opposite Provincial Hotel. Liberal advances made on Goods deposited for Sale. Account Sales Rendered Promptly. Bills Discounted.

FRANCIS MEENAN

Wholesale and Retail

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MERCHANT,

GEORGE-STREET.

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KEAST AND MCCARTHY,

BREWERS, ALE AND PORTER BOTTLERS.

THE EQUITABLE INVESTMENT COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND (LIMITED). BUILDING SOCIETY.

Capital ... £60,000
Subscribed Capital ... £30,000

DIRECTORS: The Hon. William Hunter Reynolds, J.P., M.H.R., Chairman; George Turnbull, Esq., J.P. (Messrs W. and G. Turnbull & Co.); James Robin, Esq.; Daniel Campbell, Esq.; Keith Ramsay, Esq., J.P.; James Hazlett, Esq., J.P. (of Messrs Mackerras and Hazlett); John Hislop, Esq., J.P.

MANAGER: William Parker Street (of Messrs Street and Morris).

AUDITORS: James Rattray, Esq., J.P. (of Messrs James Rattray & Co.); Thomas Sherlock Graham (Messrs Bing, Harris, & Co.).

The Directors are prepared to receive applications from intending members of the Building Society and they desire to draw the attention of both investing and borrowing members as well as depositors to the following important features of this Society:—

1. The security of a large, subscribed capital protects the members against loss, and ensures that the terms contained in the tables will be faithfully carried out.
2. The subscribed capital affords a complete guarantee to depositors.
3. Facilities to investors to withdraw on favourable terms.
4. Facilities to borrowers to make special arrangements.

Printed forms of application may be obtained at the Company's office. Debentures for deposits issued on favourable terms for such periods as may be agreed upon.

TO DEPOSITORS.

The Equitable Investment Company of New Zealand, Limited, is now ready to receive deposits, either at call or for a fixed period, on very favourable terms. Depositors will have the guarantee of a large subscribed capital. Interest receipts or debentures granted.

Company's Office: Liverpool-street (above the South British Fire and Marine Insurance Company).

WM. PARKER STREET, Manager.

THE EQUITABLE INVESTMENT COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND (LIMITED)

is now prepared to **MAKE ADVANCES** on Mortgage of Real Estate on such terms as may be agreed upon. Arrangements may be made for repayment by such monthly, quarterly, or yearly instalments, as may suit borrowers. Temporary Advances made also on the security of Bond Warrants, Bills of Lading, Share Certificates, Wool, and other personal Estate. Loans on Personal Security, with approved co-obligants, may also be effected at very moderate rates. Reversionary Interests purchased on favourable terms.

Apply at the Company's Office, Liverpool-street.

WM. PARKER STREET, Manager.

RUSSELL'S PRIVATE HOTEL,

CORNER OF

CUMBERLAND & FREDERICK STREETS

DUNEDIN.

Good Accommodation for Boarders.

The New Utopia.

(From the Irish Monthly.)

CHAPTER IV.—continued.

Of course I learnt my catechism, my mother taught me that; and she read me stories out of the Bible, in which I delighted: all about Jacob, and the patriarchs, and the flocks of sheep; it seemed just like our own life in the bush, and I fancied every bushman was an Edomite.

"Well, one day, as we were sitting down to supper, there came word that old Mike, the shepherd, was dying, and that Biddy, his wife, was at the door, and would not go till she had seen the master. My father got up and went to her. 'Oh, wirra, wirra, that I should see the day!' she said; 'there's Mike dyin', and askin for the priest, and sorra a priest is there within sixty miles, and him at Ballarat!'

"A priest, Biddy!" said my father; 'what good would he do your husband if he could see him? More to the purpose if he could see a doctor.'

"What good is it, your honor? Why he'd get the rites of the Church, the cratur, and not be dyin like a haythen or a Jew.'

"To make a long story short, Biddy so moved my father's kind heart that he sent off a man and horse to Ballarat to fetch a priest, and the priest came in time to give poor Mike all he wanted, so that he died like a Christian.

My father entertained the priest as a matter of course; and, when it was all over, Father Daly said he would like to ride the country round, and see if there were any others who might chance to want him. Well, it was wonderful the number he found who were, and would be, or ought to have been Catholics; for three days, as poor Biddy said, 'he was baptizin' and marryin' and buryin' people for the bare life,' and at the end of the third day he came to my father. 'Mr. Grant,' he said, 'I've a great favour to ask of you, which I'm sure, for these poor fellows' sake, you won't refuse.'

"Anything in reason," said my father 'what is it you wish for?'

"Why, a barn, or a store, or a place of some sort, where I can say Mass to-morrow morning."

"Well, a barn was found, and Father Daly was at work half the night knocking and hammering till he had got up what did for an altar. He had brought all he wanted with him; poor enough it all was; but next day he said Mass, and all the settlers within twenty miles, Catholics and Protestants, were present at it. For it was seldom enough they got a good word from priest or parson, and so, poor fellows, they cared for it when they got it; and get it they did. Just after the Gospel Father Daly turned round and addressed us. It was simple enough, nothing eloquent, nothing of fine preaching: just a few plain words, telling us that what we had got to do in the world was to serve God and save our souls—not to enjoy ourselves or make a lot of money, but to keep out of sin, and serve God, and get to heaven—very plain doctrine, indeed, Miss Aubrey, and spoken in a strong Irish brogue, very different from your friend Mr. Edward's genteel voice, that sounds for all the world like the flute-stop of an organ; and I'm half-afraid to tell you that Father Daly was a short, thick-set man, with a face for all the world like a potato. But that is what he told us, and, my word, but it went home to the fellows' hearts; and as to my father, he laid his head on his arm, and sobbed like a baby.

After Mass was over he went to him; I don't know how it all came about, but Father Daly stayed two days longer, and they had some longish talks together; and a week or two later my father went down to Brisbane, and when he came back he told us he was a Catholic.

"We soon saw the change, though it did not come all at once. As brave and true, and just as ever, but the pride was gone—and after a bit he got a priest, a Spanish Benedictine, to come and settle at Glenleven, as our place was called. He took charge of my education, and rode about looking up the settlers, and every morning when he was with us, I served his Mass. Well, I've seen some of your fine churches, and they get up all that sort of thing now in tremendous style, but St. Peter's itself would never be to me what that little wooden barn was, which we called our chapel. The Mass, the daily Mass in the wilderness there, with a dozen or so of rough shepherds and cattle drivers only, kneeling there in the early morning, all so still, so humble—I tell you it was the cave of Bethlehem!

"Father Jerome did a great work among the settlers. Gradually they got to love and trust him, and he did what he liked among them. Many of them till then had lived like dogs, and he and my father just made men of them. It can be done, sir," said Grant, looking fixedly at me, "and there is only one way of doing it. It was not law that made the change at Glenleven, but two men with loving hearts, who lived in the fear of God and spent themselves for their brethren.

"When I was nineteen, my dear mother died, and my father was obliged to revisit Europe. There was some bother about the Irish estates—well, it don't matter; he came back to Europe and brought me with him; he did not care to stay in England, so we just passed through, and crossed by Holyhead, and the three months, which were all we stayed, were mostly spent in the county Mayo. Before we sailed again, we came up to Dublin, and a thing happened to me there which I shall carry in memory to my grave.

"There was a lad about my own age, young Harry Gibson, whom my father had agreed to take out with him, and let him learn sheep-farming. It was a Sunday afternoon, and we two were coming home after a longish walk, when we passed a little chapel, the door of which was open. 'Come in here,' said Harry, 'and maybe you'll see the strangest sight in Dublin.' We entered—an ugly little place enough, with an aisle divided off the Church by iron bars, behind which some old women were kneeling. They were not nuns, but as I afterwards heard, single ladies who lived here by way of a home, in St. Joseph's Retreat as it was called.

"We knelt down and said our prayers, and I was wondering what Harry had brought me there to see, when there came in from the little sacristy a figure such as I had never seen before—such as in this world I shall never see again. How shall I describe him? An old man, stooping and bent, in extreme old age, in his black priest's cassock, so worn it was and threadbare; but his face, his eyes—all that was human was gone out of them,—the flesh, the body and the pride of life all gone, destroyed, obliterated. Nothing left but the stamp of an unutterable meekness. He walked feebly up to the altar and knelt there, such a worship in the bend of his head; and after a little he rose and returned to the sacristy, and as he passed us, those meek eyes fell on me and penetrated me to the heart.

"I was still full of the thought of it all, when the sacristy door opened again, and a little serving boy came up to me, and whispered that 'the Father wanted to speak to me.' I went in wonder, and there he sat, in an old broken arm-chair, with a little kneeling-place beside him, to which he motioned me. I could not have resisted him if it had been to save my life, so I knelt and waited till he should speak."

"My child," he said, 'do you want to save your soul?'

"I do indeed, Father."

"Well then, you'll mind my words, will you?" I bowed my head, for my heart was beating so I could not speak.

"You must promise me three things: that you'll never miss hearing Mass on Sundays, if you're within twelve miles of it; that you'll never drink a drop of spirits—and here now, that you'll guard your eyes," and as he said it, he put his hand over my eyes, so, and as I felt the touch of those thin, wasted fingers, I knew it was the touch of a saint. 'Do you promise, my boy?'

"I do indeed," I said; 'I promise you all three things.'

"Well then, if you do," he said, 'I'll promise you something'—and he spoke slow and distinct,—'I promise you, you'll save your soul. And one thing more I have to say to you, and don't forget my words: If riches increase set not your heart on them; and mind this word, too: We must lay down our lives for the brethren.' He laid his hand on my head and blessed me, and somehow or other I got back to my place. Harry took my arm, and we left the chapel.

"Who is he?" was all I could say.

"A saint," was his reply, 'if there ever was one on this earth; that was Father Henry Young.'

"I had never before heard of that extraordinary man, but Harry told me many marvellous things about him; how, at eighty years of age he lived on bread and vegetables, never slept on a softer bed than a bare board, and how, penniless as he was, as to private means, thousands passed through his hands, the alms, entrusted to him, and administered with inconceivable labour. The look and the words of such a man were not easily forgotten; and so you see," continued Grant, laughing, "you see how it is that I became a water-drinker, and why, come what will, I must go to Bradford to-morrow."

"And I see how it is," thought I to myself, "that Grant's eyes are not precisely like the eyes of other men." But I said nothing.

"Is that all?" said Mary.

"Very nearly," replied Grant. "We went back to Australia, and began the sheep-farming again. As I grew older, I often went down to Brisbane and Sydney to do business for my father, and many's the time I thanked Father Young for his three warnings. My father, meanwhile, was growing a prosperous man, and people said he was saving money. But then came the gold fever, and drew all our hands away; his health, too, began to break; and four years after our return from Ireland it was all over. A day or two before the end something seemed to trouble him. 'Willie,' he said, 'I don't care to live for anything else, but I wish the debts had been paid.' Now, you must know that, when he first left England there had been debts, not his own, but his father's; a good deal had been paid, and for what remained they made a composition with their creditors. But the dream of my fathers' life had been to pay them all back in full, and not till he had done that, he used to say, could he feel himself a free man.

"How much is there at Sydney?" I asked.

"£70,000."

"I started. I had no notion he had laid by so much. 'And the debts?'

"Well, they're over £60,000; if you paid them out of that, there wouldn't be much left for you, my boy."

"But, then, the land?"

"Worth nothing now, with every fellow that can do a day's work off to the diggings."

"Well it don't matter, father," I said, 'the debts shall be paid; so set your mind at ease about that. It shall never be said that you left the money and it didn't do the thing you wished.'

"I think I still see the smile on his face, as he squeezed my hand and whispered, 'Thank you.'

"So I left Harry to do what he could at Glenleven, and as soon as I could put things straight, and get the money together, I brought it to England. The debts are all paid off, thank God, and they leave me about £4,000 to start with. You see," he added, laughing, "I am not in a way to stand much in need of Father Young's last warning."

"Really, Mr. Grant, it's a most beautiful story," said my mother, "and quite a lesson."

HISTORICAL! *The "Jurors Reports and Awards, New Zealand Exhibition."* Jurors: J. E. Ewen, J. Butterworth, T. G. Skinner. "So far as the Colony is concerned, the dyeing of materials is almost entirely confined to the re-dyeing of Articles of Dress and Upholstery, a most useful art, for there are many kinds of material that lose their colour before the texture is half worn. G. HIRSCH, of Dunedin (DUNEDIN DYE WORKS, George-street, opposite Royal George Hotel) exhibits a case of specimens of Dyed Wools, Silks, and Feathers, and dyed Sheepskins. The colors on the whole are very fair, and reflect considerable credit on the Exhibitor, to whom the Jurors recommended an Honorary Certificate should be awarded. Honorary Certificate, 29: Gustav Hirsch, Dunedin, for specimens, of Dyeing in Silk, Feathers, &c.

RAILWAY HOTEL, MOSGIEL.

WM. KNOTT, PROPRIETOR.

The above Hotel has been newly erected near the Railway Station. Visitors will find it replete with every modern convenience and comfort.

N.B.—Good stabling and careful grooms.
One of Alcock's Prize Billiard Tables.

LANE, CAMPBELL, AND CO., Successors to REEVES AND CO.,

Manufacturers of
British Wines, Cordials, Bitters, Liqueurs,
Aerated, and Mineral Waters, &c.

Importers of Machinery and Cordial Makers' Goods of every description.

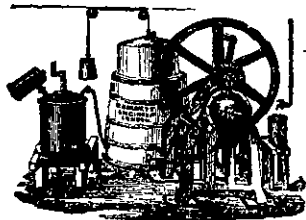
L., C., & Co., in soliciting a continuance of the large amount of support accorded to their predecessors, Messrs. Reeves and Co., whose various Manufactures are so favorably known throughout New Zealand, beg to assure their customers that no effort will be spared to still further increase the quality of their various manufactures.

Always in Stock and for Sale, in bulk or case, matured

Ginger Wine	Quinine Champagne
Ginger Brandy	Peppermint Cordial
Raspberry Vinegar	Clove Cordial
Orange Bitters	Tonic Orange Wine
Duke's Bitters	Curacao
Gooseberry Wine	Maraschino
Sarsaparella, &c., &c.	

STORE AND MANUFACTORY,
MACLAGGAN-STREET, DUNEDIN.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF THE PATENT STOPPERED AERATED WATERS.



THOMSON AND CO.,

Steam rated Waters and Cordial Manufacturers,
POLICE AND CRAWFORD STREETS, DUNEDIN.
AND
CHELMER-STREET, OAMARU.

Importers of Soda Water Machinery and Cordial
Maker's Goods of every description.

There has been forwarded to us for inspection the result of the analysis by Professor Black of a variety of Beverages procured from the establishment of Messrs. Thomson and Co., Aerated Water and Cordial Manufacturers, Stafford-street, by Mr. Lumb, Inspector under the Adulteration of Food Act, 1866. Of the medicinal and other Beverages analysed, amongst which were samples of Quinine, Champagne, Soda Water, and Lemonade, Cordials, and Bitters, Professor Black speaks very highly. "There are none," he says, "that contain anything likely to be injurious to health. All are of excellent quality."—"Otago Guardian," December 4, 1874.

MORNINGTON HOTEL

MORNINGTON,

DUNEDIN.

FRANCIS MCCLUSKEY ... PROPRIETOR,
Wishes to intimate to his many friends and the general public that he has purchased the above hotel. Having just completed extensive improvements, he is now in a position to offer first-class accommodation. None but the best liquors kept. Good stabling and Paddock accommodation. Charges moderate.

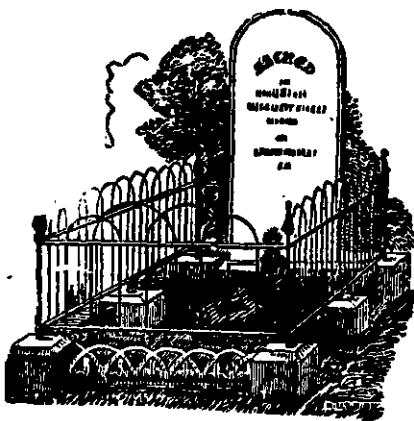
UNIVERSAL HOTEL, MacLaggan-street, Dunedin.

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First-class Accommodation for Boarders.

The Finest Brands in Spirits, Wines, &c.

Refreshments always ready.



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GEORGE-STREET, DUNEDIN,

BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.

Importers of Marble and Slate Mantel-pieces.

Arbroath, Castlemaine, and Malmesbury

Flagging.

Marble, Granite, and Oamaru Stone
Monuments.

A large supply of Building Materials always
on hand.

Estimates given, and communications punctually attended to. Designs sent to all parts of the colony on application.
Minton's Paving.

NEW CLOVERS.

We have just received

Ex Hooghly—A quantity of new Clovers, of different sorts, fresh, and guaranteed.

Ex Otago—We have received a few of Mitchell's Grain and Grass Seed Sowing Machines, with and without Turnip Seed Sowing Gear. It is a well-known fact that the saving in labour and seed by using these machines soon recompenses the owners for the outlay. They have been in use on Greenfield, and several other Estates and Farms, where they give every satisfaction.

Ex Janet Court—Double Furrow Ploughs—We have for sale a few of these made by Messrs. Murray and Co., of Banff, at prices ranging from £12 10s to £17. Messrs. Murray and Co. hold a First Prize from the Royal Agricultural Society for Double Furrow Ploughs of their manufacture. We are instructed to sell, and an excellent article can now be procured at a low price.

We have also on sale—

Fencing Wire, Nos. 6 to 10. Corn Sacks, full and light weights, and Woolpacks.

Grass Seeds.

Extras for Pirie's Double Furrow Ploughs.

NIMMO AND BLAIR,

(Successors to the late Mr. G. F. Reid),

Agents for Nicholson's Reapers.

Customs, Shipping, Forwarding, and General
Commission Agents.

Stafford-street, Dunedin.

W AIMEA BREWERY, STAFFORD.

MESSRS M. HOULAHAN & CO.,

ALE AND PORTER BREWERS AND BOTTLERS,
Ginger Beer, Lemonade, and Cordial

Manufacturers,

Having made extensive alterations in their Brewery at Stafford beg to call the attention of the public to the Superior Quality of their PRIZE ALES AND PORTER, which is recognised by connoisseurs to be the best in New Zealand.

Orders left at their Depot, Kumara, and at the Brewery, Stafford, will be punctually attended to.

NEW BREWERY,

FITZHERBERT-STREET, HOKITIKA.

MANDL AND STENNARD

Country orders attended to with care, and supplies forwarded to all parts with every possible speed.

Every cask branded,

MANDL AND STENNARD

NOTICE.

ROBERT GREIG,

CARPENTER AND JOINER,

DUNCAN AND ARTHUR STREETS, DUNEDIN.

