

# New Zealand Herald

Vol. XII.—No. 9.

DUNEDIN : FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1884.

PRICE 6D.

## Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

### THE SACRED HEART.

TO-DAY the Church celebrates the Festival of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The Feast was instituted according to a revelation made to saint Margaret Mary Alacoque, in June, 1675—the passage from her Life, by Father Tickel, S.J., running thus:—“As I was before the Blessed Sacrament,” says this holy soul, “on a day within the Octave of Corpus Christi, I received from my God excessive graces of His love. Feeling myself touched with a desire of making Him some return, and of rendering him love for love, ‘You cannot make me any greater return of love,’ He said, ‘than by doing what I have so often asked of you.’ And discovering to me His Divine Heart, ‘See this Heart,’ he said, ‘which has loved men so much that It has spared nothing, even to exhausting and consuming Itself, in order to testify to them Its love; and in return I receive from the greater part only ingratitude, by reason of the contempt, irreverence, sacrilege, and coldness which they show me in this Sacrament of Love. But what I feel still more is that there are hearts consecrated to Me who use Me thus. On this account, I ask of you that the first Friday after the Octave of Corpus Christi be set apart for a special Feast to honour My Heart, by communicating on that day and making reparation to It by a solemn act to repair the indignities which It has received during the time It has been exposed on My altars. I also promise you that My Heart shall expand Itself to shed in abundance the influence of Its divine love upon those who shall pay It this honour and procure it to be paid.” But the science of our own century has also shown us the extent to which the Sacred Heart was consumed and exhausted for us, and has confirmed in a very remarkable manner the visions of the saints. The Jesuit Father Christie, for example, in an essay on the Philosophy of Christianity, included in a volume of essays edited by Cardinal Manning, and published some years ago, in order to prove the fact of our Blessed Lord’s death, gives the scientific explanation of the blood and water which St. John saw pouring from the sacred side when the spear of the centurion had pierced it and been withdrawn. What Father Christie tells us, moreover, we find in substance well summed up in the words of a Protestant authority—that is the late J. H. Pooley, a medical doctor of New York, and which have been lately reproduced by our contemporary the *Ave Maria*. They are as follows:—“It is well known to physicians that rupture of the heart, though rare, does sometimes occur, so that to us dying of a broken heart is something more than metaphor: it may be a sad reality. This accident may occur, and probably does most frequently occur, in diseased conditions of the organs; but such cases do not demand our attention, for no disease or weakness can be predicated of that Heart which was broken for us. But it may also occur in perfectly healthy conditions of the heart and the general system, and then is commonly produced by overwhelming emotions, particularly by opposite or conflicting ones, quickly succeeding one another, or struggling together in the breast. Of the effect of such emotions upon the central organ of the circulation we all know something; our heart, we say, is light, or heavy as lead, or ready to burst; and many will easily believe that if such sensations as they have occasionally experienced were much intensified, or long continued, death from this cause might really ensue. It is altogether probable that the sudden deaths recorded in ancient history, from intense and contending passions of the mind—such as that of Chilo the Lacedæmonian, Sophocles the tragedian, and that of Diogenes, as recorded by Aulus Gellius—were caused in this way. But we are not left to mere inference and conjecture in this matter; there are not wanting well-attested modern instances where sudden death in healthy persons has occurred under such circumstances, and a *post mortem* examination has revealed the fact of rupture or laceration of the heart. Let me now direct attention more minutely to the phenomena observed in such an examination. The heart and roots of the great vessels which arise from it are enclosed in a membranous bag or sack, called the *pericardium*, which has no external opening whatever, but is perfectly closed or shut.

Upon opening the chest of a person who has died from rupture of the heart, the first thing observed is this *pericardium* or heart sack, more or less distended, sometimes enormously so, by the blood which has been forced into it through the opening in the ruptured heart. The blood thus contained in the *pericardium* undergoes the process of coagulation or congealing, just as it would do outside of the body, in a bowl, for instance, and separates into two parts,—a clear, light coloured fluid called serum, and a thicker red portion called *crassamentum* or clot,—or, to express it in popular language, blood and water,—this very phrase, indeed being used even in medical accounts of such cases. This is no mere theoretical description derived from reading, for I myself have witnessed what I now describe. Some years ago I made a *post mortem* examination of a man who died suddenly of rupture of the aorta, one of the great vessels of the heart, within the *pericardium*. The *pericardium* in this case contained a large quantity—fully a pint, I should think—of fluid; and on being opened there flowed out, side by side, without mingling, a clear fluid like water, and a thicker, dark red fluid like blood. What the knife of a physician does in an ordinary examination was roughly performed in our Saviour’s case by the soldier’s spear; and in the one case as in the other there came forth blood and water. In this way, and in this way only, have I ever been able to account, in my own mind, for the blood and water, which, it seems to me, must have been considerable in quantity to have attracted the attention of the Apostle John, and been by him deemed worthy of special record. All other attempts to explain it, I may simply say, without stopping to specify them, are far-fetched and improbable. Death from rupture of the heart occurs suddenly, often when the powers of mind and body are active, the former generally in convulsive exercise. Such persons generally bring their hands suddenly and forcibly to the chest and utter a loud cry. These phenomena, except the movement of the hands, which were fixed upon the Cross, correspond with what are related of our Saviour’s death.” Father Christie’s speculations, nevertheless, as to how the dread event might occur, should hardly be omitted. “It might, indeed, be said,” he writes, “that the mental agony our Lord endured was without parallel, and its vehemence might produce that effect which, in other cases, was facilitated by disease; it might be said that an agony which produced a sweat of blood might, when still more intensified in the last conflict, and attended with the constrained position which is enumerated by scientific men among the conditions favourable to the rupture of the heart, result in a rupture which evidently would differ from recognised cases of a like kind only in degree. But, over and above this answer, it is to be remarked, though our Lord was free from disease, He was liable to exhaustion and the effects of exhaustion. He experienced ‘weariness,’ as St. John tells us, when he sat by Jacob’s Well, and weariness implies a certain alteration, by over-exercise, of the muscular substance. Such alteration, therefore, in the muscular tissue of the heart would not be incompatible with our exclusion of disease from the body of our Lord; and such alteration would be the natural consequence of a life such as that led by Jesus Christ. In contrast to the Baptist, indeed, and in a certain point of view, He came, as He Himself said, ‘eating and drinking’; but the true meaning of these words must agree with a life spent in watching, and mortification, and self-denial, and of continual suffering and grief of soul: there were forty days fast, and the praying all night long on the mountain-top, and the want of a place where to lay His head, and incessant journeyings and preachings; the natural consequence of such a kind of life might well be the weakening of the tissue and muscular fibres of the heart, such as to take away all improbability from the supposition that the immediate physical cause of our Lord’s death was the breaking of His Sacred Heart.” Father Christie also mentions, as Dr. Pooley has done, that cases of rupture have taken place when no weakness of the heart’s muscular tissue could be detected. But, however the matter be, whether it were broken as the effects of suffering that had gone before, or by the excess of present anguish, there is at least sufficient to show us how great are the claims of the Sacred Heart to our adoration, and to confirm the revelation to St. Margaret Mary. “See this Heart,” he said, “which has loved men so much that It has spared nothing, even to exhausting and consuming Itself, in order to testify to them Its love.”

There are a few considerations arising out of the discussion concerning the Benevolent Institution, **WHAT DOES IT MATTER?** as it has so far appeared in the Dunedin dailies, which it worth while to note. In the first place, we find some of the writers expressing surprise or disgust, as the case may be, that Presbyterianism should be confounded with Methodism and that both should not be distinguished from some other species of doctrine also belonging to the sects.—To Catholics, nevertheless, as we have before said, the distinctions are totally inconsiderable; whether the sects break their spiritual eggs at the big end or the little one, is necessarily a matter of indifference to them, and one name can convey to them no less and no more an idea of error, than another.—But even if there had been anything more than a mere accidental confusion in the matter, there would still have been sufficient precedent to plead.—The celebrated Sydney Smith, for example, nearly eighty years ago writing in the *Edinburgh Review* spoke as follows:—"We shall use the general term of Methodism to designate these three classes of fanatics, (Armenian and Calvinistic Methodists and Evangelical clergymen of the Church of England,) not troubling ourselves to point out the finer shades and nicer discriminations of lunacy, but treating them all as in one general conspiracy against common sense and rational orthodox Christianity."—Sydney Smith indeed adds that he had known many truly religious persons of manly, rational, and serious, characters, both in the Presbyterian and Episcopal churches, but people who take the advantage of the unprotected condition of poor little children to rob them of their parents' faith and; proselytise them can hardly be accredited with any such character and may well be classed among the fanatics to whom it is lawful to apply a general name according to the Canon of St. Paul's.—Whether such fanatics may be call Methodists or Presbyterians or any other name, or all indifferently will naturally depend upon the particular experience of those speaking of them.—But let us hope that there is something more than a mere idle pretence in the indignation expressed by our evangelical friends to whatever sect they belong, at the notion that Catholic children have been proselytised. There is at least something gained if the shameful deed in question has at length been perceived by them to be a shameful deed, and one against whose committal they are anxious to defend the memory of a friend. It is not long since they would openly have gloried in the action, and, whether in pretence or in earnest they now seem anxious to disclaim it—there is certainly a change for the better.—But the sects, it would appear, are undergoing a change, for the Evangelicalism that has so far been the great motive of their fanaticism is dying, and in some respects we may, therefore, look out for their improvement. The *London Spectator*, for example, speaks concerning the decline of Evangelicalism as follows:—"It is dying away as fast among the orthodox Nonconformists as it is in the Church of England. It is dying away almost as fast in the Presbyterian Church of Scotland as it is amongst the orthodox Nonconformists. The power of the most potent of our present religious convictions works against Evangelicalism instead of, as it once did, perhaps, in its favour." And again the *Spectator* writes: "To sum up, it has always been, we think, of the very essence of the Evangelical procedure to bring into the strongest and most absolute contrast 'the filthy rags' of human nature, on the one hand, and the free gift of the divine grace and atonement on the other hand. Evangelicals would hardly admit the possibility of any process of sanctification preceding conversion; they would hardly admit the possibility of anything gradual and natural in the character of conversion; they would hardly admit the possibility that the body could become the channel of God's influence over the mind, as well as the mind the channel of God's influence over the body; and they would hardly admit the possibility that in the Bible, which they regard as God's book, and identify almost absolutely with God, there is anything human, really imperfect, really ambiguous, least of all, really erroneous. Thus their conception of religion is essentially a crude and abrupt one, which severs man far too absolutely from God, and renders it almost impossible to regard any permanent relation between God and man as possible at all except by a sheer miracle of grace, which it is the next thing to impious to pretend to understand or to bring about. In such a world as we have been living in for the last fifty years, such a view of religion has been growing daily less and less tenable, and we do not wonder, therefore, that the worthies of the Evangelical type of Christianity are daily dying off and leaving no successors behind them."—If Mr. James Macfie, then, has left behind him in Dunedin a circle of friends to excuse, rather than boldly glorify his conduct, we see that the natural course of things following the decline of Evangelicalism prevails here also.—But if while Mr. James Macfie was still alive and "Evangelicalism" still flourished some confusion prevailed as to whether he should be called a Presbyterian or a Methodist or some other name that has not as yet been mentioned, those who misnamed him may be justified by the example of the famous Canon of St. Paul's.—They also excusably refrained from searching into the "finer shades and nicer discriminations of lunacy," but took it for granted that the gospeller in

question belonged to one or other of those shades and discriminations that, as they evidently had reason to believe, were less fine and nice.

Now that the decline of Evangelicalism is pronounced to be in its last stages, the article written by Sydney Smith in the *Edinburgh Review* for January 1808 is of peculiar interest. We learn from it the consternation with which the growing system was looked upon by the orthodox of the day; and what were their fears arising from the aspect under which it presented itself to them. The Methodists also, it seems, had their particular *War-cry*, and published certain magazines which were circulated to what was then regarded as the enormous number of from eighteen to twenty-thousand each a month. The extracts from these magazines given by the writer, however, do not strike us now, after the experience of three-quarters of a century, as so very extraordinary or alarming, and we may, perhaps, on the whole, take them as rather milder than much that has since been printed. They consist chiefly of interpositions of Providence, special judgments, spiritual experiences, with some visions, and miraculous occurrences. A clergyman, for example, drops down dead at a card table; a young man who swears is stung by a bee on the tip of the tongue; a violent storm prevents one Captian Scott from preaching in a certain chapel; an innkeeper dies, and is carried to his grave exactly at the moment he had appointed for a cock-fight. One case, however, given by the writer is of unusual horror, and he hardly speaks too strongly of it: "The following," he says, "we consider to be one of the most shocking histories we ever read. God only knows how many such scenes take place in the gloomy annals of Methodism. The case was that of a young man who had been for some years believed to be "under powerful convictions of his miserable condition as a sinner." He had, however, committed some transgression that preyed upon his mind—"On the Lord's Day he was in great agony of mind. His mother was sent for, and some religious friends visited him; but all was of no avail. That night was a night beyond conception. The horror which he endured brought on all the symptoms of raging madness. He desired the attendants not to come near him, lest they should be burnt. He said that the 'bed-curtains were in flames,—that he smelt the brimstone,—that devils were come to fetch him,—that there was no hope for him, for that he had sinned against light and conviction, and that he should certainly go to hell.' It was with difficulty he could be kept in bed. An apothecary being sent for, as soon as he entered the house and heard his dreadful howlings, he enquired if he had not been bitten by a mad dog. His appearance, likewise, seemed to justify such a suspicion, his countenance resembling that of a wild beast more than that of a man." Medical treatment, nevertheless, resulted in an ending his physical condition, and a confession made by him to the doctor seemed to have some such effect upon his mind. "His nervous system, however, had received such a shock that his recovery was doubtful; and it seemed certain that, if he did recover, he would sink into a state of idiocy. He survived this interview but a few days."—The effects of the system generally, as we learn from the writer, were, moreover, such as have since been noticed in connection with Evangelical revivals, and insanity was largely increased by it. "In a man of common imagination," he writes, "the terror and the feeling which it first excited, must necessarily be soon separated: but where the fervour of impression is long preserved, piety ends in bedlam. Accordingly there is not a mad-house in England where a considerable part of the patients have not been driven to insanity by the extravagance of these people. We cannot enter such places without seeing a number of honest artisans, covered with blankets, and calling themselves angels and apostles, who, if they had remained contented with the instruction of men of learning and education, would still have been found masters of their own trade, sober Christians, and useful members of society." That Evangelicalism or Methodism should die out in a natural kind of way after it had run its course, hardly entered into the calculations of the writer, and he, on the contrary, took a gloomy view of the ends to which it would probably lead. "To what degree will Methodism extend in this country," he asks. This question is not easy to answer. That it has rapidly increased within these few years, we have no manner of doubt; and we confess we cannot see what is likely to impede its progress. The party which it has formed in the Legislature, and the artful neutrality with which they give respectability to their small numbers—the talents of some of this party, and the unimpeached excellence of their characters, all make it probable that fanaticism will increase rather than diminish. The Methodists have made an alarming inroad into the Church, and they are attacking the Army and Navy. The Principality of Wales and the East India Company they have already acquired. All mines and subterraneous places belong to them; they creep into hospitals and small schools, and so work their way upwards. It is the custom of the religious neutrals to beg all the little livings, particularly in the North of England, from the minister for the time being; and from these fixed points

they make incursions upon the happiness and common sense of the vicinage. We most sincerely deprecate such an event; but it will excite in us no manner of surprise if a period arrives when the churches of the sober and orthodox part of the English clergy are completely deserted by the middling and lower classes of the community. We do not prophesy any such event, but we contend that it is not impossible—hardly improbable. If such, in future, should be the situation of this country, it is impossible to say what political animosities may not be ingrafted upon this marked and dangerous division of mankind into the *godly* and the *ungodly*. At all events, we are quite sure that happiness will be destroyed, reason degraded, sound religion banished from the world; and that, when fanaticism becomes too foolish and too prurient to be endured (as is at last sure to be the case), it will be succeeded by a long period of the grossest immorality, atheism, and debauchery.—Methodism, however, hardly succeeded to the extent the writer feared, and there seems no particular reason for us now to anticipate that its final extinction will be followed by a grosser state of public morals than that which has all along been co-existent with it—for that such a state has co-existed with it, the acknowledged *raison d'être* of its latest development, and, perhaps, its convulsive stage immediately preceding death, the Salvation Army, affords us sufficient testimony. As for the system itself there is very little cause for us to regret its approaching disappearance.—Of true religion no system not openly atheistic or pagan could possibly be more destitute, and none less calculated to influence the human character for good.—The man who adopted it was left pretty much as he would otherwise have been. If his character was mild and benevolent he shaped his religion to his character, and in his amiability it found an adornment that seemed to make it attractive.—The ideal characters connected with the system have been those presented to us by George Eliot in Mr. Tryan and Dinah Morris, but it is impossible not to see that it was not the religion professed by these creations of genius that gave to them their beauty, and that the influence they exercised over other people was not that of their religion but a personal influence wholly independent of it. If the character, on the other hand, were harsh and unfeeling it remained so, and a divine inspiration was found to excuse every cruel impulse or unkind action. Evangelicalism, then, as we have seen on the evidence of the famous Sydney Smith had not much to recommend it in its rise, and the experience of some three-quarters of a century is on record to show us that its fall is but little to be mourned over.

It is interesting to learn that the French Government have extended the classes of undesirable NEW CALEDONIA citizens who are to be banished to New Caledonia, and possibly other islands in our seas. In addition

to the other incurables we are to have for our neighbours, and in a large degree also perhaps our future fellow-colonists, vagabonds and beggars. Verily our population bids fair to be increased in an extremely charming and profitable manner.—But at least it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, as the saying is, and it will be of some advantage to those colonies associated with transportation that their inhabitants will no longer have the monopoly of doubtful antecedents.—None of us will know before long whom we have got for our friends and acquaintances. It would seem, moreover, that, even as things are, and without waiting for the addition of the *recidivistes*, matters in New Caledonia are far from promising, and that there is a population growing up which of itself will be quite sufficient to send out into all the colonies round about an element of very considerable corruption. The *London Times*, for example, gives as some particulars respecting the convicts who are now in the island alluded to and they are anything rather than reassuring. Under the civilising rule of the Republic in France, we are told there has during the last five years been a yearly average of 300 men tried for murder in various degrees, but so parental is the Government, it seldom happens that the person convicted is executed and in consequence it may be calculated that during the Presidency of M. Grevy over a thousand murderers have been sent to New Caledonia. And there on the whole, they have hardly fared badly; The *Times* translating from an article by M. Denis in the *Nouvelle Revue*, speaks as follows.—“Arriving at Nouméa the convict is sent to the camp of Montravail where he rests for ten days and gets his kit. After that he is told off to some kind of work, and enjoys almost complete liberty. The convicts go to their work in bands of 40 or 50; they may chat, smoke, drink wine and *café*. At night they are locked up in wards, but it is difficult to exercise any surveillance over them. Games of hazard are forbidden, yet a sort of lansquenet called *La Vendôme* is played every night. Sometimes the life of an obnoxious warder or official is the stake of the game, but frequently large sums of money are lost. It came to our knowledge that one night a convict lost 1,200f. which he paid on the following day in gold. There is no discovering where all this gold comes from, but the convicts seem to be abundantly supplied with it. Those who are caught trying to escape to Australia have always plenty of louis in their pockets.” But with plenty of louis in their pockets escape should by no means

be difficult to them; indeed it may be suspected that it is not only connived at, but provided for in some very efficient quarters. Of the particular nature of the convicts, again, who it is not impossible may come to favour us with their presence—even leaving the *recidivistes* out of the consideration, we may, for example, take one M. Jugeau, the record of whose life in New Caledonia—for the cause of his transportation is not given—is the following:—“His first conviction was to six years' penal servitude for a murderous assault which caused death. One year of this term was remitted, and he was discharged on the 20th of January, 1881. On the 2nd December, of the same year he murdered at Dumbéa a free convict named Jean-niard, in order to rob him of 130f. The sentence of death passed upon him for this was commuted by the President of the Republic, and soon after this he was condemned to 40 years' penal servitude for robbery with violence and attempt to escape.” The sentence to additional penal servitude passed on a man already undergoing a life-sentence is a mere matter of form, and M. Jugeau, after it had been passed was as free to play *la Vendôme* or to devise plans for escaping to Australia as he had been before. We are told further of an irrepressible male in the Island of Nou “who has been sentenced four times to death, and is none the worse of it.” And yet, again of a certain M. Pierrard, who has been three times sentenced to 27 years penal servitude. It seems, moreover, that so favourably had transportation to New Caledonia been reported of among French criminals at home, a number of convicts in the penitentiaries committed murder for the purpose of being sent out there. But if the Pilgrim Fathers whose descendants are to possess the land be of such a nature the mothers of the future race are hardly unworthy of them. “Periodically the Ministry of Marine and the Home Office call upon the Governors and matrons of female penitentiaries to supply them with a certain number of women willing to marry convicts. The women must be young, so the choice is limited. It is made without any reference to character. On arriving in New Caledonia, the matrimonial candidates are sent to the Josephine Convent at Bourail and there the bachelor ticket-of-leave men may come to see them. The girls are so anxious to get out of prison that they generally choose the first man who proposes; on the other hand, the poor nuns who find it grievous work to manage their houseful of abandoned women have a direct interest in seeing the worst behaved ones married off first. Immediately a woman gets married she is free. Sometimes on the day after her wedding she deserts her husband, and starts off for Noumea to resume her old life of profligacy.” In every respect, ~~then~~, the future of New Caledonia is fully provided for—and we see how great an advantage the Australian colonies enjoy in being within easy reach of it—even apart from the arrival of the *recidivistes*.

BUT what is the remedy proposed for the evil influences of New Caledonia? It is at least bold, and worthy of a more adventurous age than the

rather humdrum one in which our lots are cast.

