

## AUCKLAND.

(From our own Correspondent.)

April 7.

MR. C. B. MOLLOY, M.P., at present at the Thames, is to deliver a lecture next Monday evening (9th), in the school of mines, the subject being "The Hydrogeous Amalgam Process of Extracting Gold from Refractory Ores," of which he is the inventor. So reads a local in Saturday's *Bell*, one of the fairest and best conducted papers ever started in Auckland. Mr. Molloy intends to combine business with pleasure, and in visiting our shores, like an energetic, shrewd man, endeavours to advance his fortune. But this able M.P. does more. For the moment he puts self aside, and takes up the cause of poor, suffering, and much-maligned Ireland. On next Monday night, he is to lecture on "Self-Government for Ireland." And the fact of his being not only an ardent Home Ruler, but also a distinguished English barrister, who cannot be accused of Irish prejudices, ought to be quite enough to secure him a large audience. Sooner or later justice triumphs, and Ireland's cause is no exception to the rule. When the Redmond Brothers visited our city some four years ago why there was hardly anyone to receive them, or hold out the hand of welcome. True there was a Committee of Reception, but when I tell you that the Reception Committee had to content themselves with the services of an illiterate blacksmith for a Chairman, you can easily fathom the depths of our then existing patriotism. If poor George Leahy could but see the scowl with which J. E. Redmond regarded his Chairman and hearers, with all his vanity he would be scarcely flattered. Thank God, this is a thing of the past, and persons of all shades of religion are beginning to be enlightened and to recognise the justice of the Irish cause. With such noble men as G. M. Reed, Dr. Leger Erson, and amongst the *polos*, P. Gleeson, Maurice Foley, William Eyre, David Barry, etc., etc., there can be no lack of Chairmen at Mr. Molloy's lecture.

There is so much, yet so little news to chronicle, that it is hard to know what to write.

The Hon. G. Mitchelson (Minister of Public Works) is amongst us just now; and I should imagine kept pretty busy. Judging from the Press, he seems to have all his time taken up with deputations some seeking for this, some for that, but the majority trying to find something to do. Depression is certainly in the ascendant, yet strange to relate, there seems no scarcity of money for amusements.

I see you had great doings in the South during "Holy Week." In this diocese our Bishop substituted for the "Tenebrae" other services. The change as far as I know, met with general approval. At the Cathedral the great feature was the singing of Fathers Egan, Lenihan and Kehoe, which was the theme of universal admiration; and the sermons of Fathers McManus, O'Gara, O.S.B., and Kehoe.—On the Wednesday night Father McManus preached an earnest and forcible sermon on "Confession," and strongly advises his hearers, as good and practical Catholics, to put aside mock-modesty, to prepare properly, and worthily approach the Blessed Eucharist.—Thursday night Father O'Gara O.S.B., preached; of course his sermon was an eloquent one. Although his subject "Unworthy Communion" was a difficult one, still he treated it in an able and masterly manner. Father O'Gara is one of the shining lights of the Benedictine Order. He lives at the monastery Newton, and whenever he is announced to preach, the church is crowded to suffocation. At St. Patrick's he surpassed himself and won golden opinions from the congregation.—On Friday night Father Kehoe preached on the "Passion." And by all accounts his discourse was the grandest ever heard within the walls of the Cathedral. For years I have heard sermons and heard them criticised, but never in my life have I heard such compliments paid to the preacher.

The Benedictine Fathers held, as of old, the "Tenebrae" services. The good Fathers were very busy during Holy Week, and must have, felt relieved when all was over.

At St. John's, Parnell, Father Costello had the usual services preaching on the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights. The Altar of Repose was beautiful, and the ladies of the Altar Society deserve the greatest praise.

The Sacred Heart, Pousobby, was partly deserted during the week as the genial pastor, Father Lenihan, had to assist at town.

On Easter Sunday there was High Mass at the city churches. At night the altars looked magnificent with their enormous collection of flowers and candles.

During the week there has been quite a crowd of Catholic concerts. The Royal Irish held one at the Lorne street Hall.—At the Catholic Institute a farewell concert was given to Miss Kirby, who for years has been instrumental in promoting the Catholic cause in various ways, and who is leaving for Sydney.—The Parnell Christian Doctrine Society had their concert in the Newmarket Hall on Tuesday last, and certainly they ought to be satisfied with the result. The attendance was good, and the various items splendidly rendered. In the first part the Misses Buckley, Lynch, Hogan, Knight, George and Copland, and Dr. Leger Erson, Herr Tutschke, and Mr. Christopher assisted. The second part consisted of the laughable farce entitled "Whitebait in Greenwich," in which the principal characters were sustained by Miss Kilfoyle, Miss Mary George, and Messrs. Jackson, Palmer, Waymouth, and Montague. The entertainment was highly successful, and it is to be hoped will be repeated.

As this letter is already too long, I shall reserve any further news for your next issue.

The latest and worst exhibition of prudery comes from Scotland, where certain of the "unco guid" are striving to have Burns's humorous song, "The Deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman," expurgated. They say that it is improper, not to say blasphemous, to allude to the deil in that light way, and they want to substitute "the police," or some other harmless word in place of auld Nick. How Burns would have enjoyed the acquaintance of such worthy idiots!—*Phil.*

## REEFTON.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

April 3rd, 1888.