Jobbing work done in all its branches.

Estimates given.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL MOSGIEL.

SAMUEL O'KANE, PROPRIETOR,

Wishes to intimate to his Friends and the Public, that he has purchased the above Hotel, and having made considerable alterations and improvements, he is now in a position to offer first-class accommodation. Good stabling with paddock accommodation. One of Alcock's Prize Medal Billiard Tables.

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GOURLEY AND LEWIS, UNDERTAKERS,

GEORGE AND MACLAGGAN-STREETS.

Funerals attended to and supplied at most reasonable prices.

Undertakers to the General and Provincial Governments.



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

THE GREATEST

WONDER OF MODERN TIMES.

Long experience has proved these famous remedies to be most effectual in curing either the dangerous maladies or the slighter complaints which are more particularly incidental to the life of a miner, or to those living in the bush.

Occasional doses of these Pills will guard the system against those evils which so often beset the human race, viz.:—coughs, colds, and all disorders of the liver and stomach—the frequent forerunners of fever, dysentery, diarrhoea, and cholera.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Is the most effectual remedy for old sores, wounds, ulcers, rheumatism, and all skin disease: in fact, when used according to the printed directions, it never fails to cure alike deep and superficial ailments.

These Medicines may be obtained from all respectable Druggists and Storekeepers throughout the civilised world, with directions for use in almost every language.

They are prepared only by the Proprietor Thomas Holloway, 533 Oxford-street, London.

* Beware of counterfeits that emanate from the United States.

Poet's Corner.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Have you the Christian's faith, the Christian's joy,
Hopes set on heaven?
Are you amongst the chosen few on earth
Who the world leaven?

In you, not sown in vain, hath quick'ning grace
The tempter foiled—
The bright baptismal innocence regained—
The heart unsoiled?

Have the commandments been to you the law
Of daily life,
Within the quiet home and midst the rush
Of busy strife?

Are you at peace with all men, even those
Who do you ill?
Can you when passion prompts and rage inspires
Control your will?

At His tribunal have you sought the Lord
Nor sought in vain;
Gaining the hallowed peace He gives us there
Through shame and pain?

When the sweet words of mercy whispered low
Have brought you rest;
Weary and heavy laden though you were—
By Jesus blest,

At His own altar have you often knelt,
Himself received—
Discerned through veils of sense th' eternal truth,
Firmly believed?

Children of God! for you the solemn joy
Of Christmas morn—
To you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord
This day is born!

Dunedin, December, 1877.

VARIOUS NOTES.

As the subjects so lucidly treated by Father Hennebery are of the utmost importance to Catholics, it would be well if, in the event of his giving a mission in Dunedin, a reporter was engaged to report his various sermons *verbatim*. Published in pamphlet or book form they would prove of immense value to our scattered population.

This reminds me of the necessity there is for the means of diffusing Catholic literature among the people. We frequently find Catholic families possessing a good general library without a religious work in it of any kind. This does not always arise from carelessness or indifference in the matter, so much as from the difficulty experienced in providing them. Another difficulty often experienced by the uninitiated is that he frequently finds works with Catholic titles; but on reading a few pages he discovers that the Catholicity of these works is opposed to the teachings of the Catholic Church. I cannot now recall the names of these, but have met with many which were it not for a reference to the title page I should have taken at a cursory glance to be truly Catholic. Few Catholics need be told that works emanating from the Religious Tract Society are not fit to be read by them. The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge is another branch of the same tree, although they sometimes issue valuable works of a secular nature, but their religious and historical works must be "Unseen, unknown, or we may rue it." On the other hand, works issued by Duffy, at Dublin and London, are perfectly reliable; so also are those issued by the Sadliers, New York. Burns Oates and Co., London, are the publishers of many Catholic works; but I do not think their publishing is confined chiefly to Catholic works. I have referred to this more for the purpose of drawing attention to it than of elucidating it myself. Perhaps other contributors possessing a more minute knowledge of the subject could throw further light on it.

Private letters from Kerry state that the Great Dominican, Father Burke, will be proposed for the Bishopric. Father O'Donoghue's name is also spoken of. The candidate of all others most likely to be appointed is Archdeacon Higgins, of Kenmare.

It is now pretty well known that the Parliamentary Session about closing has been the longest yet in New Zealand. This fact is authenticated by an extra honorarium of £200. Truly, "Tis something now to be a member." If Sir George Grey reduces the salary of ministers, he seems quite prepared to have the gain lost to the country. One would think that instead of increasing the salary of members, they would reduce it to a minimum, and thus prevent as far as possible that system of abuse so prevalent in our Assembly during the past few years, and which has done so much to lower its status. Since the Abolition, the Assembly has been every year, like Paddy Blake's School, growing worse. At any rate, I will endeavour to get a constituency at the next election. It is *par excellence* the most paying game I know of. Only fancy, £500 a year, and a good loafer nearly kept at the country's expense at Bellamy's.

CELT.

Wellington, December 10th, 1867.

KUMARA.

THE magical effect of gold was never more truly verified than in the history of this town—or rather borough. Less than two years ago this place was a dense forest of ratta and birch, knitted and matted together with "lawyers" and "supplejacks," with one solitary hostelry for the convenience of passengers *en route* for Hokitika and Greymouth. It is situated about half-way between those two towns, on the terrace overlooking the western bank of the Teremakan. Its area, at a rough calculation, may be estimated—if we include Dillman's, Larrikins', and other leads in the suburbs—at about four square miles; its population may be reckoned at about five thousand; it boasts of fifty-two public-houses, the most of them substantially built, and comfortably if not luxuriously, furnished, besides eleven wholesale and bottle licenses. The external comforts are administered by twelve drapers, and the inward man is catered for by six bakers, as many butchers, and three or four chemists. Life and property are zealously guarded by six constables and detective sergeant Brown (whose name is a terror to evil-doers on the West Coast), under the charge of Inspector O'Donnell, who is universally respected, not only for his ability as a police officer, but for his bland unassuming manners.

The Municipal Council is presided over by R. J. Seddon, Esq., Mayor, whose interests have been identified with that of the district for some years.

There are four places of public worship—Catholic (first built), Wesleyan, Presbyterian, and last of all the Church of England. Our church is also used as a school for the present.

The Government are building, as so well they can with the public money, a splendid structure for school purposes, and have also built a neat picturesque cottage for the head teacher.

The poor Catholics will have tough work to contend against the "Central Board" who have amassed a large fund through the increase in value of their "reserve" since the rush, and the "Board" is determined to have the proper quantity and quality of teaching power, with all the material requisites for a well organised school.

But you must not think that I despair of the Catholic school being able to stand against all opposition here. No. I have too much faith in the generosity of my countrymen, and the zeal of our worthy Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Redwood, who is respected and admired for his talents and virtues all over the Diocese; but in no part is he more warmly loved than in Kumara. As a proof this, when he was here about twelve months ago, the people promised him that if he were here on St. Patrick's Day, they would have a church built and ready to be consecrated by him. They both kept their word. His lordship arrived punctually, and expressed his surprise to see so large and substantial a building erected and fit for the celebration of the divine mysteries in so short a time, and could not help adding his testimony to the zeal—the well-known zeal of the sons of St. Patrick—for the pure old faith. A presbytery has been also built, and two sections of land bought adjoining the church.

The Rev. Father McCaughey presides over the spiritual interests of this large district, which extends south of Jackson's Bay to the Greenstone—a distance of between two hundred and fifty and three hundred miles. The people of Kumara are about petitioning Dr. Redwood to have a resident priest among them, as the population of the place is more than all the district together. I hope his lordship will soon be able to comply with their wishes.

We have also here one of the most flourishing branches of the Hibernian Australasian Catholic Benefit Society in New Zealand—that is, financially speaking. The funds to our credit although in existence a very short time amount to something very little short of £100; and I cannot understand why we are not getting a greater accession of numbers to our ranks.

It has been a matter of astonishment to a great many that the Rev. Charles Clarke has been allowed to travel the world lecturing on Oliver Cromwell, whom he represents to be one of the bravest and most tender-hearted men that ever lived, without being challenged by some son of that race that he and the Puritans attempted to exterminate.

Mr. J. J. Crofts (late teacher of the Kumara Catholic School) has at last confronted him, and is to lecture in reply to the Rev. Charles on the "Murderer of the Women and Children of Drogheda and Wexford," next Friday evening, the 14th inst. I trust he will have a bumper house on the occasion. I understand, with the exception of one or two, of the "*Laissez faire genre*" all the Irishmen and women of the district have expressed their determination to attend.

In my next I shall give you an account of the lecture, with a *résumé* of the resources of trade and prospects of the West Coast generally and Kumara particularly. I was nearly forgetting to mention one other of our institutions, without which of course our civilization would not be perfect—I mean the newspaper. We have the *Kumara Times*, which, on the whole, is very well conducted for a country paper. There is an occasional contributor to it who writes under the *nom de plume* of "Frank Truman." Frank tries to be witty; but his wit is of such a depth that ordinary readers have failed to see the bottom of it. Among that class is

A STRAIGHT TIP.

December 6th, 1877.

SIR PATRICK MACCHOMBAICK DE COLQUHOUN, LL.D., a well-known scholar and familiar with Eastern affairs, writes to the *Times* that Osman Pasha, the Turkish commander at Plevna, is a native of Armassia, Asia Minor, and was born in 1832. He was educated in the military school at Constantinople, and has never been in Europe, except in European Turkey. He is tall, of spare figure, somewhat delicate in health, active and intelligent, and attentive to his duties. He inquires personally into every detail of his army and its tactics, directing the mode in which they are to be executed. He possesses urbane and agreeable manners, and is a favourite with his friends and intimate acquaintances.

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Key of Heaven, morocco, richly gilt, 9s., post free, 9s. 6d.

Butler's Lives of the Saints, 12 vols., half-calf, gilt lettered, £3.

Story of Ireland, by A. M. Sullivan, illustrated, cloth, gilt side and back, 7s. 6d., post free, 8s. 6d.

Story of Ireland, cloth, gilt lettered, 4s. 6d., post free, 5s. 6d.

History of Ireland, by John Mitchell, 2 vols., cloth gilt lettered, 7s. 6d., post free, 9s. 6d.

Speeches from the Dock, cloth, gilt lettered, 3s., post free, 3s. 8d.

Speeches from the Dock, stiff cover, 1s. 6d., post free, 2s.

Agent for London *Lamp* magazine, *N.Z. Tablet*, and all Dunedin newspapers.

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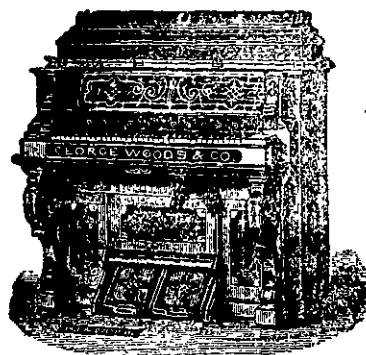
The good taste, style, and variety always displayed in their MILLINERY, has won for it a very high reputation, which Ladies will find on inspection to be fully sustained this season.

H. & B. B. would take this opportunity of thanking the Lady readers of the TABLET for the very hearty support they have always accorded them, and hope that this season, as in seasons past, to find them among their liberal supporters.

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DOMINICAN CONVENT SCHOOLS, DUNEDIN.

ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL.

THIS school broke up for the Christmas holidays on Wednesday, the 12th inst., in the presence of His Lordship the Bishop, the Rev. Father O'Leary, and the Christian Brothers. Several selections of instrumental and vocal music were performed on the occasion, which, as well as the recitations given, were, by the excellent manner in which they were rendered, quite in keeping with the high character of the establishment, and certified to the careful teaching of the worthy Dominican Sisters. The entertainment terminated with a short play entitled "My Aunt's Heiress," which was carried through with spirit and success by the young ladies who took part in it.

CONVENT HIGH SCHOOL.

The annual concert and distribution of prizes took place in this establishment on Wednesday, the 19th inst. His Lordship the Bishop of the Diocese presided, and there were present the Rev. Father O'Leary, and several ladies, the relatives and friends of the pupils. The following programme was gone through with:—Juvenile Duet, Eight performers; Chronological Bee, Polish Anthem, on Count de Zaba's method; Pianoforte Duet, "overture to 'Nozze di Figaro,'" (eight performers); French Recitation, "Les Adieux de Marie Stuart"; Duet (harp and piano), "chorus from 'Masaniello'"; Juvenile Solo, "The Goat Bells," (four performers); Italian Recitation, "La Rondinella"; Pianoforte Solo, "Heather Bells," (four performers); Vocal Chorus, "Christmas"; Grand "Duo de Concert," "Belisario"; German Recitation, "Der Ring des Polykrates"; Duetto (piano and violin), "Son Geloso del Zefiro"; Pianoforte Solo, "The Wearing of the Green"; Vocal Duet, "Ring on, Sweet, Angelus"; Pianoforte Duet, "Wedding March," (eight performers); A B C Duet; Pianoforte Solo, "Robert, toi que j'aime"; Vocal Quartette and Chorus, "Irlanda"; Pianoforte Trio, "overture to 'Der Freyschutz,'" (three pianos). Of the various items on this programme the "Polish Anthem," obtained from Count de Zaba, and sung in chorus by the young ladies, was one of the most remarkable. It is extremely sweet and plaintive, and was given with much expression by the songstresses to whom it was committed. The Chronological System, likewise of the Count, was exemplified in a manner that at once proved its efficacy. The pupils answered the most difficult questions proposed to them with a readiness and precision that were astonishing. Of the other musical selections all were given with much excellence, allowance being made for the age and educational standing of the performers, and it is exceedingly difficult to pitch upon any as of superior merit; but the pianoforte solo, "The Wearing of the Green," was most charmingly played by a young lady, who, in addition to masterly teaching, has been endowed by nature with an exquisite touch, and who is certainly destined, if she persevere in her studies, to become one of the leading pianists of the colony. Of the concerted pieces "The Wedding March" pleased us most, but this was as a mere matter of taste, for all were admirably rendered, the exactness of the time kept being remarkable. The custom, indeed, of teaching so many little ones—for some of the performers were tiny damsels who stood up to reach the notes—to play together is a capital method of training them to become versed in the all-important matter of Time. We have purposely abstained from commenting upon the solo "Robert, toi que j'aime," since it was performed by an extern pupil, but it was a moreau so rendered that it might rather have been heard in some public assembly than in a private school-room. The recitations were also admirably delivered—that in German particularly being worthy of a much closer neighbourhood to the Rhine than Dunedin. On the whole the good Nuns may well be congratulated on the successful termination of their year of labour, and, as we know that the more essential matters connected with the education of the young are even more carefully attended to by these excellent teachers, than the brilliant accomplishments which they are so competent to impart, we feel that the community in general may also congratulate themselves on having in their midst these high class schools.

When the Bishop had concluded the presentation of the prizes, His Lordship crowned the young lady pronounced by the votes of her schoolmates worthy of the premium for good conduct.

CARDINAL MANNING ON THE FAITH OF IRELAND.

In his eloquent sermon at the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of St. Patrick's Church, Liverpool, his Eminence Cardinal Manning said:—"Perhaps some one would ask, 'Why should we keep the jubilee of St. Patrick's Church?' Is there anything strange or singular in a church fifty years old? They who know the undying life of the Catholic Church know that there is nothing strange in a Catholic altar or a Catholic church living for fifty years. Nevertheless, there are reasons distinct and strong why we should pray and celebrate with great rejoicing the Jubilee of St. Patrick, in Liverpool. It was opened and dedicated fifty years ago—years when the penal laws were even then on the statute books of England. There were then laws against the Catholic Church and faith still in vigour, and the remnants of the most refined and cruel legislation the world has ever seen, save only Ireland. That supplied one reason which never can return. It is also the first jubilee since the cancelling and blotting out from the statute books of the laws of our country of those laws against the holy faith of Jesus Christ. Now we have liberty spreading on every side. Twenty-five years ago the Church in England, which till then had no hierarchy, no diocesan, no internal jurisdiction, no apostolic authority, received once more that full and perfect order of the Church, with all the plenitude of apostolic authority which Jesus gave to Peter, and which passed from Peter to the Apostles, whose successors our Bishops are. Ireland has never lost her faith. She has never wavered or faltered through all manner of persecutions. With the Divine assistance, coming from the Holy Ghost, the people of Ireland have remained faithful to Jesus, their Lord, and to his Vicar on earth in His world-wide Church. St. Patrick's is an inheritance which has never been cut off, and though he was no prophet, he

made bold to say he never would be. For his inheritance is not seen in Ireland alone, but through the world-wide Church of God. In the great new world of Australia, on the continent of America, and scattered through the East, the sons of St. Patrick, pastor and priest, spring from his ordination, spread the word of God, and gather souls into salvation. There is no family or progeny in all the Church of God so great as that which springs from St. Patrick. That one sole apostle of the nation has at this day an inheritance in the Catholic Church which is not exceeded, nay, he would say, equalled by any other apostle of the nations. St. Augustine was indeed the apostle of England, but where is the inheritance of the first Archbishop of Canterbury? Patrick, the first archbishop and primate of Ireland, has his inheritance in full and undiminished, multiplied and expanded throughout the world at this hour. In the great Council of the Vatican, when the Catholic Church met together by representative, there was no one saint or apostle, save only those saints or apostles who had laid the Church in the beginning, who had in that august council, that synod of the intellect of the Church, so many mitred sons as the Apostle of Ireland. This is the reward which God, in His generosity, gave to them who served Him in the law of liberty. The names inscribed on the walls of the Church showed that the children of St. Patrick would never forget, living or dying, the priesthood. Here, around him, he could see the names of those who laid down their lives by the fever-stricken bed, and went like soldiers of Jesus Christ to fill up the vacant gap. There is no people throughout the world so united to their pastors, so ready to be the helper, the friend, the brother, even the defender of the priest, as is the Irishman. He would say to them: Pray God to make them understand the law of liberty. He would not say be faithful to the creed which St. Patrick gave, for where is the Irishman who is unfaithful? Even while he is acting contrary to the law of God, and giving scandal to himself and neighbour, he holds his faith as the most precious of all inheritances. There was no apostle of the nations whose life was more marked by penitential exercises than St. Patrick. He denied himself in order that he might be a true servant of Jesus Christ. Therefore, for the glory and sake of God and His blessed Mother, and for the honour and glory of St. Patrick, practise your religion, and let the world see by the light of your lives, and by the generosity of your actions, that you are a true descendant of the great apostle. For by our hearts we shall be judged by our Divine Master when we stand before Him."