A correspondent of the *London Times*, in short, proposes that if things come to the worst, the Australian colonies shall embark their volunteers on board their swift steamers and sail straight away to destroy the French settlements. He thinks the forces of the colonies could go on their destructive errand and be safe home again before a French fleet would have time to reach our hemisphere in order to interfere with them. Afterwards he believes that, at a pinch, the colonies could resist the French as the American States resisted England.—And as experience in the matter fails us, and in all probability always will continue to fail us, we are unable to contradict him. The conception of an Australian Washington, nevertheless, is difficult to form, for nothing that the exigencies of peaceful times have produced has in any degree appeared to resemble the character in question.—But even if it were paid for at the price of a bloody war the change to such a type from that of a Parker, a Graham Berry or a Grey—the summit to which colonial statesmanship may be maintained so far to have risen might still be found anything but extreme.—The threat contained in the letter of “An Australasian,” however, is that which the most confounds us.—The champion acknowledges in the same breath that his boast of a willingness to sustain the struggle unaided against the power of indignant France is mere emptiness. England, he says, would be compelled to defend her colonies on the pain of losing them—a loss that “would surely be the first scene in the downfall of the British Empire.” This loyal subject, nevertheless, is willing to inflict the loss in question on England should she refuse her aid, and what is more he would cast in the fortunes of the colonies with those of the United States. “As I have shown,” he says, “England would be compelled to join in the struggle; nor if England shrunk from what would be her manifest interest and duty would Australasia necessarily be single-handed. It cannot be doubted that if she threw herself into the arms of the United States, that great and expanding Republic would not fail to grasp an opportunity which would raise America into the first rank among naval Powers, and convert the whole Pacific into an American lake.”—Let our editors

## SAN FRANCISCO MAIL SERVICE FOR 1884

Leave Hokitika.	Leave Grey-mouth.	Leave West-port.	Leave Picton.	Leave Nelson.	Leave Invercargill.	Leave Dunedin.
Feb 1	Jan 31	Jan 31	Jan 31	Feb 2	Feb 1	Feb 2
Feb 29	Feb 28	Feb 28	Feb 28	Mar 1	Feb 29	Mar 1
Mar 28	Mar 27	Mar 27	Mar 27	Mar 29	Mar 28	Mar 29
April 25	April 24	April 24	April 24	April 26	April 25	April 26
May 23	May 22	May 22	May 22	May 24	May 23	May 24
June 20	June 19	June 19	June 19	June 21	June 20	June 21
July 18	July 17	July 17	July 17	July 19	July 18	July 19
Aug 15	Aug 14	Aug 14	Aug 14	Aug 16	Aug 15	Aug 16
Sept 12	Sept 11	Sept 11	Sept 11	Sept 13	Sept 12	Sept 13
Oct 10	Oct 9	Oct 9	Oct 9	Oct 11	Oct 10	Oct 11
Nov 7	Nov 6	Nov 6	Nov 6	Nov 8	Nov 7	Nov 8

Leave Lyttelton.	Leave Wellington.	Leave New Plymouth.	Leave Napier.	Leave Thames.	Leave Auckland.	Arrive London.
Feb 2	Feb 3	Feb 4	Feb 4	Feb 4	Feb 5	Mar 15
Mar 1	Mar 2	Mar 3	Mar 3	Mar 3	Mar 4	April 12
Mar 29	Mar 30	Mar 31	Mar 2	Mar 31	April 1	May 10
April 26	April 27	April 28	April 2	April 28	April 29	June 7
May 24	May 25	May 26	May 2	May 26	May 27	July 5
June 21	June 22	June 23	June 21	June 23	June 24	Aug 2
July 19	July 20	July 21	July 19	July 21	July 22	Aug 30
Aug 16	Aug 17	Aug 18	Aug 16	Aug 18	Aug 19	Sept 27
Sept 13	Sept 14	Sept 15	Sept 14	Sept 15	Sept 16	Oct 25
Oct 11	Oct 12	Oct 13	Oct 11	Oct 13	Oct 14	Nov 22
Nov 8	Nov 9	Nov 10	Nov 8	Nov 10	Nov 11	Dec 02

## "THE PRACTICAL HOME PHYSICIAN."

**A GUIDE for the HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT OF DISEASE**—giving the Cause, Symptoms, and Treatment of all Diseases of Men, Women, and Children, written in plain English by the following Medical Men, whose fame is world-wide:—

H. M. LYMEN, A.M., M.D.  
C. FENGER, A.M., M.D.  
H. W. JONES, A.M., M.D.,  
W. BELFIELD, A.M., M.D.

The work has been highly recommended by the leading Physicians of London and Edinburgh, as well as those of the colonies. From the many in our possession we insert the following:—

Dunedin, May 16, 1884.

Dear Sir—I write to inform you that I am of opinion that "The Practical Home Physician, a Popular Guide for the Household Management of Disease," IS THE BEST BOOK EVER PUBLISHED ON POPULAR MEDICAL SCIENCE, and should be of inestimable value to people living in the country, who cannot procure the personal attendance of a medical adviser.

H. W. MAUNSELL, M.D.

Lawrence, May 10, 1884.

Dear Sir—I have read "The Practical Home Physician" with some care, and I have no hesitation in saying that it is the best work of the kind that I have come across yet. My many friends throughout Otago and other Provinces will know that I must have read a good many different medical works, but I regret that I did not have your work while writing the "Health Column" for the *Otago Witness*. The information contained in the book covers all diseases that well could come under home treatment. I should be extremely pleased to see the book in every household, for its value is far beyond its price, and the information which it contains is so simple and complete that parents reading the book carefully would be less liable to place themselves and their children under the hands of the doctors.

I have no hesitation in strongly recommending all who can afford it to take a copy of the work, or to combine with their neighbours and get it. I was pressed from all quarters to publish in book form the "Health Column," but now that is unnecessary when a most comprehensive work like yours is available. Trusting that your efforts to place the means of better health within the reach of all may have the success that the effort deserves.

I remain, yours very truly,

F. A. J. DE CONDE,

Writer of the "Health Column" in the *Otago Witness*.

Among others, the following distinguished Medical men have allowed us the use their names in connection with the work:—Sir William Gull, Physician in Ordinary to the Queen; Sir William Pagett, London; Andrew Clark, Middlesex Hospital; Hermann Weber, Physician to German Hospital, London; T. Spencer Wells, Surgeon to the Queen's Household; Patrick Heron Watson, Mem. Counc. R.C.S., Edinburgh; William Walker, Oculist to Her Majesty, Scotland.

For further particulars see circular, or address,

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WINTER, 1884.

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beware, then, of spurring England on to demand of the United States a reckoning concerning the dynamitards, for they know not the moment when they may find their own colonies pursuing the tenor of their way also beneath the stars and stripes, and bound to the fortunes, and implicated in the liabilities of Cousin Jonathan. But behold Australian loyalty, behold the brazen face with which complaint is made of Irish disaffection. In the very columns of the *Times* themselves an appeal is made to the protection of America against England, and a total secession is threatened, to the downfall of the British Empire. In an Irish paper a like utterance would cause a shriek of "rebellion," and would almost earn a Coercion Act for the country. It may, nevertheless, be reasonably doubted as to whether the United States would incur the enmity of France even for the advantage of obtaining the suzerainty of these colonies—and perhaps, on the whole, it may be quite as well for us not to embark our volunteers for the purpose of burning Noumea to the ground, until we have obtained the full and free support of the Imperial Government. We very much doubt as to whether a Washington would really arise to get us out of the scrape in which we had rashly involved ourselves.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

THE following (says the *Nation*) is the extract from Mr. J. P. Leonard's forthcoming volume of "Reminiscences of Half a Century in France" to which we referred in our last issue:—

Meagher was only three or four years in his teens when he came to Paris with the deputation in April, 1848. It was, I believe, his first visit to the great city, and we were constantly together during his short stay. There was nothing particularly remarkable in his personal appearance except his large, blue eyes, beaming with intellect and wit. He was slightly inclined to *embourgeois*, but his strong, well built frame, and his elastic step, showed that, though at times he seemed listless and lazy, he had, as he proved fully after, great physical activity and endurance when necessary. The electric atmosphere of the revolutionary city constantly roused him from that apparent apathy in which he indulged at times. Alive to everything in the changing scenes around, his imperfect knowledge of French never prevented him from understanding or guessing at what was said. We wandered together about the city, visiting the churches, the hospitals, the salons of the rich and the hovels of the poor, mixing and conversing with people of all classes and opinions, from the millionaire to the *ouvrier*. We, of course, went often to the theatre, and our first visit to the celebrated Theatre Francais I never shall forget. I was on guard as a full private in the National Guard (there were no regular soldiers in the city), and was the sentinel at the door, when my two noble countrymen, William Smith O'Brien and Thomas F. Meagher, came. A friend relieved me, and I went in with my two friends. We took our places in the orchestra quite close to the stage. I never go to that theatre since without thinking of that memorable night when I sat between two noble patriots, who a few months after were condemned to be hanged and quartered, and saved only for that worse fate, exile, of which the greatest poet living said: "*Le proscrit est un mort sans tombeau*"—men possessing then everything that gives a charm to life—health, fortune, consideration, family, and friends. The greatest actress of our times, Rachel, played Phedre, the part in which she won the highest place in her art, and which she only consented to play in, after studying it for years. We listened to Racine's noble tragedy with rapt attention and admiration, and never, perhaps, did the unrivalled actress do more justice to the part and excite more enthusiasm and applause. But there was a sequel to the great tragedy, and one that thrilled the whole audience and deeply moved my two friends. A few minutes after the piece was ended the curtain rose and Rachel advanced slowly towards the footlights and began Bouget de Lisle's immortal "*Marseillaise*." It was neither singing nor declamation, but it was something so real and entrancing that it seemed beyond art and above criticism. Close beside her hung the tricoloured flag. When she reached those soul-stirring words, "*amour sacré de la patrie*," she seized it, and, raising it on high, gave the last stanza with such feeling, passion, and emotion that the audience rose, and a burst of thundering applause shook the whole house. Meagher was greatly excited, and must have looked as he did when he led his brave Irish soldiers to the charge, in civil war, alas! and far from the land he loved and from which he was an exile. For an hour after we spoke only of the "*Marseillaise*," forgetting Phedre and the great tragedy entirely. That wonderful actor, Frederick Lemaitre, was at that time playing "*Robert Macaire*"—that cynical photography of vice, degradation, and imposture, that had such a baneful effect on public morals that it was suppressed for some time. Nothing astonished Meagher more than the acting of this great artist, and little escaped him in the allusions made to the vices of the great people and the degradation of the lower classes. Frederic, as he was called, had not yet played the part of the *chiffonnier de Paris*, in which he was still more remarkable; and *apropos* of that well-known piece I shall make a short digression. I was present at the first representation, and in a box next to the one in which Rachel sat, deeply moved by the great actor's wonderful personification of a character that threatens to become obsolete at present. In a most dramatic passage of the piece Rachel advanced her pale face, beaming with emotion, and, addressing Lepointre, an eminent actor, she said: "*Mon ami, c'est ce que j'ai vu de plus beau dans ma vie*"—"My friend, that is the finest thing I ever saw in my life"—words that Lemaitre, when he heard them, declared that he prized far beyond the applause of the public or the praise of the critics. The real *chiffonniers* did not escape Meagher's notice, however; and one night, on returning from the theatre, we came upon one. He was at the door of one of the great

restaurants on the Boulevard des Italiens, with his lantern in one hand and his "*hotte*," or basket on his back, and was with his "*crochet*" extracting from a heap of rubbish all sorts of strange things, which he tossed into his *hotte*—crusts of bread, bones, remains of fish, fowl, and vegetables—the ingredients, in fact, of that dish which Eugene Sue, in his "*Mysteries of Paris*," calls "*le plat du chourri-neur*." There were old rags, old shoes, and various remnants of past splendour in the shape of torn lace and soiled ribbons. Meagher watched the old fellow with great attention and curiosity. The shell of a lobster, I remember, particularly attracted his notice. "Surely," said he, "he won't take that," but up it went with the rest. He insisted that we should follow the old veteran to another heap, where we saw, with some variety in the contents, the same operation repeated. The lobster shell always surprised Meagher, and at last he begged me to ask the *chiffonnier* what he would do with it. I said something, but got no answer. He said gruffly, and I modify, the expression, "*Ces sacrés Anglais fument le nez dans tout*," I said, "We are not *Anglais*; we are *Irlandais*." "*Hollandais*?" said the old fellow (he never heard of the *Irlandais*). "*Tous ivrognes*," "all drunkards," and he joggled off anything but sober himself. Meagher philosophised for an hour after on the old night prowler, and wondered why there were no such industrious people in Ireland. In the street, in the clubs, in the Chamber of Deputies—everywhere—he found subject for shrewd remarks, and often comic and witty comments on the speakers and actors, and comparisons with people at home. On one subject he was always serious—on everything touching that country for which he was going to sacrifice all that were dear to him. His manner changed suddenly when Ireland was mentioned, and I remember on alluding to the famine of the previous year that his voice trembled with emotion and passion. "You were happy," said he to me, "not to have witnessed those harrowing sights; they would have maddened you as they have maddened us all."

When I took leave of him at the Northern station I did not say *adieu* but "*au revoir*," and in Ireland; I little thought we should never meet again. From his prison cell he wrote me two letters, one of which I consider it my duty to publish to-day. It will throw some light on the past and a further halo over the memory of one who, though he has for a grave but some undefined place under the dark current of the Mississippi, will be remembered when the pompous tombs raised over some of the enemies of his race and country will have moldered into dust.

### L E AT CHAMBERSBURG

GENERAL LEE, as he sat upon his horse in the public square of our town, looked every inch a soldier. He was at that time about fifty-two years of age, stout built, of medium height, hair strongly mixed with gray and a rough gray beard. He wore the Confederate gray with some ornamentation about the collar of his coat, which designated his rank. His hat was a soft black, without ornament other than the chord around the crown. Anyone who had ever seen his picture would have no difficulty in singling him out in a crowd. He seemed to have not only the most profound respect of his men—officers and privates—but their admiration and love. The men composing his staff were a splendid-looking body. Finely mounted, neatly dressed and excellent in horsemanship, they presented an appearance which those who witnessed it will be likely ever to remember.

General Lee selected for his headquarters a grove which then stood along the pike leading to Gettysburg, near the eastern edge of the town. It was once known as "Shetter's Woods," but afterwards as "Mc-arsmith's Woods," after the late George R. Messersmith, Esq., who at the time referred to owned it. It was for many years the place where picnics and Fourth of July celebrations were held. The Centennial Anniversary of American Independence, on July 4, 1876, was held there. The grove has recently been cut down, and the place is now a cultivated field. It was a beautiful location, and from Friday, June 26, to Tuesday morning, 30th, General Lee and his staff tarried there. There he held his councils of war, there he received reports from the various parts of his vast army and there he planned and ordered an attack on the capital of our State, and there on the night of Monday, 29th, when Longstreet's scout brought information of the whereabouts of the Army of the Potomac, he recalled that order and decided to cross the South Mountain and fight a battle upon the direct line to Baltimore and Washington.—*J. Hoke in Chambersburg Public Opinion.*

Rome, April 13.—The French railways having sold excursion tickets at reduced rates, we have had a large influx of strangers this week. The *Tenebrae* services have been attended by an immense crowd at St. Peter's, where almost all fashionable Romans attended in the afternoon. St. John Lateran and St. Maria Maggiore had a more quiet lot of attendants. The bulk of the curious were in the Vatican Basilica. The behavior of the crowd was scandalous. The most scandalous was the behavior of the young Roman swells. As the Pope is no longer the ruler of Rome, they seem to think that they are privileged to insult even the Almighty in the churches of the Vatican. These young bloods deserted the Corso and the Pincio to follow young ladies to the Basilica. There they talked as loud as if they were in the street. They walked up and down the aisles, and kept up the most scandalous conversation, making jocular remarks about the services and the statues in the church. Some of these impudent young men indulged in pranks for which the Piazza Navona is celebrated at carnival or on Epiphany night. St. Peter's sextons are unable to restrain the unruly boys. The temple is profaned by their presence. English and American girls flirted and carried on outrageously. They were seated on the floors and on the *prie dieux* and on the confessional with the same ease as though they were seated on the grass for a picnic or a coach on race days.—*New York Sun.*

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## THE LITTLE CHAPEL AT MONAMULLIN.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

[From "Abba's Dream and other Stories": Catholic Publication Society.]

"This will never do," said Mr. Brown, gazing ruefully at the several works of art. "What a splendid chance for me! I shall paint as the old masters did, under direct inspiration. What a sublime sensation, when my picture shall have been completed, to witness the reverential admiration of the poor devout people here! I shall be regarded as a benefactor. Fancy my being a benefactor to anybody or anything! Heigh-ho!" he sighed, "what a glorious little Gothic church, a prayer in stone, a portion of the money I so murderously squandered would have built here!—that four thousand I flung last March into the mire in Paris. Faugh!" And, dragged back over the waves of Time, he sat down upon one of the wooden benches, overwhelmed by the rush of his own thoughts.

Of the length of time he remained thus absorbed, he made no count. The dead leaves of the misspent past rustled drearily around his heart, weighing him down with a load of inexpressible sadness—a sadness almost amounting to anguish—and two hours had come and gone ere his reverie was broken.

Happening to raise his eyes towards the altar, he was startled by perceiving a female form kneeling at the railings, lithe, *svelte*, and attired in costly and fashionable raiment. As he gazed, the young girl finished her prayers, and, with a deep, reverential inclination in front of the altar, swept past him with that graceful undulatory motion which would seem to be the birthright of the daughters of sunny Spain. She was tall, elegantly formed, and possessed that air of high breeding, which makes itself felt as a perfume. Her bright chestnut hair was brushed tightly back from an oval face and hung in massive plaits at the back of her head. Her eyes were soft brown, her complexion milk-white.

"What a vision, and in this place, too! This is the best of the Catholic religion. The churches are always open, inviting one to come in and pray. I wonder who she can be? some tourist. Pahaw! your tourist doesn't trouble this quarter of the globe. To see, to be seen, to dress, and wrangle over the bills at palatial hotels, means touring nowadays. Some county lady over to do a little shopping; but there are no shops, except that miserable little box opposite, and they apparently sell nothing there but marbles, tobacco-pipes, kites, and corduroy. Ah! I have it; some islander coming for a plunge in the Atlantic. I suppose I shall meet her pony phaeton as I pass up through the village. I seriously hope I shall. There is something very fetching about her, and it purifies a fellow to see a girl at prayer."

Such were the cogitations of Mr. Brown as he emerged from the dingy little chapel. Brown was not a Catholic. He had been educated at Eton, and, although intended for Cambridge, his guardian took him to Japan when he should have been cramming for his degree. Of the religion as by law established in England, he paid but little attention to the forms, and merely went to church during the season to hear some "swell" preacher, or because Lady Clara Vere de Vere gave him a *rendezvous*. But, with all his faults and follies, he was never irreverent, and his respect for the things that belonged unto God was ever honest, open, and sincere.

He was doomed to be disappointed. No pony phaeton disturbed the stillness of the village street. The curv, which had patiently waited for him while he remained in the church, received him with noiseless, but cheery tail-wagging as he came out, and marched at his heels as though he had been their lord and master. The children rushed from cabins and dropped their quaint little curtsies. The cripples doffed their caps, the matron gazed at him and gossiped; and, although he lingered to say a few words to a passing fisherman, and somewhat eagerly scanned the surrounding country, no sign could he obtain of the fair young girl who had flashed upon him like a vision "of the night."

"I shall never see her again," he thought; "and yet I could draw that face. Such a mouth! such *contour*! I must ask the *padre* if he knows her, though that is scarcely probable; and yet she is one of his flock—at least, she is a Catholic, so there is some hope."

He returned to the cottage, and encountered Father Maurice in the garden.

"I did not like to disturb you at your devotions, Mr. Brown," he said, "but I was only going to give you five minutes longer, as the salmon grill will be ready by that time."

"How did you ascertain I was in the church?" asked Brown, entering the hall and hanging up his hat.

"A beautiful young lady told me."

"I saw her; who is she?" exclaimed the artist, eagerly.

"I shall present you to her. Here she is. Mr. Brown, Miss Julia Jyvecote."

Father Maurice sped upon his journey to Moynalty Castle. The dinner hour was eight o'clock, but he had delayed so long with his guest that it took the little pony her "level best" to do the seven miles within the necessary time.

"Av we wor want beyant the Mouladharb berrin' groun' I wudn't care a thraneen; but sorra a step the little pony'll pass it after dark," observed Murty Mulligan, bestowing a liberal supply of whip upon the astonished nag, whose habit it was to proceed upon her travels at her own sweet will, innocent of lash, spur, or admonition.

"Tut, tut! Nonsense, Murty! Push on."

"It's truth I'm tellin' yer riverince. We're at it. See that, now—curse of Crummell on her! she won't put wan foot afore the other," adding in a whisper full of consternation: "Mebbe she sees ould Casey, that was berried a Munda. He was a terrible naygur—"

"Jump down and take her head" said the priest.

"Be the powers! I'll have to carry her, av we want to raich the castle to-night."

Father Maurice dismounted, as did Murty, and, by coaxing and

blatishment of every description, endeavoured to induce the pony to proceed; but the animal, with its ears cocked, and trembling in every limb, refused to budge an inch.

"Och, wirra, wirra! we're bet entirely. It's Mrs. Delaney he sees, that died av the horrors this day month," growled Mulligan.

"Silence, yo jacksass!" cried Father Maurice, "and help me to blindfold the pony."

This *ruse* eventually succeeded, and they spun merrily along the road, the terrified animal clattering onward at racing speed.

"This pace is dangerous Murty," said the priest.

"Sorra a lie in it, yer riverince."

"Pull in."

"I can't hould her. She's me hands cut aff, bad cess to her!"

"Is the road straight?"

"Barrin' a few turns, it's straight enough, sir."

The words had hardly escaped his lips when the wheel attached to the side of the car upon which the priest was sitting came into contact with a pile of stones, the car was tilted upward and over, Father Maurice shot into a thorn hedge, and Murty Mulligan landed up to his neck in a ditch full of foul and muddy water, while the pony, suddenly freed from its load, and after biting the dust, quietly turned round to gaze at the havoc it had made.

"Are ye kilt, yer riverince? For I'm murdered intirely, an' me illgant Sunda' shuit ruined completely. Och, wirra, wirra! how can I face the castle wud the duds consaled in mad! How can I uphold Monamullin, an' me worse nor a scarecrow? Glory be to God! we're safe anyhow, an' no bones bruck. Oh, ye varmint!" shaking his fist at the unconcious cause of this disaster, "it's meself that'll sarve ye out for this. Won't I wallop ye, ye murderin' thief, whin I catch a hould of ye!"

"Hold your nonsense, Murty. How near are we to the castle?"

"Sorra a know I know yer riverince; the knowledgebleness is shnk out o' me intirely."

"The shafts are broken."

"Av course th' are."

"Here, help me to shove the car over to the ditch and pile the cushions under this hedge, God be praised! neither of us is even scratched."

A carriage with blazing lamps came along.

"Hi! hi! hi!" roared Murty, "we're wracked here. Lind us a hand! We're desthroyed be a villian av a pony that seen a ghost, an' we goin' to dine at Moynalty Castle."

The carriage belonged to Mr. Bodkin, the senior member for the county, who was only too delighted to act the Good Samaritan; and as he, with his wife and daughter, was bound for the castle, which still lay two miles distant, the meeting proved in every respect a fortunate one.

The worthy priest was received by his host and hostess with the most flattering courtesy, and by Miss Julia Jyvecote as though he formed part and parcel of her personal property. He took Mrs. Jyvecote into dinner, and said grace both before and after dinner.

Father Maurice was positively startled with the splendor and exquisite taste of the surroundings. The room in which they dined—not the dinner-room, but a delightful little snugery, where the anecdote was the property of the table, and the *mot* did not require to be handed from plate to plate like an *entree*—was richly decorated in the Pompeian style, with walls of a pale gray, while the hangings were of a sort of amber relieved by red brown. The dinner was simply perfect, the *entourages* in the shape of cut glass, flowers and fruit—veritable poems—while the quiet simplicity and easy elegance lent an indescribable charm which fell upon the simple priest like a potent spell.

Every effort that good breeding combined with generous hospitality could make was called into requisition in order to render the timid, blushing clergyman perfectly at home; and so happily did this action on the part of his entertainers succeed that before the lapse of a few moments he felt as though he had lived among them for years.

