

does the Professor accuse our venerable apostolic college of "fighting," but he actually says that, while they do one thing "ostensibly," they have the intention of really doing another. Is this logic and psychology, we want to know; or is it downright, unblushing impudence? We wait for an answer, for while the matter lies between the Presbyterian Synod of Otago and Professor Macgregor, we ourselves are quite unable to determine anything about it. However, there is one thing we plainly perceive—the prayer meetings at the University have not benefitted Professor Macgregor one pin. He is evidently totally unregenerate, and the poor Chancellor has had all the trouble of wrestling in supplication for him in vain. It is a pity to see so much good, pious, breath wasted. Fortunately, however, it is an exception to the general rule, and there will be lots of other conversions to atone for it. Meantime, we learn that the Synod is about to establish a theological college with their surplus funds, and no doubt their intention is highly praiseworthy; that is, if it be just and legal. But as matters are situated at the present moment, perhaps it might fall in more consistently with their national prudence if they would make up their minds to "bide a wee." The fact is, the theology they elect to teach just now may turn out not to be the thing at all that is required a few years hence. Presbyterianism appears to be, at least, on the brink of a state of transition, for it is judged partly to incline towards Episcopalianism and partly towards Socinianism, as may be seen by an article from the *Saturday Review* published by us in another column, under the heading "Scotch Dogmatism." Therefore, the Synod had better deliberate somewhat longer, (of course, Professor Macgregor means deliberation when he speaks of "fighting,"), await the turn of events, and not risk the danger of setting up a theological college which might hereafter prove a sore bone of contention between rival factions of their own divided sect.

"PUCK," an American comic weekly, gives a likeness of the famous preacher Talmage, who is now, or at least was lately, creating such a *furor* in London. The likeness, which is evidently a good one, presents to us a shrewd, wide-awake, knowing, Yankee face, and disciples of Lavater even without any further information would have no difficulty in concluding that it belonged to a man quite capable of getting along capably through life, in any calling it might please him to adopt. He, at least, would by no means seek inspiration for his preaching amongst the hens and chickens. The comic paper sketches, comically of course, the preacher's career amongst English church-goers, and one of the groups with which he is brought into contact represent members of the various clerical bodies, from the Anglican bishop in his lawn sleeves to the extraordinary nondescript dissenter, who may be met with in remote places; but one and all they appear in high dudgeon, evidently devoured with chagrin at the devotion that attends upon the sensational stranger. We should think this group is very happily imagined; it must be excessively aggravating to the easy-going, humdrum, ministers in general to find their preserves so trespassed upon. A preacher like Talmage is calculated to do them an immensity of harm; services conducted by him are a species of dissipation as ruinous to the religious mind as would be a course of sensational novel reading to the student of reading-lessons in a schoolbook. To return to the ordinary fare would be a trial far greater than many could bear, and even the most staid would be tempted to regard their accustomed minister, at least for a period, as more or less of a bore. Decidedly these parsons the chief feature of whose worship is the sermon cannot feel very happy in the neighbourhood of such men as Talmage, and the worst of it is they cannot be imitated; sensationalism of any kind must be the gift of nature. Any imitation of it is the flattest of the flat.

THE news by the San Francisco Mail which reached Auckland on Tuesday last seems anything but re-assuring. The Government seem to be warmly following up their plan of exciting disturbances in Ireland, and consequently rousing the indignation and resentment of England, never a very difficult task, against the Irish people. In consequence, we hear of an attack made by the police upon a Home Rule procession at Lurgan, which resulted in one of the processionists being killed and two severely wounded. It is added that the people then wrecked Lord Lurgan's lodge—his gate-house, we presume, and some houses of Protestants; that is—if there be any truth in it—the houses not of Protestants viewed in a religious point of view, but of some persons belonging to that sect who were aiding and abetting in the murder and maiming committed by law in the streets. The Irish Volunteer Bill has been thrown out in Parliament, but a proposal is advanced to enroll unarmed Irish Volunteers, whatever that extraordinary class of semi-military men may look like. It is possibly considered necessary to teach them to know their right foot from their left, as we have heard of its being done in old times, by attaching a bit of straw rope to one of the members in question; and so to sharpen them up for any emergency that may arise. Our experience, however, of the Irish peasantry has been quite sufficient to assure us that they need no such training, and that, further, they are quite sharp enough to understand and resent the impudent slight that is offered to them. Unarmed volunteers, indeed! Pray are