CATHOLIC NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

In the Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, as we learn from the *Western Catholic*, the Very Rev. Dr. McCullen, Vicar-General of the Diocese, delivered a practical and forcible discourse to parents on the duty of providing religious instruction and reading for their children. The speaker stated that many Catholics seemed to think that their whole duty to their children was performed when the children received First Communion. This was a grievous, a most dangerous error. That is but the beginning,—not the end. The reverend speaker said he had recently met several young girls on the streets with books under their arms. Upon inquiry, he learned from them that they were returning from the public library, with novels. He looked at some of the books and found them to be translations of French trash—corruption. Thus, these young minds were being corrupted, or, at best, weakened, by the negligence of their Catholic parents. These children should be sent regularly to Sunday school. Then their parents should subscribe for Catholic papers. They should economise in other directions, and place at least a few Catholic books on their shelves for the edification and instruction of the children whom God had intrusted to their guardianship, and for whose direction in the way of salvation God would hold them responsible. He did not wish to be impracticable, nor to be understood as suggesting that young, immature minds should be "crammed" with works of a character which children could not appreciate. It was necessary, in feeding the mind as well as the body, to be governed by the laws of reason, and to take into consideration its strength. Children, it is true, need light, entertaining, amusing literature. But this can be furnished to them free from silly sentimentalism or dangerous morality. As they grow older, the Catholic newspapers and magazines should be procured for them. Thus, their minds would be guarded against imbecile sentimentalism and moral corruption. When so advanced that their judgments may be trusted, many historical references and other books can be procured by them in the public library, which is, doubtless, of great service to those of fixed morals and sound judgment who know how to distinguish between tares and wheat, but which is a curse and a source of corruption to unguided, inexperienced children who are permitted to form their own mental and moral character on the basis of the amazingly large proportion of worthless and corrupting novels which can be found on its shelves. The reverend speaker concluded by appealing in most forcible and touching language to parents to take precautions which would keep their bright little boys from becoming street loafers, and their young girls from growing up in the false and impure air breathed from novels, whose only variation was from silliness to false morality. He called attention to the alarming number of Catholic children who were growing up not only in ignorance of faith and Christian morality, but also of that practical wisdom which can come only from the proper direction of the young mind.

The sermon of the Vicar was a timely one, and was listened to with profound attention. It is to be hoped that parents will be guided by its sound advice, and that they will begin to support the Catholic journals and magazines of the country. Catholics are too willing to criticise newspapers and periodicals which their meagre support keeps in a starving condition. If instead of buying the *Harpers* and kindred literature, they supported liberally the organs of their own faith, and lifted them into a position of security, if not of profit, they would find in them more of the enterprise which they now demand, but for which they do not think of paying.

M. Thiers has left to the French nation all his collections, all his historical materials, and the house which he had partly rebuilt with funds voted to him by the National Assembly after the overthrow of the Commune.

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THROUGH THE COLUMNS
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RIBBONS.—A most Extensive Assortment in all the required Widths and Colorings, Sash Ribbons, Fail Ribbons, Corded Ribbons, Armure Ribbons, Matellase Ribbons, Edged Ribbons, Brocade Ribbons, Satin Ribbons, Nette Ribbons.

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NOTICE.

WE desire to remind our Subscribers that the most effectual aid they can afford us, in our endeavour to promote the interests of the Catholic cause, is to forward their subscriptions punctually. All persons in arrears are respectfully requested to communicate with us at their earliest convenience. Post-office orders or cheques may be made payable to Mr. JOHN F. PERBIN, Secretary of the N. Z. TABLET Company.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO TABLET FOR WEEK ENDING DEC. 21

	£	s.	d.
Mr. McGuinness, Alexandra, to October 24, 1877	-	-	1 17 6
" Slavin, Alexandra, to April 1, 1878	-	-	2 0 0
" O'Donnell, Bendigo, to October 10, 1877	-	-	0 12 6
" M'Eligott, Tinkers, to January 31, 1877	-	-	2 0 0
" G. McS. Gentleman, Temuka, to February 11, 1878	-	-	0 12 6
" L. Moore, Temuka, to May 10, 1878	-	-	0 12 6
" Elz, Ashburton, to November 17, 1877	-	-	0 6 6
" Prendergast, Hyde, to November 29, 1877	-	-	0 12 6
" J. Scanlan, Timaru, to February 4, 1878	-	-	0 12 6
" O'Neil, Naseby, to December 29, 1877	-	-	1 5 0
" Connolly, Ashburton, to February 4, 1878	-	-	1 5 0
" Doherty, Ashburton, to October 13, 1878	-	-	1 5 0
" Nee, Waltham, to November 17, 1877	-	-	0 6 6
" R. Sullivan, Waimate, to February 4, 1878	-	-	0 12 6
" P. Fitzgerald, Oamaru, to February 11, 1878	-	-	0 12 6
" Shannon, Oamaru, to October 26, 1877	-	-	0 6 6
" Hickey, Nelson, to December 14, 1878	-	-	1 5 0
" J. Ryan, Christchurch, to November 17, 1877	-	-	0 6 6
" P. Mullin, Oamaru, to February 4, 1878	-	-	0 12 6
" Connolly, Waltham, to December 8, 1877	-	-	0 8 0
" J. Griffin, Kanieri, to June 4, 1878	-	-	0 12 6
" Curnin, Wellington, to January 3, 1879	-	-	1 9 6
" McCarthy, Oamaru, to February 4, 1878	-	-	0 12 6

The New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1877.

THE NEW EDUCATION ACT.



IN the first of January next, this Act will come into force; and in a few weeks meetings will be held for the election of School Committees. The old system of election hitherto in force in Otago, with very little change, becomes under the new law obligatory throughout New Zealand. The householders of school districts will be summoned to meet at a given place, and on a certain day, to elect there and then by show of hands or by ballot the members of the respective committees. It will be, however, in the power of any householder present to demand the issue of voting papers to all householders present, each of whom may then give, if so disposed, seven votes to one candidate, or one vote each to seven candidates, or divide his votes to the number of seven in any way he pleases. This principle of cumulative voting was admitted into the Act with a view of securing a representation of minorities. But the machinery for its exercise is such as must render it altogether nugatory. It is only such as may happen to be present at the public meetings that can avail themselves of this principle. Whereas, to be practically of any advantage, arrangements should have been made whereby all the householders of school districts should have an opportunity of voting. It would appear as if the framers of the Act especially intended this should not be the case.

It will, no doubt, be said that ample opportunity is afforded by the Act for all householders to record their votes. But such is not the case. Take, for example, the City of Dunedin. Here there are more than four thousand householders, and yet, judging from the past, we may safely say that of these not more than seventy householders will take part in the election of the School Committee. Many will never hear of the time and place of meeting; many are ladies who can hardly be expected to take part in a public meeting; and, lastly, there is no hall in Dunedin capable of holding more than one-eighth of those having a right to vote. It is ludicrous, then, to imagine that any School Committee elected in Dunedin will in any sense of the word represent the householders of Dunedin. Had the Legislature intended that the people of Dunedin, or indeed of any School District, should really have a voice in the Election of Committees, it would have enacted provisions similar to those to be found in the English Education Act, by means of which every householder can, and does, record his votes. In England the voting papers are left at the residences of the householders, and, after having been signed, are collected by officials appointed for the purpose. But under our new Act there is no such provision.

Here in New Zealand everything is left to the chapter of accidents. The public may perhaps hear of the time and place of the intended meetings; the public may perhaps attend, or perhaps may not. But one thing is certain—the attendance of all householders is under our Act a physical impossibility, and yet, by the merest fiction of law, the committee men chosen are to be regarded as the representatives of people who had no part whatever in their selection. This is an absurdity, and shows the utter carelessness with which important parts of the new law were considered by the Legislature.

What will probably happen in Dunedin for example? Seventy or eighty persons will assemble on the evening of the day appointed for the election of the School Committee in the room selected by the Education Board, and proceed to the election of the Committee. These seventy or eighty persons will hardly be all householders. In such meetings there is always a large number of persons not burdened with the responsibility of a household. Nevertheless, such persons count in a show of hands. There are sure to be present some editors of newspapers, together with a good many of their understrappers, some noisy politicians, and a good many rabid secularists, who consider it their duty to be always present whenever an opportunity is likely to present

itself of striking a blow against the interests of Christianity. And this worthy group of nobodies, busybodies, and infidels will elect a School Committee facetiously called the Dunedin School Committee.

Were it not for one consideration, all this would not amount to much. For, except in one particular, the committees under the new law have little power, and are not likely to have much influence. But there is one thing which they can do which is of grave import. They can put in force the compulsory clauses of the Act. The legislature itself shrank from the responsibility of such an extreme course, but whilst cowardly shrinking from doing what it evidently wished to do, handed over this tremendous power to a handful of ignoramuses in School Committees. The new year, then, will see all the petty tyrants and bigots of the colony let loose in a raid on the rights, duties, and consciences of parents, particularly of Catholic parents. We Catholics have only to glance at the past history of School Committees, and look for a moment to the probabilities of the future to see clearly the class of men to whom the legislature of the colony has in reality confided the power of compelling children to attend godless schools. So far as Catholics are concerned, there is not the least hope of justice or reasonable consideration. The men most likely to be selected under the new system will be men who have hitherto shown themselves most hostile to Catholic schools, Catholic education, and Catholic interests, from whose wisdom, or principles, or good feeling, we can expect nothing.

News of the Week.

WE understand that one of the Catholic Clergy attached to the Dunedin Mission will visit Macraes some time during the Christmas Holidays. The exact time is not yet fixed.

THE Mission of the Rev. Father Hennebery at Rangiora has been attended with the success which has everywhere followed the preaching of the Rev. Missionary. Numbers of people have signed the temperance pledge.

THE existence of a new and extensive reefing country at the Serpentine (says the *Mount Ida Chronicle*) is now an established fact. Mr. Cogan, the manager of the company recently formed to practically test the richness of the reef discovered there, has reported that he has again struck it at a depth of 46ft. It is well defined, and so far shows a width of 4ft. The exact width is not yet ascertained, as Mr. Cogan did not wait to finish. The stone is of a bluish colour, with gold showing all through it. When machinery is erected, which will not now be long delayed, the prospects of the company will be of a pleasant and very cheering nature.

THE Dunedin City Council have adopted the plan for supplying the City with water from the Silverstream.

WE have received from Mr. Max Mendershausen a particularly tasteful calendar for the ensuing year. It is illustrated by a representation of a charmingly attired youth and maiden surrounded by a wreath of roses, and who, we conclude, are typical of the phantasmagoria conjured up by the agreeable fumes of the "fruit and flowers" mixture of the "vile weed" of which the calendar is commemorative.

IT will be seen from our advertising columns that the annual fête of the H.A.C.B.S., to be held at the Caledonian Grounds, Kensington, on Wednesday next, will be of a particularly attractive character. A programme, comprising a large number of interesting and amusing events, has been prepared, and the pleasures of the day will be enhanced by a band, which has been engaged to perform a well-chosen selection of music. The easy distance of the grounds from town should add a feature to the attractions, as there will be no difficulty in persons returning home at any hour that may suit their convenience.

THE Caledonian Society of Otago will hold their Sixteenth Annual Gathering on January 1st, 2nd, and 5th next. The sports on the occasion will comprise several exciting events, and contested as they will be with the utmost spirit, will be a sight well worth witnessing. The prizes offered amount to the large sum of £511 in money.

A LECTURE on Cromwell was delivered at Kumara by Mr. J. J. Crofts, on Friday evening last, in answer to the Rev. Charles Clarke. We understand that the lecture was considered by the audience highly successful, but we hope to give a report of it in an early issue.

WE have received from the Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society a neat almanac for 1878. The carte is nicely got up, and contains a fine view of Norwich Cathedral.

WE beg to acknowledge the receipt from the Government Printer of the Statistics of New Zealand for 1876, and of Parliamentary Papers, with regularity, throughout the late Session.

THE usual weekly meeting of the Catholic Young Men's Society will take place this evening, when the newly appointed Spiritual Director will preside for the first time, and the debate on "Whether the present century has the right to be called a century of advancement in proportion with its predecessors" will take place. A good attendance is requested.

THE improvements which for some time have been in process of construction in the establishment Mr. J. A. Macedo, in Princes Street South, Dunedin, have at length been completed. The old building has been removed and is replaced by a handsome new brick edifice, fitted up with every convenience as a shop and residence. In accordance with the increase of accommodation, a large and handsome stock has been provided, and in addition to a varied selection of Catholic books of all descriptions—pious, amusing, or instructive—an extensive supply of toys, fancy goods, and stationery has been laid in. Mr. Macedo has also on hand tobacco and cigars of the choicest brands, and persons in want of such matters will find it to their advantage to visit his warehouse. We desire especially to call the attention of our country subscribers to the establishment in question. They will find all orders executed promptly and well.

Commercial.

Mr HENRY DRIVER (on behalf of the N. Z. L. and M. A. Co.) reports for week ending December 19th:—

Fat Cattle.—190 head were yarded, which after last week's large supply, made it very difficult to obtain late quotations, prime pens at market to-day scarcely realising 27s 6d per 100lb. We sold 30 head on account of Messrs Buckland and others at full prices.

Fat Calves.—About 30 were penned, and brought prices ranging from 15s to 60s each. We sold 10 on account of various owners.

Fat Sheep.—2360 came forward, which fully met the requirements of the trade, and last week's prices were not maintained. Best quality cross-breeds shorn, brought from 9s to 12s, according to weight. We sold 706 on account of various owners.

Fat Lambs.—A large supply of about 900 penned, a few lots of inferior had to be turned out. Prime lambs brought from 8s 6d to 9s 6d. We sold 300.

Store Cattle.—Although there has been a better inquiry for grazing, buyers are scarcely inclined to meet sellers as to prices. Quiet well-bred bullocks are saleable at from £6 to £7; do cows, £3 10s to £5. We have sold 120 head during the week at above rates.

Store Sheep.—Enquiries are being freely made for merinos and cross-breeds, and we are in negotiation for the sale of one or two large lots.

Wool.—We have no later cablegrams to report this week, but as the London sales close to-day and the communication is again open we expect in a day or two to be advised of the closing rates. Our opening wool sales as advertised take place next Monday, when we shall offer some superior wools, in grease, washed, and scoured.

Sheepskins.—We had a fair supply at our auction on Monday, which sold briskly at very full rates, particularly for merinos, which brought up to 3s 6d, the best cross-breeds realising same figure.

Hides are dull at our quotations—4d per lb for wet salted; green butchers', 20s to 22s 6d each.

Tallow.—Only a few packages of inferior coming to hand, there was none offered.

Grain.—Wheat: Millers are more disposed to buy, but at very low figures—4s to 4s 6d, up to 5s, for choice milling; fowls' feed, 3s to 3s 3d. Oats are inquired for, but few offering; any parcels arriving meet ready sale, at 3s 3d to 3s 4d for feed; milling, 3s 5d to 3s 6d. Barley, little doing.

Mr. SKENE reports, December 10, 1877:—Quietness is the rule in the labour market, which is always the case before the Christmas holidays. After that every man and woman will be needed. Even now, experienced country people are easily placed. Couples are very quiet for the season—girls have got it all their own way. The building trade is very animated. Shepherds and shearers are now fully employed. Dairy people, male and female, are in good demand. Ordinary labour in bush and road making promises well. Hotel servants in all departments are in much improved demand. We are always pestered with unsuitable gents from home. Wages: couples, 75s to 85s; cooks, waiters, grooms, coachmen, 25s to 50s; females, 10s, 12s, 15s to 30s; ploughmen, £52 to £65; shepherds, £70; boys, 5s to 10s; day labour, 7s. 8s and 9s; daymen, 15s to 25s; bushmen, 8s and 9s.

Mr. A. MERCER's market report for the week ending December 19. Retail prices only:—Fresh butter in ½ and 1 lb prints, 8d to 10d; extra brands, 11d; fresh butter in lumps, 7d to 8d; powdered and salt butter, 9d. Fresh butter is still very plentiful and there is a fair demand. Cheese, best quality, old, 10d to 1s; cheese, new, 8d to 10d. Side and rolled bacon, 9d. Colonial hams 1s. English hams, 1s 3d; no demand. Eggs are very plentiful and are ruling at 1s 3d per doz.

Mr J. VEZEY reports for the week ending Dec. 19, 1877, retail:—Roasting beef, 5d to 8d per lb; boiling do, 3d to 5d per lb; stewing do, 4d to 6d per lb; steak, 6d to 8d per lb; mutton, 2½d to 5d per lb; veal, 4d to 8d per lb; pork 6d to 8d per lb; lamb 3s to 4s per quarter.

Mr J. FLEMING reports (wholesale prices) for the week ending Dec. 19, 1877, as follows:—Oats (few) per bushel, 3s to 3s 3d. Wheat (chicks), 3s. Barley, malting, 4s to 4s 6d; feed, 2s 9d to 3s. Pollard, £5 10s. Bran, £4 5s, bags included. Flour, large bags, £15 to £15 10s; Oatmeal, £17. Potatoes, £1 15s per ton. Hay, £7 10s per ton. Chaff, £5 10s per ton. Straw, £2 per ton.

AMONGST the novelties and charming costumes provided for ladies to select from during the Christmas Holidays, those to be found in the establishment of the Misses Brownlie, Princes Street, Dunedin, are deserving of especial notice. These ladies are particularly noted for their good taste, and their advice as to purchases may be relied on as of much value. Besides all the requisites connected with the most elegant ladies' toilette, the Misses Brownlie are amply supplied with articles of children's attire.

Telegrams.

PALMERSTON, December 19th.

Mr Michael Fagan succeeded Mr Charles Haynes as Mayor of Palmerston yesterday. The polling was as follows:—Fagan, 50; John Keen, 32.

CHRISTCHURCH, December 15th.

The Rev. Father Hennebery, who has been conducting Catholic Mission Services at Rangiora, and lecturing on Temperance, has induced large numbers there to take the pledge. Over 300 signed the pledge yesterday.

WELLINGTON, 17th December.

It is probable that from and after 1st January the following changes will be made in the Police and A.C. Forces:—The latter are to be a purely military body, with Colonel Lyon in command, and with his head-quarters in the Waikato district; the Police of both Islands will revert to their purely civil functions, under Commissioner Shearman for the North, and Commissioner Weldon for the Middle Island. Colonel Mouie will probably retire.

[BY CABLE.]

LONDON, December 3rd.

The Roumanian army has occupied Lom and Palauka Lom.

The Turks retreated towards Widdin.

The condition of the Pope has changed for the worse.

The Italian ambassador at Constantinople has addressed a protest to the Porte against the stoppage of an Italian vessel in the Bosphorus. The Porte offered ample satisfaction.

December 4th.

Perfect communication is opened between Erzeroum and Trebizond.

The Turkish troops are making a desperate resistance on the Sophia road.