Mrs. Jyvecote promised to send him flowers for the altar, and Julia to work an altar-cloth for him.

"I must go over and pay you a visit, Father," she said. "I am one of your parishioners, although I go to Mass at Thonelagheera."

"I wish you would, my dear child; but I have no inducements to offer you, although at present perhaps I have." And he narrated the arrival of the guest to whom Mrs. Clancy was playing the *role of chateleine* during his absence.

"Why, this is quite a romance, Father Maurice. I must see your artist *coute qui coute*, and shall drive over next week."

But fate determined that she should drive over the next day.

When, upon the following morning, Father Maurice came to examine the condition of his pony, he found both the knees barked and the luckless animal unfit to travel.

"We couldn't walk her home, Murty, could we?" he asked of his *factotum*.

"Och, the poor crayture couldn't stir a step without tears comin' to her eyes. Me heart is bleedin' for her this minnit," replied the wily Mulligan, sagaciously perceiving that so long as the pony remained at the castle he should abide with her; and as his reception in the servants' hall had been of the same flattering description as that of his master upstairs, he resolved to continue in such delightful quarters as long as he possibly could.

"Poor Rosy!" he cried, affectionately scratching the pony's forehead, "shure it's yerself that would dance on yer head for his riverince, av ye wor able; but yer bet up, poor little wumman, an' it's rest ye want for a cuple o' days, any how."

As they jogged along by the sad sea-wave she told him the entrancing history of her conversion—of her meeting with Cardinal Manning at a garden party at Holland House, and of a casual conversation which led to so much.

(To be continued.)

One of the largest and handsomest convents in the country is to be built shortly by the Redemptorist Order in Philadelphia, Pa.

**J. E. B. O'NEILL,**  
**BOOKSELLER & STATIONER,**  
 140 GEORGE STREET,  
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Father Matthew, by Maguire, 9d  
 View of Irish History, by Duffy, 3s  
 Out of Court, Mrs. Hoey, 6s 6d  
 Irish Pleasantry and Fun, J. F. O'Hea, 6s 6d  
 Lover, a biographical sketch, 3s

**W. H. TERRY,**  
 ARCHITECT,  
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**H. ROBINSON**  
 DENTISTRY.  
 SURGEON DENTIST,  
 No charge for advice.  
 Painless extraction by the aid of nitrous  
 oxide gas.  
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 AND GILDING WORKS.**  
 Every Description of  
 WORN ELECTRO-PLATED WARE RE-PLATED  
 EQUAL TO NEW.  
 Charges Moderate.  
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THE PUBLIC ARE NOTIFIED  
 That the  
**COLONIAL INSURANCE  
 COMPANY**  
 Undertakes FIRE and MARINE BUSINESS  
 at the most favourable rates, and always  
 settles Claims in a prompt and  
 satisfactory manner.  
**F. E. ELEY,**  
 Manager for Otago.  
 Offices: Colonial Bank Buildings.

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**HUGH GOURLEY**  
 desires to inform the public he still  
 continues the Undertaking Business as for-  
 merly at the Establishment, corner Clark and  
 MacLaggan streets, Dunedin.  
 Funerals attended in Town or Country with  
 promptness and economy

LOOK, WHO WOULD HAVE  
 THOUGHT IT!

**J. A. ALLEN**  
 wishes his friends and fellow-citizens  
 to know that he started business on his  
 own account, under the style of  
**J. A. ALLEN AND CO.,**  
 AERATED WATER AND CORDIAL  
 MANUFACTURERS,  
 MACLAGGAN STREET.

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 An early inspection will oblige.  
 NOT TO BE RUBBED OUT.

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 Wholesale and Retail  
 GROCERS,  
 TEA AND COFFEE MERCHANTS,  
 EDINBURGH EMPORIUM,  
 Corner of George and Hanover Streets.  
 (late Kerr's Drapery Warehouse.)

Greig Meffen and Co., desire to inform their  
 numerous customers and public generally,  
 that they have removed to the above com-  
 modious premises and trust by care and  
 attention to merit a share of the public pa-  
 tronage in addition to their present trade.  
 Families waited on for orders. Groceries  
 delivered free in City and Suburbs.  
 Country orders receive special attention  
 and are carefully packed and sent as directed.

**KILGOUR AND CO.,**  
 AERATED WATER MANUFACTURERS,  
 KING STREET,  
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KILGOUR & Co., having purchased the  
 entire plant of Messrs. Carew and Co.'s  
 Aerated Water business, are prepared to  
 execute all orders, either town or country,  
 with despatch.

Cordials and Liqueurs of the  
 finest quality.

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 NURSERYMAN, SEEDSMAN, AND  
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 Trees, Shrubs, Roses, in great variety, &c.

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Thomas McNamara, for many years resident  
 in Dunedin, has taken the above-named  
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 Trams pass the doors every few minutes  
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 Wines Beers, and Spirits of the best  
 quality.  
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 TRUNK AND PORTMANTEAU  
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 Bags.  
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 Repaired.

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 BALSAM OF LINSEED.

A safe and valuable remedy for Coughs,  
 Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Hoarse-  
 ness, and the various affections of the Throat  
 and Lungs.  
 Being pleasant to the taste, children take  
 it readily.

Prepared only by  
**F. P. STEPHENSON,**  
 (Late Howard and Raymond),  
 DISPENSING CHEMIST AND PHARMACIST  
 30 Princes Street, Dunedin

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 DIE SINKER, LETTER CUTTER,  
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Name Stamps, Brass Plates, and Stencil  
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**BATH STREET, DUNEDIN.**  
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**KITCHEN RANGES** all Sizes  
 SPECIALLY DESIGNED for burn-  
 ing New Zealand Coal, both portable and  
 for building in, fitted with either high or low  
 pressure boilers.

REGISTERED GRATES, and a choice as-  
 sortment of Verandah and Balcony work and  
 other builders' requisites always in stock.

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 General Iron and Brass Foundry, Crawford  
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Engineers, Boilermakers, Iron and Brass  
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High Pressure and Compound Steam  
 Engines; Turbine and other Water Wheels,  
 Quartz Crushing and every description of  
 Pumping, Winding, Mining, Stone-breaking,  
 Woolwashing, Drying, Flour Mill, and  
 Dredging Machinery made and repaired.  
 Cast and Wrought Iron Ripples and Sluice  
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Repairs to all kinds of Beaping, Thrashing,  
 Horse-power Machines, &c., executed with  
 Despatch. Flax-Dressing Machines of im-  
 proved make.

**J. AND W. STEWART,**  
 COACHBUILDERS,  
 GREAT KING STREET,  
 (Nearly opposite Bacon's Stables),  
 Have for Sale—  
 Single and Double Buggies, Waggonettes,  
 Pony Phaetons, Station and  
 Express Waggons.

Also Made to Order—  
 Every description of Hose Reels, Hooks  
 and Ladder Carriages, Fire Brigades Plant  
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All of their own make. Workmanship and  
 Materials guaranteed.

**HARP OF ERIN HOTEL**  
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**MRS. M'BRIDE** Proprietress.

The above commodious and comfortable  
 Hotel offers first-class accommodation to  
 Tourists and others visiting the Lake scenery

**CITY HOTEL, DUNEDIN**  
**MRS. N. MURPHY** Proprietress

On and after 3rd December, Mrs Murphy  
 will OPEN her DINING-ROOM for LUN-  
 CHESON to the General Public from Noon  
 Daily, and trusts by attention, civility, and  
 reasonable charges to merit a share of Public  
 Patronage from her many friends, as well  
 as from the merchants and others in Dunedin  
 and neighbourhood.

A Separate Room for Ladies, with Wait-  
 resses in attendance.

The Prices of the various Articles will be  
 attached to the Bill of Fare for the day.

Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, etc., at all hours.

Board and Residence in the Hotel as per  
 arrangement.

**CITY HOTEL, DUNEDIN**  
 November 22, 1883.

**JAMES COUSTON**  
 PLUMBER, GASFITTER, ZINC-WORKER  
 &c., &c.,  
 WALKER STREET DUNEDIN.



## GERMANY AND ENGLAND.

THE Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung* has published an article on "German Continental Policy," of which the following is a summary:—"England is plainly about to abandon her position behind the scenes at Cairo and assume a protectorate over Egypt, which will only be the preliminary to its formal and final incorporation with the British Empire, and thus England will have nearly completed the chief links of the gigantic chain—Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Egypt, the Suez Canal, Aden, India, China, which insular supremacy has been diligently endeavoring to coil round the body of old Europe since the beginning of the last century. With Friedrich List we admit the great national virtues and the civilising capacity of England, but with him also we protest against her monopolising the trade of the world, converting the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean into English lakes, and appropriating the capital of continental nations. '*Dubius litigantibus tertius gaudet*'—England's power and wealth have to a great extent resulted from the long-standing antagonism between France and Germany. Napoleon I.'s famous 'Continental system,' which aimed at breaking the insular supremacy of England, failed for the simple reason that the Corsican confounded Europe with France, and imposed his system on nations which shook it off as they threw off his own yoke; and if Germany is now to achieve the aim which Napoleon failed to accomplish, she must seek to rally round her the nations of the Continent against the intolerable predominance of England, not by subjugating them, but by treating them as equals, and thus uniting them in moral and material concert. Germany has already united herself; but the process of binding her neighbours to her is still far from complete, owing to the jealousy of some and the revengefulness of others, especially of France, which hinders the inauguration of a German Continental policy "favorable to the common interests of Continental States." Austria has already yielded to the charms of this idea; Russia is returning to her old love; and other States (Italy, Spain, etc.) have shown a distinct tendency to gravitate towards the Teutonic and anti-English centre; but, alas! France still keeps aloof, and much water will have to flow down the hill' before Switzerland and Holland knock for admittance at the doors of the German Confederation. But it will ultimately come to this with these two nations, and France, too, will at last perceive that her interests are not opposed to, but identical with, those of Germany, who, thus placed at the head of an united Continent, will be able to shake off the chain with which insular supremacy has for nearly two centuries been endeavoring to bind the body of old Europe."

## A FRENCH VIEW OF ENGLISH CIVILIZATION.

(Special Correspondence of the *Pilot*.)

Paris, March 25.

ENGLISH civilization, Frenchmen say, consists in massacring innocent men and enslaving those who are free. "Gordon," says a writer in *Figaro*, "departs for the Soudan. He is a great adventurer, inspired, a prophet. He has abolished slavery; he shakes, as a divine promise, the chains which he has broken. What a man! Suddenly, he issues his famous proclamation: 'You are all free . . . to be sold as slaves!' What a buffoon! England itself is moved! Gordon replies by one single phrase—'It is for the good of England!' And on the spot there is silence! No one moves; not an objection, not a murmur. He has said: 'It is for the good of England!' And all England bows down its head. And England approves that which it denounced the day before. And the Opposition itself has not breathed a word. What a people!"

This clear-minded Frenchman sees through the blatant boastings and pretended disinterestedness of the English. Their selfishness is revealed to the world. "Have you ever," he asks, "beheld egotism so stern and so fierce? They pretend to be generous, and disinterestedness escapes them. They have never measured anything save by the measure of their interest."

Then he turns to the burning questions: "Look at Ireland! Behold India! Endemic misery and the feudal *regime* in the dawn of the twentieth century. The laborer dying of hunger and the Sepoy at the cannon's mouth! Resistance the most legitimate, the most natural to their autocratic policy, military or commercial, takes in their eyes the character of an injury, and the least revolt becomes an outrage which must be washed out in blood. Think of Alexandria already set fire to by the Arabs, and burnt again last year by the English. They are the first bombardiers of the universe!"

The season of art exhibitions is about to open in Paris, and visitors throng the studios on the public days. Munkacsy, who has had a special studio constructed for his colossal pictures is at work over a year on the Crucifixion of Christ between the two thieves. The chief attraction in the studio of Carolus Duran is the portrait of a young American lady, represented seated, exquisite in color and masterly in execution.

The remarkable discourse pronounced against lay instruction in the Chamber by Mgr. Freppel, Bishop of Angers, has been published in pamphlet form for distribution. It is a discourse that, from the excellence of its arguments and its abundance of proof, will be of great advantage to Catholics and to honest-minded Frenchmen.

During the year 1883 over 200,000 pilgrims visited the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes.

A subterranean Coptic church of the fifth century, with many inscriptions, was recently discovered by the French archaeological scholar, Maspero, the director of the museum at Bulak, on the site of the ancient Thebes. These inscriptions are written on white stones with red ink, and are mostly well preserved. The largest is one of three hundred lines against the Monophysites, written in the Theban dialect. Another contains a declaration of St. Cyril of Alexandria against Nestorius. The whole interior is covered with addresses to different saints in the Coptic, Greek, and Syrian languages.—*Ave Maria*.

## News of the Week.

FRIDAY.

IN the House of Representatives yesterday, Major Atkinson resumed the debate on Mr. Sutton's amendment. He made a vigorous defence of the Government in the course, of which he accused Mr. Wakefield in effect of abusing his calling as a journalist by writing articles in certain Southern papers, with a view of advancing his own claims to become the leader of a new party, in the House,—an accusation which Mr. Wakefield afterwards denied indignantly. The Premier's arguments were substantially the same as those we had already heard from him. Sir George Grey made a rather abusive reply, putting himself forward as usual in the character of the paladin under whose leadership all that is most generous, peaceful, and liberal is to obtain—which they may believe who will.—Mr. Connelly denied a charge brought against him by Mr. Holmes that he had called the Canterbury "population a howling set of cowards." The House divided, Ayes, 7; noes, 67. The Address-in-Reply, as amended, was read a second time and agreed to.

A seam of coal 12ft. thick has been traced in the Grey district, near Black Ball Creek, for half a mile. The coal has been tested and highly spoken of. Mr. Thornton has brought specimens to Christchurch, and a Greytown firm has obtained a lease.

On Wednesday night the police arrested at Auckland a man named Dennon in his own house for brutality to his son of 15. He bound the lad by ropes to the ceiling and flogged him with another rope. The boy was fearfully ill-used, and was taken to the police-station for protection.

Some excellent specimens of copper ore have been brought from the Malvern district. Sanguine hopes are entertained of a payable copper-mine being found there.

Earthquakes are reported to have been felt at Christchurch on Tuesday, half an hour before midnight and early on Wednesday morning. There were two sharp shocks at Oxford at half-past 2 yesterday morning.

It is announced that Turkey will abstain from sending a delegate to the European Conference unless the discussion of Egyptian affairs be entirely unlimited, or unless a previous *entente* be come to with England as to the basis of settlement to be arrived at by the Powers.

In the election of representatives to the Chamber, which is now proceeding in Belgium, the Liberal candidates are being beaten everywhere by the clericals. The success of the Clerical party has been ill received in Brussels and serious anti-Clerical riots have occurred but were suppressed by the police.

SATURDAY.

A terrible fire occurred about four o'clock this morning at Leeston, destroying a two-roomed cottage on the Southbridge road owned by Mr. Holley. The cottage was occupied by Mr. Frank Smith and his wife, and, as neither of them was to be found, the *debris* was examined by Constable Simpson, when the charred remains of both were found. On further search being made a third body was found, but at present it is not known whose it is. An inquest will be held this afternoon.

The Duke of Manchester is a passenger for Australia by the steamship City of Sydney.

The Earl of Derby has appointed an officer to attend on the Maori Embassy. The petition of the Natives will remain in abeyance until Tawhiao and party have had a consultation with Bishop Hadfield, of Wellington, who arrived at Plymouth on Thursday by the Tongariro.

Pending the approval of Federation by the various Colonial Legislatures, Lord Derby has intimated that he does not feel disposed to proceed with the Australasian Federation Bill.

The *Times* correspondent, telegraphing from Cairo, states that 1,800 of the garrison and most of the residents of Berber were massacred by the followers of the Mahdi. The engagement was a most severe one, and the slaughter of the defenders only commenced after their ammunition was exhausted. The Governor of Berber was taken prisoner. Thirty thousand of the rebels are now marching on Dongola.

MONDAY.

A married woman named Brigens was found dead on the Brunswick line yesterday afternoon. No particulars are yet to hand as to how she met her death.

Owing to some culverts on the railway-line being blocked, the heavy fall of rain on Saturday burst them, and destroyed about a quarter of a mile of the road near Wanganui.

The schooner *Result* picked up an open boat off Caralli Island, containing two men who deserted from the scow *Bukaka* at Mongouui. They were bound for Sydney, and are supposed to have thought the voyage too risky in the scow. They were at sea 24 hours without food or water before being picked up.

A large and influential meeting of business men has been held for the purpose of taking into consideration the necessity for the reduction of the high rates of insurance prevailing in Wellington. Mr. J. E. Nathan was voted to the chair. The matter was discussed at great length, and a general opinion expressed that the people of this city were not being properly treated by the various companies. Statistics were quoted to show that the rates charged on property in Wellington are very much higher than in other large centres, and it was asserted by one or two speakers that more than one-half the profits of the companies has of late been made out of insurers in this part of the Colony. The result of the discussion was the appointment of a committee to wait on the chairman of the Underwriters' Association on Monday, for the purpose of ascertaining whether a reduction in rates is likely to be made.

The Lalla Rookh, Captain Campbell, arrived at Onehunga yesterday afternoon. The captain reports that when nine miles south-west of Manukau Heads, on the voyage from Waitara, he saw signals of distress from a ship. He ran alongside to render assistance.

**CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART, TIMARU.**

Conducted by the Religions of the Sacred Heart.

Under the patronage of his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. REDWOOD  
Lord Bishop of Wellington.

The Convent is a fine spacious building, most favourably located in one of the pleasantest parts of the city. The site is elevated healthy and beautiful, commanding a splendid view of the ocean and distant snowy mountains. The Grounds are extensive, allowing a great range for out-door exercise and amusements; and the buildings are provided with every recent improvement conducive to health and comfort.

Payments to be made, at least, quarterly, *in advance*.  
For further particulars apply to the  
**REV. MOTHER SUPERIOR.**

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**MISS MARY HUME** receives Pupils for Fixing and  
Producing the Voice on the latest Scientific Principles—in  
Private and Class lessons.

Circulars and Terms at her rooms at the Dresden Piano Depot,  
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**SACRED HEART HIGH and SELECT SCHOOLS  
FOR YOUNG LADIES.**

Conducted by the  
RELIGIOUS OF "NOTRE DAME DES MISSIONS,"  
BARBADOES STREET, CHRISTCHURCH

Re-opened on Thursday, 24th of January, at 9.30 a.m.  
Application for boarders and day pupils to be made, between the  
hours of 10 a.m. and 5 p.m.  
For further particulars apply to the Rev. Mother Prioress.

**MARIST BROTHERS' SCHOOL.**

WELLINGTON.  
A FEW VACANCIES FOR BOARDERS.

The Terms are :  
Board and Tuition ... .. £36 per Annum.  
Bedding and Washing ... .. 3 do.  
Fees payable quarterly in advance.  
Boarders are charged nothing extra for French and Drawing  
Piano, two guineas per quarter.  
Boys prepared for Civil Service Examinations.  
For Further particulars apply to  
**REV. BROTHER DIRECTOR,**  
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SOLICITORS,  
JETT STREET, DUNEDIN.

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money to lend to build thereon.

WINTER SEASON, 1884.

**NICHOLAS SMITH**  
Begs to announce that he has just opened his First Shipment of  
NEW WINTER GOODS,

Consisting of New Dress Stuffs in Cashmeres, Foulies, Costume Cloth,  
French Merinos, Pompadours, Galateas, Sateens, French Cambrics  
etc., etc. Novelties in Fancy Goods, Novelties in Millinery. No-  
velties in every Department. Also,

**WINTER CLOTHING.**

Special value in Boy's and Youth's Suits; special  
line of Mens' Geelong Tweed Trousers and Vests (all wool), 21s 6d  
worth 27s 6d. Newest Patterns in Regatta and Oxford Shirts, Soft  
and Hard Felt Hats, in all the latest shapes. New Shapes in Linen  
Collars, Scarves, Bows, Studs, and Ties, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Brace  
etc., etc. The Cheapest House in Town.

**NICHOLAS SMITH,**  
The Cash Draper,  
33 George Street, near the Octagon.

**ROSS & McNEILL,**

IRONMONGERS,  
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**HAVE IN STOCK :—**  
Harvest Tools, Guns, Powder, and all  
kinds of  
**SPORTING AMMUNITION,**  
Cheese Presses, Curd Mills, Chaff-  
Cutters,  
Fencing Wire, Wire Netting, Barb  
Wire, and all kinds of  
**FURNISHING & GENERAL  
IRONMONGERY.**

**NOTICE.**

Subscriptions to the NEW ZEALAND TABLET should be made  
payable to John F. Ferrin, Manager, Octagon, Dunedin, or P.O.  
Box 142. Orders for the paper, and all business communications  
should be addressed to the Manager.

**JAMES DUNN,**

BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, NEWS AGENT,

141 GEORGE STREET  
(Opposite National Bank),  
DUNEDIN.

**OUTLINE OF IRISH HISTORY**, by Justin H. McCarthy (son of  
Justin McCarthy, M.P.), 2s, by post 2s 6d.  
**YOUNG IRELAND**, by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. Complete cheap  
edition 2s 6d, by post 3s 6d.

Home and Colonial Newspapers and Magazines supplied to sub-  
scribers in any part of the Colony.

**PUBLIC NOTICE.**

**DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.**

D. O'CONNELL begs to inform his numerous friends, and the  
public generally that having taken over the entire stock owned by  
the late firm of Walsh and O'Connell, Manchester Street South  
Christchurch, valued at £2000, he will hold a clearing sale for 21  
days only, commencing on  
**SATURDAY, MAY 17th, 1884.**

As possession of the premises must be given up at the end of the  
above term all goods will be sold at 20 per cent. less than the usual  
price.

**D. O'CONNELL.**

MANCHESTER STREET SOUTH,  
CHRISTCHURCH.

**JOHN HARBOROW,**

PROFESSIONAL SHIRT CUTTER,

VICTORIA CHAMBERS, MANSE ST.  
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White Shirts,	} MEASURE
French Cambric Shirts,	
Oxford Shirts,	
Flannel Shirts,	OR
Sleeping Suits,	} PATTERN
Night Shirts,	
Collars and Cuffs,	
Etc., Etc.	ONLY.

Address :  
**JOHN HARBOROW,**  
Manse Street,  
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Patterns of Coloured Material,  
and Instructions for Self-  
Measurement, Post Free on  
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**SHIRTS RE-FRONTED ETC**

**THE MOSGIEL TWEEDS**

ARE MANUFACTURED BY THE

**NEW ZEALAND CLOTHING FACTORY**

Into every variety of Garments for MEN'S, BOYS', and  
YOUTHS' WEAR, and can be purchased by the Public  
at all their 23 BRANCHES, FROM INVERCARGILL  
to AUCKLAND at FACTORY PRICES.

**BLANKETS,**

**MERCERY,**

**HATS, AND**

**HOSIERY**

At Wholesale Prices.