If there is one part of the globe more than another whose inhabitants enjoy the blessings of unalloyed contentment it is Reefton. One of the first things that attracts a stranger's attention after arriving here is the easy-going, happy-go-lucky style of the Reeftonite. Ambition tempts him not. There may be steps on the ladder of life leading to fame and eminence, he leaves the dizzy heights for others to climb, while he himself is contented to jog along in the old primitive fashion. Nothing short of an earthquake, or a tremendous gold boom would disturb the serenity of a Reeftonite, or rouse him to a state of vigorous activity. All the more to be wondered at, then, is the fact that a section, at least, of the community—the Catholic section—has succeeded in shaking off some of this sluggishness and displayed more than the usual amount of energy in religious matters. That the Catholics here are practical and energetic is evinced by the two imposing edifices which strike visitors from more pretentious places with admiration and astonishment. The Catholic church is as handsome a building as the West Coast of New Zealand can boast of, and the newly-erected presbytery is one of the chief architectural ornaments of our town. It may not be amiss to make some allusion here, *en passant*, to the religious ceremonies of Holy Week. On Holy Thursday, immediately after Mass, the Blessed Sacrament was removed to the side altar, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion with bouquets of lovely flowers culled from all the neighbouring gardens by the little girls attending the Catholic school, who eagerly assisted in dressing the altar, under the kind and skilful supervision of Miss Dunne, their schoolmistress. All through the day and night, until the hour of midnight, devout people might be seen wending their way towards the church, to pray before the Blessed Sacrament, exposed there for their adoration, and never for one moment was that church left empty. For the first time in Reefton—and, indeed, for the matter of that, on the West Coast—the beautiful office of the Tenebrae was conducted here on the nights of Holy Thursday and Good Friday by the Rev. Father Rolland, assisted by the members of the choir, whose touching and impressive rendering of the Tenebrae anthems acted as a wonderful incentive to devotion. Although the choir consisted of only 3 members, Mr. Jones, our talented schoolmaster, officiating at the harmonium, to whom, in conjunction with the Rev. Father Rolland, and Mr. James Lynch one of our local solicitors, and a musical enthusiast as well, may be attributed the credit of introducing the celebration of the Tenebrae into Reefton. Still the rendering of grand Gregorian chants was perfection in its way, and kneeling down before the high altar, divested of all its ornaments save the rows of lighted candles (which were extinguished in rotation by an acolyte at the conclusion of each anthem) it required no great stretch of the imagination for one to fancy the last eighteen centuries obliterated from the calendar of time, and to picture oneself prostrated before the actual sepulchre of our dead Redeemer. The lamentations were especially beautiful. The full sonorous voice of Father Rolland resounding through the building and dying away in soft cadences to be taken up by the rich baritone of Mr. Lynch, and the clear soft tenor of Mr. Jones while at intervals the sweet mellow tones of the treble joined in the refrain. I trust I may be pardoned for dwelling so long on this subject, but the impressions produced by the foregoing on Good Friday night were so vivid and so intense, that I am induced to think making those impressions public may be the means of inducing other choirs in other localities to follow the example of our choir here, and to assist in making Catholics and members of other denominations likewise, acquainted with one of the most solemn ceremonies of our holy Church. It is, indeed, a matter for congratulation that amidst all the worldliness and hard-hearted callousness of humanity, so many are to be found willing to devote their talents, their energies, and their time to the commemoration of the sufferings of the Divine Martyr of Calvary.

Good Friday in Reefton had been a wretched day, gloomy, grey, and misty but Easter Sunday morning broke clear and bright, if not absolutely cloudless, and at 9 o'clock Mass the church was full to overflowing.—There was no second Mass as our indefatigable pastor had to visit Boatmans, he celebrated 11 o'clock Mass there, returning here in time for Vespers. At Vespers another surprise greeted the congregation, the talented Greenwood family had been giving a series of entertainments during the week and three of them,—Mrs. Greenwood and her two eldest daughters kindly volunteered to give a rendering of Gounod's celebrated "Ave Maria." Mrs. Greenwood presiding at the harmonium, Miss Maribel Greenwood accompanying on the violin, the vocal performance of her sister. After Vespers accordingly, just at the solemn lull preceding the Benediction while clouds of incense ascended from the high altar, amidst the blaze of light shed by innumerable candles, the stillness was magically broke by the running and wave-like notes of the harmonium followed by the bewitching strains of the violin, and then the young seraph-like voice of Miss Agatha Greenwood began the enchanting melody "Ave Maria gratia plena" now soft and subdued, now swelling gradually louder and louder, soul thrilling and pathetic, a tender prayer indeed floating upwards as it were straight to Heaven bearing with it and translating the mute appeals of the hundreds of listeners below. As the last note of the "Amen" died away I am sure every one present must have realized the power of sacred music in exciting the devotion of the lunkwarm and elevating the weak human heart above the vain transitory things of this poor fleeting world.

As the well-known business conducted by Mrs. Dreaver in George street, Danedin, is offered for sale, the stock is being reduced to facilitate matters. Extraordinary bargains are, therefore, to be obtained, and especial mention may be made of a splendid assortment of ladies' and childrens' ulsters and jackets, which are going at a great sacrifice.