Mehemet Ali attacked the Russians on the Turkish left wing, and retreated to Kamanli, south of Hititza, where he was defeated with great loss. He was compelled to fall back.

The Pope is not expected to recover.

The Russians have occupied the Balkan defiles, Grista and Stolitz.

Mehemet Ali is pressing forward, and the Russians were obliged to retreat.

Suliman Pasha captured Elena, and took many prisoners and war material.

The Russian loss is estimated at 3,000 killed.

Sir Stafford Northcote, at the Conservative demonstration, repeated the assurance of a continued neutrality on the part of England, and mediation if necessary.

December 10th.

The Russian loss to the 17th November was 74,858.

Several Russian attacks were repulsed.

The French Republican leaders disavow negotiations with M. Dufaur; a serious crisis is threatening.

LONDON, December 11th.

Plevna has surrendered after severe fighting.

The garrison was reduced to starvation.

Osman Pasha was severely wounded in the last attempt to break through the Russian line.

By the fall of Plevna Bulgaria and the North Balkans are open to the Russians.

December 15th.

30,000 prisoners, with 14,000 sick and wounded, were captured at Plevna, besides a large number of guns and other material.

Osman Pasha was allowed a guard of honour before his tent, and the use of the Emperor's carriage.

The Servians have commenced hostilities against Turkey.

December 15th.

M. Dufaur has undertaken to form a new Liberal Ministry. The crisis ended constitutionally.

The capture of Elena secured Kainhogas and Slivna Passes from an attack.

LONDON, December 28th.

The Russian Press propose the following peace conditions:—Independence of Osterlitz, cession of Batoum and Kars, and a free passage through the Dardanelles.

LONDON, November 30th.

Suliman Pasha states that the Russian loss at Kadakoi was 2,000; the Turkish, 900.

The Times telegram from Vienna states that the Russians are coming to the conclusion that Plevna can hold out for some time.

The British fleet has been ordered to winter in Besika Bay.

Corporal punishment has been abolished.

Mr Stanley has arrived Home, and has been banqueted.

Marshall McMahon assured Grey in an interview that there was no danger of a coup d'etat, he had refused to listen to such a solution.

A petition is being signed throughout France for a Congress of both Chambers to consider the crisis.

THE *Cork Examiner* gives an account of the recent death in that vicinity of a man named McCarthy at the extraordinary age of 107 years, leaving a widow two years his junior. We can do better than that in America. On the 17th ult., there was buried from the Church of the Assumption, Brooklyn, N.Y., Owen Farren, aged 116 years, according to most reliable authority. Mr. Farren was born in Donegal, Ireland, about 1761, and at the age of fifteen years entered the British marine service. Half a century ago he was in the carrying trade between this country and England. He quit the sea twenty-five years since, and settled in Brooklyn, living continuously at 33 Prospect street. A short time ago he quietly breathed his last, surrounded by many of his children and grand-children. He belonged to a long-lived race, his mother having lived 103 years, and one sister and three brothers were also 80. His son, now living in Ireland, is over 75.

General News.

FATHER CHINIQUE, the renegade priest, who has done so much to keep alive the fires of religious animosity in Canada, is scored severely by Mr. W. B. Court, a respected Protestant resident of Montreal, for publishing bogus lists of converts, employing as an associate a notorious criminal then living in concubinage, having as editor of his evangelical paper a free-thinker whose idea of Christianising literature was "The Wandering Jew," and "The Mysteries of St. Claud Street," and so on.—*McGee's Weekly*.

In the Hungarian Diet Prime Minister Tiaza, replying to an interpellation on the Eastern question, said the foreign policy hitherto pursued had resulted in the fact that now no danger whatever threatened the interests of the monarchy. He denied that the Government had exercised neutrality in a way unduly favourable to Russia, and that the policy pursued by the Government was contrary to the opinion of the people. If Serbia broke the peace, Austria and Hungary would not impede Turkey's action against her. The three Emperors' alliance did not exist in the sense that the three Powers had entered into engagements with each other upon the Eastern question. The Emperors and their Governments had only agreed in the interest of European peace to proceed in harmony, but not in common on any great question which might arise. The fact that the war had not become an European one, is partly due to their amicable relations. The fact that one of the parties to the alliance had entered upon war contrary to the views of the two others, threw no responsibility upon those others. He denied that the Government wished the dismemberment of Turkey. Relative to the Salzburg interview, Tiaza said that Austria's relations with Germany remained very good, as they had been for a long time.

THE Dublin *Irishman* of the 15th September, in reference to the situation says:—Mr. O'Donnell made no delay, after the appearance of Mr. Butt's exposition of his views, to write to the *Times* to say publicly and emphatically that neither he nor his colleagues recognise the accuracy of Mr. Butt's latest description of the policy of "Independent Opposition." From the tone of Mr. O'Donnell's brief letter, which is undoubtedly contemptuous, one can clearly perceive that the estrangement between the Home Rule leader and his sturdy followers is daily increasing. Nothing but a conference of representative Irishmen can possibly effect a reconciliation and unity of action. Even that perhaps may fail to find a course of action upon which all will agree. Both Mr. Parnell and Mr. Butt concur in desiring that the council of the League should take steps to call a convention of national deputies. They have written to head quarters in Sackville street, and a preliminary meeting was held recently to consider the necessity of appealing to the country for its opinion on the political situation.

THE following description of the now historical Plevna is from a correspondent of an English daily:—Plevna contains a population of 17,000 souls with 19 mosques, two churches, 1,600 houses inhabited by Mussulmans, and 14,000 by Christians. It is traversed by a stream, the Tusevica, into which the Grivica falls. The place, however, possesses neither trade nor manufactures. The only remarkable edifice is the civil hospital established by Midhat Pasha; it is constructed on the model of the finest establishment of the kind, and the visitor is struck with the order and cleanliness which reigns in the wards. Archaeological souvenirs are rare in the town; there is, however, in the Church of St. Peter an altar of which the base is formed of a fragment of a column with its capital of Roman origin.

A CORRESPONDENT from France to an English paper writes:—The French labourer probably gets more for his wages than any other. His food is cheaper and more nourishing. His bouillon is the liquid essence of beef, a penny per bowl. His bread at the restaurant is thrown in without any charge, and is the best bread in the world. His hot coffee and milk are peddled about the streets in the morning at a sou a cup. It is coffee not slops. His half bottle of claret is thrown in at a meal costing 12 cents. For a few cents he may enjoy an evening's amusement at one of the many minor theatres, with his coffee thrown in. Sixpence pays for a nicely cushioned seat at the theatre. No gallery gods, no peanuts, no pipe smoke, drunkenness, yelling or howling. The Jardin des Plantes, the vast galleries and museums of the Louvre, Hotel Cluny, palace of the Luxembourg and Versailles are free to him to enter. Arts and science hold out to him their choicest treasures at small cost or no cost at all. French economy and frugality do not mean that constant retrenchment and self-denial which deprives life of everything which makes it worth living for. Economy in France, more than any other country, means a utilization of what America throws away, but it does not mean a pinching process of reducing life to a barren existence of work and bread and water.

A FRESH budget of atrocities committed by the Russians in Poland has just been published by Count Plater, the leader of the Polish exiles in Switzerland. Three Unites have recently been shot and one hanged in the citadel of Warsaw as "marauders;" their crime consisted in having resisted Cossacks who wanted to take their children away from them to have them christened as Greek Schismatics. For a similar offence a woman of Lubinski, in the district of Bielsk, has been whipped in the most barbarous way and then imprisoned, and her house has been gutted by the soldiery. Previous to the Italian war of 1859, the Austrians drew on them the hatred of all Europe, by whipping women in Lombardy, whereas the Russians are still put forward as the pink of the friends of humanity by the atrocity-mongers of the Gladstone type. Then again, a poor old priest of Wilna, who, being ignorant of Russian, read the emperor's war manifesto to his congregation in his and their native Polish, has been transported on foot to Archangel, on the White Sea, a distance of quite a thousand miles. Now fancy these tyrants—themselves arrant slaves—setting up as liberators of the Christians in Turkey.—*Universal*.

Mr. Richard A. Proctor, after citing a score of predictions of the "Martian moons," from the time of Galileo, to whom Kepler said, "I please myself with the thought that you will discover two moons attending on Mars," down to Arbutnot, nevertheless comes to the conclusion that the recent discovery of the moons is altogether new.

But only the most fortunate of astronomers are likely to see them, and only at brief periods at long intervals. Now that they are "visible" there are not ten telescopes in the world which can show them. They will be lost to view after October, even in the Washington refractor, the largest yet mounted. They may be visible again during a few weeks in autumn, 1879; but after that it is probable that no telescope will show them until 1892. There was a bare possibility that in 1845 they might have been detected had diligent search been made; but up to that date men had not opened their telescopic eyes sufficiently to see these tiny orbs.

The entire population of Asia is larger by about 25,000 than the estimate given in last year's issue of Behm and Wagner's work. The increase mainly falls upon the East India Islands and Anam, the figures in the case of the latter being more than double those given in the tables of last year—viz., 21,000,000. The population of British India is rather less than last year, being 188,093,700, that of Burmah being about 2,750,000, including tributary or protected States. The whole population of British India is close on 239,000,000. In a map of India, which accompanies the work, the varying density of the population in India is shown, from five inhabitants to over 750 per square mile. The greater density is found, of course, about Calcutta, as also in patches all along the east coast and all over the north-west provinces. The population of China is given as 405,000,000, with 28,500,000 of outlying people. Hong Kong seems to have decreased by upwards of 2,000 since last year, the number now given being 121,985. Japan is set down as 33,299,014.

Freemasons in France have been for a long while doubtful as to the expediency of considering a belief in the Supreme Being as a necessity to the order. At a convention held recently an article of the Constitution which ran thus, "Freemasonry holds to the principle of the existence of God and of the immortality of the soul," was changed to read, "Freemasonry holds to the principle of an absolute freedom of conscience, and to the brotherhood of Mankind."

Died at Fernandina, on the night of the 21st inst., of yellow fever, two Sisters of St. Joseph's Convent, Mother Superior Celine, aged twenty-nine, of French birth, and Sister De Sales, aged twenty-five, of Oswego, New York. These noble ladies were at St. Augustine when the news of the yellow fever reached them. They hastened here at once, and fearlessly nursed Mrs. Bordeaux and her second son until both died. I speak from personal knowledge when I say they were indefatigable, unremitting in their care for the sick. Without them, at that time, it would have been almost impossible, to obtain female nurses for the Bordeaux family, for many feared the dread disease. After their first two patients had been carried to their final resting places, these two Sisters went to Col. Dozier's house and to Mrs. Leddy's and elsewhere, bringing aid and comfort wherever they went, until they themselves were taken down on last Saturday. They had the kindest of care, for the other two Sisters already here, and three others lately arrived from Jacksonville, were with them; but in spite of all the efforts of physicians and nurses, they entered upon eternal life last night. Peace to their ashes! The prayerful thanks of the many who were benefited and solaced by them will meet them before the throne of the Most High.—*Extract from Fernandina letter to the Sun and Press*.

For what is Italy arming? For what is this energy being thrown into military organisation, and why are various military posts at important points being fortified with new and powerful artillery? Does she imagine that her movements are unknown, and that she is working like the ostrich, which imagined because its head was buried in the sand that the rest of its body remained invisible? Does she cry for war, and with what power? If she hopes to cope with France single-handed, she will fare badly. The French army is now in magnificent condition, and within a few hours, thanks to Gen. Berthaut, who is the right man in the right place, 800,000 men could be mobilised and placed in fighting condition. The *entente cordiale* existing between the sub-Alpine robber and the brutal Bismarck is peculiarly significant, and should Russia be decisively crippled during the present war, Italy may endeavour to carry out her schemes of hatred. The French occupation of Rome will never be forgiven by Victor Emmanuel. It cried check to him at a time when check meant emasculation, and he would risk much in order to square the little account. We have no fear for France. She has learned a terrible lesson, and has come out of the fire purified; and should the myrmidons of the so-called King of Italy be led against her, she will maintain the prestige temporarily lost to her through the lying, laziness, and incompetency of her most trusted officials.—*Tablet*.

Two things have happened which have shaken that pillar of Protestantism, the Scottish Reformation Society, to its foundation. One of these things is a rumor—which we hope may be true—that the Pope is about to re-establish the hierarchy in Scotland. The other thing is a fact—a terrible fact—that "the managers of the poor for the City of Edinburgh have resolved, by the casting vote of their chairman, to place a carriage at the disposal of the Popish Priest who visits the workhouse inmates." This "offensive and infatuated restoration" on the part of the Parochial Board, in the opinion of the Scottish Reformation Society, is "a plain proof of the progress of Popery" in Scotland, and causes them to cry out that "the increasing, insatiable, and insidious demands of the Romish priests in this country call for the firmest resistance." There is something in that, no doubt. If you will give the devil an inch he will take an ell; if the Man of Sin and the Son of Perdition, in the shape of a Popish Priest going to see paupers in a poor-house, be furnished with a free cab, who knows but what he may next demand a coach and four, or a Pullman car all to himself. The S. R. S. goes on to warn the taxpayers that the city may be made bankrupt by incurring the expense of the priest's cab. They fear that he may spend all his time in riding from his church to the poor-house and back again; for, as they truly say, "the carriage placed at the disposal of the Popish Priest" may be used "as often as he chooses to visit the Popish paupers," and "the number of such visits may become indefinitely great." Moreover, the public paying for a cab for a Popish Priest "involves in principle all the elements of a Popish endowment at the public expense," and the "endowment of Popery tends to the subversion of the Reformation and of the liberties of the country." Behold what comes of reckless cab hiring!

BROWN,**EWING****AND CO.****SILK MERCERS AND GENERAL DRAPERS,****THE TAILORING DEPARTMENT**

Being under the management of an experienced Cutter, we can guarantee a perfect fit, combined with correct taste. Every garment warranted hand-sewn, and thoroughly shrunk. Patterns forwarded on request, accompanied with explicit self-measuring charts. A large stock now on hand of the latest styles, in Fancy Coatings, West of England, Bannockburn, Scotch, and Mosgiel Tweeds.

BROWN,**EWING****AND CO.****PRINCES STREET AND MANSE STREET,
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Stuart-street,
DUNEDIN.**C. O' DRISCOLL,**
PROPRIETOR,

Wishes to intimate to the General Public that, having just completed the above building, he is now in a position to offer accommodation second to none in Dunedin. The Hotel is built substantially of brick, is five minutes' walk from Railway Station, and is supplied with every modern appliance requisite in a first-class Hotel.

Hot, cold, and shower baths can be had at all times during the day. Private apartments for ladies and families. Persons called in time for all the early trains, coaches and steamers. One of Alcock's Prize Medal Billiard Tables.

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Respectable references are required.

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The Company is now prepared to build houses for working men and others, and to sell on deferred payments extending over a term of years.

The Company receives deposits on debenture from £5 and upwards, and allows the highest current rate of interest on same.

Parties desirous of building can select their own sites, and have houses erected according to their own plans.

Full particulars on application to
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Temple Chambers.

NOTICE.

WE have this day disposed of our Business as Painters and Paper-hangers to Messrs. Davidson Bros., and solicit a continuance of past favours to them as our successors. Accounts due to us may be paid to Messrs. Davidson Bros., whose receipt will be binding on us.

DAVID SCOTT & CO.

Having purchased the above business we trust by strict attention and moderate charges to merit a fair share of public patronage.

DAVIDSON BROS.,

The Octagon,

Above Law, Somner, and Co.'s.

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MESSES ROBINSON AND RAYMOND beg to announce that they have opened Offices in George-street, and call the attention of the public to their greatly Reduced scale of charges.

Extractions ...	2s 6d
Do. Children ...	1s
Stopping Teeth ...	5s
Artificial Teeth ...	15s
Sets ...	£8

No charge for advice.

Painless extraction by the aid of nitrous oxide gas.

Their long experience in the profession, together with all the latest improvements in the mechanical department, will insure to their patients every satisfaction and comfort.

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Three doors from National Bank.

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**TAILOR, (Late of St. James'-Street,
West End, London), Willis Street, Wellin-
ton, can supply the Working Classes with a
suit of clothes not to be equalled.**

Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed.

PRICES MODERATE.

N. ENGLISH.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOLS, DUNEDIN.

THE labours of the year in connection with these schools were terminated most happily on Friday last, when His Lordship the Bishop of the Diocese presented the prizes won by the successful pupils. The Rev. Fathers O'Leary and Sheahan and several gentlemen, the relations and friends of the boys, were present on the occasion. Previous to the performance of the programme, containing recitations, readings, and singing, and to the distribution of the prizes, the examination papers and the writing and mapping of the boys were submitted to the visitors, and were found to be of much excellence, speaking as highly as it was possible to speak of the ability and attention of the good Brothers and their pupils. The following programme was then gone through with:—

Song, "Welcome, Welcome;" prologue, Master R. Norman; sonnet, "God is Good;" recitation, "Mary Queen of Scots," Master M. Dwyer; reading, "The Leper," Master James Scanlan; song, "Immaculate, Immaculate;" recitation, "Fontenoy," Master D. Carroll; song, "Before All Lands;" recitation, "The Downfall of Poland," Master R. Jew; reading, "Shiel's Reply to Lord Lyndhurst," Master J. Burke; song, "The Harp;" recitation, "Caoch the Piper," Master C. Woody; song, "Do They miss me at Home;" reading, "Shiel on Catholic Emancipation," Master J. Ahearn; recitation, "Cato's Senate," Masters John Scanlan, W. Philp, and F. Walker.

The recitations and readings were extremely well given, all of them being quite up to the average and several exceeding it, and in some instances displaying as well as careful training decided aptitude and taste on the part of the pupils. Where all was so good it perhaps may seem hardly fair to particularize but we were especially pleased with the manner in which their parts were performed by the following boys:—Masters R. Norman, J. Ahearn, John Scanlan, J. Philp, and W. Young. The first-named young gentleman—a very little fellow—in particular delivering the prologue with excellent emphasis and rhetorical effect. The manner also in which the various musical selections were given reflects the highest credit on the teacher, Mr. Russell. The voices were in good tune, and time and expression were well observed. When the Bishop had presented the prizes an address was delivered by His Lordship. He said the boys had given great satisfaction to their teachers and himself during the year by their good conduct on the playground and also while going home. He had heard but one complaint, and on investigating it he was not able to make much out of it. He mentioned this because he wished them to understand how very much any misconduct on their part would be felt by every one connected with the school and to impress upon them that the conduct of the boys attending there should be such that there should not be even one complaint, and that they should always act in a gentlemanly, quiet, becoming, and Christianlike manner. They had made satisfactory progress in their studies, but of course those boys who attended regularly carried off the prizes. He would therefore recommend them to be regular in their attendance at school, as by doing so they would be astonished at the progress they would have made at the end of the year. He attached far more importance to steady work than to talent. Talent was a gift of God for which a boy deserved no credit, but regular work would insure most praiseworthy success. He was glad to find that so many boys had considered themselves competent to compete for the scholarship which he had offered. The lad who had won it had averaged the large number of 91 per cent. in all the subjects, and if the examiners had not been so strict he would have made an average even considerably over that; in arithmetic for instance he had been refused credit for a sum because there was a mistake in it of a fraction of one-fourth. The subjects for which the scholarship had been awarded this year, were book-keeping, arithmetic, and Christian doctrine. Next year, an additional scholarship would be offered, when the papers would include mathematics, and the higher branches of education. Considering the importance of Christian doctrine, he would always include it in the subjects for which he would give scholarships.