DUNEDIN BRANCH—

CORNER OF OCTAGON, PRINCES STREET

She proved to be the barque Andro Klas, 400 tons, from Hongkong for Auckland, with a cargo of sugar for the Auckland Sugar Company. Her captain reported that they had disease on board, type unknown; two were dead, six disabled, and himself, officers, and the balance of the crew exhausted with the extra duty. The barque was taken in tow over the Manukau bar. The Lalla Rookh came on to Onehunga, Captain Campbell acquainting the harbourmaster, Captain Wing, who, with Dr. Scott, proceeded to the barque to ascertain the disease, but has not yet returned. The officers of the barque are in good health. The crew (part of whom are Chinese) are the only sufferers. It is feared it may be smallpox and scurvy of a grave description. The captain of the barque thought, when the Lalla Rookh picked him up, he was going into Auckland harbour, and was surprised to find his mistake. The Lalla Rookh carried away part of her rigging and damaged her funnel in taking the barque in tow. The Andro Klas left Amoy on March 26, and during the latter part of the voyage experienced heavy weather.

Mr. Murray Smith and Sir F. D. Bell have asked M. Favre to delay the further steps of the Recidivist Bill pending further communications from the Colonies. The Committee of the Senate has added vagabonds and beggars to the list of offenders which it thinks New Caledonia a specially suitable place for. Consequent on the active parleying going on, the report will probably be a good deal modified.

In the House of Commons the Representation of the People Bill has been again under consideration in Committee. The amendment, which has been introduced for the purpose of extending the Parliamentary franchise to women, was after debate negatived on a division by a majority of 130. In the course of the debate Mr. Gladstone stated that the Government would not be answerable for the Bill if the amendment were carried.

Several Australian wheat cargoes have been purchased on French account at from 40s to 41s. Hops are rising, and recent Australian importations have all been sold.

A report dated London, April, 25, says:—Considerable excitement has been caused in the district of Shipnal, Shropshire, owing to the discovery of a quantity of dynamite in a lodging-house kept by a Mr. Lewis. A man having the appearance of a navy called at Mr. Lewis' house and took lodgings for the night. He sat in the kitchen for some little time, and when he rose from his seat a fellow-lodger noticed a peculiar package close to where he had been sitting, which on examination was found to be labelled "Dynamite." A lodging-house inspector visited the place shortly afterwards, and on the parcel being handed over to him he at once gave it to the police, and a local chemist pronounced it to be dynamite. Sergeant Meredith, accompanied by Constable Evans, then made a thorough search of the house. On the navy, who gave the name of Sutton, they discovered three dynamite cartridges, much about the usual size. He was taken into custody and conveyed to the station, when a closer search was made, and in a purse in one of the man's pockets were found five dynamite cartridges, each about an inch and a half long. The prisoner, who said he was a native of Stratford-on-Avon, asserted that he purchased the cartridges at Cardiff as a remedy for chapped hands. He was taken before a magistrate and remanded.

#### TUESDAY.

A number of the Auckland unemployed have accepted stone-breaking from the City Council at 4s 6d per yard.

It is reported that the Natives at Ohinemutu have at last agreed to accept the offer from the Government of 5s per acre for 20,000 acres. This land is to be handed over to the Thames-Boturua Railway Company.

At the inquiry held on the body of Ann Brigens, found dead on the Brunswick road, the jury returned a verdict that deceased met her death by drowning while under the influence of drink.

A serious panic occurred at the Auckland Opera-house on Sunday night. Mr. George Brown was lecturing on the Church of Rome, and the place was packed. A number of youths in the vestibule cried "Fire!" and tramped heavily down stairs. The lecturer attempted to quiet the audience, but the bulk of the audience rushed to the doors, although some remained quiet. Numbers of women fainted, and some people were slightly injured.

The amendment on the Franchise Bill by Mr. Grey, M.P., for Northampton, has been withdrawn, Mr. Gladstone having deferred the operation of the Bill until January twelve-month.

The new Belgian Ministry has been formed by the members of the Clerical party, who were recently returned to Parliament with a large majority.

In the Reichstag the other day Prince Bismark warmly advocated the proposal for a mail service to the colonies, with Sydney as the terminus. The matter has been referred to a committee of the House to report upon.

The French Government have given the English Government an assurance that France has no design upon Morocco.

Intelligence is to hand from Zululand that the combined forces of Boers and Usutus, who recently invaded Usibepu's territory, have attacked and routed their enemy. Usibepu fled, and has since arrived in Ekowe.

The Times publishes a telegram from its correspondent at Korosko stating that the Mahdi, with a force of 35,000 men, is now marching against Dongola, and that the Governor of that place proposes to evacuate it without offering any resistance to the rebels. The Government have ordered that measures shall at once be taken to facilitate the retreat from the town of the garrison and inhabitants. Major Kitchener telegraphs that if Dongola should be captured by the Mahdi, he will be almost certain to invade Egypt after capturing Ramadan.

#### WEDNESDAY.

In the House of Representatives yesterday the Hon. Major Atkinson said that Government, after the vote carried on Thursday, waited upon the Governor, and, under the circumstances of the case, Ministers deemed it their duty to advise the Governor to grant a dissolution. His Excellency had been pleased to accept of that

advice, and a dissolution would be granted. Government had therefore nothing more now to do but to ask the House for the necessary supplies. On Thursday evening he would be prepared to bring down the necessary proposals and make a short Financial Statement. In the circumstances there was no reason why they should prolong the session beyond Tuesday next. He proposed to ask supplies up to about the end of August, believing that the new election could be got through and the House be called together again about the 28th of that month. He moved the adjournment till Thursday evening at 7. 30 o'clock—the motion after some discussion being carried on the voices.

In opening the session of the Supreme Court at Gisborne yesterday Judge Gillies commented on the fact that the Natives were sufficiently civilised when able to write so well as to forge cheques, for which one Native will be tried.

Telegrams have been received stating that King Johannes, of Abyssinia, has assembled 30,000 Gallas for the purpose of relieving the garrison at Kowala, a town some distance north of the Abyssinian frontier, and now besieged by the Arab rebels. The Hon. Evelyn Ashley, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, has proposed that the Australasian colonies shall contribute a share in the expense to be incurred by the temporary extension of the powers of Sir George Des Vœux, in order that the latter may be in a position to deal with the labour trade in the Western Pacific; and that the Agents-general for the various colonies shall afterwards discuss with the Imperial Government the question of adopting further means for regulating or for repressing the traffic in island labourers.

The recent freshets have badly injured the Panama Canal works. In the House of Lords on Monday Earl Kimberley was questioned regarding the progress which had been made in connection with the negotiations for holding the projected conference on Egyptian Affairs. In reply, Lord Kimberley stated that an agreement had been come to with the French Government as to the basis on which the conference should take place, and that the matter had been submitted for the consideration of the other European-Powers.

#### THURSDAY.

The constant rain of 36 hours at the Thames has had the effect of overflowing the creeks, particularly Karaka, which has overflowed its banks and flooded all the town in its vicinity. The damage done so far is not so great as on the last occasion of a similar flood, but if the rain continues much longer it will be a serious matter. The booms of the Shortland Sawmill Company have broken away, and logs are drifting down Kaueranga to the sea. Logs on their passage have stove in the steamer Putiki, which was lying in the stream. She now lies partly submerged.

At a meeting of 30,000 Orangemen held at Belfast, resolutions were passed condemnatory of the administration of Earl Spencer as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

It is currently reported in diplomatic circles that parleying regarding the neutrality of the Suez Canal, which for some time past has been progressing between the French and English Governments, is virtually concluded, and that a satisfactory agreement has been arrived at.

In the House of Commons Mr. Gladstone was questioned regarding the railway material which it is alleged is being prepared at Woolwich for use at Souakim. In reply, the Premier admitted the truth of the statement, and announced that the Government had under consideration the expediency of constructing a line of railway from the port of Souakim to the Nile, in view of its employment for transporting troops composing the expedition which may possibly be despatched into the Southern Soudan during the autumn.

#### NEAT WORK.

(From the Chicago Herald.)

ONE of the slickest things I saw in my travels was a cowboy stopping a cattle stampede. A herd of about 600 or 800 had got frightened at something and broke away pell-mell with their tails in the air and the bulls at the head of the procession. But Mr. Cowboy didn't get excited at all when he saw the herd was going straight for a high bluff, where they would certainly tumble down into the canon and be killed. You know that when a herd like that gets to going they can't stop, no matter whether they rush to death or not. Those in the rear crowd those ahead, and away they go. I wouldn't have given a dollar a head for that herd, but the cowboy spurred up his mustang, made a little detour, came in right in front of the herd, cut across their path at a right angle, and then galloped leisurely on to the edge of that bluff, halted and looked around at that wild mass of beef coming right toward him. He was as cool as a cucumber, though I expected to see him killed, and was so excited I could not speak.

Well, sir, when the leaders had got within a quarter of a mile of him I saw them try to slack up, though they could not do it very quick. But the whole herd seemed to want to stop, and when the cows and steers in the rear got about where the cowboy had cut across their path I was surprised to see them stop and commence to nibble at the grass. Then the whole herd stopped, wheeled, straggled back, and went to fighting for a chance to eat where the rear guard was.

You see, that cowboy had opened a big bag of salt he had brought out from the ranch to give the cattle, galloped across the herd's course and emptied the bag. Every critter sniffed that line of salt, and, of course, that broke up the stampede. But I tell you it was a queer sight to see that man out there on the edge of that bluff quietly rolling a cigarette, when it seemed as if he'd be lying under 200 tons of beef in about a minute and a-half.

The influx of new people into Florida is reported very great. It is estimated that 250,000 have settled there within a year. A rising industry is the manufacture of perfume from orange-flowers.

**HALLY AND CO.,**

GENTLEMENS' OUTFITTERS,

95 GEORGE STREET,

DUNEDIN,

Would solicit the attention of gentlemen to their Stock of

—NEW HOSIERY—

—NEW GLOVES—

—NEW HATS—

—NEW SCARFS—

—SPLENDID ASSORTMENT—

—VERY BEST MAKES—

—FIRST-CLASS VALUE—

—EVERY NOVELTY—

**SHAMROCK HOTEL,**  
BATTRAY STREET, DUNEDIN.

J. GEBBIE . . . PROPRIETRESS.

Miss J. Gebbie, who for the past ten years has been connected with the above Hotel, has now become Proprietress of the same.

The Shamrock, which has been so long and favourably known to the travelling public, will still be conducted with the same care and attention as in the past, affording the best accommodation to be found in the Colony.

Suites of Rooms for Private Families.

Large Commercial and Sample Rooms

STOVES, STOVES, STOVES.

**JUST LANDED,**  
from New York, a Large Assortment of AMERICAN COOKING STOVES,

which we are selling at Wholesale Prices: Also,

A FEW SLIGHTLY DAMAGED,

Cheap.

WILKINSON AND KEDDIE,

Ironmongers and Importers,

Dunedin.

**BOTANICAL GARDEN HOTEL,**  
NORTH-EAST VALLEY,  
DUNEDIN.

EDWARD KIRK, Proprietor.

The Botanical Gardens Hotel now being finished, the proprietor begs to inform his friends and the public generally that he is prepared to receive Boarders and resident Families. The Hotel is easy of access (being in close proximity to the Gardens), overlooks the grounds, and in one of the healthiest parts of the town. The cars stop at the door every six minutes. Large and well ventilated Bed-rooms, Parlours, Sitting-rooms, etc.

E. KIRK, Proprietor.

COAL! COAL! COAL!

**WE ARE SELLING** Wallsend Coal, from our new pit, at 12s 6d, and Screened Mixed at 11s 6d per ton for Cash at the Trucks at Dunedin Railway Station.

This is the best household coal; has no bad smell, and is not dangerous, as the ashes do not smoulder.

FERNHILL RAILWAY AND COAL COMPANY (LTD.),

VOGEL STREET.

**THOMAS HALL,**

PASTRYCOOK AND CONFECTIONER,

Has removed from his former premises opposite Colonial Bank, to His New Shop at the Grand Hotel, adjoining the Restaurant entrance.

Private Refreshment Rooms for Ladies.

**BROWN,**

**E W I N G**

**& C O.**

Have the pleasure to notify that they have succeeded in effecting the purchase from the Directors of the

OAMARU WOOLLEN FACTORY,

at a discount of One-third off Manufactured Cost, the ENTIRE STOCK of LADIES' DRESS TWEEDS. The Stock consists of about 5800 Yards of perfectly New Goods, all splendid Colourings, Shades, and Designs, and are confidently recommended as a really serviceable material.

BROWN EWING AND CO.

respectfully suggest an early inspection of these decided Bargains. The quality is such that it cannot fail to secure a very rapid sale.

1694 YARDS LADIES' DRESS TWEED, 1s. 6d.

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2016 YARDS LADIES' DRESS TWEED, 1s. 11d.

N.B.—These Goods are honestly worth Three Shillings and Six pence per yard.

PATTERNS FREE BY POST UPON APPLICATION.

PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.

**ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE, WELLINGTON.**

(The Rev. Father Le Menant des Chesnais' Collection.)  
NAPIER.

	£.	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Major Scully	25	0	0	Mrs. J. Sheehan	2	2	0
Mr. John Brayer	25	0	0	" Blake	2	2	0
" A. P. Sheath	25	0	0	Mr. James Macintosh	2	0	0
" William F. Dawson	25	0	0	" George Hunter	2	0	0
" John Higgins	15	0	0	" Denis Murnane	2	0	0
" Alexander Browne	12	0	0	" John Hayden	2	0	0
" John Dawson	10	10	0	" Thomas Hayden	2	0	0
" J. A. Bearden	10	0	0	" Joseph Fortune	2	0	0
" Alfred Jarman	10	0	0	" John Orion	2	0	0
" John O'Shanessy	5	5	0	" John Hayes	2	0	0
" P. Miller	5	5	0	" Patrick Campbell	2	0	0
" Thomas Murray	5	0	0	" Daniel St. John	2	0	0
" John Henn	5	0	0	" B. O'Rourke	2	0	0
" Lawrence Blake	5	0	0	A Friend (S.)	2	0	0
" Michael Hyland	5	0	0	Mr. George Temlen	2	0	0
Miss B. O'Rourke	3	0	0	" Thomas McShane	3	0	0
" Ellen Moran	3	0	0	" John Sullivan	2	0	0
" Annie Minogue	3	0	0	" Charles W. Holland	2	0	0
" Delaney	3	0	0	" D. Higgins	2	0	0
Mr. Antony Gordon	3	0	0	" Patrick Cranny	2	0	0
" John Cunningham	3	0	0	Mrs. Purcell	1	0	0
" Michael Collins	3	0	0	" Allen	1	0	0
" Jas. J. Dennon	5	0	0	" Ford	1	0	0
" Owen Cowen	2	10	0	" Frawley	1	0	0
Mrs. Dowell	2	0	0	" Sylvester	1	0	0
" Payne	2	0	0	" Thomas Sheehan	1	0	0
Mr. J. Madigan	2	0	0	" Freeman	1	0	0
" Hugh Donahoe	2	0	0	" Hedley	1	0	0
Miss Margaret Sullivan	2	0	0	" J. Keays	0	10	0
" Margaret O'Sullivan	2	0	0	" Grant	1	0	0
" Mary Fitzgerald	2	0	0	" Ginty	1	0	0
" Catherine Murphy	2	0	0	" Willis	1	0	0
" Mary Egan	2	0	0	" Keys	1	0	0
" Mary Fisher	2	0	0	" Pearcey	1	0	0
Mr. James Cosgrove	2	2	0	" J. Coe	1	0	0
" Joseph Cosgrove	2	0	0	" Dryberg	1	0	0
" J. S. Freeman	2	0	0	Miss Elizabeth Dryberg	1	0	0
" Richard Mullaney	2	0	0	" Amelia Dryberg	1	0	0
" Robert Lynam	2	0	0	Mrs. P. Ready	1	0	0
Miss Mary Cleary	1	0	0	Mr. John Dryberg	1	0	0

(To be Continued.)

MISSING FRIENDS MESSAGE.

IF this should meet the eye of JOHN O'DONNELL, last known Address, "Murphy's Boarding House, New Plymouth." By writing to DANIEL O'DONNELL, care of Mrs. Walsh, Nelson Creek, Grey Valley, West Coast, he will hear of something not only of importance, but demanding his immediate attention. Any information regarding the above will be thankfully received.

## THE JESUITS.

(From the New York Tribune.)

In the annals of the Roman Catholic Church it is recorded that Father Isaac Jogues, a Jesuit, found his way to New Amsterdam in 1641, while Kieft was Governor, holding services for the only two Catholics found in the colony. It is further written that forty years after three Jesuit Fathers established the first Catholic mission in New York, building their oratory near Bowling Green. They were, however, driven away under penal statutes. Such was the imperilled beginning of a Church that now claims the spiritual care of 600,000 souls on Manhattan Island. Another Jesuit, Father Kohlman, was the first administrator of the new diocese of New York, laid the corner stone of old St. Patrick's Cathedral, and established an institution of learning on the site of the new Cathedral. In 1845 the Jesuits were invited by Bishop Hughes to the charge of St. John's College, Fordham, and one of their number, Father Larkin, was commissioned the following year to build a church and found a college for the Jesuits of this city. He started from Fordham with fifty cents in his pocket, his sole capital for the undertaking, and this dwindled to five cents before he reached his lodgings in New York. It is impossible even to glance at the stages of development, romantic and eventful as they were, until we reach the year 1850, when Father Ryan is found at the head of a flourishing college, the present site purchased, and the corner-stone of the first church laid. A stretch of about thirty years more and the work has so far out-grown its boundaries that a new and magnificent church arises, adjoining the first. This new edifice was dedicated last year.

There is a strong temptation to dwell at this point and consider somewhat particularly the unique and admirable structure, which is unqualifiedly Roman-Basilican in its architecture—and Jesuit predilections lean strongly in this æsthetic direction—while it frankly challenges the claims and pretensions of Gothic art as an expression of religious reverence and symbolism. But its commanding façade in native blue granite must be passed by, with its sumptuous and exhilarating interior, its clustered polished columns, its rare and admirable frescoes by Lamprecht, in the finest spirit and execution of Munich work as to composition, drawing, and color treatment, constituting as they do a very gallery of impressive religious art; the long perspective of statted saints; the costly altars with their costly sculptures and adornments, showing that here, better than elsewhere on this side of the Atlantic, can the student consider the fascinations and genius of the school of structured art this church so finely represents. In fact there are two churches—the lower, or crypt church, and upper or church proper. They have about the same area. In these large churches Masses succeed in alternation on Sundays, beginning at five a.m., and closing with the grand High Mass at eleven. During that time ten Masses are said, and, commonly, 12,000 worshippers have come and gone. Sodalties, societies, complines, Veepers, conferences, lectures and other duties crowd the remainder of the day until late evening. Every week-day six Masses are said at the high altar in the lower church, and every one of the twenty-five Jesuit Fathers, who constitute the society, says Mass each day either in the college chapel or at some one of the seventeen altars of the two churches. The pastoral work of the church is under the care of six of the Fathers, who are reinforced by sermons, lectures, and conferences from others who fill the various professorships in the college under the direction of the rector. These Fathers have besides the missionary work and chaplaincies for the Catholics in all the city institutions and charities on Blackwell's, Hart's and Randall's island. Yet another ministers at the Tombs, and stands by the gibbet of every condemned Catholic. The college is regularly incorporated, gives the Bachelor's and Master's degrees, and between three and four hundred pupils are in the various classes. The rector has absolute control of both college and church, and indeed of every thing, person and interest within the jurisdiction of the society. Every office of service and labor is filled by a lay brother—janitors, sextons, attendants, mechanics—for there is a tailor, a shoemaker and a gas fitter in residence—cooks, domestics, are all lay brothers. There is no pretence or affectation of reserve or secretiveness or furtiveness about the establishment.

Among the twenty-five Fathers, not one person in a hundred could point out the rector, a retiring, half shy gentleman, who seems to observe nothing and to be lost mostly in his own reflections. One would not suspect that quiet, determined manipulator of slides, object-glasses, and other apparatus for the illustration of scientific lectures to be the sole central will and personality. Yet no one seems bound or constrained, and no one is seen governing or directing. There is something strangely automatic and impersonal in the general movement. There is cheerfulness and frankness in disclosure. There is no hint of asceticism, gruesome or repulsive. There is clearly a time to laugh, and refreshment is not an empty word. But the pace and spirit of work is wonderful, and the place fairly hums under its multiplied and incessant activities. Anomalies and paradoxes bewilder the observer. These men are strong, positive characters. All are completely and deliberately educated. Most of them clearly have known conditions of independence, leisure, culture and refinement. There are no soured visages, no misanthropes, nor social eccentricities here. Many have brought generous fortunes and incomes, free gifts to the society. All have brought absolute self abnegation, and laid aside all will, choice, and self-seeking. Not one of them has proprietary right in anything, even his wardrobe. One asks and receives permission to go to the barber. Nothing is fixed or rooted.

The society holds every soul of them ready to start anywhere and do any lawful bidding at the motion of the Provincial. No man dreams of the probability or possibility of personal gain or advancement. There are bare floors and sparseness everywhere. The furnishings and appointments of a Father's room, aside from a handful of books, would hardly bring ten dollars at auction. Yet there is no friction or visible weariness. They seem like a "forlorn hope" of an army who, having burned the bridges and left their *impedimenta* at the rear, push on cheerily to the close with the foe at the front.

Yet private relations discover the fine individualities, rare tastes, exquisite accomplishments, kind wisdom, gentle humor, kindly charity among them. These men have lost everything, as men put it yet insist on seeming to have everything. They seem, to the common observer, riveted in hopeless bondage, yet there is the buoyancy and freedom of the upper air in their speech and behavior. There is no cringing nor sheer servility. They walk, talk and act like men who have entered into a transcendent freedom. It seems not impertinent to consider as well as to observe these twenty-five men who appear to have got rid of all will. Yet might it not be that each man's will in the surrender was enriched and augmented to the twenty-fifth power, as the mathematician would put it; and that a body or *corpus* with twenty-five vigorous, enlightened wills stranded and annealed as one, grew into greater potency; so that each man in casting his own will into the treasury found himself enriched in a joint proprietorship of twenty-five other wills? At any rate these Fathers believe and act as if they had found the golden secret of life in this absolute devotion to an ideal which offends and repels every predisposition of man and society. Poverty, chastity, obedience, are galling, insufferable shackles to the average life. Yet these men gather about them lovingly and proudly the insignia of their bonds as if they were better than coronation robes. It may be there is some hint here concerning the mystery of the "society" as a social force, when only 10,000 men, under these bonds, find themselves pitted against the world. Neophytes and candidates are received as early as seventeen. Two years are passed in the novitiate—a period of searching, chastening and meditation; and at this door every candidate must knock, high or low, rich or poor; and successful priests, bishops or cardinals even, have forsaken powers and dignities and passed through the novitiate into the "society." These past novices then become scholastics, and wear the habit of the Order. They give two years to rhetoric, three more to philosophy or metaphysics, logic, etc., and then five years must be given to teaching. After this four more years are devoted to theology, and then, and not till then, is the brother presented for priest's order—fourteen years after he is admitted to the novitiate. These conditions of course change when men enter the novitiate from the secular priesthood. But the Jesuit is as yet but a fledgling. After having ministered a proper time in holy orders, he must serve what is called his "Tertiariaship," which means that he descends to the novitiate again and passes a year in its humiliations and sharp discipline. After this remitting in the crucible the brother becomes wholly affiliated with the society, and is known as a professed brother. The practical policy of the society seems to be spiritualised common sense. The society chooses, winnows, makes its men, and then takes care that each one is set to do that which he can best do.