they in any way connected with that famous corps, the horse-marines? There are a few queer items, too, related of the Pope, as usual, emanating from the bewildered imagination of some dozing journalist or telegraph clerk. It seems His Holiness has again snubbed the "Ultramontanes," chastised the Belgian bishops, and frowned on the little-game of the Jesuits. It is no wonder at all, then, if somebody in Baltimore says they want to poison him. Nothing less could possibly be said, and we are only astonished to find it has been drawn so mildly. We would say at once the true Pope had been poisoned and a stuffed one on Jesuit wires set up in his place. Russia is again, it would seem, carrying on her small school-boy menaces of England. Once more we hear of unlimited cruisers being ordered at New York, and we may, in a short time, daily expect a descent of Cossacks upon these shores of ours. It is, however, a comfort to know there are a few gentlemen in the place always ready to do whatever fighting may offer itself to them; they will protect us, and we shall rest at peace in their shadow. Let the Cossacks come. The Czar has, moreover, slighted England by excluding her from the invitations, issued to all the rest of Europe, to send representatives to witness certain great military manoeuvres commenced on July 25th. Russians are also said to have armed the Bulgarians heavily, and to be endeavouring to stir up the Albanians against Austria. On the whole, there would be nothing to surprise us in a renewal of hostilities in the East, as matters there seem far from settled, and Austria, aided by Germany, is reported to be endeavouring to coerce the Porte, so as to obtain for herself a strong footing in Turkey. The relations between Russia and Germany seem far from friendly, and the Russians are building forts upon their German frontier. In America, the yellow fever is raging at Memphis, and some cases have also occurred at New Orleans; while in Europe cholera has made its appearance, two deaths being reported as occasioned by it in London. Under existing circumstances, there are worse places of residence than we find in New Zealand.

THE LATE MOTHER MARY XAVIER.

(From our Melbourne correspondent.)

A LADY who knew her writes to me of Mother Mary Xavier, the Superioress of the Geelong Convent of Mercy:—"Her death is recognised as a public calamity alike by Protestants and Catholics in Geelong and the western district. During the twenty years she has worked among them silently, 'unhasting and unresting,' monuments of many sorts have arisen in Geelong (notably the Convent Buildings with the beautiful Chapel of the Sacred Heart attached) offsprings of her head, heart, and hand, all for the furtherance of the one object of her life—the glory of God and the salvation of man.

"To this she devoted her life, her large private means, and an intellect more clear, capacious, and practical than falls often to the lot of even the most gifted man. I have heard a hard-headed banker, a strict Protestant, declare that, in the course of his business, he never had a constituent to equal her in financial ability and resources. His belief in both, and in her integrity, was a sort of act of faith with him.

"And yet the work which witnesses to her energy and zeal in this hemisphere is dwarfed by what is known of her achievements at home. Early in her career she saw new openings of usefulness for her Order, the Sisters of Mercy, in skilled medical nursing of the sick. By permission of her Superiors, she and two Sisters left their convent in Dublin, went to Paris, and in the Hospitals there studied diseases and their amelioration. The idea of a great Irish National Hospital to be erected in Dublin suggested itself to her there, and before many years the Mater Misericordiae, the largest hospital, it is said, in Europe, was completed, and in full swing of work. That in Mother Xavier's brain the idea of this magnificent institution first germinated, and that she found the means, by subscriptions, &c., to erect it, there is no doubt. She gave much of the plan to the architect, and herself, it is said, laid the first stone. With sleepless vigilance she watched its erection, and the success of its opening years, but those who knew her best declare that she shrank from the fame that linked her name to this great work.

"Her practical ability was only a phase of her character, the outcome of her grand common-sense. She was a tender, sensitive, retiring woman, always at her best and happiest among the infant orphans, who adored and caressed her as if she were indeed their mother. Above all, she was a saint, and when she found that philanthropists at home, and American and other travellers, persisted in recording her deeds in their books as foundress of the *Mater Misericordiae*, she seized on the occasion to escape from public praise into more obscure duties in a distant land which the Australian mission offered her. What a holy life her's was here; begun in privation and toil and ending in nine years of terribly acute suffering. A cripple, and always in pain, she bore her cross with a patience, sweetness, and cheerfulness that never broke down—never even faltered—and steadily carried on the work of her community to the end." "You think too seriously of my cross," she wrote to a friend, who loved her much; "I have never much minded physical pain. I am very happy. I am God's prisoner." Now she is released it seems sinful to grieve for her or to think of her, except as in the presence of God, singing His praises as had been her delight in the early days of her religious life, when people came to her convent from afar to hear the fresh glorious voice in the choir, which thrilled the listeners with its expression of sublime faith and profound piety.

The personal estate of the late Baron Rothschild has been sworn under £2,700,000.