At the termination of His Lordship's address, the boys sang with much spirit, "A Song for the Pope, the Royal Pope," and the proceedings terminated with several rounds of hearty cheering, of which the principal were given for the Bishop, the Christian Brothers, and for Mr. Russell, the singing master. We append the papers of the Scholarship Examination and the Prize List:—

PRIZE LIST.

EARLY AND REGULAR ATTENDANCE.—Seniors: Prize, H. Walker and James Williamson, equal; hon. mention, P. Hally, J. Reilly, J. Philp, P. Sullivan, C. Meenan, J. Day, H. Diamond, John Ahearn, R. Monkman, W. Hall. Juniors: Prize, J. Wilson; hon. mention, W. Wilson, P. Feeny, F. Meenan, J. Hally, A. Cumming, R. Norman, R. Burke, J. Dunne, C. Diamond, W. Philp, A. Pratt, A. Corden, James Ahearn.

HOME LESSONS.—Seniors—1st Division: Prize, C. O'Driscoll; hon. mention, P. Sullivan, P. Hally, J. Cosgrove, John Ahearn, H. Walker, J. Philp, W. Ahearn. 2nd Division: Prize, C. Meenan; hon. mention, J. Reilly, H. Diamond, M. Monkman, J. Day, J. Byrne. Juniors—1st Division: Prize, J. Mulrooney; second prize, G. Dungan; hon. mention, R. Burke, F. Hall, J. Cummins, T. Gunning, J. Wilson, J. McCormick. 2nd Division: Prize, W. Philp; hon. mention, R. Norman, J. Hally, James Ahearn, A. Corden. 3rd Division: Prize, W. Wilson; hon. mention, James Dunne, C. Diamond, W. King, A. Sullivan, H. Jew, J. M'Ilroy, F. Scanlan, P. Drumm.

GEOGRAPHY AND MAPPING.—1st Division: Prize, H. McCormick; hon. mention, A. Harris, D. Poppelwell, H. Walker, D. Carroll, J. Cosgrove, C. O'Driscoll. 2nd Division: Prize, E. Eagar; hon. mention, A. Boldini, George Dungan, J. Wilson, R. Norman.

WRITING.—Excellence: C. O'Driscoll; 2nd, J. Philp. Application—1st Division: Prize, P. Hally; hon. mention, H. McCormick, H. Walker, P. Sullivan. 2nd Division: Prize, R. Burke; hon. mention, E. Carroll, A. Boldini, J. Hally, E. Eagar. 3rd Division: Prize, T. Darragh; hon. mention, C. Diamond, F. Meenan, M. Wall.

HISTORY.—1st Division: Prize, C. O'Driscoll; hon. mention, J. Philp, H. Walker, P. Sullivan, J. Hayes, J. Ahearn, D. Carroll. 2nd Division: Prize, J. Williamson; hon. mention, D. Poppelwell, J.

Cosgrove, Thomas Carroll, H. McCormick.

ENGLISH.—1st Division: Prize, C. O'Driscoll; hon. mention, H. Walker, J. Philp, W. Ahearn, P. Sullivan, W. Hall. 2nd Division: Prize, D. Poppelwell, hon. mention, J. Cosgrove, M. Dwyer, P. Feeny, J. Reilly.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.—1st Division: C. O'Driscoll; hon. mention, J. Philp, D. Poppelwell, H. Walker, D. Carroll. 2nd Division: Prize, 1, T. Carroll; 2, J. Reilly; hon. mention, C. Davies, J. M'Grath, J. Burke, R. Monkman.

EUCLID.—1st Division: 1, C. O'Driscoll; 2, P. Sullivan; hon. mention, J. Ahearn, D. Carroll, J. Hayes, Wm. Ahearn. 2nd Division: Prize, J. Philp; hon. mention, H. Walker, D. Poppelwell.

BOOK-KEEPING.—Prize, H. Walker; hon. mention, C. O'Driscoll, P. Sullivan, J. Ahearn, J. Cosgrove, D. Poppelwell, H. McCormick, M. Dwyer.

LATIN.—1, C. O'Driscoll; 2, D. Carroll; hon. mention, J. Hayes, J. Philp.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.—1st Division: Prize, W. Ahearn; hon. mention, C. O'Driscoll, J. Hayes, J. Cosgrove, P. Haggarty, J. Philp, J. Ahearn, M. Dwyer, D. Carroll, D. Poppelwell, Wm. Mulrooney. 2nd Division: Prize, W. Fitzpatrick and M. Monkman, equal; hon. mention, H. Diamond, John Scanlan, C. Meenan, J. McCormick, J. Wilson, J. Mulrooney, George Corrigan, R. Norman, J. Reilly, W. Perrin. 3rd Division: Prize, James Ahearn; hon. mention, W. Philp, J. Hally, H. Ellis, M. Wall, W. Wilson, A. Corden.

DUX OF SCHOOL.—Silver Medal (gift of the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, C. O'Driscoll).

SCHOLARSHIP PRIZE.—£10 (gift of the Most Rev. Dr. Moran), awarded to J. Hayes, who received 91 per cent. of total possible number of marks; Certificates of Merit granted to C. O'Driscoll and D. Carroll, each of whom gained over 75 per cent. of total possible number of marks.

JUNIOR SCHOOL.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.—1, S. Cronan; 2, W. Rossbotham; hon. mention, A. Court, J. Kennedy, J. Carroll, J. Drumm.

READING.—1, T. Scanlan; 2, W. Crowe; 3, P. Kennedy, 4, G. Gawne; 5, A. O'Brien; 6, F. Carroll; hon. mention, S. Cronan, W. Pearson, W. Casey, E. Reilly.

WRITING.—D. McCarthy, S. Cronan, T. Lee, Joseph Wall, E. Sheedy, P. O'Brien, A. McDonald.

HOME LESSONS.—1, A. Court; 2, W. Pearson; 3, T. Duffy, F. Norman.

REGULAR ATTENDANCE.—J. Carroll, P. O'Brien, J. Kelly, T. Cummins, D. M'Hugh, T. O'Brien, B. Read.

GOOD CONDUCT.—Prize, J. Haggarty; hon. mention, T. Scanlan, M. Power, G. Jeffrey, T. Duffy, F. Norman, S. Cronan, C. Fotherell, W. Pearson, Pat. Kennedy, J. Carroll, J. Cuff, D. McCarthy.

SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION—BOOK-KEEPING.

March 1, 1877.

I have at this date—	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Cash on hand	50	10	0			
" at Bank of N.Z.	150	12	6			
10 Chests Tea, at £6 10s.	65	0	0			
				266	2	6

I owe Jas. Ward 84 12 0

March 3, 1877.

Purchased for cash 18 Bags of Sugar, at £1 10s. 6d. per bag 27 9 0

March 4, 1877.

Sold to R. Doyle, for his acceptance at two months, 4 Chests Tea, at £7 10s.; and 10 Bags Sugar, at 3s. 6d. 48 15 0

March 7, 1877.

Paid Jas. Ward by cheque 75 0 0

March 9, 1877.

Sold for cash 6 Chests Tea, at £7 5s. 43 10 0

March 12, 1877.

R. Doyle has taken up his Bill, I allowing £1 10s. discount 47 5 0

March 13, 1877.

Lodged in Bank of New Zealand 100 0 0

Journalise the above, post into the ledger, balance and close the accounts, and answer the following questions:—

1. What is book-keeping?
2. What is a real account?
3. What is a personal account?
4. When is a real account to be made debtor?
5. When is a real account to be made creditor?
6. When is a personal account made debtor?
7. When is a personal account made creditor?
8. What is meant by posting the entries?
9. What is meant by closing an account?
10. When is a goods account closed by a double balance?
11. How is profit and loss account closed?
12. What does balance-sheet show?
13. Where is the difference of profit and loss carried?
14. When balance account is closed where is the difference carried?
15. What does stock represent?

ARITHMETIC.

1. Write down in words the quotient and remainder obtained by dividing five hundred and seventy billions, four thousand and four millions, four thousand and four, by seven hundred and sixty-nine millions, seven hundred and fifty-seven thousand four hundred and ninety-eight.
2. Multiply and divide 3m. 7fur. 39per. 5yds. 2ft. 11in. by 379.
3. Required the cost of 3½ stones, when 3½ lbs. cost 5s. 5d.
4. Find the price of 29 cwt. 3 qrs. 17½ lbs., at 2s. 11d. per stone.
5. (a) Find sum and difference of the fractions 21½ and 16 4/9ths; (b) also, divide their difference by their sum; (c) and their sum by their difference.
6. (a) Reduce 5-9ths of a guinea to the fraction of 15s.; (b) and 7-16ths of a crown to the decimal of 12s. 6d.
7. Find value of 39 cwt. 10 lbs. at £3 15s. 7½d. per cwt.

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The leading one of which is

THE NEW ZEALAND CLOTHING FACTORY,Which Employs between 300 and 400 hands to work their
WATER-POWER MACHINERY,

Capable of

PRODUCING SEVEN THOUSAND GARMENTS WEEKLY,

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MEN'S, YOUTHS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING:

A Single Garment at Wholesale Price.

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All Goods are marked in Plain Figures, from which no abatement
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Deliver to all parts of the city and suburbs Newcastle, Kaitangata, and Green Island Coals; Coke, Firewood (cut and uncut). Potatoes, Flour, Oatmeal, Oats, &c., and all kinds of produce.

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High-street, Dunedin.**CITY HOTEL,**

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Formerly of the Shamrock Hotel, Dunedin,
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The above magnificent Hotel is now open for the reception of travellers, and is acknowledged to be the finest Hotel in the Australasian Colonies, both as regards extent of accommodation and the perfection of its appointments.

The private suites of apartments are specially designed to suit the convenience and privacy of families.

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Bath-rooms, with hot and cold water and shower bath on each floor.

The Billiard-room is fitted with two of Alcock's best tables, and luxuriously furnished.

The CITY HOTEL Express in attendance on the arrival of every train and steamboat.

Commodious Stabling attached to the Hotel.

Luncheon Daily at 1 o'clock.

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The above Hotel having been thoroughly renovated and enlarged now possesses splendid accommodation for Boarders, Commercial Gentlemen, and Families.

Wines, Spirits, and Ales of the best brands.

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having removed to Mr. MURPHY'S NEW BUILDINGS, above Queen's Theatre, opposite Messrs. Reith and Wilkie, Princes-street, takes this opportunity of thanking his Friends and Customers for their past favours (for the last 16 years), and solicits a continuation of their kind patronage, and being in the constant receipt of drugs and chemicals from the Glasgow Apothecaries' Company, can guarantee the quality and freshness of all medicines obtained from his Establishment.**PHENIX FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON.**

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Great Reduction in the Price of Leather.

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Gents' soled and heeled, 4s 6d.

Ladies' " " 3s 6d.

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The most comfortable Family Hotel in the City. Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths at all hours during the day. Passengers called in time for all the early trains and coaches.

Private Rooms for Families.

None but the Best Brands of Liquors kept.

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Good Accommodation for Boarders at Moderate Charges.

The Miners' and Mechanics' Home.
Good Stabling.**ROYAL HOTEL,**
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Wishes to intimate to his Friends and the General Public that he has purchased the above Hotel, and is now in a position to offer accommodation second to none in the colony. Under his supervision, the Royal is being entirely refitted and renovated. Meals ready at all hours. Suits of rooms for private families. Large Commercial and Sample rooms. Billiards. Livery and Bait Stables. Saddle Horses and Buggies for Hire. Carriages for Hire.

V.  R.**FUNERAL REFORM,**
ECONOMY AND RESPECTABILITY.

Combined with the strictest decorum in the performance of its duties.

The expense of a Funeral, however COSTLY or HUMBLE, may be ascertained at the time of giving the order, and carried out according to the wishes of friends by

WALTER G. GEDDES,
Undertaker, Octagon,
DUNEDIN.

W. G. G. imports Coffin Furniture of the newest designs, and every Funeral requisite. Mourning Coaches with SEPARATE COMPARTMENTS FOR CHILDREN'S COFFINS, white and black Ostrich Plumes and Head Feathers, and every equipment of the best description.

Finking in Cloth, Silk and Satin.

8. What is the rent of 23a. 3r. 5p. at 22 guineas per acre.

9. Find interest on £428 7s. 6d. from November 3rd to March 22nd in a leap year, at $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

9. I deposit £320 on the 3rd March in the Bank of New Zealand when interest is $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; on the 3rd May the interest is altered to 3 per cent., and on the 10th August to 22 per cent., at which it remains till I withdraw the money on the 4th of October. Find the interest and amount due by the bank.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

Fifty of the most difficult questions from Butler's Catechism

THE MISSION IN CHRISTCHURCH.

SUNDAY the second inst., was a red letter day for the Catholics of Christchurch. There was so much of that which was solemn and beautiful and interesting in religion crowded into the ceremonies of that day, that it will long be remembered by the people as an epoch in their lives.

As I intimated in my last communication, the mission was brought to a close on that day, and Time has borne away on its heavily freighted wings, and carried to that "Calm Land beyond the Sea" results that can only be known on the Day of Judgement. During the last week of the mission the attendance became larger, and the interest in it grew more intense until it culminated in the temperance procession of Sunday, than which nothing of a Catholic character has ever been better carried through in these colonies. I myself have been in almost all of them. I have travelled from the Tropic of Capricorn down here to Canterbury, I have been in Brisbane, in Sydney, and in Melbourne, but I have never yet seen, on this side of the equator anything at all to come up to the demonstration in question. It was nothing less than the living, open and undisguised manifestation of a people's abhorrence of the terrible vice of drunkenness and the public avowal of their love of temperance. It was the victory of virtue over vice, of peace over discord, of happiness over misery, of abundance over want and penury. It was in fine the triumph of God over sin and the spirit of drunkenness, and it brought pleasure and joy and gladness to the hearts of all those who took part in it.

Every evening during the week Father Hennebery gave the pledge to those who had not previously taken it until on last Sunday the number of pledged people amounted to about two thousand one hundred (2,100). In this connection I may mention that His Lordship, the Bishop, has granted an indulgence of forty days, for each day that one keeps the pledge, provided that three Paters, three Aves, and a Gloria be recited in honour of the holy Thirst of our Blessed Lord upon the Cross, and praying for all drunkards that they may obtain the grace of conversion and take the total abstinence pledge. This in itself should be an incentive to all Catholics, both to take the pledge, and to keep it. I may also mention another concession made by His Lordship to our weakness. He has taken off the fast from the Fridays in Advent, unless that in Ember week. When the vigil of a fast falls on a Friday the fast is to be kept as usual; otherwise the Fridays in Advent are merely days of abstinence like other Fridays in the year. Considering the temptations to which the working classes of the colony are exposed, as well as the nature of their employments this concession is thoughtful and fatherly.

I think I said something in my last about the number of converts that were being made during the Mission. I now find that this number is about forty. Do not misunderstand me, I do not mean forty bad Catholics converted. No; but forty people from other churches, and who, humanly speaking, but for Father Hennebery, would never know nor see the light of the True Faith. It will be thus seen that the Mission has brought peace, and light, and happiness, to many a heart and many a home in Christchurch. On one evening during the week Father Hennebery took occasion to bring the claims of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith before the people, and in glowing and earnest language painted the hardships and privations to which Mission Priests were exposed in various parts of the world. Before he left the pulpit he organised a branch of the Society here, and got the priests to take down the names of all those who volunteered to become collectors. If the Mission does no other good than this its labours will not have been lost. To have in one's power the privilege of contributing to the support of those priests who, scattered through the "wilds of the world," are labouring for the salvation of souls and the extension of the Church, is what every Catholic should be proud of. In the same practical way Father Hennebery brought the claims of the TABLET before the meeting on the last morning of the Mission. When the church was full, and before Mass began, he went up into the pulpit, and in an energetic and eloquent discourse warned the people against the dangers to Faith and morals to which those exposed themselves who habitually read Protestant papers. Such papers created a very atmosphere of infidelity and antagonism to all that was sacred in religion and dear to the heart of every good Catholic. If the Protestant press, true to its instincts and faithful to its first principles, will persist in slandering Catholics, then at least let them do so at their own cost. Let not Catholics so far forget their duty and what they owe to themselves as to support them while doing so. On the contrary, they should do as the people of Nevada city had once done under similar circumstances. During the time of a Mission which was once given in that city, a Protestant paper published a scurrilous article about the Church, and the very next time the runner brought the paper to the Catholic houses the people kicked it over the fence. He called upon every one in the congregation to support the TABLET, the only paper in New Zealand in which they could learn the truth on all the great questions of the day, on the education question, and all other questions of any importance. There should be a TABLET in every house, and the young men and young women who were in the employ of Protestants should take it in and read it, that they may see and know how to combat the sophistries of their enemies, and that they may have an opportunity of studying the right side of the question in all matters that concerned them. He called upon every one present, who was

not already a subscriber, to give their names to those gentlemen who would now go round and take them down. This appeal was made with an earnestness that was irresistible, and when the six gentlemen who were in waiting for the purpose went through the congregation, they obtained numerous fresh subscribers. After this was done, the High Mass, Coram Episcopo, commenced, in which the same order was observed amongst the officiating clergy as on the previous Sunday. At the conclusion of the Mass, his Lordship administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to about one hundred people, most of whom were adults, and many of them converts. During the ceremony the choir intoned the Veni Creator Spiritus in a most impressive manner; but, previous to the administration of the Sacrament, his Lordship delivered a most eloquent exposition to those who were about to receive it, explaining its effects on the soul and the manifold graces that it brings with it. At its close he again admonished them to remain faithful to the standard under which they had that day enlisted, and to labour to preserve the graces and the fruits of the Holy Spirit which had been infused into their souls. He concluded by giving his solemn episcopal blessing to the people. Father Hennebery now ascended the pulpit, and, as it was so far advanced in the day, he could only give a very brief discourse, in which he gave a resume of the whole week's instructions, and appointed the hour for the procession, which was to be the great feature of the day. At half-past five in the afternoon the people were to meet at the church grounds, and then march in a file two deep through the principal thoroughfares of the city. All that was required to entitle one to a place in the procession was that he or she be a Catholic and a teetotaler. There was nothing whatever of party or national character about it, and as it turned out afterwards almost every nationality in Europe was represented in it. Each one in the procession was required to wear a green sash on which was fastened the temperance medal. Many of these sashes were got up very elaborately, being neatly trimmed with gold fringe, and they gave a very picturesque appearance to the procession. The following is the order in which they marched:—

The Boys of the Catholic School;

The Girls of the Convent School;

The Single Men;

The Single Women;

The Hibernians in their Regalia;

Two Open Carriages,

(One containing his Lordship Dr. Redwood, Very Rev. Fathers Hennebery and Ginaty, and the other Rev. Fathers M'Namara and Gouttenoire);

The Married Men;

and

The Married Women.