## A POET'S NIGHT-CAP.

ABOUT nine o'clock at night we boarded the sleeping coach for Washington. Behind time again, because of the belating of other trains, we reached Weldon when we should have been in Richmond. Just before retiring for the night my mind, somehow or other, reverted to an editorial article recently published in the *New York Times*, half serious, half jeering, concerning the latest theory of an English physician as to the prepotent cause of insomnia and nervous disorders generally. It may be remembered that to the abandonment of the night-cap of our grandfathers (the cotton or flannel article, not the alcoholic) was attributed the modern tendency of sleeplessness that makes even a philosopher like Herbert Spencer more or less of a crank. What I wanted, and wanted as the fellow did his pistol in Texas, was a first-class slumber, just such unmitigated repose as occasionally comes to a highly-organised baby, unvexed by colic or pure cessness. I begin to think that perhaps that British doctor was right, and that, if it were possible, I would return to the neglected custom of my ancestors. Just at that moment I plunged my hand into my coat pocket and pulled out a smoking-cap—a pretty thing wrought for me long ago by the dainty, delicate, deft fingers of one who now rests in the grave-yard at Augusta. This cap was the very thing! I placed it reverently upon my head with an act of faith, and lay down. The result was magical. Never since I was a boy can I remember to have experienced so perfect and delicious a repose. Not a dream rippled the surface of my calm brain, and I awakened hours afterwards with a sense of satisfaction that it must be a foretaste of heaven itself. An incipient headache had vanished. Powers of mind that had been dulled were restored to animation and keenness. Not a trace of irascibility remained; but in its place came trooping the sweet angels that Father Faber says continually hover over the good-humoured man. I declare that the metamorphosis was so complete that I almost needed an introduction to my new self. And this prodigy was created by one grand, complete and unusual slumber, when wearing a night-cap. Subsequent experiments have been relatively successful; so I am getting to be an enthusiast on the subject. Some folks say that it is a delusion, a mere freak of the imagination. Be it so. If a night-cap can extinguish my imagination at bedtime, thank God for the discovery! My good old mother tells me that when I was a little fellow she used to tie a night-cap under my chin, and that I was a famous sleeper in those days. She is a firm believer in its efficacy. Likely enough if a man eats pickled pigs' feet at midnight, or drinks unlimited whisky, even a silk or cotton night-cap may not consign him to the arms of Morpheus, but it may work wonders for a sober person who is cursed with the pestilent habit of conjuring up all manner of odd fancies when his head touches the pillow, instead of dismissing the workmen who hammer on the forges of the brain. The majority of men will rather suffer nocturnal horrors than be laughed at for wearing night-caps, just as the majority of women will prefer to wear shoes that are instruments of disease and torture rather than have their feet shod comfortably and sensibly. I have a clear idea as to which is the course of wisdom and which the alternative of folly. But this is a diversion which you, reader, may smile at or not, as the whim seizes you.—J. R. Randall in *Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle*.

THE DRAPERY AND GENERAL IMPORTING COMPANY  
OF NEW ZEALAND (LIMITED),

Wholesale and Family Warehouse,  
HIGH STREET, DUNEDIN.

**A** VISIT to the Company's Warehouse is solicited.

Goods in Large or Small Quantities sold at Wholesale Warehouse prices.

There is only One Price, the Public Buying at the same price as Shareholders.

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**G** LASGOW AND LONDONDERRY BOOT STORE.

**W**HEN you see the snow upon the hills,  
And feel the weather cold,  
And think of Boots that once were new,  
But now are waxing old ;

**T**HEN go to Neil McFadden's shop,  
At 106 George Street,  
And see his stock of Watertights,  
Which are made both strong and neat.

**A**LSO his Kid and Lace-up Boots,  
Made for the winter weather,  
Where workmanship and quality  
You'll find combined together.

**W**ARM Winter Boots, Shoes, and Slippers, every variety  
—Elastic-sides, Cloth and Fur Uppers, Buff, Feit, Canvas, and  
Prunella ;

**A**LSO Melton and Galoches. Gentlemen and Boys will  
find a good assortment of Leather Leggings and Waterproof  
Boots, at Prices which defy competition, at

NEIL MCFADDEN'S  
GLASGOW AND LONDONDERRY BOOT AND  
SHOE STORE,  
106 GEORGE STREET,  
DUNEDIN.

Repairs neatly executed New Elastics put in.

A P P E A L.

TO THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON COLEMAN.

"Dunedin, April 30, 1884.

MY DEAR ARCHDEACON,—The walls of the Cathedral will be soon completed. I hope that the weekly subscriptions, in addition to the sum in hand, will enable us to see the completion of these walls without the incurring of debt. But this completion will see our funds exhausted ; and yet it is absolutely necessary that no time should be lost in putting on the roof. Under these circumstances I have resolved to appeal to the entire diocese for funds to meet the expense necessary to bring our great work to a conclusion ; and I have made up my mind to entrust to you the duty of collecting the much-required funds. I know I could not entrust the work to better or more efficient hands. I think I may promise you a hearty co-operation and a generous reception on the part of both the priests and laity of this diocese, who have ever shown great zeal for this and all other good works. You will not fail to remind all to whom you may apply that the erection of a Cathedral is emphatically a diocesan work, and that the merit of helping in such erection is very great.—I am, my dear Archdeacon,

† P. MORAN.

From the above it can be seen that I am called upon to visit all the districts in the diocese to collect for the Cathedral, and, from my own knowledge of the people of Otago and Southland, I feel confident that a generous response will be made to the special call now made by his Lordship ; for I know the faith and goodness and devotion to our holy religion of the residents of every parish in the diocese.—The Catholics of this diocese are always ready to make great sacrifices in co-operating for the love of our Lord with the Bishop whom the Holy See has given them to guide them in all things spiritual:

W. COLEMAN.

**D**UNEDIN CATHEDRAL BUILDING FUND.

VEN. ARCHDEACON COLEMAN'S COLLECTION.

SOUTH DUNEDIN.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr P. Murphy	10	0	0	Mr M. J. Walsh	1	0	0
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" E. Murphy	5	0	0	Mrs. Golden	1	0	0
" W. Meade	5	0	0	Mr. M. Keys	1	0	0
" M. Connellan	1	0	0	Miss Langan	1	0	0
Mrs Connellan	1	0	0	Mrs M. Heffernan	1	0	0
Mr John Connellan	1	0	0	Mr Marlow	1	0	0
" Thomas Connellan	1	0	0	" J. Kane	1	0	0
" D. Tierney	1	0	0	" P. Turley	1	0	0
" F. Johnston	1	0	0	Miss J. Langan	1	0	0
" C. A. Shiel	1	0	0	Mr. J. Murray (1st instl.			
" J. Stapleton	1	0	0	of £4)	1	0	0
" T. Noonan	1	0	0	" D. Hogan	1	0	0
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Mrs Meade	1	0	0	of £5)	2	0	0
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" M. Sullivan	1	10	0	Mrs Velvey	1	0	0
" D. Halloran	1	0	0	Mr. A. Toal	3	0	0
" P. Fitzgerald	1	0	0	Miss M. A. Hayes	1	0	0
" M'Guire	1	0	0	Mr A. Mackay	1	0	0
" Downey	1	0	0	Miss A. Boyle	1	0	0
" D. Mahoney	1	0	0	Mr J. Hayes	1	0	0
" C. Ahern	1	0	0	" P. M'Clintock	1	0	0
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" J. Farrell	1	0	0	" J. M'Gowan	1	0	0
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Mrs D. Power	1	0	0	" M. Clune	1	0	0
Mr M. Curran	1	0	0	" J. Perkins	1	0	0
" J. Blaney	2	0	0	" J. Curran	1	0	0
" Turley	1	0	0	" J. Bradley	1	0	0
" T. Mooney	1	0	0	" H. Waugh	1	0	0
" F. J. McKeay	1	0	0	" M. Finton	1	0	0
" D. Moloney	1	0	0	" J. Bellet	1	0	0
" Wm. Williams	1	0	0	" J. Whelan	1	0	0
Miss E. A. Stapleton	1	0	0	" T. Coughlan	1	0	0
" M. Curran	1	0	0	" C. Montague	1	0	0
Mr Thomas	1	0	0	" Mr. J. Heffernan	1	0	0
Mrs Wm. Williams	1	0	0	Miss M'Conn	1	0	0
Mr T. Mackay	1	0	0	" M. Healey	1	0	0
" P. Drury	1	0	0	Mr. Beekey	1	0	0

In the Dunedin Lists published by us, read for Mr. Liston—Miss Liston, £1. Mr. Liston £2 (omitted).

We shall be happy to correct all mistakes pointed out to us.

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Mr. Jacob Szézpanski, do	2 0 0	Philip Heffernan, Waikaka	2 0 0
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Michael O'Rourke, do	1 0 0	Fox, Waimea	1 0 0
Edmund Brennan, Gore	2 2 0	Alexander McRae	1 0 0
William O'Brien, do	1 0 0	Daniel Sullivan	1 0 0
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**INVERCARGILL CONVENT BUILDING FUND.**

WEEKLY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Per Rev. Father Reidy :

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£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. Bernard Reynolds	1 0 0	Miss Mary Fahy	1 0 0
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Mr. John Barry	2 0 0	Mr. Maurice O'Sullivan	1 0 0
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R I V E R T O N .

Mr. Patrick Carmody	1 0 0	Miss Julia Haby	1 0 0
Mrs. P. Carmody	1 0 0	Annie Bradly	0 10 0

CATHEDRAL FUND.

I BEG to acknowledge the receipt of the following subscriptions towards the Cathedral Fund :—

	£ s. d.
Mrs. John McBride (2nd & 3rd instl.)	4 0 0
Mrs. Eichardt, (1st instl. of £6)	2 0 0

WEEKLY SUBSCRIPTIONS.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Per Rev. P. Lynch	6 4 0	Per Mr. Drumn	4 0 0
Miss Faulkner	1 6 6	Mr. N. Smith	0 14 6
The Misses Harris and Connor	2 2 0	Mr. T. B. Conway	2 0 0
Mr. R. A. Dunne	3 15 6	Mr. Hamilton	0 8 0

† P. MOBAN.

MARRIAGE.

O'DRISCOLL—GERITY.—On May 21, at Timaru, by the Rev. Father McGuinness, William O'Driscoll to Mary Gerity.

**The New Zealand Tablet.**

FIAT JUSTITIA.

FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1884.

**PROGRESS AND JUSTICE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.**

The Catholics of New Zealand provide, at their own sole expense, an excellent education for their own children. Yet such is the sense of justice and policy in the New Zealand Legislature that it compels these Catholics, after having manfully provided for their own children, to contribute largely towards the free and godless education of other people's children !!! This is tyranny, oppression, and plunder.

**THE DISSOLUTION.**



AD the Ministry been defeated in the course of the session and after having carried some measures, we could understand their action and that of the Governor in reference to the dissolution. But under the circumstances the conduct of both is unintelligible, except on the supposition that the Ministry is determined to stick to office as well through dishonour as honour, and that in consequence of some misapprehension as to public opinion the Governor has permitted himself to do that which in reality helps the Government to prolong an existence that should have been terminated days ago. In reality we are well pleased to see a considerable number of our representatives relegated to the tender mercies of their constituents. But this does not blind us to the inconveniences of the serious and not very creditable situation in which Parliament is now placed. When Ministers found that a considerable majority stated in the reply to the Speech from the Throne that His Excellency's Government had not the confidence of Parliament, it was the imperative duty of the Ministry to have resigned at once and unconditionally, and thus afforded the Governor an opportunity of calling other advisers to his councils.

And had Ministers done this they would have stood a better chance of success during the forthcoming elections. Now, however, if we are not very grievously mistaken, the chance of carrying a large number of the constituencies is very small indeed. People are generally impressed with the idea that Ministers are prepared to cling with desperation to the emoluments of office, and also prepared to do anything that will conduce to that end. This impression will tell seriously against Ministers, and afford a powerful argument to their opponents. Whilst, therefore, according to our views, Ministers have advised the Governor to do that which is unwise, and we think unconstitutional, they have adopted the very course which is best calculated to defeat themselves.

It is to be regretted the Governor did not act upon the statement in the reply to his speech, and at once call other advisers to his councils. The country, we think, will resent the policy that imposes upon it an unnecessary expense of £40,000 for no other purpose, than to prolong the existence of a Ministry that the House of Representatives has by a considerable majority declared does not possess its confidence.

In this fight, however, for place we have no concern. Both parties as such are our enemies, although each contains many members who would most willingly do us justice in the most important matter of education. Our view of the situation, is, therefore, disinterested and dispassionate, and what we have said has not been dictated by prepossession in favour of any party. In fact we are quite indifferent to all existing political parties.

Catholics have now an opportunity of striking a telling blow for justice and fairplay. In many constituencies they are numerous, and there it would be unwise perhaps fatal to despise them, but great caution and tact will be required on their part. We would venture to advise them to tell no man how they are going to vote, to say all that truth will sanction, in praise of all candidates, but at the polling booth to be sure so to record their votes as to punish an enemy quite irrespective of all merely political and personal considerations. Politically one party is just as desirable as another, but it is all-important to mark their disapprobation of men who are resolved to compel them to pay for the free and godless education of other people's children.

**REGISTER! REGISTER!**

We would earnestly call upon all our Catholic readers to see that those amongst them who have the right to be electors lose no time in making sure that their names are placed upon the electoral rolls, and to advise all their Catholic friends and acquaintances to be equally vigilant. There now remains only the interval between the present time and the issuing of the writs for the general election in which they can act, and great interests depend upon the Catholic vote and the manner in which it is given. Will all our readers, then, ask every Catholic man they meet, who is twenty-one years of age or over, if he is registered as a voter, and if he be not, will they urge him to go at once and have

his name placed upon the roll without delay? In this way a good and useful work may be done. Voters who have recently changed their places of residence should also make sure that their names have been changed on the rolls, otherwise they may lose their votes.

ON Tuesday last a meeting of ladies belonging to the Society of the Children of Mary was held at the Dominican Convent, Dunedin, for the purpose of inaugurating a committee to undertake needle-work for the benefit of the poor. Contributions towards the object in question, in the shape of materials to be so utilised, will be thankfully received, and may be addressed to Mesdames Conway and Connor, Dominican Convent.

A MAGNIFICENT church built at a cost of nearly £100,000 by the fathers of St. Philip's Oratory, South Kensington, London, was opened on April 25. The London *Times* concludes a leader devoted to the subject, and dealing more especially with certain sanguine expectations expressed or implied by Cardinal Manning in his sermon as follows: "We have established a sort of informal concordat based upon charity, good-will, and respect for a faith which is often nobly illustrated in the lives of its adherents, though we have no desire to take it for our own. Roman Catholics well know that they have nothing to fear from England, so long as England has nothing to fear from them. In no country in Christendom do they enjoy a greater measure of liberty, civil and religious than they do here. We are troubled by no *Kulturkampf*. We have no Article 7 excluding their teachers from our schools, and they are free to profess their own faith and to teach it in all ways compatible with the equal liberty of all. It remains true, nevertheless, that the gulf between England and Rome is as wide and as deep as it ever was. Its continual existence and the conviction that it is permanent and ineffaceable account as much as anything for the kindly feeling of toleration with which Rome is now regarded in England; but though the old animosities are happily abated it would be a great mistake to suppose that they are incapable of ever being revived." And we, for our own part, incline to the belief that this passage contains a just estimation of the state of affairs. Nor would we overlook or have the Catholic community generally to forget the warning or threat with which the passage concludes,

"FREMANTLEITE" writes to the *West Australian Catholic Record* from Adelaide as follows: "I am very much gratified in having to announce to you that a young lady from West Australia, Miss Kate Adamson, has entered the Convent of the Dominican Nuns in this city, and it is further worthy of remark that Miss Adamson is the third West Australian who has adopted the religious life in South Australia.

THE Glasgow correspondent of the *Nation* May 3 gives us the following particulars: "There does not seem to be much likelihood of the sturdy islanders of Tirie and Skye caving in at present. The Duke of Argyll, it is said, offered his Tirie crofters the same terms as Lady Cathcart gave to her white slaves of South Uist, which they refused, as they have determined not to emigrate. At a meeting of crofters and cotters, from all parts of the island, held in the Baptist Hall, Baulg, on the 17th inst., it was agreed to ask Mr. D. H. Macfarlane, M.P. for county Carlow, to contest the county of Argyll, against Lord Colin Campbell, at the next election. It is generally believed that there will be some exciting work in Skye before long. The Government, it is expected, will have to resort to force before the obstinate Skye-men can be brought to bay. At a mass meeting of crofters of the Stenschohl district of Kilnair held at the Kirk Rock, Staffin Bay, on the 22nd inst., one speaker expressed himself as follows: 'We are in possession, and we mean to keep possession until driven out at the bayonet point.' The people have a thorough contempt for the police, and a correspondent in the island writes that however large the force that might be sent a bloody combat will be the result. The representative of the Scottish Land Restoration League in Skye has held several meetings in different parts of the island. His reception was most enthusiastic. He was accompanied by the redoubtable leader of the crofters, Mr. John Macpherson, the ex-prisoner. Captain Campbell, one of the Highland Land Law Reform Association deputation which waited upon the Lord Advocate the other day in connection with these threatened evictions, told that gentleman, that since the advent of the Restoration League in Skye the more moderate association which he represented had lost very much of its influence among the islanders. There is no doubt the principles of the Scotch Land League are gaining ground very fast in many parts of Scotland—notably in large cities and towns throughout the country—particularly in Glasgow Greenock, Aberdeen, and Dundee.

THE Opposition, or perhaps we might say the Oppositions, have received the Governor's concession of a dissolution to the Ministry with anger. Sir George Grey would have been quite ready to form a Cabinet, and set about ameliorating matters immediately, without appealing to a country in whose appreciation of merits he, of course,

confides most fully, nevertheless. Among the more indignant members, or, at least the more vociferously indignant, was to be reckoned Mr. Fish, who, it seems, is quite an authority on everything connected with the Constitution, and can place the Governor in leading strings at a moment's notice. Mr. Fish, as it is rumoured about, had the case of his portfolio all ready prepared, and is naturally mortified at being obliged to lay it on the shelf that it may await its contents still for a few weeks. Under the circumstances—or any circumstances, perhaps—a gentleman of his temper could hardly be expected to hold his tongue.

OUR contemporary the *Dunedin Evening Herald* is much concerned respecting the overthrow suffered by the so-called Liberal party in Belgium. Our contemporary says that it is an important matter that the Liberals in Belgium, as elsewhere all over the world, should free the people from clerical control—or, in other words, should continue and increase their persecution of religion. Let us not forget that they are of the nature of those who in the end of the last century imprisoned the people under "clerical" control by the thousand, and guillotined them by the hundred. But if to the "rising tide of democratic sentiment," as our contemporary says, were due the tyrannous attempt made by the Belgian Liberals to force the children of the Catholic people of the country to forsake the faith of their parents, it is time indeed that tide were stemmed; and democracy is fully revealed as a tyrant more cruel than any of those who had as yet appeared upon the arena of Europe—the enslaver and murderer of the soul as well as of the body. How, again, can that be a true democracy in which the great body of the people are subdued by the power of a few? On the contrary, it is the reasonable democratic power that has now been put forth to compel the tyrannous minority to relinquish their stifling grasp, and to assert the will of the people—but without imposing an unbearable yoke upon any section of the population. It is to be hoped the example set to Europe by the people of Belgium will be universally and vigorously followed by them—for it is the shame of the Catholic nations that they remain indifferent—or at least quiescent, while their dearest rights are being trampled under foot by an ignoble and unprincipled band supported by comparatively insignificant numbers. The dissatisfaction manifested by our contemporary the *Evening Herald* because the great body of the Belgian nation have exercised their right of voting to return members pledged to carry out their policy according to their conscientious convictions, speaks very plainly for the kind of Liberalism that guides his councils. But we admit it is the Liberalism of the century and its great weapon of offence and defence is the otherwise unmeaning cry of "clericalism."

"THE VAGABOND," who has written some letters from the South Sea Islands to the Melbourne *Argus*, gives it as the fruits of his experience that missionary work among the natives is vain—and that being made Christian they are harder to civilise than they are when pagan. He further expresses an opinion that they are sure to die out as the white man—or Anglo-Saxon, we conclude—takes possession of their country—and for this he gives us to understand that there is a natural law—not to speak of the debauchery and other destructive causes that accompany the coming of the stranger. Time was, nevertheless, when the effect of Christianity among barbarous tribes was civilising in the extreme—and if it be not so now we may, perhaps, see reason to suspect that the difference is rather in the nature of the Christianity in question than in that of the human being. As to the explanation that the barbarian must perish rather than live to be civilised by the presence and example of the Anglo-Saxon, it should prove agreeable to those who now occupy the inheritance of the heathen, and still more so, perhaps, to those who are looking out for an opportunity of doing so. Such a doctrine is calculated to excuse a good deal—and there is, moreover, a good deal that can only be excused by some such argument. It is also capable of a very wide extension, but we doubt if it could or need be held by a people of any notable humanity. It is a doctrine for a people willing to destroy by force of law, and to be troubled by nothing that might be done decently and in order.

THE dissolution of Parliament takes the interest in a great measure out of Sir Julius Vogel's speech at Ashburton. The speech, however, was, on the whole and under any circumstances, rather disappointing, and gave but little indications of the speaker's being prepared with a line of policy certain to deliver the Colony at once from all its embarrassments and place it on a sure and speedy road to prosperity. It was taken up a good deal in pointing out the mistakes that had been made in not following the advice formerly given by the speaker, who, nevertheless, seemed to prove his conclusions very fairly. He openly advocated a wise continuation of borrowing, was rather hazy as to the questions of protection and free-trade, and condemned the rise in the Canterbury railway tariff as an unjustifiable and dangerous precedent. But Sir Julius will now probably speak again, and may place his intentions for the future more clearly before his audience.

WE have received a pamphlet on the Buller Harbour and Coalfield, written by Mr. Eugene O'Connor, and to which we shall refer more at length in our next issue.



On Thursday evening, the Feast of Corpus Christi, a procession of the Blessed Sacrament was formed in St. Joseph's Church, Dunedin. The number of those who took part in it was necessarily limited as it was confined to the church; but it was carried out with much solemnity and in a very edifying manner. His Lordship the Bishop carried the Most Holy Eucharist under an umbraculum of white silk and gold borne by the Venerable Archdeacon Coleman. The usual hymns were very sweetly and devoutly sung by the Dominican Nuns' choir. On Sunday—that within the octave of the Feast—Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament took place after the 11 a.m. Mass, lasting until Vespers, and was attended during the day by large numbers of the Catholic congregation—the special adoration being maintained by members of the societies of the Children of Mary and the Sacred Heart, and of those to which the children of the different schools belong. The adornments of the altar and sanctuary were very rich and in admirable taste.

