

Mrs. Grimbley was reading her tract in the great chimney corner, and she was holding over her head a large umbrella to protect her against the rain; the miserable hovel was full of smoke; the fire was sputtering with the big rain drops that came down the vast chimney steadily, heavily. I closed the door and sat upon a three-legged chair . . . and I attempted conversation somewhat timidly, for I saw that Widow Grimbley was not in the mood for talk. At such times I avoid the use of pronouns as much as possible and shrink from preaching or anything like it. Then the following dialogue ensued, question and answer following one another with long intervals of silence. 'Chimney always smoke?'—'Always.'—'Used to it?'—'Can't say as I am; I don't like it anyhow but I've got to bear it. It's the law.'—'Law's a rum un eh?'—'Ah! and a bad un, or some of us would not be clothed in purple and fine linen and some of us have to sit under an umbrella.'—'Rain comes down here seemingly when some winds blow.'—'Some winds? It don't stop coming down for winds. Ah! There now! You've found it out too!'—This a propos of a big blob of soot that fell upon my hand, brought down by the pelting rain.—'Grand old chimney though to look at, eh? I verily believe, Mrs. Grimbley, that if I had a rampant horse with vaulting ambition enough I could drive a gig up that chimney. Would you come? I'd take you with me.'—This was too much for Mrs. Grimbley; she shuddered silently. At last she could not restrain her sense of the ludicrous. Poor old soul, she used to know what laughter was once—ever so long ago—and she tried not to laugh and tried to keep it back now, ashamed of the weak phantom of merriment that had surprised her.—'I ain't no call to laugh,' she said, and then she dried her eyes. 'The old chimney, I've heard my grandfather say was a very old one ever since he could remember. It belonged to him and it don't belong to me, and if it did I shouldn't be none the better. There ain't no room in this world now for the *Little ones*. That's the law!'—Poor Dolly Grimbley, if I betrayed her into laughter she almost startled me into tears, for the pathos of the scene touched me profoundly—the dreary and desolate old woman without a relative in the world, desperately resisting the horrible thought of ending her days in the Union, and slowly starving herself to keep out of the abhorred Bastille; she, in her forlorn condition, going for comfort to the Rights of Man and the dream of the spoliation of the *haves* for the benefit of the *have-nots*; bitter at heart, so bitter that the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief seemed to her to have gone over to the strong and to have no further care for the weak and weeping and all the suffering and wronged *Little ones*.—But that which is to Dolly Grimbley and her kind in remote country villages only a dream of the spoliation of the *haves*, as Dr. Jemopp calls it, will run a danger of becoming to those who are better circumstanced and better adapted to obtaining what they will, the determination to despoil, and it is such a leaven now thickly distributed among the masses which we see producing its effects at London and Manchester, and in other places. And is it to be wondered at? Dolly Grimbley may study her tract under the rain at her miserable fireside, and feel no more than the previsions and querulousness of helpless old age. Her condition is, indeed, deplorable—sad for herself, and pitiful for humanity to contemplate. But there are others than she who suffer still more grievously; there are strong men studying such tracts by the sides of impoverished or even starving wives and children. The poor old woman in her solitary misery may be passed by with a sympathetic word or two. But what of these others? Who can blame them over much if their tracts work like fire in their brains, and if at length they rise up in madness to spoil, and avenge, in doing so, the spoliation they have themselves suffered for generations? Let him condemn them, and him only, who has shared their sufferings and borne them patiently, and with a perfect forgiveness.

Dyspepsia, biliousness, nervousness, and miserableness all cured with Hop Bitters. Genuine made by American Co. See.

At this moment it takes 22 policemen in relays to watch Lord Kenmare's mansion at Killarney. Each policeman, by the time all is told, costs nearly £100 a year, so the Government (that is, the taxpayers of Great Britain and Ireland) are at this moment paying £2,000 a year for the protection of Lord Kenmare's mansion.

The cold wave of last week carried destruction and death all along the Atlantic coast. The shores were strewn with the wrecks of fishing and coasting schooners, and the brave fellows of the life-saving stations had plenty of work for them on Saturday last. Eight men of one station, that of Scituate, Mass., worked heroically all through the stormy day, without food or drink or a change of clothing, and were awarded by saving the crews of two vessels, 15 souls in all. The names of the heroes should be remembered. They are Captain Stanley, George H. Brown, Marcus Barber, Daniel H. Ward, John Barry, James Doherty, John Doherty and George M'Donald. A similar record of heroism could, no doubt, be made up from last week's report of the life-savers from Maine to Texas. The world will some day award at least as much honour to the saver as to the slayer of life. The savage still in us now impels admiration of the "brave" for the number of scalps he has taken, or battles won, while scant pay and scantier fame are given to the heroes who risk their lives every day by flood and fire for the good of others.—*Pilot*, Jan. 10.

MISS EDITH O'GORMAN REVIEWED.

(Southland News.)