The number that marched in the procession was something over two thousand, and the length of it was estimated at about three-quarters of a mile. It was a long procession, and we had some horsemen who acted as marshalls between Father Hennebery and the front, and gave a sort of military appearance to the demonstration. For those of your readers who may wish to know the route taken, I may say that it proceeded from the church up Barbadoes-street into Armagh-street, and then turning down Colombo-street, near the Post-office, it passed into High-street, turning down St. Asaph-street into the church, where the closing ceremony of the Mission was to take place. These ceremonies were of a very solemn and beautiful character. The people were told in the morning to bring their candles with them—bees-wax. Father Hennebery will have nothing to do with any other than bees-wax candles in any of his ceremonies, nor will he bless any other. And where were the people to procure pure bees-wax candles in Christchurch? The good Sisters at the Convent were kept busily employed during the whole time making them for the Mission; and Father Hennebery, I believe, bought up all the bees-wax that was to be had in the town for the purpose, so the people were all provided with purest bees-wax candles. When the good and zealous Missionary lit up his own candle in the pulpit, and told the people to light theirs, the church became suddenly transformed into a temple of light in every sense of the word. The effect thus produced passes all description. Imagine a congregation of about eighteen hundred people, each holding a lighted candle high above their heads, and in clear and audible voice repeating after the priest in the pulpit their baptismal vows. It was a sight not to be forgotten in a day. The church thus lit up presented the appearance of a vast sea of flame. After the repetition of the baptismal vows the candles were suddenly extinguished, and were handed over by the people for the purposes of the altar. Father Hennebery then addressed the people on the necessity of perseverance. It was no use to begin well if they did not end well. It was not, as St. Jerome said, the beginning of a Christian's life that God looked at, but the end of it. He called upon the people to pray and pray earnestly for him, he was surrounded by dangers like others, and he might fall if not upheld by God's grace. He begged of the people that they would not lose the graces of the Mission by again relapsing into sin. Perseverance was the work of a life, and the only means to a happy eternity. He concluded by giving to the people the Papal Benediction, after which Dr. Redwood addressed a few closing words of congratulation to the people of Christchurch for the manner in which they had responded to the call of grace during the Mission. His Lordship was visibly affected, and it was in vain that he tried to conceal his emotion. He expressed his great pleasure at the results of Father Hennebery's labours in the parish, and he hoped that the people would reap the benefit of all that they had heard and seen. They had been put through a whole course of moral theology, and such moral instruction could not fail to produce the happiest results. He gave them his blessing, and thus ended the Mission in Christchurch; and many a man and many a woman left the church that night sending up fervent prayers to heaven for Father Hennebery, and many a converted soul prayed for "peace and strength, and help, 'Till the day break, and the shadows retire."

RATHKMALENSIS.

Christchurch, December 6, 1877.

HIBERNIAN SOCIETY'S ANNUAL FETE!

TO BE HELD AT THE
CALEDONIAN SOCIETY'S GROUNDS,
Kensington, on
BOXING DAY,
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26TH.

Sports to Commence at Twelve o'clock Sharp.

PROGRAMME OF SPORTS:

HIBERNIAN HANDICAP, including three events, £17.

	1st.	2nd.	3rd.
Hibernian Handicap (1st distance 200 yards) ...	Prize £1		
First, Second, and Third best aggregates in the three distances; entrance, 2s 6d; Acceptances, 2s 6d ...	£8	£4	£2
Youths' Handicap, 440 yards, heats; entrance, 1s ...	15s	10s	5s
Wrestling (collar and elbow), for middle weights, 12st and under; entrance, 2s 6d ...	£3	£1	
Irish Jig ...	30s	20s	
Hibernian Handicap (2nd distance), 300 yards ...	Prize £1		
Handicap Walking Match, two miles; entrance, 2s 6d ...	£3	£1	
Wrestling (Cumberland style); entrance, 2s 6d ...	£3	£1	
Irish Reel; entrance, 2s 6d ...	30s	£1	
Hibernian Handicap (final distance), 440 yards ...	Prize £1		
Sack Race, distance 150 yards, entrance, 1s ...	15s	10s	5s
Consolation Handicap, distance 440 yards; entrance, 2s ...	£2	£1	10s

Entries for Hibernian and Walking Match Handicaps to be made at Fagan's Southern Hotel, on Saturday, December 22nd, before 8 o'clock p.m.

All other entries to be made on the ground.

The above Sports to be under the supervision of the Judges, whose decision in all cases shall be final.

A first-class Band will be in attendance, which will play selections of popular and national music.

Refreshments of all descriptions provided on the grounds.

Admission to the Grand Stand, 2s; Grounds, 1s.

JOHN GALLAGHER,
Hon. Sec.

CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF OTAGO.**SIXTEENTH GRAND ANNUAL GATHERING.**

JANUARY, 1st, 2nd, and 5th, 1878,
Commencing at 11 o'clock.

£511 GIVEN IN MONEY, viz.:

Running, £210; Walking, £44; Dancing, £55; Wrestling, £74
Hammer Putting, and Caber, £38; Bagpipe Music, £36; Leaping
and Vaulting, £10; Quoiting, £8; Pony Race, £8;
BAYONET COMPETITION, £15;
FIRE BRIGADE COMPETITION, £10.

NOTICE.—The date of entry for the Running and Walking Handicaps has been extended to Monday, the 24th December, at 8 p.m., and the declaration of the Handicaps till the 27th.

Acceptances will be received up to 8 p.m. on the 29th.

Entry Money for the Caledonian and Dunedin Handicaps, 6s; acceptances, 4s. Walking and Consolation Handicaps: Entry, 3s; acceptance, 2s. Trotting, match: Entry, 5s. All other events, 2s 6d; youths, 1s.

For full particulars see the programmes.

GEORGE WATSON,
Secretary.

WELLINGTON STEAM BISCUIT AND CONFECTIONERY WORKS,

FARISH STREET, WELLINGTON.

The Proprietor, possessing the most complete Plant of Machinery in his line in the Colony, is able to supply the trade with goods which in price, quality, and variety defy competition.

For Catalogue of Prices apply to the Factory.

S. S. GRIFFITHS, PROPRIETOR.

THE WESTMINSTER LOAN AND DISCOUNT SOCIETY.

Office—GEORGE STREET (Three doors from Southampton Buildings),
A. E. MELLICK, MANAGER.

This Society advances CASH to all respectable parties on personal security, in sums of £5 to £500, repayable by weekly instalments of one shilling in the pound, at a uniform charge of ten per cent., which is deducted from the amount borrowed when the Loan is granted.

N.B.—These advertised terms are strictly adhered to.

CASH advanced on freehold, leasehold, and all other available securities. Bills Discounted.

V.  R.

NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS.

WAITAKI-INVERCARGILL RAILWAY.

TOKOMAIRIRO-LAWRENCE BRANCH.

TENDERS are invited by the Government for the ERECTION of a THIRD CLASS STATION-MASTER'S HOUSE, at MOUNT STUART STATION, on the above Railway.

Drawings and Specifications may be seen at this Office, and at the Railway Station, Mount Stuart.

Tenders will be received at this office till noon of Thursday, the 27th December, 1877.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

By command.

W. N. BLAIR,

District Engineer.

Public Works Office,

Dunedin, 15th December, 1877.

NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS.**DUNEDIN SECTION.**

THE NORTHERN LINE, from Dunedin to Blueskin, will be OPENED for TRAFFIC on THURSDAY, 20th inst.

The following Trains will run until further notice:—

	A.M.	P.M.
Dunedin (leave)	7.45	2.0
Pelichet Bay	7.50	2.5
Roseneath Junction	8.10	2.25
Port Chalmers (Upper Station)	8.15	2.30
Waitati (Blueskin) (arrive)	9.0	3.10

	A.M.	P.M.
Waitati (Blueskin) (leave)	10.30	3.18
Port Chalmers (Upper Station)	11.15	3.58
Roseneath Junction	11.20	4.3
Pelichet Bay	11.40	4.23
Dunedin (arrive)	11.45	4.28

A. GRANT,

General Manager.

General Manager's Office,

Dunedin, December 18th, 1877.

M A I T L A N D H O T E L,

CORNER OF MAITLAND AND WALKER STREETS,

DUNEDIN.

J. J. CONNOR, - PROPRIETOR.

M R J. B. CALLAN, B.A., LL.B.

SOLICITOR, &C.,

Has Removed to the Corner of

BOND STREET AND JETTY STREET,

DUNEDIN.

M E D I C A L.**DR. HANSON, L.R.C.P., AND L.R.C.S., OF EDINBURGH,**

BEGS to announce to the DUNEDIN PUBLIC that he has opened a DISPENSARY in the OCTAGON, next door to the OCTAGON HOTEL, where he can be CONSULTED DAILY.

Hours—10 to 12 Morning, and 7 to 9 Evening.

Hours—9 to 12 Morning, Sundays.

Advice—1s 6d

Medicine—1s 6d.

} During above Hours.

During other Hours DR HANSON can be Consulted at MURRAY'S PRIVATE HOTEL, Rattray-street.

DR. HANSON also begs to intimate to the HOMŒOPATHISTS of Dunedin that he has a thorough knowledge of Homœopathic and Hydropathic Treatment.

Specialist for Brain, Nervous, and Rheumatic Affections.

NELSON.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE Nelson Hibernian Society held a Quarterly Meeting on the 10th inst., for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year, Bro. Hunt presiding. Bro. Bunny said, "He had great pleasure in proposing Secretary Bro. Ward as President. Bro. Ward was the fittest person in the Society to preside at their meetings. The members of the H.A.C.B.S. had witnessed the zeal displayed by Bro. Ward in forwarding the interests of this Association, and, under the presidency of such an energetic officer, the Society would gain much." This proposition was seconded by Bro. Kavanagh, and carried unanimously. Bro. Kavanagh proposed Bro. A. C. Frank as V.P., which was carried without dissent. Bro. Ward proposed, "That Bro. A. M. M. Kavanagh be elected Secretary to the Branch."—Carried unanimously. The Treasurer—Bro. Armstrong—was re-elected for the ensuing year.

The Hon. Mr. Larnach, Colonial Treasurer, accompanied by Judge Broad and some of the leading citizens, visited St. Mary's Schools on the 10th inst. To show his appreciation of those popular schools, the Colonial Treasurer handed Rev. Father Garin the generous sum of £10, to be distributed as prizes among the pupils.

After Vespers last Sunday, twelve young ladies attending the Convent School here were received as "Children of Mary." The Sisters of the Mission deserve the highest credit for the edifying manner in which those ceremonies are carried out. Upwards of sixty young ladies, who are being educated in the Convent, formed a procession and proceeded to the Church, singing hymns. All the young ladies were tastefully attired in white; emblematic of the vows they were about to take.

This week we had some rain, but not sufficient to repair the damage done to the crops from the drought. In the surrounding agricultural districts the crops are a total failure, so much so that cattle and sheep are turned in on them.

NOTICE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to the *N.Z. Tablet* will be received by Messrs. J. O'Brien and R. Dignan, Tinakora Road, Wellington.

WATCHMAKERS.

THE undersigned having purchased the Stock-in-trade, of Messrs Harrop and Neill, Watchmakers and Jewellers, at a great reduction on the original cost, beg to intimate to the public that they are now in a position to offer the whole of the above stock, which has been personally selected by Mr Harrop in the Home market,

AT PRICES WHICH DEFY COMPETITION.

They respectfully solicit an inspection of their magnificent stock of SILVER and ELECTRO-PLATED WARE, GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, and every other requisite connected with the Jewellery and Watchmaking business.

Having also acquired the splendid machinery brought out from Home by Mr Harrop, and being thoroughly practical workmen, they are prepared to execute all orders for Cups, Medals, Trophies, Jewels, and Jewellery to any design or pattern, with the utmost despatch and care, and trust by strict attention to all orders entrusted to them, to merit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed upon their predecessors.

GOLDSTEIN & MOLLER,

Manufacturing Jewellers, Gold and Silversmiths,

Late of Rattray-street,

Successors to HARROP & NEILL, Watchmakers, Jewellers, and Silversmiths, Princess-street.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JEWELLERY REPAIRED OR MADE TO ORDER.

All kinds of Chronometers, Repeaters, Watches, Clocks, Barometers, Nautical, Surveying, and Mathematical Instruments, &c., Cleaned, Repaired, and Adjusted.

N.B.—The Watch and Clock Department is now under the supervision of Mr. Neill.

WE HAVE much pleasure in recommending Messrs. GOLDSTEIN & MOLLER to our Customers, and solicit a continuance of their patronage so liberally bestowed upon ourselves.
HARROP & NEILL.

BARRETT'S FAMILY HOTEL
(Late Devonshire Arms.)
Corner of Durham and Peterborough Streets,
CHRISTCHURCH.

This Hotel, which has been erected regardless of expense, to replace the Old Devonshire Arms, is capable of accommodating a large number of boarders and travellers, is furnished in first-class style, as well as Special Suites of Rooms for Families.

Terms Moderate.

Hot and Cold Baths.

The Billiard Room contains one of Alcock's Prize Tables.

Wines, Spirits, and Ales of the very Best Quality, including Jameson and Sons' Old Malt Dublin Whiskey, specially imported by the proprietor.

First-class Stabling.—Hacks and Bugies on Hire.

J. BARRETT, Proprietor.

MR. JOHN MOUAT,
SOLICITOR,
Banks, Barron, & Co.'s Buildings, Rattray-st.
DUNEDIN.

NOTICE.

I HAVE Sold to Mr G. W. Driscoll my business of Tailor and Clothier, carried on by me in the Arcade; and I beg to solicit for him a continuance of the custom so liberally accorded me. Mr Driscoll is entitled to receive all debts owing to me accruing since the 21st day of May last.

Dated the 4th day of June 1877.

(Signed) GEORGE DAVIDSON.

In reference to the above, I trust, by strict attention to business and by supplying a superior article, to secure a continuance of the favours accorded my predecessor.

(Signed) G. W. DRISCOLL.

WOODFIELD AND JOLLY,
GENERAL PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS,
OCTAGON, DUNEDIN.

W. and J. having recently imported a most extensive and varied printing plant, are now prepared to execute every description of Plain and Ornamental Printing in the newest and neatest styles, and with despatch.

Printers of all kinds of Circulars, Cards, Receipt, Delivery, and Cheque Books, Ball and other Programmes, Chemists' Labels, Bill-heads, Handbills, Posters, Magazines, Pamphlets, and Publications of any size or form.

CASEY AND M'DONALD,
DENISON HOUSE, LAMBTON QUAY,
WELLINGTON.

Have much pleasure in announcing to their many friends and customers in the city and surrounding districts of Wellington, the completion of the extensive alteration and additions to their

DRAPERY, MILLINERY, AND CLOTHING WAREHOUSE.

As the alterations and additions to our premises have been made to meet the requirements of our largely increasing trade, and to ensure the comfort and convenience of our customers—the shop being now more than double its former size—we desire to offer our grateful thanks for the liberal support accorded to us since commencing business in

DENISON HOUSE, LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON.

We in many instances import direct from the makers, and at all times buy in the very cheapest market. We are sewing this season the largest, cheapest, and most varied stock of

DRAPERY, MILLINERY, MEN'S, YOUTHS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

that we have ever submitted to the public of Wellington, and we will endeavour to supply our customers at all times with really good and useful Drapery and Clothing at

The very Lowest possible Prices.

We have just opened New Dress Materials, Fichus, Jackets Shawls, choice patterns in Prints, and all the novelties of the season in every department.

OUR NEW LADIES' SHOW ROOM

contains a most beautiful choice of Trimmed Hats and Bonnets, Ladies' and Children's Untrimmed Hats, in plain and fancy straws, Feathers, Hat-Trimnings, Ornaments, and other novelties for ladies wear.

CASEY AND M'DONALD'S MEN'S YOUTHS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

We are now offering an extensive choice of clothing made specially to our own order in Melbourne—Geelong Tweed Trousers and Vests, Men's Colonial Tweed Suits, Boys' Colonial Tweed Suits, Hats, Shirts, Scarfs, Flannels, Drawers, and every requisite for complete outfit kept on stock. Every article throughout the establishment is marked at the lowest remunerative prices. CASEY AND M'DONALD will forward to their customers in the country, free by post on application, complete sets of patterns and prices, and all orders executed with the same attention as if selected by the customers themselves.

CASEY AND M'DONALD,
DENISON HOUSE, LAMBTON QUAY,
WELLINGTON.

BARRETT'S FAMILY HOTEL
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The Billiard Room contains one of Alcock's Prize Tables.

Wines, Spirits, and Ales of the very Best Quality, including Jameson and Sons' Old Malt Dublin Whiskey, specially imported by the proprietor.

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JOHN VEZEY
(Successor to John Gardner),
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BUTCHER,
PRINCESS-STREET SOUTH, DUNEDIN.

Families waited on for Orders in all parts of the City.
Shipping supplied. Pork skins for sale.

GRANGE HOTEL,
HANOVER-STREET,
DUNEDIN.
C. BUNBURY,
Proprietor.

C A R R O L L ' S H O T E L,

(LATE EUROPEAN),
GEORGE STREET, (NEAR THE OCTAGON), DUNEDIN.

JOHN CARROLL (LATE OF THE HIBERNIAN HOTEL), PROPRIETOR,

Wishes to inform his friends and the public, that he has now completed extensive alterations to the above HOTEL. The new addition is constructed of brick and stone throughout, and is furnished in the most SUPERB STYLE, while every modern appliance and requisite necessary for the comfort of his patrons is provided.

The HOTEL, from its CENTRAL POSITION, will be found a desirable residence for persons from all parts of the country having business to transact in Dunedin.

The Proprietor trusts that his LONG EXPERIENCE in the TRADE is a sufficient guarantee as to the general mode in which the establishment is conducted, and also as to the excellence of the viands.