A MISSIONARY who is writing letters for our contemporary the *Evening Star* defends his savages from the charge of exclusive cruelty by referring to the fires and tortures of the Inquisition. Had this missionary, nevertheless, known anything about the matter, he must have known that the fires and tortures of the Inquisition were fabulous and such as could not be produced for the extenuation of anything whatsoever. The Inquisition was a court proved to have been in advance of its age in mercy and mildness. But our missionary might have brought forward for comparison with his savages, people whom he would claim to be far more advanced in civilisation and enlightenment than any of those connected with the Inquisition. He might have pointed out, for example, how long after the horrors related are supposed to have ended the British Government themselves made use of torture and fire—criminals having been burned and subjected to the *peine forte et dure* or pressed to death by them even in the course of the last century. In the present century moreover, and in our own days torture was in common use in British-India. Let not our missionary, then, go outside his own nation to find imaginary cases; he will find all he needs at home.

### MISS DARGON AT ROSS.

In the following hurried sketch I do not pretend to anything more than an imperfect description of the impressions produced on me by Miss Dargon, by a few hours in her private society and her public display at the Totara Hall last night. Pictures were wont to be called the books of the unlearned, but Miss Dargon is a book to the learned and the unlearned, for her every attitude, look and gesture, speaks naturally and in the most convincing manner to the heart and intellect, and whether among the simple and the unlettered, or among those of greater cultivation, she leaves the stamp and influence of her accomplished eloquence on every individual of her auditory. No matter what subject she undertakes—grave or gay, sentimental or practical, religious or secular, warlike or peaceful, she has an easy knack of catching its spirit, improving the words by tone and gesture, which she makes not merely ornamental to the text, but necessary integral parts of it, and without which the full rendering of the author's idea could not be realised. Her eloquence is the talent of the very few; she breathes life into every word she utters, which carries a charm to elevate, to melt, to soothe, to cheer, to scorn, to humiliate as she desires, and her climaxes are most powerful and absorbing in their effects. She must be seen to be appreciated. As Queen Catherine in the divorce scene in Henry VIII., she displays a marvellous combination of all those qualities with which we associate our "ideal queen," duty, tenderness, dignity, courage, and a real queenly presence. But who can describe her rendering of Tom Davis' "Fontenoy." She seemed the personification of patriotism, and to realise Virgil's words:—

"With frenzy seized I run to meet th' alarms,  
Resolved on death, resolved to die in arms,  
Spurred by my courage, by my country fired,  
With sense of honour and revenge inspired."

She did not "wet blanket" the author, his words or their meaning; hers was no "mumbling inaudibility," each word of the immortal author received its due meaning. Courage, patriotism, fury, and revenge were depicted on every sound, every lineament of her features, and every position of her body, and which she communicated to every Irishman present, and elicited such cheering and applause as was almost sufficient to evoke the ghost of Tom himself, and make him laugh with delight. I am sorry to say Miss Dargon was seriously indisposed during the whole of to-day, but it is expected she will be sufficiently recovered to start to-morrow to fulfil her engagements at Kumara, Greymouth, Reefton, and Westport. She carries the best wishes of the people away with her from here, and any man that sits listening to her soul-stirring eloquence but for an hour in a public hall, or listens to her social conversation in private society, will leave her company with regret, and go away a better man.

Ross, June 11, 1884.

J. J. C.

His Eminence Cardinal McCabe presided on Thursday week at the nomination of a successor to the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory, on his appointment to the Archbishopric of Sydney. The voting resulted as follows:—Dignissimus—Rev. M. Murphy, Carlow College, 18; Dignior—Very Rev. E. M'Donald, P.P., D.D., St. Canice's, 14; Dignus—Rev. T. Hennessey, Innistogue, 3.—*Nation*, May 5.

### CANTERBURY CATHOLIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

Christchurch, June 14.

THE usual weekly meeting of the above Society took place on Monday evening, June 9, when there was a very good attendance. One candidate was balloted for and duly elected. As this was the beginning of the financial year the Secretary brought forward a balance-sheet for the past year, but in consequence of the auditors, appointed at the usual time, not being able to audit the accounts in time for this annual meeting, two auditors were appointed to whom the balance-sheet was to be submitted.

Mr. O'Connor, President, said that as his election at the previous meeting came on him unawares, he was not able to say much, but on the present occasion he would wish to say a few words regarding the future working of the Society. He hoped they would make allowances for his efforts for its welfare, when the members would compare his abilities with those of the former President. He on his part would leave nothing undone in order to further the interests of the Society.

Mr. Leahy also briefly thanked the members for electing him to the office of Vice-President.

Messrs. Milner and Baxter were the only nominations for the respective offices of Secretary and Librarian, consequently they were declared elected.

The election of four members to fill up the vacancies in the Council then took place, and resulted in the return of the following:—Messrs. Kennedy, Cronin, Hickmott, and M'Gill.

Mr. Nolan then proposed a vote of thanks to the retiring Secretary, Mr. Dobbin. He complimented him not only for the admirable manner in which he had kept the books, and for his attention and devotion to the welfare of the Society, but also for his valuable lectures and papers.

Mr. Kennedy did not think that anything he would say would help to raise Mr. Dobbin in the estimation of the members, each of whom was as conversant with that gentleman's abilities and courteousness as the speaker. His minute-book would be a standing text-book for all future Secretaries to imitate, whilst his regular attendance and attention to his official duties, notwithstanding the arduous nature of his profession, was something for the dilatory amongst them to go by.

Mr. Leahy also expressed his warm admiration for the excellent manner in which Mr. Dobbin performed his duties, and although he often disagreed with that gentleman in matters of public interest, still he could not help feeling a private regard for his many sterling qualities.

Mr. Dobbin thanked the members for this unexpected recognition of the little which he had done for the Society. By means of it, he became acquainted with a great many gentlemen whose friendship he highly valued and would never forget the many kind friends, not only in the Society, but outside it whom he came to know whilst in Christchurch.

The President then handed over the prize (2 guineas worth of books) for the best number of speeches made by a junior member during the year to Mr. Crook.

Mr. Crook felt pleased in being the recipient of such a valuable lot of books which would help to remind him as long as he lived of the early days of the Literary Society. He thanked the donor, Mr. Maskell, for his liberality in giving him an opportunity of being the successful competitor.

The meeting then closed with prayer in the usual manner.

We rejoice to hear that numerous signatures are being obtained to a letter addressed to all the bishops of the Catholic world humbly praying that a petition be made to the Holy See asking that, for the glory of God and of His most Holy Mother, to promote and increase the spirit of prayer amongst the faithful, and to obtain a speedy and most efficacious remedy for the present evils of the Church and of society, the month of October be consecrated to the devotion to Our Lady of the Rosary; that the Festival of the Most Holy Rosary be raised to the rite of the first class throughout the world, and also that the proper office recited by the Dominican Fathers be extended to the whole Church.—*Ave Maria*.

OTAGO LAND BOARD.—At Wednesday's sitting consideration was deferred in the case of John and Catherine Howat with respect to the upset price of sections 2 and 3, Rankleburn. G. M'Lachlan's application to purchase land at Wakefield was declined. It was resolved to allow A. McPherson 50 per cent. after deduction of expenses as valuation for improvements, section 3, block XII, Crookston. Consideration of J. and W. G. Henderson's application for payment of balance due for improvements, section 3, block I., Swinburn, was deferred for a fortnight. On the report of Ranger Hughan it was resolved that a portion of bush land reserve, block IV., Toi-Toi, be offered for sale as of special value at 21s. per acre. On the recommendation of Ranger Hughan, Carolan's license, sections 7 and 8, block IV., Otara, was forfeited. The petition of settlers at Waihemo that quarry reserve, block VIII., be withdrawn from sale was referred to the County Council. A quarry license at Heyward Point for seven years at \$1 per annum was granted to the Harbour Board. The surrender by the Mount Anrum Gold-Mining Company of their lease over section 7, block XI., Skipper's Creek, was accepted. Application to purchase under deferred-payment system were approved as follows:—George Brook, section 42, block III., Tuapeka West, also section 55, block II., same district; David Duncan, section 16, block II., Maniototo; Alexander M'Kay, section 21, block IX., Waipahi. F. S. Webster's transfer of his license for section 10, block IX., Waitahuna West, to John Webster was ordered to be advertised. The licenses of W. John, section 15, block IV., Gimmerburn, and A. G. Earle, section 6, block I., Wendon, were forfeited on the application of the licensees. A. Swan's application for a reduction in the price of sections 5 and 17, block II., Wendonside, was declined. On T. Edward's application the Arrowtown Borough Council was asked to suggest an upset price for section 9, block XXXIII.

## ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

(Dublin Freeman, April 26.)

A SCORE or so of mysterious notices, on which the words "Invincibles," "Revenge," and "God Save Ireland," done in staring red and black lettering, and having "cast" army cartridges, tied with green ribbons, appended to them, somewhat after the fashion of ancient seals to State documents, were strewn about Dublin—in the Phoenix Park and through the streets, and a few of them were left, it is said, at a place of business, a private residence, and the door of the Privy Council Office—on Monday night or Tuesday morning. They are now in the hands of the police. The "find"—even when it was added that a parcel containing a suspicious material formed part of it—gave food for gossip rather than excited sensation, the general feeling seeming to be that the affair was the result of some half-mischiefous, half-thoughtless, practical joke. So much is being said and written about dynamite and conspiracy that bogus alarms are what may be almost naturally expected from the idle, especially, perhaps, at the approach of the anniversary of the tragedy in the Park. We are greatly disposed, however, to reject the practical joke theory in this particular instance. In the first place, the affair is too elaborate and daring for any mere amateur practical joking. The consequences of detection are too serious, for such practical joking as that on an entire city—police and people—would be visited with severe punishment if the perpetrators were discovered. The risks of detection would be too great, since everything points to the probability that a number of persons were engaged in it, and it was a work involving much ingenuity, care, and time. The material used in it—army cartridges to wit—are not exactly the playthings which would be ready to the hand of the mere joker. Do we incline to the opinion then, it will be asked, that these raw-head-and-bloody-bones notices were distributed by "Invincibles" or by sympathisers with the policy of dynamite? With much less difficulty than we have in leaning to the decision that the affair is not a practical joke, we have concluded that it is the work of no such men. If there are persons who mean deeds of the kind threatened, they would be sure to give no warning, to shoot their bolt out of the blue azure—from a clear sky. They would not prepare their quarry for the blow. They would not expose their plot to the danger of being prematurely exploded, and themselves to the terrible fate of discovery and its awful penalty. What, then, is the motive, and who are the contrivers of this irritating alarm? Reason goes far to show that it is neither a malicious joke, nor yet a solemn warning. The devious paths pursued in the ruling policy and police of the Government of Ireland are so dark that it must be matter for conjecture and surmise whether they have described a new winding in the maze. Those who remember the disturbed times in '48, or who have read their history carefully will recollect that there was a blacksmith, for instance, actually supported with a weekly stipend from the Castle to make pike-heads which he was thus enabled to sell at 2s. 6d. a piece to the Young Irelanders of the day and who, taking down the names of his trusting purchasers, brought the list to Colonel Brown, the then chief of the police, every night. We all recollect how Head Constable Talbot went about the country swearing in Fenians in order afterwards to convict them. These things may not have been done actually under the directions of the authorities. They did not direct the man in '48 to make the pikes, but they connived at his trade in return for his treachery. They did not descend to details in Talbot's devices. They did not direct him to commit the grossest sacrilege in order to worm himself into the confidence of unsuspecting peasants. But the spirit of the system suggested such resorts, and while the authorities did not trouble themselves about their villany they rewarded them. The officer who had the greatest record of discovered outrage, and crime, and treason knew that he had thus won his promotion. That promotion he too often strove to get by regular treason-manufacture, as instanced in the career of Talbot. Are the same principles, or want of principles, in vogue—in full swing to-day? The desire for promotion, we presume, is equally strong. Does the system afford opportunities for getting that promotion by foul means as well as fair? We do not, of course, make any imputation on the officers connected with the present discovery. They, we feel sure, have merely acted with the honest vigilance which the ordinary discharge of duty demands. But there are wheels within wheels in police manoeuvres. It may be necessary just at the present juncture, to keep up the excitement in England. We do not, then, adjudge, this "find" of Monday night or Tuesday morning either as a practical joke or as a revelation of the intentions of desperate men. We fear that it has to be ascribed to other agencies which cannot be deemed at all innocent. We trust that it will not be attended with evil consequences, and that it will not be made to subserve to selfish ends or to the exigencies of a demoralising system, which has suffered already shameful exposure in the history of the methods pursued in this country.

A new feature of life in Ireland which has grown to considerable proportions through the inspiration of the Parnell movement, and which has hitherto escaped the attention of the outside world, is the growth of the literary spirit among the young men of that country. In every considerable centre of the population, as Mr. Redmond said recently, libraries and reading-rooms have been established and literary societies have been organised. Thomas Davis and John Blake Dillon and their associates of the Young Ireland Party tried a similar experiment in 1848, but it was hardly successful. They had not the proper material to work on. The masses were unlettered. Since their time, the National school system has been perfected, and all the men of Ireland under forty years of age have had good educational advantages. They have very generally profited thereby. The Young Ireland Party gave them a literary taste, and the idea of organisation, which the men of the present day have gracefully and fittingly acknowledged by calling their societies after the leaders of that body, and the central organization in Dublin, the Young Ireland Society.

## Commercial.

MR. DONALD STRONACH (on behalf of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company, Limited) reports for the week ending June 18, as follows:—

**Fat Cattle.**—223 head were yarded to-day at Burnside for the week's supply. Of this number only a few were prime, the quality of the greater portion being little better than stores, and the prices obtained for those were extremely low, whilst prices for good were about the same as last week. Best bullocks brought £8 10s to £9 7s 6d; others, £4 5s to £8; best cows, up to £8; others, £2 10s to £6 10s. We sold on account of Mr. Keith (Ashburton), 31 bullocks at from £6 to £7 12s 6d; Messrs. H. and T. Little (Ngapara), 3 cows and 1 bullock at from £6 7s 6d to £8; and quote prime beef 20s, medium 15s to 17s 6d per 100lb.

**Fat Calves.**—Sixteen were yarded, and sold at from 10s to 31s.

**Fat Sheep.**—2014 were penned, of which about 500 were merinos of from medium to good quality; the balance were cross-breeds of all qualities. Although this was not a large number, the advance obtained last week was not maintained, prices ruling from 1s to 1s 6d per head lower. Best cross-breeds brought 16s 6d to 17s, a pen or two prime 17s 6d, others 12s 3d to 15s, and merinos 8s to 13s 3d. We sold: On account of Messrs H. and T. Little (Ngapara), 50 cross-breeds (mixed) at 16s 6d; J. and S. Wilson (Papakao), 145 merino wethers at 12s 9d to 13s 3d; Wayne and Leary (Glenfield) and others, 65 cross-breeds ewes at 14s to 16s.

**Fat Lambs.**—Seventy-seven were penned, and sold at 5s 3d to 11s 3d.

**Fat Pigs.**—112 were forward and offered for sale. Competition was not so keen to-day, but they all found buyers at from 15s to 75s each.

**Store Cattle.**—We have no transactions to report.

**Store Sheep.**—Very little is doing in this class of stock.

**Sheepskins.**—We offered at our weekly auction sale on Monday a large catalogue, consisting of all sorts. The usual representatives of the trade were in attendance. Competition was fairly active. Dry pelts brought 1s 0½d to 1s 2d; do. cross-breeds, 1s 5s to 3s 6d; do. merino, 1s 3d to 3s 5d; green crossbreeds, 2s 2d to 3s 7d; do. merino, 2s 5d to 2s 7d.

**Rabbitskins.**—The supply still continues small, but all coming to hand meet with ready sale. We sold on Monday the following lots:—JJ, 1 bag suckers, at 1d; 1 do, at 2½d; do over B, 3 bales medium, at 1s 3½d; JJ, 1 do mixed, 1s 4½d; 1 do medium, 1s 5d; CP, 2 bags do, at 1s 5½d.

**Hides.**—We have no alteration to note in either supplies or values. We sold this week all to hand—viz. 210—at 2½d for bulls' hides, and 3d to 4½d for cows' and heavy-weight ox-hides in good condition and free from offal.

**Tallow.**—All consignments coming forward are saleable at about equal to late rates. Inferior and mixed, 17s 6d to 23s 6d; medium to good, 25s to 30s; prime, 31s to 32s; rough fat, 17s 6d to 25s per cwt., according to quality.

**Grain.**—Wheat: This market shows no improvement in prices. The quantity now in store and coming forward is very little reduced by the few lines occasionally taken up by millers, and these are only of the best description, whilst the bulk, being unfit for shipment, is likely to remain on hand, growers being unwilling to accept less than what is paid for good milling. We quote prime milling velvet and Tuscan, 3s 2d to 3s 4d; medium, 2s 9d to 3s 1d; fowls' wheat is in fair demand at from 1s 9d to 2s 6d. Oats are in less demand this week, pending result of shipments to Australia. Prices, however, for good bright sorts are about equal to last week's—viz., stout bright milling, 2s 1d; short bright feed, 2s; thin and discoloured, 1s 10d to 1s 11d (ex store). Barley: Bright heavy malting is saleable at from 4s to 4s 3d; medium, 3s 6d to 3s 9d; milling, 2s 6d to 3s.

Ryegrass seed is in no demand.

## PRODUCE MARKET.—JUNE 19.

MR. F. MERRAN, Great King street, reports:—Who'sa's prices for the week are as follows, including bags: Oats, 1s 9d to 2s; milling wheat, 3s 6d to 3s 9d; fowls, 2s to 2s 10d; barley, malting, 3s 6d to 4s 3d; milling, 2s 6d to 3s 6d; oaten hay, new, £3 10s; rye-grass, £3; chaff, £3 to £3 10s; straw, £2; bran, £4 5s; pollard, £4 10s; flour, £9 to £9 10s; oatmeal, £11 10s; fresh butter, medium to prime, 10d to 1s 1d; eggs, 1s 10d; salt butter, 8d to 9d; cheese, 4½d; bacon, sides, 8d; hams, 10d; rolls, 8d; potatoes, £2 5s.

MESSRS. MERCER BROS., Princes street, report:—Fresh butter, in ½lb. and 1lb. prints, best quality, 1s 1d per lb.; ordinary butter, 1s per lb.; eggs, 1s 9d; roll bacon, 8d per lb.; good salt butter, in kegs, 9d per lb.; cheese, 4d per lb.

The Washington correspondent of the *Louisville Commercial* says:—Of course, along with the rest of the migratory world, I went to the capitol on Monday. It was during the very apex of the polar wave and the people on the streets went half bent before the wind, numb and blue from cold. One shuddered and shrank under flannels and furs. There were two squares to walk before reaching the cars, and I noticed trudging along before me an old woman in a thin, ragged shawl. How thin it was, was plain enough as its tattered edges fluttered up and down in the biting wind. Each of her bare red hands grasped a big tin milk-can, which dragged her old arms down and seemed full and heavy. As she reached St. Matthew's she stopped, set the cans down, knelt on the ice-covered stone steps in the teeth of the life-chilling wind—knelt there, and with her bare stiffened hand devoutly made the sign of the cross; then rose, took up her burden and trudge away. Superstition? Perhaps, but there is something rather fine in such superstition.

## FAREWELL ADDRESS OF THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE CANTERBURY CATHOLIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

At the meeting of this Society held on the 2nd inst., Mr. Maskell, the retiring President, delivered the following address. After having in a few preliminary remarks referred to the present state of the Society, and the progress made by it during the year, as well as thanked those gentlemen who had given it their assistance, he said:—

Now, is there anything in the progress of events since June last, or in the condition of Catholic affairs at the present moment, as far as we can tell, calculated to encourage us to be less "gloomy" than before? Has the world shown any disposition to be less antagonistic to the Catholic Church? Are Catholic principles less hated, Catholic maxims less execrated, Catholic practices less abused? Is more justice meted out to Catholics in any part of the world in 1884 than in 1883? And are we justified in believing that at last the tide of conflict is turning in our favour, and that the Church is at last in the way of swift victory. Let us see. First, turning to that great centre of Catholic veneration and affection—the metropolis of all Christianity,—what has happened since June last to His Holiness the Pope; then, he was a prisoner; now, he is a prisoner still. I see no improvement here, for his gates are barred as strongly as ever, and no sign has been vouchsafed that his gaolers are in the least relaxing the strictness of their guard; but, if this were all, I might perhaps be told that at least things were no worse: that in Rome, at least, the Church had held her own. You, gentlemen, are well aware how far this is true. It is not true. The news, month after month, has been that worse and worse attacks have been made on the Pope and the Church, until at last the climax seems to be near at hand. There is an institution in Rome which has existed three hundred years, and the like of which has never been seen in the world. Societies for the support of missionaries may be found in England and America;—societies upheld, doubtless, by vast subscriptions, and making a great parade of their activity and doings. But what are these to the Propaganda? Even the Protestant Press has been unanimous in the expression of regret at the action lately taken by the Italian Government. Regret, indeed, is all that they do express; indignation could not, of course, be expected from them. The confiscation of the property of Propaganda—the attempted destruction of the greatest institution in all the world for the spread of Christian faith, could not draw forth more than phrases such as this, taken from the London Times:—"It is to be regretted that the Court of Appeal at Rome could not discover cause for excusing the Propaganda" from the operation of the law. It is much that we should get even such civility as this. But now, what is it that has been done, and what will be its effect? It is not for me this evening to go into details; but, practically, what has been done has been a direct and wholesale confiscation by the Italian Government of the most sacred and important property of the Church in Italy, and the effect will as it appears, be the forced departure of His Holiness the Pope from Rome. Plainly put, it is not too much to say that we may expect, ere many months—perhaps weeks—are over, to see Leo XIII., the Vicar of Christ, a wanderer on the earth—driven from his proper home and seeking refuge wherever any king or emperor may grant it to him. I do not mean say that this is certain. His Holiness will doubtless exhaust all possible modes of action before taking so decisive a step as flight from Rome. Yet it is hard to see what else is indicated in that phrase of his in his last allocution:—"We know that our enemies have determined to fill the measure of outrage against the Roman Pontiff, until, from one difficulty to another, he is driven to the last extremity." "We foresee," says the Pope, "still harder trials, and we are ready to bear them." And, gentlemen, it may be our fate to read, any day, in the telegraphic intelligence from Europe, that the last extremity has come; that Leo XIII. has been driven into exile; that the Vatican has become the prey of the spoilers; that the Church has once more fled away into the desert—once more, for it will not be the first time; nor, indeed, must we be any more anxious for the ultimate result than were Catholics when the Popes were driven, centuries ago, to Avignon; when Pius VII. was a prisoner to the first Napoleon; when Pius IX. fled from the ruffian Garibaldi to take refuge with the King of Naples. We have no cause for anxiety in the end. But it would be absurd to imagine that, during the past year, the assault on the Church, in the person of Leo XIII., has been any less active than before. As I said just now, the Pope is a prisoner now as he was in 1883; but it is with this difference, that he is now compelled to seriously think of planning his escape, lest, from being a prisoner with a measure of nominal liberty, he may become the inmate of an actual dungeon, or, worse still, in danger of personal injury. Undoubtedly, gentlemen, you are as well aware as I am that such persecution as this defeats its own ends. Persecution is the life of the Church, and by the blood of martyrs is the Faith nourished. It was at the very time when Pius IX. had been forced to leave Rome, when a great cry of jubilation arose from the enemies of the Church, when "Popery" was stated to be at last crushed to the ground, it was at that very time that a new hierarchy was given to England, and Catholicity began to flourish there anew. It was the persecution in Ireland which gave to all the world so many thousands of noble missionaries. It was the persecution in France three years ago, and the persecution in Germany somewhat earlier, which permitted the establishment of monasteries, missions, Catholic settlements, in heretic or heathen lands. And such a persecution of the Pope as may drive him into apparently ignominious exile, will have, in the end, precisely the same effect. Yet it would be wrong to imagine that the enemies of the Church have been in the least instructed by the history of the past. Anti-Catholic feeling is just as ripe now as ever. In what are called cultured circles, amongst the educated and the intellectual, Catholics are very tolerably treated. No overt insult may be experienced; no expression of exultation at our trials may be openly put forth. But the feeling of hatred is still there; we are merely tolerated, simply because of the pretence of liberality which is so fashionable in the present day. I am not by any means sure that this is a good