At the services in St. Mary's Chapel, Invercargill, on Sunday evening, Feb. 20, the Rev. Father McEnroe said that having spoken about "The Escaped Nun" some time ago referring to what would be her probable accusations against the Church, he had not intended to again revert to the subject. It was comforting that after her arrival in New Zealand the Press of Auckland spoke disparagingly of her, and after a notice of her first lecture or so the name of "The Escaped Nun" was scarcely heard of in Invercargill. She appeared to be altogether forgotten; or at least was little noticed. It was a fact that the more respectable portion of the Press of the Colony had treated her with the contempt she deserved. It was well-known that the *Otago Daily Times* did not report a single syllable of here, and it was also perfectly true that the same course was followed by the journal standing next in respectability to the *Times*. In Invercargill one of the papers treated her with some little respect by giving a short notice of the subject of her first lecture, but it scarcely repeated a single sentence of here, and wrote not one word on the subject to which the most sensitive Catholic could find exception. It had pleased the representative of the other local paper to give several very salient points of her lectures that were entirely offensive to every Catholic. What motive the editor had in that it was for himself to decide; it was his own business. There was one point—it was the subject matter of Miss O'Gorman's first lecture—that was really important, and it was on that account especially that he wished to refer to her. He believed that nearly everyone of the audience were misled by her, and that an honest-minded, straightforward, and even intelligent man going to hear her would come away with impressions very unfavourable to the Catholic Church. Before he touched on that matter, however, there were a few other things about which he wished to speak. For Miss O'Gorman apparently considered that the subject of her first lecture, "Conventual Life," did not afford matter enough for an address, so she lugged in the Dunedin Cathedral, the Masses celebrated by priests, and the extraordinary want of charity for human suffering displayed by the latter. What, he asked, had the conduct of the Committee of St. Joseph's Cathedral on the day of its opening to do with conventual life? If that Committee acted wisely or unwisely, what mattered it in relation to convent life? Were the nuns responsible for the action of a Committee in Dunedin, even though Catholic? What connection was there between the two matters? The reference to them just showed what the woman meant. She had had sixteen years' experience in throwing mud at the Catholic Church, and had taken up fresh handfuls, acting on the maxim of persons who indulged in that sort of thing that when mud is thrown some of it is sure to stick. For his own part, he confessed his inability to see anything grossly outrageous in the action of the Committee. Miss O'Gorman appeared to have spoken in this strain:—"The doors of the Cathedral ought to have been thrown open at six o'clock in the morning, so that anybody who liked might enter. They should have been allowed to take possession of the seats there; first come first served." Well, if that course had been followed, would it not have been an act of injustice of the grossest kind towards the people of Oamaru and Lawrence who went by train to Dunedin, and who hoped, reasonably enough, to find seats at the opening service? It would certainly have been an outrage upon them, as well as upon the citizens of Dunedin, some of whom might have contributed £50 to £100 to the Cathedral, and who, according to Miss O'Gorman, should have been left to elbow their way through the rabble—for the most part not members of the Church—that would have been sure to have gone there. It would indeed have been very objectionable if the Committee had not taken some measures to secure seats for the best supporters of the sacred edifice. If he was rightly informed, measures of exactly the self-same character were observed in reference to the opening of the Protestant Cathedral in Christchurch, the only difference being that there was a higher charge for admission in the case of the Dunedin Cathedral. Again, Miss O'Gorman spoke of extraordinary pressure having been brought to bear on the members of the Church in connection with the opening ceremony, but what was their own experience? Not a single ticket for the opening ever reached Invercargill, and though the Bishop was here the Sunday before, and had spoken for an hour from this pulpit, he did not so much as mention the Cathedral, nor did he ask anyone, directly or indirectly, to give one shilling towards it. He had obtained facilities for them to visit Dunedin, and many in Invercargill took advantage of the opportunity, though when there they did not all go to the opening. The Bishop's reticence was the more noticeable, as Invercargill is the second town in His Lordship's diocese. With regard to Masses "The Escaped Nun" was reported to have said that a parish priest sometimes undertook to say more in a year than he could possibly say in two or three years, and that very likely he passed them on to a curate with less to do. Well, he (the speaker) endorsed his action; he had no fault to find with his conduct. If a priest found that he had more Masses than he could say in a given time, he was bound to pass them on. He was not at liberty to wait twelve months, or to keep them unsaid for even two months. It would be a mortal sin if he did not pass them on so as to get them said within one month, if for persons lately deceased, and in many circumstances he would be bound to get a Mass said in two or three days. What fault, therefore, was there with the priest who undertook three times as many Masses as he was able to say? He passed them on exactly as he was bound to do. He had no fault to find with him, and, as for Miss O'Gorman, she had not pointed out the priest's duty in that respect with sufficient strictness. What, he asked, was her reason, when she could make no point out of it, for at all introducing that subject? They could freely guess the reason. The Mass was the holiest, the highest, the most sacred, the most awful act of religion. It was the self-same sacrifice as the sacrifice of Calvary. It was so awful in its nature that even Catholics did not speak about it unless with bated breath, and it was to gratify the morbid craving she had for blasphemy that made Miss O'Gorman introduce the matter or to gratify the scoffer. Again, she had stated