HOT, COLD, and SHOWER BATHS at all Hours. PRIVATE APARTMENTS for Ladies and Families. A Splendid Billiard Room, with one of ALCOCK'S PRIZE TABLES. Good LIVERY AND BATE STABLES.

SMITH'S EXPRESS LINE OF COACHES for Blueskin, Waikouaiti, and Palmerston, arrive and depart daily.

Persons CALLED IN TIME for all the early Trains and Coaches.

INSPECTION OF THE HOTEL INVITED.

HIBERNIAN HOTEL,
TIMARU.

THOMAS O'DRISCOLL - PROPRIETOR.

Good Accommodation for Boarders and Travellers.

Private Rooms for Families.
Good Stabling.

LYON'S UNION HOTEL,
Stafford Street, Dunedin.

Good Accommodation for Boarders.

Private rooms for families. Charges moderate.
Wines and Spirits of excellent quality.

Luggage Stored Free.

One of Alcock's Billiard Tables.

BASKETS. BASKETS.

Undersigned has always on hand, Baskets of every description.

Orders promptly attended to.

Note the Address—

M. SULLIVAN,

Wholesale and Retail Basket Maker,

Princes-street, South Dunedin, (opposite Guthrie and Asher's).

SPECIAL NOTICE.

JAMES MOWAT, TAILOR AND

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Persons desirous of the comforts of a home would do well to make an early call at the Crown.

P. KELIGHER ... PROPRIETOR.

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Good Stabling and Paddock Accommodation.

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ESTABLISHED 1848.

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I HEREBY beg to intimate that I have become the PURCHASER of all DEBTS owing to the late Firm of JEWITT and TUNNAGE, and that same will be received by me. I also notify that all monies due by the late firm will be liquidated by me.

I beg to take this opportunity of tendering my best thanks for the generous patronage the old firm has at all times received, and would intimate to my customers and the public generally that in taking over the business, my best attention and care will be given to same, and that I shall thereby continue to merit a fair share of their support and patronage.

JOHN TUNNAGE,

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BRITANNIA HOTEL,

WHATELY-ROAD, CHRISTCHURCH.

DANNIEL M'GUINNESS,

Late of the Foresters' Hotel, Proprietor.

The Partnership hitherto existing between CHARLES GREEN and D. M'GUINNESS having been mutually Dissolved, the above Hotel is now solely under the management of D. M'Guinness, who trusts that no exertions on his part will fail to preserve the custom that has been so liberally bestowed by his friends and the public generally.

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WINES, BEER, AND SPIRITS OF THE CHOICEST BRANDS.

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CHRISTMAS INFLUENCES

(Written for the New Zealand Tablet).

THE grass was covered with hoar-frost, and in the hedge-rows also, and on the trees it clung to branch and spray. The moonbeams, for the night was clear and the moon was full, sparkled amongst the facets of the rime, and the stars on high gleamed with splendour—deep silence was everywhere. The solemnity and beauty of the night seemed to make a fit setting for a crucifix that stood in a recess by the road side, and whose shadow was thrown across the frost-whitened highway, and the silence might have seemed the hush of nature in presence of that awful symbol; for what

arena may be found too magnificent to suit even the record of the great world-tragedy, and what voices may sing its choruses,—what voices other than those that have not ceased to sing them since the world began, the life-sounds of the nations? Are we not all of us, everyone, adding hourly and daily discords or harmonies to their burden? The image of the crucified hung there in solitude, a visible prayer of the pious people in whose midst it had been erected, representing their faith when they themselves were engaged in the invisible supplication of their ordinary labours, or taking the rest they needed.

But this night of all in the year was not to pass by and leave the great emblem unvisited. It was Christmas eve, and, as the hours glided on towards midnight, the silence that had prevailed began to be broken in upon by people who came along the road. Sometimes they came in groups with conversation and laughter and some times a single foot-step fell upon the path and echoed sharply through the frosty air. Still as they reached the spot where the sign of man's redemption was raised aloft, at once ghastly and reassuring, in the moonlight, each recognised its presence. Some bowed their heads and repeated a short prayer, some made the sign of the cross, and some went aside and knelt for a time on the step at the foot of the low mound on which the crucifix was placed. It was a time for holy thoughts and the actions which they prompt, for the errand on which the people were bound was one that naturally directed the mind towards Heavenly things. They were on their way to the church of their parish where midnight Mass was about to be celebrated. Christmas morning was drawing near to its dawning.—Christmas, the day on which the counsels of eternity were inscribed upon the perishable records of time—the day on which God came, a little child, into His creation, sanctifying, by making them His emblems, all little children. In the village church the story was told, so that all might read it. The crèche had been erected there with its figures representing those who

had been present in Bethlehem on the night when the life that was throughout a passion began on earth—Mary and Joseph with the Divine Infant, the shepherds and the humble animals in whose refuge took place that of which the Heaven of Heavens itself was unworthy.

In front of the lowly representations of these lofty things, and amongst the women, there was kneeling one who seemed to differ in few respects from the greater number of those amongst whom she knelt. She was clad in the ordinary costume of her department, a district of Brittany, and possessed the well-formed features and bright eyes of her country. Upon her countenance, however, a keen observer might have detected an expression that bespoke a disposition of more than ordinary firmness. She seemed to be comfortably circumstanced according to her rank in life, for her clothing, though in colour and

fashion it corresponded with that of the peasant women around her, was of finer material, and she wore in her ears and on her finger broad and heavy rings of gold.

They must be weak in faith and hard of heart, who do not feel that there is something peculiarly touching in the thoughts of the crib wherein the Saviour lay an infant. Childhood always loveable has here culminated in loveliness, and sorrow which is ever worthy of sympathy here finds its climax. A little child purer than the purest is here, more lovely than the loveliest, demanding our tenderness, awaking all our veneration and wonder. The freshness of Creation's morning is before us, and we stand awe-struck yet loving before that in which there is no spot. The beauty and holiness of the sinless are present with us, but the joy of the sinless is not there: already the shadow of evil has fallen across that gentle heart, and a crown of thorns already encircles it.

Though in our callousness we have never a tear to shed over the sufferings of the Man—not yet

stretched upon the cross—surely we cannot contemplate with an eye wholly unmoistened the silent agony of grief suffered by the little Babe.

The woman of whom we have spoken seemed to yield to the spirit of the season. Her gaze had been riveted from the first upon the rough figures that served to recall to this faithful peasantry the scene at Bethlehem.—Rough figures, but could even the genius of Phidias, had it been Christian, have formed an idea of what the true must have been—of the Immaculate Virgin Mother and the Incarnate God, her Son? The figures are nothing but the lessons they teach—the thoughts they give rise to, are all in all. As the celebration of the Mass went on, a certain look of hardness, that had been apparent in the expression of what otherwise would have been the pleasing countenance of this woman of whom we write, seemed to deepen, until her



features had contracted a positive frown. Her expression became that of one who says "I will," although he knows undoubtedly that the resolution he announces is a wrong one. It remained so a little time, and then it began to melt. The little Child of the crib was evidently speaking to her heart. The blessed mother who bent over Him there was praying for her. The look of harshness relaxed upon the woman's face, and soon tears were flowing from her eyes; a combat had been fought and won, and her guardian angel was rejoicing over a fall of the powers of darkness. When Jeanne Bizet stood up from her knees to leave the church in the early morning, and when she passed out into the moonlight, she felt as if the weight of years had been lifted from off her heart—she felt as if a fever had cooled in her veins. Ah, but Jeanne, thy repentance has come too late. Thy hard-heartedness of years has brought its punishment. Thy peace is made with Heaven, but thou must still suffer on earth for thy fault.

Jeanne Bizet was the daughter of a peasant farmer who owned a small farm in this department of which we write. Some ten years before our story opens, he might have seen bowed indeed by age, but still vigorous for his years, and noted for his industry, pursuing in contentment the labours of his calling. He had worked to the very last, for he died not of disease, but from the effects of a fall, by which his skull was fractured. In the neighbourhood, amongst the simple people, the method of his death was commented upon, for it was said it seemed strange that he who had in his youth escaped unscathed from so many and great dangers, whose one deed of superhuman daring had made his name famous in his province, and who therefore might perhaps reasonably have hoped to die a lingering death from sickness or old age, had been taken off suddenly as it happened, and almost by violence. For this old man who toiled so industriously on his farm had been a hero in his day. He had fought in the wars of La Vendée, and more than one soldier of the Reign of Terror had fallen before his valour. The quiet life of the old man now spoke little of the wild storm of his early youth. The feeble hands that found it hard work to spend a day amongst the corn lands or meadows, had sadly lost their strength since they grasped with a firm and determined grip the leaping pole, called *la ferte*, which served as the weapon, in many instances the only weapon, of the peasantry against the cannon and sabres of the Republic; and armed with which they had taken to the woods, Heaven-appointed soldiers of the right.

In those days Brittany, still closely wooded in many parts, was pre-eminently a land of forests. There were seven of them in all—Brocéliande, Paimpont, Rennes, Machecoul, Carnache, Fougères, and Princé,—and the country that lay between was further interspersed with woods and thickets. The woodlands were the terror of the Republican forces, and the stronghold of the Vendéans. It will be easily understood that in the deep recesses of the forests, amongst the thick brushwood, and protected by the trunks of the aged trees, there would be a shelter of much service to the peasants who possessed a clue to the labyrinths, and were at home among surroundings that were to their opponents disquieting as darkness, regions trackless as the desert, and where they were momentarily exposed to the risk of falling into an ambush. But not only had nature favoured the countrymen, the human life of an ancient world had also conferred a boon upon them in their time of need, and left to them an inheritance of which they now largely availed themselves. Had you been present on one of those nights in, let us say, the forest of Brocéliande, since that was the one most famous for its fairy legends, and contact there with the supernatural would have come upon you with less surprise, you would have found all in quietness. The deep silence of the night would have been around you, broken only by a gentle rustling of the leaves, or it may be by the song of the nightingale, or if a pond were near, less agreeably by the croaking of the frogs; but other sound there is none. The moon is shining, but under the trees it is gloomy, for the branches are thick overhead, and it is only here and there that a beam flickers down through the leaves. Over yonder, however, there is a break in the woods; from some cause or other an acre or so of ground is clear from the growth of trees, and a lawn is formed covered with grass and wild flowers. You look one moment and it is vacant; the moonbeams are there and the herbage, but no more. You look again and, behold, it is occupied by a crowd. Men, or what seem to be men, are there—full one hundred of them. Strange beings they appear to you—long haired, and clad in jackets of leather sewed in patterns with silk, with wide trousers and gaiters to defend the leg, with guns, in some instances, slung in cross belts, with long poles, and now without shoe or sabot. Are they indeed men or fairies, do they form part of the sinister bands attendant on the White Lady, for she is said to haunt this forest. They are in truth men, the faithful peasants of Brittany who have refused to overturn their altars, and welcome instead hideous saturnalia. They are here, hardly indeed in arms, but armed with such armour as they can procure, and contending as best they may against this horror of a Revolution, that has sprung up as a cancer to corrode the civilised world. This Revolution that has been compared to the ocean drawn up by the influences of the heavens, but which, as the blind tides follow a barren and life-repelling orb, is rather enslaved to the powers of death. But whence have these men come? They have not certainly descended from the clouds; and if they had advanced through the forest some bough would have cracked, or some noise of their approach been heard. So many feet, although unshod, could not have drawn nigh without an audible trampling. They have done neither; they have not come down from above, nor have they advanced through the forest. They have risen up from beneath the earth a few paces from where they are now engaged in exercising themselves and in breathing the free air. There is close by a well: it is generally hidden by a lid of stone, which in turn is concealed with branches and leaves, but now this has been removed. It descends sheer down for some feet, and below opens into a gallery that leads far underground, and has at intervals along it cells in which several men can find room. There are many such throughout the forests, and in them the peasantry conceal themselves, passing the hours as best they may in darkness, until the time comes for a sally to the fight of which they are informed; or unless they come out at night for exercise, as now they have done. The soldiers of the Republic dread the woods, for here is a constant ambush over which

at any moment they may march. Such a method of warfare, to make it endurable, requires a strong motive. A firm conviction would be necessary even to a people that describes itself in a proverb—"There is nothing so obstinate as a Breton." Such a firmness, such a conviction had been that of Alain Bizet when in his youth he had taken to the woods in defence of his Faith and his King.

And amongst his valiant people Alain had proved himself a hero. When the Revolution broke out he had been, as his fathers were before him, the vassal of a noble family, for the farm which he had bequeathed to Jeanne had come to him through his wife. The Marquis, his lord, had perished in the Terror. It was to the simple peasantry a shock, an astonishment, scarcely less than it would to us were we to hear that Heaven itself had suffered an invasion of evil, when they learned that those, on whom they looked as almost of a different order of beings from themselves and inviolable, had been subjected to the grossest indignities, and visited with a cruel death. The young countesses, whose beauty was to them as wonderful as the fabled loveliness of the fairies, who, by countless legends were said to flit thro' the forest glades, had been laid evil hands upon, and brutally murdered by the terrible hags of the capital. Had they been told that while the fairy queen was dancing in the moonlight with her attendant maidens, a howling pack of wolves had broken out from amongst the thickets and made havoc of them, the thing would not have seemed at first more incredible. But it proved to be true. These delicate ladies had not even been permitted to die by the guillotine. After a little, one who had been an eye-witness of the deed came into the country, and described how they had been torn limb from limb by the foul women of the Republic. They had been dragged out and mocked; the horrible red cap was placed upon their heads, and they were bade to join in dancing the Carmagnole. Then, when they refused, and flung down the caps, and confronted their tormentors, with all the haughtiness and spirit of their princely race, these had laid hold on them to make them dance, and grown rougher and rougher, until at last they broke into hellish fury, and killed and mangled them there in the street. Such-like tidings came daily amongst the people, and filled them with horror; and thus it was that Alain Bizet grasped his cudgel, and betook himself to the woods that he might join the bands of Jean Chouan.

It was on one of these days that he wrought the deed that won him renown through his province. There had been a fight which had lasted several hours, between the Whites, or the Vendéans, and the Blues, as the soldiers of the Republic were called. It was for the possession of a pass, which was judged to be an important position, conferring peculiar advantages upon the party which should hold it. It had hitherto been held by the peasantry, and they had bravely defended it. The situation was commanded by a château, that, half dwelling-house, half fortress, stood on a rock beneath which ran a deep ravine, and behind it lay the forest. The building, however, stood clear of the woods; it towered aloft bleak and bare on its platform, one tree only being near it. This, a giant ash, which seemed to have been blasted in part by lightning ran up to a great height. It was gaunt, and for the most part stripped of branches, but far up its trunk there was a strong bough which extended to within a few feet of the wall of the château, running out over a corner of the ravine, which interposed between the elevated ground where the tree stood and the building. The branch had been broken by the lightning flash that had ruined the beauty of the tree, although it had not killed it, and the end at which it had been snapped across approached within a short distance of an upper window of the château. Its leaves and sprays must at one time have touched the grim wall, and perhaps even made their way in at the window, decorating with nature's tenderness the severity of man's art, and with the beauty of the spring clothing the stones that told of stern and winter-like times. It was a multioned window, but of considerable size, that opened in the thickness of the wall and conveyed all the light it enjoyed to a spacious apartment extending for the length of the building, and which gave upon a spiral staircase that ascended to the roof immediately beneath which this chamber lay.

For hours the peasantry had gallantly defended the pass. The enemy at first had been at least equal to them in numbers, and were armed far more completely. The arms of the peasants were those generally borne by such, farming implements converted into weapons of offence, mingled with a lesser number of swords, guns, and pistols, for the most part of antiquated make and dubious condition. Here also they were furnished with the leaping poles, to which allusion has been made. Nevertheless, they had borne volley after volley: they had run in upon the guns and sabres of the enemy, and beat them down with their poles; they had behaved as brave men fighting in a good cause. But all in vain—the contest was too uneven. Very many of them had fallen, their bodies lay thick in the ravine and on its sides, and the ferns and grass were dripping with the sinister dew of blood. They were driven back, and forced to shelter themselves within the château.

The building had been erected in accordance with the needs of a former generation. It was of stone, its walls of immense thickness, and it was capable of a long defence; but the Whites had been unwilling to enclose themselves in it. They were not prepared in any way to sustain a siege, and their safety lay in a fight to the woods if worsted in a battle. The Blues had now, however, by an able movement, cut them off from their wonted refuge—the forest—and forced them to retreat upon the château. The place had long since been completely gutted. The furniture had been destroyed and the fittings torn away—the noble owners were probably amongst the victims of the guillotine. The upper rooms were empty, but of those below a store house had been made for the scanty harvest of the neighbourhood. The peasantry had employed themselves during their occupation of the vicinity in reaping this, and had carried it, in the hopes of insuring its safety, into the château: the lower rooms were filled with oats and barley. Into this building the countrymen were driven. They entered and barricaded the door, the approach to which was protected by a flanking tower, and through the loop holes and windows the contest was continued. The Republicans poured in their hail of bullets, and the Whites replied with such guns and pistols as they possessed.

The combat had been thus waged for about an hour, when the sulphurous vapour that was thick around the château became mingled with fumes that were denser and more black. The nostrils of the peasants likewise detected a smell familiar to them—that of burning straw. Some fatal spark had set on fire the corn that was stored in the lower rooms, and in a few moments the red tongues of flame were leaping up through the smoke that issued at every loophole. The besieged uttered a great shout; their work had been well done. The enemies of the Republic were about to perish as cruelly as even they could desire. They ceased their firing, and waited for the flames to accomplish their task. A shout as defiant was sent back from the depths of the imprisoning walls—walls that seemed about to become as terrible as the burning tombs that Dante pictures in his mystic verse. The people within had learned their danger, and accepted their fate. There appeared to be no escape: the path to the forest where alone lay their safety, was held by the enemy. They were six in all; for the Whites had been thus reduced in number by the superior arms and military skill of the Republican soldiers. Death surrounded them within, and awaited them without. The flames were gaining every moment in intensity. Already they had seized upon the beams of the ceiling, and in a few seconds their raging tongues would be seen piercing the floor above. The people within were gathered on the spiral staircase that ascended in the thickness of the wall, intending when the fire gained upon them to go out upon the roof. They feared the crash into the burning gulf below, and, though hopeless, still they clung to life. There were women and children amongst them also—many such were mingled in the ranks of the Vendean army. Without the Republicans had forgotten all in watching to see the catastrophe.