thing for us. We might probably be much better off if the feeling against us were more forcibly expressed—more openly shown. Luckily, as I think, we have our share of persecution in the educational system of this country, for that helps to bind us together, and keep our muscles, as it were, constantly braced up. We might be worse off than we are, speaking from a Catholic point of view, if we had not something of the kind going on. But, leaving that aside, I would not have you imagine that the feeling of Protestants with regard to the Church is less strong than it used to be. They will, doubtless, flock to any of our public ceremonies, very often simply to gaze upon a peculiar and puzzling exhibition, sometimes, perhaps, in a kind and generous sympathy. Such an occasion as the founding of St. Patrick's College will attract them in crowds; even so ordinary a thing as a diocesan synod is thought worthy of being telegraphed all over the country with a sort of hint of mysterious ceremonial; and any public doings of ours are narrated with, I freely admit, a decent impartiality in the newspapers, just as if we were really much the same sort of people as anybody else. But we are no nearer the heart of the Protestant world than ever we were. Whenever there is any chance of a cut at us it is taken; and in the full and firm belief of the greatest part of our Protestant fellow-citizens we are deserving of only two things, contempt and detestation; or, if not of both, then of at least one of the two. I said just now that no overt attack is made upon us; and this is true, on the whole, for this country. For there is in New Zealand so very general a laxity of opinion upon matters of faith, a laxity which is growing very fast indeed, that really there are not many amongst us, outside the Catholic Church, who care more than the very least little bit (in the absence of some exciting cause) about religious differences. There have, however, been two queer little assaults delivered lately, the one under the leadership of a not very wise gentleman holding high ecclesiastical position in Dunedin. Archdeacon Edwards thought fit to publicly accuse the Catholics of Otago of refusing to contribute to the cause of charity. The Benevolent Association down there has not been properly supported as he thinks, by the Catholic clergy and laity, and his opinion was expressed (perhaps involuntarily) in such a way as to point to a grave dereliction of duty. The charge was not wisely made; the reply of His Lordship Dr. Moran was clear, unanswerable, crushing. The abstention of the Catholics of Otago was shown to be due, not to any want of charity on their part, but to a failure of justice on the part of the Association. Like all open attacks upon Catholics, this attack has failed, of course. Still, it has shown the continued existence of that anti-Catholic feeling of which I have been speaking; and doubtless, Archdeacon Edwards and his allies will take another opportunity of courting defeat as soon as possible. The other assault was less direct, and I only refer to it as illustrating the curious state of ignorance of Catholic affairs shown by (professedly) educated Protestants. A Presbyterian minister, running a tilt against the Salvation Army, made it one of his main charges that the Army resembled the Jesuits in being what he wanted his readers to infer was a dangerous secret society. Nobody took much notice of this sally which, in itself, is simply absurd. But it is characteristic of the persistence of anti-Catholic feeling that a minister, whose business, one would think, it should be to study and inform himself of the truth, should repeat publicly such a worn-out slander against the great Catholic society. The actual power of intellect possessed by the minister in question I do not know and need not discuss. But, when men in his official position are unable to refrain from exhibitions of ignorance upon plain facts, how can we expect the great body of our Protestant fellow citizens to do anything else? In point of fact they are not one whit better informed, or more inclined to favour Catholic truth, than they have been in the past. Let us look for an instant at the condition of things in other directions; what improvement is noticeable as to Catholic questions? None, I fear, in France, where the anti-Christian war is being waged just as fiercely as ever; and where the indication points rather to an aggravation than to a relaxation of it. The Republicans who are now in power in France are not likely to hesitate or grow cold in their rage, but they have hitherto found some slight obstacle to their career in the conservation, such as it is, of the Senate or Upper House of Parliament. The French people have fallen into a sort of lethargic apathy, for which, doubtless, many causes might be given, but which is eminently calculated to give the ruffians who govern them plenty of scope for their active malice. The persecution of the Church in France is due as much to the laziness of the Catholics as to the energy of the infidels. Still, there have been some little remains of opposition, and they have been found chiefly in the Senate. The Government have been able in many instances to bear down this opposition and procure a majority in the Senate, but with some degree of trouble. And now it is announced that they are going to greatly reduce the powers of that body, so that as far as can be seen the condition of the Church is to be worse in the future than it has been in the past. In Germany there has really been a slight improvement. The May Laws which have for years been pressing so heavily upon Catholics have been somewhat relaxed, and a few bishops and priests have been able to return to their flocks. Still, the new state of things is not altogether satisfactory. The two greatest of the German bishops are still exiles, and the Government absolutely refuses to permit their return. Moreover, the relaxation which has been granted is due, not so much to any feeling on the part of Prince Bismarck, in favour of the Church or of toleration, as to his dread of Socialism and anarchy. The Catholic party in the German Parliament have been able to hold the balance of power; and Bismarck, in order to avoid ruin from the Socialists, has been simply forced to throw a sop to the Catholics. Whether the improved state of affairs will last for any time seems to depend greatly upon anything rather than a sense or justice and truth in the German authorities. If we turn to the United States, we find that, although there is in that country no active persecution the Church enjoys nothing more than toleration, whilst if we are to believe published statements the moral and social condition of the people generally is getting worse every year. In Belgium, the authorities, acting up to their Masonic principles, are continuing in the same way of violence and outrage which have marked their past career. In Spain, republican (that is,

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donation, however small, towards the fund for reducing the  
**DEBT** upon, and completing the building of the **CHURCH OF THE  
HOLY NAME OF JESUS, ASHBURTON.**This is the only Church in this our adopted land erected to the  
memory of, and in reparation for the terrible blasphemies uttered  
against the Holy Name.Kind Catholic readers, help us in this our endeavour, and the  
Blessing of the Infant Jesus will be upon you.**FATHER EDMUND COFFEY.****MONASTERY OF THE IMMACULATE CON-  
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at the present day, anti-Catholic) sentiments are making rapid progress. In Portugal, the law which absolutely forbids anybody in that country to become a monk or a nun is producing its natural fruit. In Austria, whilst the Emperor is a true and fervent Catholic, the ministry are endeavouring to break down Catholic truth, and they have begun by attacking the Sacrament of Matrimony. In Brazil, Mexico, and Chili, the Church is subject to constant assaults, and it is stated that, in Mexico especially, what are called Protestant truths are making great progress. The commemoration last November of the anniversary of Luther's birth was, doubtless, a spectacle for laughter or for pity from all decent-minded Christians; yet it was celebrated with much of a certain kind of enthusiasm, and even up to the present day, well-known writers are busy showing how Luther was to be revered, not for any particular excellencies of his own, but for his assault upon the Catholic Church. All over the world, gentlemen, much as men outside the true faith differ amongst themselves upon every conceivable question, they are not in the least less eager to hate, to revile, to persecute, if possible, the Church, than they were last year, or ten years ago. When we come nearer home, and enquire what is being done in England, we have even less grounds for satisfaction. As far as Ireland is concerned, I do not know that, during the past year, any question has arisen affecting Catholic truth, and probably the Church in that country may even have gained some little advantage. In England, I am sorry to say that the same conflict which we are passing through in this Colony, has begun in almost the same way. It is the question of education which is being made the battleground. When, ten years ago, the Imperial Parliament established school boards and a State system of education, it was apparent to anybody who had watched the progress of affairs here that the great fight of secular *versus* religious education was beginning; that it was only a matter of time when the two parties would meet face to face; that compromise would never do more than delay the actual struggle. Compromise, however, was resolved upon. Whether from want of knowledge of such facts as were happening here, or from trust in the good intentions of their adversaries, or from a desire to exhaust all possible modes of pacification, or from some other cause, the Catholics of England accepted the new system and tried to work their schools in accordance with it. The inevitable result came. The secularists, having gained an inch, soon wanted an ell. The system which was established there seems to have differed from ours in this: that, whereas here the expense of State education is charged against the consolidated revenue of the Colony, at Home it has been a charge against the local rates, and the adversaries of the Church have been astutely taking advantage of local feeling and the usual hatred of ratepaying. The State board schools and the denominational (or, as they are called at Home, the voluntary) schools, seem to have been receiving simultaneously aid from the rates. Of course, the board schools had the advantage;—backed up by the power of the Government, fostered and petted by the Education Department, puffed and advertised in every way, they were made to show better results for less money. Every little thing to the detriment of the voluntary schools was laid hold of; every means was adopted for aggravating little grievances against them; they have been handicapped more heavily year after year, till of late it has become the acknowledged boast of the secularists that they are in a fair way towards gradually extinguishing them. All this, of course, has been done with the usual crafty and mendacious policy of secularism. Successive ministers and secretaries, Lord Sandon, Mr. Mundella, Mr. Forster, have expressed every possible desire for the welfare of religious teaching; but—and the London *Tablet*, hitherto eager to accept their delusive asseverations, is obliged to admit it—they kept the word of promise to the ear, and broke it to the sense. It has become, at last, clear to the, unluckily, too confiding hearts of English Catholics that they are being rapidly drawn into a severe and deadly struggle, and that they must make up their minds to fight. Unluckily, again, I fear that they do not even yet realise the whole truth. Coupled with them in the management of "voluntary" schools, and so exposed also to the assaults of State secularism, are the members of the Established Church of England; and English Catholics are, at present, relying with much confidence upon their co-operation with them of the Anglican bishops, clergy and people. Gentlemen, you and I know how delusive such a hope is. We, too, in this little Colony, have had to ask for the assistance of the Church of England. Catholics at Home are now calling the Anglicans their "allies"; they feel sure that the great Christian heart of the Establishment will impel it to the fight as ardently as the hearts of Catholics. Vain hope! specious, but all too useless, expectation! True, the Church of England is there what it is not here, an institution established by the law of the land. But, as the Anglican bishops and clergy in New Zealand basely deserted the cause of religion in the fear of losing the favour of their masters the laity, so at Home, when the hint of disestablishment, now only whispered, becomes a real attack (as it must and will be, if they fight on the Catholic side), where will the Anglican bishops and clergy be found to range themselves? The new Reform Bill, now passing through Parliament, will give enormous additional power to the advocates of board schools; the assault upon denominational teaching will very soon become sharper and more direct; and the people of England will do as other peoples have done, and they will not brook the opposition of their own creatures, the Anglican clergy; and ere long there will be at Home only the two camps which we have here in New Zealand—secularism and the Catholic Church. The English Catholics do not yet seem to realise this. I fear they will be only too soon awakened from their dream. And so, gentlemen, when we glance round the world and see how it fares elsewhere with the Church, can it be said that there is an improvement on last year? Scarcely; and if only on one point there may be a great and lamentable change for the worse, yet that is in the most important of all, the condition and the prospects of His Holiness the Pope. Far be it from me to say that there may not be consolation for other things. There is no doubt that the Catholic faith is, in many directions, spreading as usual; that converts by thousands are coming in; that, perhaps, there is less open hostility shown to us. Still, I do not think it would be right to say that, in

1884, the Catholic Church can be considered as having any less severe a struggle to undergo than in 1883, and I shall be greatly surprised if, in June, 1885, your new President will be able to assure you that the tide has turned, and that all is going well. As for New Zealand, there is little to chronicle. It is supposed, and perhaps rightly, that public opinion is changing on the education question, and that we may soon have our rightful position acknowledged. I am myself doubtful on the point. I do not deny that people are getting uneasy at the cost of the State system, that complaints are getting rife, that here and there a member of Parliament or some public man has spoken against the system. But, after all, that is merely a question of money; it does not touch the principle. And if, as is not unlikely, some mode can be discovered of easing the pockets of the people without interfering with secularism, I am sure that it will be adopted without giving to us Catholics any relief. The Protestant community likes to keep its money, but it hates Catholicism as it loves its gold; and I am not at all sure that, if it were fairly shown to the Parliament of this country that reduction of the expense of education would lead to relief to Catholics, members would not deliberately elect to take the more expensive course. However, though that may be my own opinion, many others may differ from me. Let us hope that they are right and that a change of the present abominable system may not be far off. I am sure, gentlemen, that much of the evil condition of things which I have mentioned is due to the timid reticence of the Catholic laity. France, certainly, affords an example of this. The majority of the deputies in the French Assembly are strongly antagonistic to the Church; and it is from them that proceeded the persecution of late years, from the dispersion of the religious Orders to the suppression of the salaries of bishops and clergy, from the compulsory military service even of students for the priesthood to the expulsion of the Sisters of Mercy from the hospitals. They are driving France to utter and destructive Atheism, and why? Because the Catholic laity will not move to stop them. In the great cities, no doubt, Atheism is in power, and returns its congenial deputies. But in the country districts the Catholics are in majority, and there, instead of returning Catholic deputies, the people too often elect the scum of the Secularists. I see also signs of similar dangerous timidity in England. There is a body there called the Catholic Union, and it includes a great number of the most influential Catholic laymen. The Duke of Norfolk is its President, and peers, and baronets, and gentlemen of influence are numerous in it. But I find the London *Tablet*, in one of its last numbers, rebuking the Catholic Union for too much reticence on the education question, and this reticence is founded, as it appears, on the expressed fear of interfering with the action of the bishops. There is precisely the fault of the Catholic laity. Sound and warm-hearted as they may be in matters of faith they are apt to carry effacement too far. Sooner than incur the slightest risk they wait and wait till the bishops and the clergy set them in motion, and then the result is that when they do move they can effect little; their adversaries openly taunt them with being no more than mere instruments; any isolated refusals by laymen calling themselves Catholics to follow the lead of the clergy are eagerly laid hold of, and the enemies of the Church march on securely to their brutal victory. But, holding as I do, the conviction that the Church, whether here in New Zealand or elsewhere in the world, is not in the least in a better position than last year; feeling, as I do, that the moment may at any time come when the battle to be fought may be at our own doors and in our own defence, I cannot close this, my last address to you as your President, without earnestly expressing my hope that you, as Catholic laymen, will keep yourselves prepared for the fight. If you have followed with me the course of events of the past year, if you have watched the world progressing, as it seems to be, rapidly towards Socialism and anarchy, you will not fail to realise how fatal must be the error for the laity to imagine that they are only useful as followers, that they are to be dumb till ordered to speak. And you know also that it is the correction of such a mistake as this which has been one of the objects of this Society of ours. Do not misunderstand me. Do not imagine that I desire to advocate rash, independent action; anything but that. Nobody values more than I do submission to the Church and the Catholic virtue of obedience. But it is impossible not to feel that the Parliament of this Colony would have been less ready to oppress us, less stubborn in refusing us justice, if it could be made clear to the people of New Zealand that the Catholic laity march, as they really do march, in the education conflict, side by side with their priests. We ourselves know this to be true; the Protestant public and the Protestant Parliament do not know it, and unfortunately some colour has been given to their view by the reckless conduct of some renegade members of the Assembly whom I will not insult you by mentioning here by name. I may be told, perhaps, that there is nothing for the laity now to do; or it may be asked what they are to do at any time. In the limits of such an address as this it is impossible to enter into details. But there is at least this to be said: Keep your Society flourishing; never allow that bond of union which you have made amongst you to slacken or to break; keep yourselves in union with, and, if possible, in communication with other societies in other parts of the country; lose no opportunities of impressing your Catholic views of education upon the public; and, above all, make up your minds to use that power which you do possess when an election for the Assembly puts, so to speak, your enemies in your hands. Personally, as you all know, I am strongly in favour of a definite course of policy at elections. I believe that Catholics ought, in the present juncture, to give up any ideas, feelings, or predilections to which they may have for one party or another, and vote as Catholics alone. Sir George Grey and Liberalism, Major Atkinson and Conservatism, decentralisation, taxation, the "unearned increment," public works, national borrowing, railway tariffs and such things as these are as nothing. Paramount over all, surmounting all as the heavens surmount the earth, infinite in comparison with all as space is infinite in comparison with this room of ours is the great Catholic question, the question of truth against falsehood, of justice against injustice, of the Catholic Church against secularism. And it has been, and still is, my

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own opinion that this, and this alone, should be the object of Catholic action at the coming general election. You, gentlemen of this Society, have it in your power to do much towards this end. You, if you choose, may exercise much influence. It is my earnest hope that you will do so. And now it is time for me to bring to a close this long and tedious address. Yet I cannot do so without taking the opportunity of bidding you all fare well, for as far as can be seen now I am here for the last time as a member of this Society. It is possible, but only barely possible, that next year I may be ordered to return to Christchurch once more. But in all probability I shall be stationed elsewhere, either in Auckland, or Dunedin, or Wellington. It scarcely needs saying that though absent in body, my spirit will remain here with you. Nay, I trust still to keep my name on your roll, and my annual subscription will still be paid to your Treasurer as long as it is in my power to pay it. I propose also to continue to contribute to you the numbers of the *London Tablet* as heretofore. Gentlemen, it is a great blow to me to leave you. Many amongst you have followed with me the growth of our Society since that first evening when we met in the old Presbytery and founded it. We have watched it in its struggling infancy, we have seen it grow to a vigorous youth, and we have not to be ashamed of our work for it. You know how I myself have looked upon it as possibly a useful weapon in the cause of the Church. But, besides that, there has been for me a personal advantage. One great boon which this Society has procured me has been the acquaintance and the friendship of many a Catholic whom perhaps otherwise I should never have known. Doubtless every one of you can say the same, priests and laymen, Catholics of Christchurch or elsewhere, we have met and communed together under the bond of a mutual friendship and in frank cordiality. And I may safely say for my own part, that, during the three years of this Society's existence, no single thing has occurred to indicate that the feelings of esteem and friendship with which we began have lost any of their warmth or intensity. In these three years I have made many Catholic friends. I believe I have lost none. To this Society the fact is due; to its members are due also my warmest thanks for their constant kindness to me, for their cordial appreciation of whatever it has been in my power to do, for their still kinder forgiveness of any failure on my part to serve them better.

Friends of the past, farewell! The tie between us is severed; Gone is the golden chain, its links too suddenly broken. How shall I measure the days gone by? How gauge in the future All that in these three years has come as reward of our labour? Nay, shall I measure by time? What matter if only a minute Bounded our span of life whilst here we communed together! What is a month, or a year, in the awful infinite cycle? What are the centuries more than a point in the vanishing distance? Better a grasp of the hand, in frank sincerity tendered. Better a quick, true word, than the acted lie of a lifetime! Alas for the friends of an hour! I may look on their faces no longer, And memory whispers regret for the pleasant days that have vanished; Fancy would fain recall the past, with a sigh for the present, Sternly reality cries—Forget, forget them for ever! Ah! though the night come fast, let memory lengthen the twilight, As, 'neath our own Home skies, day lingers awhile in the sunset.

### INVERCARGILL CATHOLIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

THE usual weekly meeting of the above Society was held on Tuesday, 10th. It being a half-yearly meeting the attendance of members was unusually large. Punctually at 8 o'clock the chair was taken by the President (Mr. M. O'Brien). Three candidates were balloted for and elected, and two were proposed for membership.

The Secretary submitted a balance sheet showing a credit balance of £17 10s 1d in favour of the Society, which was approved and adopted. Other business having been transacted, the election of officers was proceeded with. Mr. Crowley proposed Mr. Patrick Reid as President, seconded by Mr. Lawrence and carried unanimously. Mr. Reid returned thanks for the honour they had conferred on him by electing him to such an important and dignified position as President of the Invercargill Catholic Literary Society, an honour that any Catholic gentleman might well aspire to. He regretted that Mr. O'Brien did not see his way to allow himself to be proposed again, for undoubtedly he had discharged the duties of the Chair in a manner that had given entire satisfaction. He would crave their indulgence and forbearance, for the duties would be new to him, but he would endeavour to discharge them to the best of his ability. Mr. B. Bradley was elected as Vice-President, Mr. M. O'Brien as Secretary, Mr. J. McIntyre was re-elected Treasurer, Mr. W. Ford, Librarian, and Mr. J. J. McIntyre General Steward. The election of Auditors was held over.

It was proposed by Mr. Daniel that a committee consisting of the officers together with Messrs Cussack, Lawlor, Lawrence, Crowley, and the mover be appointed to consider the advisability of establishing medical branch in connection with the Society and the alteration of several of the rules, the committee to report at the next meeting, this was seconded by Mr. Lawrence and agreed to. A vote of thanks to the retiring officers was proposed by Mr. Daniel, seconded by Mr. P. Reid, and carried by acclamation. The business of the meeting having occupied an unusual length of time, it was proposed and carried that the debate—"Whether a limited monarchy or a republican form of Government" would be the most suitable for New Zealand be postponed until Tuesday, 17th.

Before the meeting closed the retiring President congratulated the members on the progress of the Society during the last half year, both numerically and financially, and on the satisfactory manner in which the officers and members had assisted him in carrying on the business. He could not allow the opportunity to pass without particularly mentioning the unselfish manner in which Mr. Crowley had devoted hours of his own valuable time in furthering the progress of the Society. The meeting closed in due form.

### THE FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI AT LEESTON.

OUR quiet little township was the scene of a very imposing and edifying ceremony on Thursday last—the solemnity of Corpus Christi. In the forenoon, Mass was celebrated, when a large number of children were permitted for the first time to receive Holy Communion, and thus become in a stricter sense true sharers in the communion of saints. In the afternoon there were Rosary, renewal of baptismal vows, and Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. For some time past the children of a certain age, and of sufficient religious knowledge, had been preparing for the great event of their lives—their first communion—and they showed by their modest deportment and regular movements that whatever trouble was undergone by those interested was amply repaid, as not a single hitch occurred in all the arrangements. The entire ceremony reflects the greatest possible credit on Father Chervier, our beloved pastor, and adds one more link to the already long chain of good works which endear him to the Catholic people of Ellesmere. The children were decently and modestly attired—the girls in white, wearing veils and wreaths, the boys being content with white rosettes; thus they showed in the material dress the spiritual purity and cleanliness of their souls, and as they entered the church in procession were the objects of admiration, and must have reminded many of those present of their own happy first communion, far away from here. Father Chervier, in an eloquent sermon, explained to the fortunate children the great blessings they were to receive from God on the occasion, and exhorted them to continue in the happy state of grace till the end of their lives, and never to become negligent or careless in their religious duties. The choir was ably presided over by Miss E. Holly, to whom the thanks of the settlers are due, both for the thorough training of the children in the art of singing, and also for the trouble taken with the girls, not only on Thursday last, but on all occasions. The little church was tastefully decorated with evergreens and such flowers as the place could afford. In a word, the day will long be remembered in the district.