But deliverance was at hand. Before the flames had wholly gained possession of the first floor, while they were still eating their way through the great beams which supported it, the aspect of affairs had altered on the outside. From the forest there poured out a dense mass of peasantry. The report of the contest had spread throughout the hiding places in the woods, and their denizens rushed to the rescue. They arrived at an opportune hour. The Republicans were swept from their position between the château and the forest, and obliged to beat a hasty retreat to a situation at the other side of the ravine, over which the rock of the building impended. The Besieged, who from the loop holes had hailed their deliverers with such revulsion of feeling, as can only be experienced by people thus delivered, so soon as they saw them hurst from the covering of the trees, desired to escape from their terrible enclosure. But how to do so? To descend to the door of the building was impossible. The flames were raging in the lower story, the roar of the fire, and the crackling of the beams were appalling, and the heat rendered an approach to within several feet of where the staircase opened into the hall impossible. Already, indeed, the flames were at its entrance; but all there was of stone. There was nothing for them to catch hold of, and they came and went with the draughts of air. One means of exit only offered itself. At the point where the second floor opened upon the staircase was a window that looked out upon the court-yard of the château. It was a considerable height above the level of the yard, and at ordinary times no one would have thought it possible to leap down from it upon the hard pavement below. It, however, was now the only issue that presented itself to the inmates in their necessity. All the other openings—large enough for a man to pass through—overlooked the ravine, into which a leap would have been attended with certain death; besides, anyone who showed himself at one of them now would have served as a mark to the muskets of the Republicans. The window to which we have alluded was not open to this objection, as the mass of the building sheltered it from the position occupied by the Blues. To this window then the attention of the unhappy prisoners was attracted. It was their only resource if they would escape from the fell companion shut up with them within the massive walls. A short consultation was held as to the method and order of their descent, and an agreement was come to that they should assist each other by one of those who remained within leaning out of the window and holding the hands of the man descending so long as it was possible, in order to break the fall, but he who should delay to the last must make the attempt unaided. This last man, then, who should dispense with all help, and await the nearer approach of the flames, must, if he volunteered the part, be in some things superior to the others. The man to accept this part was Alain Bizet, for he had been amongst the enclosed. A higher being had indeed all along been latent in this humble peasant, this man who, until the circumstances of the times had altered the manner of his life, had quietly pursued the labours of his calling and given no signs that anything more lay within him than a disposition to perform the lowly tasks required of him. History reveals to us such developments from time to time—such a blossoming out of good unsuspected, or of evil. Is it so difficult to conceive that in each of us an existence lies concealed, that has yet to find its fulfilment—to expand into a being glorious as that of the angels of God, or to sink into a horrible degeneration, and become a monster of hell? But what of the women and children? The men might possibly all succeed in accomplishing the feat demanded of them unhurt, but for these there seemed to be an evil prospect opened. The only thing they could think of that appeared to promise safety for them was that trees should be cut in the forest and a rough ladder improvised; but for this there was hardly time. They, however, called to the men below, and explained to them their need, and a party hastened away to the woods with such an object. Meantime, the men had begun to descend, but not without severe consequences; one had even broken his leg, and several had received contusions more or less grave. Matters were progressing thus unhappily, when a discovery was made that obviated all difficulties. Some one had found in a corner, where it had lain neglected since the fatal corn had been drawn in, a rope, which had been used for that purpose. It was, indeed, a most fortunate chance, for at the rate at which the fire continued to gain ground, it would otherwise have been impossible for many even of the men to have escaped, and of the more helpless inmates all must indubitably have perished, burnt within, or broken on the hard stones without.

Meantime, far up on the staircase, close to where the door had been which led into the great apartment on the third floor was situated—

the door itself was gone—a woman was seated on one of the stone steps. With her elbows rested on her knees and her face hidden in her hands, she rocked herself back and forward giving way to the extremity of her despair and terror. Behind her, on another step, she had laid her children and they were sleeping there peacefully; in their innocence awaiting without knowing it, the terrible fate that threatened them. It was indeed a sight that might well have torn a heart less tender than a mother's to see the poor little things lying there in all the rosy prettiness of their babyhood exposed to so tremendous a danger. Their mother had been unable to endure it and had hidden away her eyes. Suddenly a cry of joy arose from the group below, from which until now sounds only of alarm had been heard. It had been occasioned by the finding of the rope, and the consequent revival of hope. The woman raised herself up and listened—"It is the good God who has sent it to us, we are saved; no more broken limbs; no fear of the fire; let the women and children be lowered first,"—such were the words that reached her ears, and then in a moment she was called by name and urged to hurry down that she might be placed in safety. She arose in haste, and catching up the younger of the children shook the other by the shoulder, "Come, Mimi," she said, "come, awaken and follow mamma, we are going out, going away from this dreadful place, come with me, come quickly." The little girl opened her eyes and moved, she seemed for the moment fully awake and the mother began to descend the stairs satisfied that she was followed by her. Mimi, however, sat up, looked about her out of wondering round eyes, and then putting down her little head again was fast asleep as ever. The mother with her infant was hastened out at the window and stood below, expecting each moment to see her little girl let down to her. But she did not come. It was in vain to make signs and call frantically to those above. The flames were rapidly gaining upon them; the noise was loud, and they were to much occupied in making their escape to attend to what went on below.

When the women and children had all been lowered the men had tied the rope round the mullion of the window and slid down one by one. All had been done with the utmost haste. From the time when the mother with her child had been lowered, hardly five minutes passed until the last man stood upon the pavement of the yard, and his escape had been made not an instant too soon; he was barely in safety when a stream of flame issued from the window by which they had come out. A few minutes earlier it would have caused dire effects upon the people gathered there. Now the only consequence that ensued was that the rope, which had remained fastened to the window was burned across, and fell out on the ground where it lay with its end smouldering, but otherwise uninjured.

But now the fate of the little child who had been left behind absorbed all their attention. The mother, shrieking wildly and refusing to be comforted or restrained, rushed towards the flaming loopholes of the lower story, as if she hoped to find an entrance there where entrance there was none. The loopholes were not only giving out volumes of flame, but were besides too high up to be reached without the help of a ladder, and, even had the fire permitted it, the door of the great entrance could not have been opened. It was of iron and fastened on the inside: a cannon ball only could have burst it in. There seemed to be no hope for the little girl. In this extremity Alain Bizet stooped and picked up the rope which, as has been described, had fallen out on the ground. He had been from the first looking about in search of means to rescue the child and a plan had presented itself to him which it required his utmost daring to carry out. He extinguished the fire which was smouldering at its end and wound the cord round his waist, and then he ran swiftly towards the ash tree. Here he was exposed to the bullets of the Blues, but they refrained from firing upon him, at first no doubt desiring to see what object he might have in view and afterwards from admiration, for he was engaged in the performance of an act that appeals to the depths of human nature—to a sentiment that pervades mankind universally. The savage who reverences the chief of his tribe because of the prowess that is in him is animated by it, so, likewise, is the scholar who pours over the pages of classic lore, and is dazzled into an admiration of even the bloody deeds recounted there. All reverence alike the lofty spirit of heroism, the spirit that shows man to be something more than the dust of the earth. That skin intact, and limb and life itself, are not the highest good, but that there are times when these things should be imperilled that the higher being may make itself manifest. The hero is amongst the impure and worldly, that which St. Michael is amongst the Heavenly and pure; he who has conquered an evil principle, that of fear, and cast it down with all the myriad littlenesses that move in its train. The hero exalts his race and vindicates mankind.

Arrived at the foot of the tree Alain extended his arms, grasped the trunk, and then with the aid of feet and knees he began to climb. Now drawing himself together now stretching out, he pursued his way upwards until he reached the fork formed by the branch which extended towards the château. Here he paused a moment to adjust himself, and then getting upon the bough he sat astride of it, and worked his way out over the ravine. A few seconds brought him to the place where the branch had been broken off, as we have already described, and there, unwinding the rope from his waist, he tied one end of it securely round the limb of the tree, and the other he threw in at the window. His next step was to raise himself up on his knees, and thence, rising slowly into a standing posture, he leaped on to the ledge of the window and bounded into the burning château.

To pass along the length of the Chamber in which he stood was to strike out from shore above a gulf whose waves were raging fire. The roar and rush of the flames were loud in his ears. At any moment it seemed that the beams that supported the tiled floor might have given way, and he have been borne down into the terrible death below. If the man's heart had failed him, what could there have been said to his prejudice? Courage and skill were here of no avail; his enemy was blind, implacable, resistless, and even then, if he had turned and fled, praise not blame would have been bestowed upon him for the attempt he had made. Alain paused for a moment, but retreat had not entered his mind, he was looking to discover the door that opened upon the staircase where the child had been last seen. The room was always gloomy, and now the smoke which filled it

made it dark, although the autumn sun was shining brightly without. A lurid glow seen through the opening he sought revealed it to him, and he hurried forward without hesitating.

Meantime the flames were making way upon the staircase. It was a tube of stone, the lower steps roofed in by those that lay above them, and the current of air that prevailed upon it drew the fire upwards from the burning chambers that opened on its side. Eddy-ing, whirling, now retreating, now advancing, but every instant surely gaining ground, the destroyer came on. Of the stairs themselves nothing was perishable; all was massive stone. The child alone offered to the fury of the raging elements a moment's food, and to devour her, a poor, shrinking, tiny thing, whose life seemed frail as that of a harebell, a force was approaching that would have sufficed to overwhelm an army. It seemed almost a waste of destructive power. Alas! that those which are beneficent are oftentimes in like manner thrown away. As we have seen she had not fully awaked when she was called, but had only—childlike—for the moment unclosed her eyes to fall asleep again immediately. She slept until the close approach of the roaring fire, and the crashing and falling in of the beams and ceilings, and probably the heat which was intense, had aroused her. Then she awoke to find herself alone. The little one screamed loudly for her mother—"Mamma, mamma, where art thou? I am frightened, come to me, come—come—come?" Vain confidence of the children that is so humiliating to those in whom they repose it,—that makes us so recognise our utter helplessness, we, poor reeds, who may be joyful in the end if we have refrained from piercing the hands that sought to support themselves upon us. The roar and rushing of the terrible foe, that was eating its way steadily on to her, was the sole response. It raged so loudly that she scarcely heard her own voice. For a few minutes she stood on the step on which she had been asleep. She stamped her little feet, and in her agony beat the air before her with her hands as if she would repel with her velvet palms the irresistible fury advancing, and still she called loudly for her mother. Feebleness indeed was brought face to face with strength, would the battle prove to be to the strong? The little thing stood for a moment waging her vain contention, but as the smoke grew denser, and the crimson flames that flickered amidst its blackness leaped nearer and nearer to her, although not fully realising her danger and filled only with a vague terror, she turned round and climbed as quickly as she could further up the stairs. On hands and knees she ascended, sobbing and screaming as she went. The door that issued upon the roof and which was shut stopped her progress, and she lay down upon her face beneath it. There she remained still sobbing bitterly, but exhausted by the violence of her screaming and the suffocation caused by the smoke, inaudibly—had there been any one to listen.

When Alain came out on the staircase and saw the child was not on the spot where they told him she had been sleeping, he hesitated. The flames were full in view a few steps down. Had she already perished? Who could say what a baby left alone might do in her terror, if indeed it was not upon the first floor that they had left her? Should he persevere? His own safety called upon him to hasten back, and he was almost satisfied that he had done all that could be done. The heroism that had brought him so far, however, did not fail him. He resolved to try the staircase further up, and there he found the child crouching down as we have described. His advent had been all but too late. A few minutes more and she must have been suffocated—dead even before the flames had reached her. Does not a possible mercy attend on all that is dreadful, to modify its horrors? Alain snatched her to him quickly, and clasping her tightly in his arms, sped back upon his perilous way. With swift feet and stepping lightly as if upon thin ice, he fled across the burning floor. Nor was it unseasonably. Although all had passed since his entrance in the twinkling of an eye, in the tiles fissures had opened and the lithe and subtle monster was streaming up through them. The beams fell in behind him as he hastened on, and a blinding and formidable glare filled the apartment. Fortunately the fire advanced in his rear, the space immediately below the window frame was safe for some time longer: it was an opening in the thickness of the wall, and the rope he had thrown in from the tree without lay coiled there ready for his need. Still the heat was hardly endurable, and the flames must be wafted immediately to the window; life trembled in the balance, and Alain hastened his preparations. He raised the rope and tied it securely round the body of the little girl, passing it under her armpits, and then when all was secure he put her gently out of the casement, and stretching forward as far as it was possible for him he guided her descent, so that the jerk that must necessarily ensue should not hurt her. The feat was performed with ease and coolness notwithstanding the haste, and the little one swung out over the ravine suspended from the bough.

Alain's next step was to provide for his own safety, and for this he must regain the branch. The position in which he now stood was more favourable for the leap than it would be necessary for him to take, than had been that from which he sprang forward to gain the window; but the goal he sought to reach was this time far more dizzy. His plan was to bound forward into the air and seize the branch with his hands. His life was staked upon the strength of his arms, and the agility which should enable him to climb upon the bough. These only could save him from falling into the ravine beneath. In itself the leap was not considerable; it was but a few feet, and might easily be taken in a stand. The height at which it must be ventured, however, rendered it a terrible hazard. But the experiences of his boyhood passed in a country of woods stood Alain in good stead, and his iron nerve and hardy frame rendered him capable of the feat demanded of him. Stepping upon the ledge of the window he summoned up all his energy, and making the momentous spring, hung between life and death. Below him lay the jagged rocks of the ravine's side, behind the fire,—for in the smoke that issued from the window flickering tongues of flame were seen—and before him was the open air, and the slender branch on which his safety depended. The people who were looking on far down on the ground beneath uttered a loud shout, but the cry had hardly passed their lips ere he was secure—he had seized the bough. A moment he swung over the abyss, and they hardly dared to breathe as they watched the event. Would his hold give way, and he be pre-

pitated into the ravine, leaving the child swinging where few would care to venture to her rescue? No! It was not to be so; for a moment only the result seemed doubtful. Then the man raised himself and grasping the tree with his legs and arms turned himself upon it, and sitting astride of it worked his way forward as before, propelling in front of him the rope by which the child for whose safety he had dared so much was suspended. When he had in this manner reached the fork of the tree, he drew the little one up to him, and placing her across his shoulders bound her firmly there. Then, climbing down the trunk, he deposited her safely in the arms of her mother, below. Such was the particular deed that made Alain famous in his province.

Jeanne Bizet was not Alain's only child. He had another daughter, Marie, many years younger than her sister. Their mother had died in giving her birth, so that the elder sister became the guardian of the younger. But the labour that Jeanne performed was one of love; the tiny helpless creature wound itself round her heart from the first, and the pride of her strong nature was gratified in having a being who leaned completely on her for every thing. As years went by the bond became in nothing loosened. It seemed, on the contrary, to become more strait as the confiding character of Marie was developed, and her dependence on her sister was more and more manifested, because the time had come when, if ever, it should be seen in something to relax.

Jeanne was gifted with a fair amount of good looks, and as it was known that Alain Bizet was a man of substance, and that his daughters would equally inherit him, she was not without being sought more than once in marriage, and more than once her father lent his countenance to a suitor. But one answer was given to all, Jeanne would remain to look after her father and Marie. No persuasion could turn her from her purpose, and in time they left her to follow her own will uninterfered with. Thus matters went quietly on until the accident occurred by which Alain lost his life, at which time Jeanne was a woman verging upon thirty, thrifty, resolute, and skilful in all the ways of a farmer's vocation, so as to be capable of managing the business without the aid of the old man. Marie, her sister, was then a girl of fourteen, in every thing, almost, Jeanne's opposite; of delicate constitution, yielding in character, but of winning manners, and with an appearance that promised to blossom into extreme beauty. But although Jeanne had resolved on a life of celibacy for herself, her intentions with regard to Marie were otherwise. Already she had fixed upon a family from amongst whose members she was determined to select a husband for her sister, and for herself she had no further earthly ambition than that her life should still be spent in ministering to the happiness of the girl who had hitherto so completely depended upon her, and concerning whom she never entertained a doubt but that, married or single, she should always continue necessary to her. The devotion of Jeanne, indeed, to this her adopted daughter was extremely beautiful. We meet such a passing out of self, as it were, occasionally amongst her sex—a complete forgetfulness of all personal advantages and feelings, and the renouncing almost of identity in favour of the interests of another. It is in the secular life that which the calling of the nun is in the religious life; but the two are separated by the gulf that lies between worldly things and Heavenly. The one, indeed, may be sinful, and sometimes it is so—that is, when the devotion to an earthly object is allowed to obscure that due to Heaven. But it was not thus in Jeanne's case; the fervent faith of her people was strong at her heart, and, had it been demanded of her, she would have sacrificed even Marie to it. Alas! that a motive far other than this led her to do so in effect.

Amongst the footsteps that echoed on the road before the crucifix on that Christmas-eve there was one that came haltingly along. It did not ring upon the pathway in the frosty air, nor did sounds of pleasant conversation accompany it. Slow and heavy it dragged along until it stopped in front of the crucifix, and the woman whose weary feet had borne her there knelt down upon the step beneath the mound; but before she did so she ascended and gently laid at the foot of the cross a burden that she had carried, closely wrapped up in a thick woollen shawl, in her arms. Then she knelt and bowed her head upon her hands, which she placed upon the rough stones before her. Meantime, had a careful listener been close by he might have heard, in the shawl beneath the cross, the tranquil breathing of a little child asleep. The woman was Marie, the sister of Jeanne Bizet, and the child was her infant of a few months old. For a great division had after all arisen between the sisters. It had come about in perhaps the only way in which so lamentable a thing could have happened. Marie had married in opposition to the wishes of her sister. A casual acquaintance, made at a village fête, had been encouraged by thoughtless neighbours, and, while Jeanne busied in her daily occupations and reliant on the influence she possessed over Marie, gave the matter no thought, her control had been undermined, and Marie had determined for once in her life on acting in defiance of her. In vain Jeanne denounced the object of her choice. He was a ne'er-do-well who was merely attracted for the moment by Marie's beauty, which had now ripened into all the fulness of its promise. He had, moreover, been actuated by mercenary motives, for Marie in her way was an heiress; but otherwise he cared for no one but himself. He was a selfish fellow, a dissipated scamp, unworthy of the toleration of decent people. But all was in vain. Marie resisted with the violence of a weak nature driven to rebellion. She married and the sisters parted, as Jeanne declared, for ever. They had equally shared in the property left by their father, but this had been equally divided in land and money, and to Jeanne the land had come, while Marie inherited the money. This was now handed over to her husband, and she went to live with him in one of the chief towns of the province, which was situated some leagues from her sister's farm. But Jeanne's words proved all too true; in a short time seeming idolatry had passed away into open indifference, and indifference had degenerated into harshness. Five years after her marriage Marie was the wreck of what she had been, the firm oval of her cheek was sunken, her clear full eyes were hollow and dim, and even the once rich masses of her raven hair had grown thin and lustreless. She was the mother of two dead children, and of one

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