Leeston, June 14, 1884.

M.

### A PRIEST'S PRAYERS.

REV. JULES GIUSTINIANI, C.M., is probably the oldest priest in this city. He was born in Genoa, in Italy, in 1810, and was educated for the priesthood in Paris under the direction of the Lazarist Fathers. He came to this city soon after his ordination and became pastor of the chapel of the Immaculate Conception, on Druid Hill Ave., which is now used as a school-house. When the present Church of the Immaculate Conception was built in 1852, he was placed in charge, and has continued in that position ever since. The parish, which was at one time one of the largest in the city, is now very small, having been cut by the erection of Pius Memorial, St. Charles Borromeo, and Corpus Christi Churches, all of which have been erected in the past few years. Although Father Giustiniani is now in his 74th year, he looks remarkably well. About thirty years ago thieves got into his house after midnight and were about to depart with their plunder when he detected them. In the scuffle which followed, Father Giustiniani received what was then supposed to be a mortal wound in the left side, inflicted by a large knife in the hands of one of the burglars. In latter years, whenever his experience with the burglars is referred to by anyone, he always replies: "Yes, I thank God for sparing my life, but the wound let the bad blood out of me." A number of remarkable cures are said to have been effected through the prayers of the venerable priest.

When spoken to yesterday on the subject by an *American* reporter, he positively refused to take any credit upon himself, but said a number of special favours had been obtained by persons who prayed before the statue of the Immaculate Conception, which stands over the main altar in the church of that name. The statue is life-size and is very handsome. The cloak, which is carelessly thrown around the shoulders, is of blue, with a border of gold, while the dress and the girdle are of white. Around the head is a crown of golden stars, which are made to reflect brilliantly by the altar light, which burns continuously directly in front of the statue. A Catholic gentleman who has lived in the neighbourhood of the church ever since it was built, mentioned to the reporter several remarkable cures, which, he said, were effected in the church. One was that of a young girl about 18 years of age, who was born a deaf-mute. She made a novena, or nine days' prayer, before the statue, and on the last day she came out of the church, with both hearing and speech restored. Another case is that of a blind boy who regained his sight in the same manner. "These cures," said our informant, "were known only to a limited number of persons for many years, but now I presume they are generally known. There have been quite a number of cures of chronic disease of the eye effected before the statue."—*Baltimore American*.

[ADVT.]—Weakness and sickness changed to health and strength with using Hop Bitters always. See.

Mr. Plunket, the British Minister to Japan, is a Catholic.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times*, writing on Sunday, April 20, says:—Early this morning there was a duel with swords in the Bois de Boulogne. One of the parties was Mr. Joseph Casey, a Fenian, who was arrested, with Colonel Richard Burke, in 1867, and confined in Clerkenwell prison, the explosion there being designed to free them. He came to France immediately on his release, and served in the Foreign Legion during the Franco-Prussian war. The other combatant was a Captain Scully, an Irish-American, who fought in the War of Secession and also in Mexico. He was suspected of being an informer; hence the duel. After several passes Captain Scully's sword broke, and Casey wounded him in the neck, but not seriously. A reconciliation was effected, and the parties afterwards breakfasted together.

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## THE LORD LIEUTENANT ON HOME RULE.

ON Tuesday, April 29, a meeting of the Select Committee on Education was held in the House of Commons. Mr. Childers, M.P., presided, and amongst the members present was Mr. Thomas Sexton, M.P., who had been just placed on the committee in succession to Mr. Charles Dawson, M.P., who resigned owing to the pressure of private business. The witnesses called and examined included Earl Spencer, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who, in examination by the chairman, said he would be very much opposed to bringing Irish educational business under the control of the Lord President of the Council in England. The Lord Lieutenant was then examined by Mr. Sexton. From the report of the examination which appeared in the *Freeman* we take the following passages:—

Mr. Sexton—I understand that you agree with the evidence of the last witness (Sir Patrick Keenan), as to the undesirability of placing the Irish Board in connection with and under the control of the English Education Department? Certainly.

Amongst the reasons you brought forward for being opposed to such a step you stated two—the religious difficulty and national feeling. Do I understand that the Irish people generally would prefer to manage their own affairs in Dublin than to have them managed over here? Yes.

Dublin Castle, you say, is not a popular institution, but still you believe that the people prefer to go to the Castle to state their views on public affairs than come to London? Yes.

Having regard to the departmental, the national, and the religious difficulty, without further going into the matter, you regard the scheme or project as undeserving of consideration? Certainly.

I would like to know whether you consider the constitution of the National Board satisfactory? I think it works, on the whole, in a satisfactory manner.

Is it a fact that a large number of the representatives of the official classes hold places on the board? It is a fact.

Mr. Sexton—You say that the Irish Government had a marked influence, whenever it chose to exert it, on the National Board? Yes.

Now, do you approve of the policy of the National Board with regard to the convent schools, and do you think it is for the public interest? I don't think I should give any opinion on any particular case.

You know there are 50,000 girls being educated in the convent schools of Ireland? Yes, I am aware that this is a very difficult subject, and as it is at present under discussion and under consideration I don't think that I should give my own individual opinion upon it. Mr. Sexton knows this question is under consideration.

Mr. Sexton—We have it that the board is largely composed of the official classes.

Earl Spencer—I think that is a matter always to be considered whenever any appointment arises, and I am always sorry when I have any appointment to make—whether persons should not be appointed who are not officially connected. Very often judges are taken because they are the best instructed and best educated to fill the positions, but I quite agree with the hon. member that the Government ought to consider how they would make the board more popular. If those persons can be appointed who are really interested in education.

Finally, because of the departmental reason and two other reasons—namely, the religious and national reasons, you consider that the great principle that Irish affairs should be managed in Dublin should be applied to the matter of education? I certainly think it would be a great misfortune to put Irish education under an English Minister.

## AN INDISCREET ADVOCATE.

(From the *Nation*.)

THE objects of those who have advocated the establishment of open diplomatic relations between the English Court and the Holy See have been pretty accurately guessed by the Irish people; but up to a recent date they had never been frankly avowed. It was always believed by most persons in this country that those objects were to obtain for the English Government more or less control over the Catholic Church in Ireland, and thus to add to the powers that Government already possesses for preventing or defeating Irish national movements and keeping the Irish nation enslaved; but the plotters who aimed at those ends were wise enough to disguise their real intentions under vague phrases about furthering the interests of morality and religion. Mr. W. Maziere Brady, of whom our readers have heard ere now, and who is one of the leaders of the little anti-Irish Catholic faction in Rome, is an advocate of less discretion; for in an article in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* that gentleman lets the cat out of the bag completely, and urges the appointment of an English ambassador at the Vatican on the ground, practically, that such an act would tend to stop the Irish national movement.

The very title of Mr. Brady's precious essay is highly significant. He pleads in favour of "an Anglo-Roman alliance"—that is, an alliance between England and Rome. On the face of it such a proposal is one which instantly arouses Irish suspicion; and that the suspicion is well founded we are not left long in doubt. "The necessity," writes Mr. Brady, "of maintaining at Rome a regular and acknowledged diplomatic agent of Great Britain is now more evident than ever. The Pope's aid is essential, not indeed to repress Irish insurrections, but to oppose the spirit which leads to insurrection." There is no mistaking the meaning of this proposition. "The spirit which leads to insurrection" is the Whig Catholic's description of the spirit of Irish nationality, which will not cease to animate Irishmen to resist foreign oppression—the spirit of manhood which will not submit without protest to the innumerable insults, indigni-

ties, and outrages of which a foreign bureaucracy is capable—the spirit of common human nature which cries out against the robbery of the poor and defenceless by the agency of laws enacted by an alien legislature. This spirit has hitherto defied all the efforts of England—efforts prolonged for centuries and taking various shapes—to extinguish or break it. It has defied fire and sword, the rack and the gibbet, imprisonment and exile. A member of a family of Whig place-hunters, who has been converted within the last few years to the Catholic faith would now try to extinguish this immortal sentiment by supplementing England's "resources of civilisation" with the spiritual influence of the Church!

Mr. Brady is almost too frank. He makes no disguise of his anti-Irish animus. His ideas are all those of the landlord-Castle clique. The Land League agitation, according to him, has produced a general demoralisation in the country. It is apparently the efforts of Parnellite emissaries in furtherance of their "separatist designs," and not the oppression and robbery wrought by Castle rule in Ireland, that have stirred up feelings of hatred to England among Irish Catholics at home and abroad. "The farmers," he says, "unless disturbed by some fresh agitation, are bent on making the most of the Land Acts"—a sneaking insinuation, quite characteristic of an Irish Whig, that agitation in Ireland has no basis in actual grievances, but is the expression of the wantonness of the revolutionary idea. Mr. Parnell he styles "another Garibaldi," and he credits the present rulers of Ireland—the framers of the most infamous Coercion Act ever passed even by a British legislature, and the deliberate and all but avowed advocates of the extermination of the Irish people—with "benevolent views and intentions." Even the spiritual guides of the Irish people are not spared by this new Daniel come to judgment. "It has often been regretted," he writes, that many of the Irish Catholic priests have shown active sympathy with the extreme Nationalist or Separatist party"—evidently an awful crime in his loyal eyes; and having in one sentence stated that "the Irish people have learned to seek temporal gain by disobedience to Divine and human laws, and to set up as the ultimate tribunal their own will in place of the law of the land," he proceeds in the next, apparently by way of illustration, to mention that the Archbishop of Cashel proclaimed as the standard of rent "the valuation to be fixed by the tenant alone." In all this, as coming from a person of Mr. Brady's class, there is nothing very astonishing; what is astonishing is his notion that so free an exhibition of his contemptible hostility to everything really Irish would help to secure the success of his wise plan for muzzling Irish Nationalists, lay and clerical. For, although it is conceivable that it might induce the English to fall in with his views about an Anglo-Roman alliance, almost anyone but an idiot would know that an alliance between Rome and England brought about in consequence of such a disclosure as he has made of anti-Irish feelings and opinions would be certain to hurt not Ireland but Rome, and would, consequently, soon be broken up at the instance of the Holy See.

It is interesting, in conclusion, to note the admission of this Mr. Maziere Brady that there never was a period when the British Government omitted to seek the aid of the Pope through irregular channels, whenever that aid seemed to be desirable, "that even in more recent times no Papal appointments to important episcopal sees in Ireland were without attempts, more or less indirect, on the part of English agents or quasi-English agents to influence them"; and that Mr. George Errington has discharged at Rome "some of the most important duties of a British envoy"—including, we suppose, the "duty" of trying to get anti-Irish Irishmen appointed to Irish sees. We knew all this, it is true, before; but it is well to have it from one of the leading advocates themselves of the suggested "Anglo-Roman alliance." Indiscreet and inopportune acknowledgments of the kind are calculated to give the *coup de grace* to all the conspiracies of the godly anti-Irish faction hanging around the Vatican or drawing its affected accents in English Whig or Tory drawing-rooms. In the face of them even those few Irish Catholics who would be in favour of the establishment of an English embassy in Rome would shrink from the project, not less horror-struck at the danger to which it would expose the interests of religion, not only in this country, but wherever else Irishmen of the old faith are to be found, than amazed at the combined impudence and imbecility of such zealous advocates of it as Mr. William Maziere Brady.

[ADVT.]—Hop Bitters strengthens, builds up and cures continually, from the first dose. Be sure and see.

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If we are to believe a reverend graduate of Trinity College Dublin, named C. H. H. Wright, that institution deserves the epithet godless just as much as do the Queen's Colleges. Mr. Wright in a recently published pamphlet says:—"It cannot any longer be taken for granted that the Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, are believers in Divine Revelation. If report be true, some of them do not believe in the existence of a personal God. There are Professors in the University who are reasonably suspected of Agnosticism, if not of Atheism. It is impossible, however, to demand the dismissal of a Fellow or Professor on the ground of any erroneous opinions he may hold on religious questions, and it would be highly undesirable, even if it were possible, to prosecute any University teacher for sceptical views. But it is a lamentable fact that many students 'unlearn' at Dublin, as well as Oxford, the religious principles in which they were instructed at home. There exists in Trinity College what is virtually a propaganda for sceptical views, and too little effort is put forth on the other side in order to stem the tide of infidelity among the students. The church should awaken to a comprehension of the true state of affairs." This is a pretty state of things to exist in an institution originally founded largely to be a bulwark to the "reformed" Church; but Catholics at least will not be surprised at it.—*Nation*.

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## A WONDER OF EUROPE.

[From the recent Lecture of Rev J. L. Andreis, of St. Leo's, on "Three Wonders of Europe"]

At the north of the city of Turin, the traveller's attention is called by the inscription: "The charity of Christ urges us," and by a large group in white marble, representing an old man stricken down by poverty and contagious disease, and lying in a suppliant position at the foot of a man of God, who lifts him up with the left hand, and pointing out heaven to him with the right, with expressions of sympathy and tender love, invites him to trust in Divine Providence. That inscription and that group tell the beholder what work is done in the institution which bears them. It was founded fifty years ago, and is called the "Little House of Divine Providence" under the auspices of St. Vincent de Paul.

The origin of that institution was a heartrending spectacle to which the man of God was the principal witness. While passing through Turin on her way to France, a young woman, accompanied by her husband and three little children, was suddenly taken ill. Her disease was of such a nature as to preclude her admission into any of the hospitals. Upon being refused in one place, she tried another and another, but all in vain. Being brought back to her little room, she grew worse and died. Her husband almost became insane from grief, and the children were rending the air with their distressing cries. In a strange land, with scanty means, and struck by the great calamity, the justly grieved family found a benefactor and a friend in the man of God. Having filled their hearts with the balm of religious consolation, and made them adore the hand of God in their afflictions, he gave a large amount of money to the grieved widower that he might provide necessaries for himself and children. He was all charity and solicitude to help and console that afflicted family; but his heart was steeped in anguish. The thought of that dead young woman, who might have recovered and lived had she received proper treatment; the remembrance of the great desolation of her husband and children, being constantly in his mind; he was saying within himself: "What would it be if another case of the like kind should occur to-morrow? What happened to that foreigner, might it not happen to some of our own people? And what difference is there between a foreigner and a native? Are we not all children of the same Father, and are we not all brethren?" While these thoughts were pressing upon his mind, tears were rolling down his cheeks. But while he was giving vent to his feeling to charity, mercy and love, God was guiding him and using him as an instrument to draw infinite good from a seeming evil. Yielding to the divine inspiration, he resolved to open a home to receive all the afflicted people that could not find admission elsewhere. Without interposing any delay, he rented one room and had four beds fitted up in it. They were soon filled. Seeing that the demands were increasing daily, he rented more rooms, and then the whole house. There he was day and night, the Angel of Consolation; there he would work, wait on the sick, go after choice food for the most needy, and bring it to his little hospital with his own hands. Those he could not accommodate he was wont to visit at their homes, and carry to them, with the spiritual consolations, food, medicine, bed covers, clothes and money.

The fire of his charity was spreading so broad and fast that in a few years he built as many houses as required by the increasing demands made on him from every part of the province. The old and abandoned people given special quarters, an hospital was erected for those afflicted with contagious diseases, another for other kinds of infirmities; here a place for the epileptics; there another for the deformed; on the right there is the asylum for the blind, and on the left that for the deaf and dumb. Yonder are found schools and laboratories for the young. Above there is a reformatory asylum for strayed girls, another for penitent Magdalens. Next there are several convents of different orders of Sisters and nuns. At the other end of the institution there are monasteries of lay priors, and close by there is a house for a congregation of saintly priests. Everything there is in perfect order; the schools are taught, the sick are cared for night and day, medicines are prepared, linens washed, ironed, put away in wardrobes, and regularly dispensed. Baking and cooking are incessant.

The visitor who inspects the Little House of Divine Providence is amazed at its enormous extension, at its extraordinary cleanliness and perfect system reigning in every department. The sheltered in that immense institution number *three thousand!* They are all consumers, and there never was, nor is there a cent of certain revenue. Not one of all those inmates ever gives himself a thought about his own shelter, food and clothing, yet all always had and have all they need. There is one person only that sees to everything, the superior, whom all call by the endearing name of Father, on whom, after God, rests the whole institution. Everything comes from him; he alone is the head and the heart; all others obey.

But whence have the extraordinary means come to support such an immense family, not only for a single day, but for months, nay, during these last fifty years? We are all well acquainted with the miracles recorded in Holy Writ, specially of the manna which for forty years was sent from heaven to the people of Israel on every day except the Sabbath. Then the repeated multiplication of a few loaves of bread and a few fishes, to feed four thousand people on one occasion, and five thousand on another. Prayer by Moses, and prayer by Jesus did all that. The institution which forms the subject under consideration is called the daily miracle of prayer, because it is through constant prayer that it derives its constant supply of all daily necessities. The spacious church which centres the institution has day and night a band of one hundred people who pray for one hour. The moment the hour is up prayer ceases, to be immediately resumed by another band of equal number. This goes on all the time without any interruption. That uninterrupted prayer is the inexhaustible mint from which all the necessities come to the daily support of those thousands of helpless creatures. It has often happened that in the whole institution there was not a loaf of bread nor the wherewithal to procure it. The bakers of the house would report that to the superior. He at once would double the number of

people to pray in church, and he himself, prostrated before the altar, would join them in prayer; and lo! presently waggons full of bread, and flour, and linen, and money, would come to the house. Such is the fruit of confidence in the Providence of God.

You may be anxious to know the name of the man of God, the superior of that wonderful institution. His name is Canon Cottolengo; a priest. The fame of his extraordinary charity and success soon spread broadcast over the city, the kingdom and the whole of Europe. The bishops were wont to speak of him as a saint. King Charles Albert would call him "a man of God and his sincere friend." The Monthyon and Franklin Society of France, whose object it is to publish and cast abroad portraits and histories of men useful to and benefactors of mankind, passed a resolution that Canon Cottolengo deserved to be classed among the greatest benefactors of society, and had a large golden medal coined, and a biography describing his life, with his own portrait affixed to it. This tribute of high honor was presented to him by a royal prince, accompanied by the French embassy.

The humble servant of God received those personages with indifference, and showed his holy indignation for the present of the medal and of the biography, saying: "But is it possible that they do not leave me in peace?" Being forced to accept the noble testimony sent to him by the French society, he hid it away, and never showed it to any one, not even to his two brothers, who were also highly respected priests. Pope Gregory XVI. wrote him a letter in which he praised his great piety and the extraordinary benefits he was bestowing upon the souls and the bodies of the afflicted, and encouraged him to continue in his enterprise, and, with the letter he sent him the Apostolic Benediction, and the gift of a large silver medal. But this testimony was also kept from others' gaze.

He was an enemy of any demonstration of honor; but the more he endeavored to hide his miraculous deeds and his own person from outsiders, the larger was the number of high personages who craved to see him. Distinguished prelates, writers of high repute from every country in Europe, deemed their travel through Italy incomplete, had they not visited the Little House of Divine Providence. Upon the return to their respective countries, they would write about it what their gratitude and hearts dictated to them. On one occasion a band of non-Catholic gentlemen came to Turin from Geneva. The first thing for them was to visit the Little House, about which they had heard great wonders at home and abroad. They leisurely visited every part of that place, and though they found nothing elegant or beautiful, still they noticed the heavenly beauty and the magnificence of its evangelical charity. But they considered their visit unsatisfactory until they could see and speak to Canon Cottolengo. They imagined they would see a man of stern commanding appearance. But, to their utter astonishment, they found him in the passage surrounded by a large number of poor who were presenting to him their certificates which they had obtained from their pastors or some other good persons to prove that they were worthy of admission. Being seated in a large antiquated chair, he was joking and laughing with every one of those poor. That sight was so impressive to their hearts, and their joy so pure and great, that those gentlemen considered themselves exceedingly happy to have seen that holy man, to whom they presented a handsome sum of money upon leaving his place. His jokes are still proverbial; among them, he was in the habit of saying to any one he wanted to go with him through and out of the city: "Come with me, and I will treat you to a bottle of the best wine at such a hotel." The holy man would take his companion to some poor afflicted family, and carry some provisions and medicines. The *hotel* he meant was the home of the needy and distressed, and the *wine* was the work of charity by relieving and comforting them. Canon Cottolengo died in the year 1842; but his institution outlives him in the enjoyment of his spirit, and bids fair to last with the lasting of charity for ever. His sanctity is a byword, and is so well-grounded that the immortal Pius IX. declared him *venerable*, and his canonization is in process. Before long the Holy See will proclaim Canon Cottolengo a saint, whom I now present to you as a great wonder in the heart of Europe.

The *Tuam Herald* says:—It may be a curious fact, but none the less true, that there are exported from Tuam to France every week over 100 barrels of bobbinas manufactured by the Messrs. Rishworth of the Curragh Mills Factory.

A great part of Bengal is evangelized by Belgian missionaries; one of whom, Father Grosjean, has lately published an interesting account of the work done there, in the "Precis Historiques." During 1883, F. Grosjean visited nearly all the missionary stations, and gives, most consoling reports of their progress. The conversions in the past years are estimated as follows: 1879-80, 150; 1880-81, 307; 1881-82, 502; 1882-83, 755. These figures are sufficiently remarkable in their rapid increase to be well worthy of note. Curiously enough, of last year's harvest of souls, no less than 479 are conversions of Protestants, as against only 316 of Pagans. The vicariate, which has 17,500 Catholics, is double what it was in 1859. The flock is thus made up: Native race, 5,500; European race, 5,500; mixed races, 6,500.

"No Catholic is safe about the suburbs of Dungannon after dark" is the statement made by the Tyrone correspondent of one of the daily papers, and the reports of Orange rowdism which have found their way into the newspapers this week would go to prove that his statement is not far from the truth. One report asserts that a deliberate attempt was made to shoot a party of five Catholics who were driving home through Dungannon on Monday night. Two shots were fired at the car, it is alleged, by four men who were lying in ambush beside the entrance gate of Mr. T. A. Dickson, M.P. Fortunately neither of the shots took effect. A serious riot took place in Coalisland, county Tyrone, on Monday, owing, it is reported, to a gratuitous attack made by a body of Orangemen on three Catholic bands. Many people were seriously injured, and the members of one band which came from a distance had to remain in Coalisland all night, as the police were not strong enough to escort them home safely! —*Nation*, April 19.

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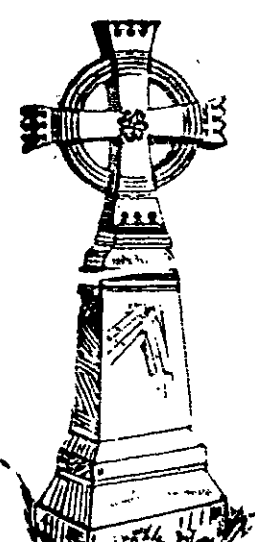
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Printed for the NEW ZEALAND TABLET COMPANY (Limited), by JOLLY, CONNOR & Co., at their Registered Atmospheric Printing-Works, Otago, Dunedin, this 20th day of June 1884, and published by the said Company.