

ITEMS FROM TEMUKA.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

Temuka, October 5, 1888.

IMPROVEMENTS IN ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.

THE Rev. Father Fauvel is never tired of making improvements to his famous church, and bringing it nearer and nearer to perfection. His heart and soul seem to be fixed on beautifying the abode in which dwells the Saviour of mankind, and making it look more impressive in a spiritual sense. The latest step in this direction is the placing of the statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus on a handsome pedestal, which stands at the north-west end of, and a few paces from, the Communion rails. The pedestal has been handsomely got up, and the painter has faithfully imitated what is known as black and gold marble—indeed, so much so as to deceive one at a distance. It is not necessary for me to describe the statue, as that has been already done by me. On the panels and caps Father Fauvel has caused to be printed scriptural quotations and other beautiful ejaculations. On the west (front) side are: "My son, give Me thy heart" (Proverbs xxiii., 26); "Come to Me all you that labour and are burdened, and I will refresh you. Take up My yoke upon you and learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find rest to your souls" (Matt. xi., 28 and 29); "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments" (Matt. xix., 17). On the north side; "Praise be to God!" "Create a clean heart in me, O God, and renew a right spirit within my bowels" (Psalm l.); "Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us!" "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found" (Isaiah, lvi., 6). On the south side: "Love be to Jesus!" "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God" (Matt. v., 8); "Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thine!" "Walk before Me and be perfect" (Genesis xvii., 7). This completes the number on the Sacred Heart pedestal. The large crucifix which formerly projected from the north-west end of the vestry, above the wall has been taken down from its lofty position and placed on a similar pedestal to that of the Sacred Heart on the south end, in an opposite position to the statue. I must remark the rev. father acted with much wisdom to effect this alteration. Previously the face of the crucified Saviour was not so visible as now. Though on the pedestal are some stirring inscriptions, yet none can be so impressive on the heart as the excruciating suffering which is so beautifully portrayed on the countenance of the Redeemer of mankind. Anyone to gaze thoughtfully on that wan face cannot fail to be hurriedly carried to the scene of the crucifixion on Mount Calvary. The streams of blood from the wounds must undoubtedly recall to the pious, as well as the irreligious beholder, the necessity for the shedding of that blood, and bring to the mind of all that as often as a mortal sin is committed a new crucifixion is brought about again. To the sinner it should be an aid to contrition. But it is impossible to describe the lesson the Christian learns from the scene. On the cap of this pedestal is painted a spear, near which is the text: "One of the soldiers with a spear opened His side" (John xix., 34); also a hammer, with the text: "They have pierced My hands and My feet" (Psalm xxi., 17). The nails, crown of thorns, and sponge, are likewise there. The cap bears also the words: "O Crucifixa spes unica!" The panels are inscribed as follows:—Front: "He loved me and delivered himself for me" (Gal. ii., 20); "And, bearing His cross, He went forth to that place which is called Calvary" (John xix., 17); "O, all ye that pass by the way, attend, and see if there be any sorrow like to My sorrow" (Lament. i., 12); "Mors tua, Jesu, vita nostra." On the south side: "He that taketh not up his cross and followeth Me, is not worthy of Me" (Matt. x., 38); "Whosoever doth not carry his cross and come after Me, cannot be My disciple" (Luke xiv., 23). On the north: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow Me" (Luke ix., 23); "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Gal. vi., 14).—Your readers will, no doubt, remember my description of the beautiful Adoring Angels we have in our church. Previously the ten angels were turned to the altar; now four of them face the body of the church. They stand on the wall—one on each side of the lateral altars. The improvements are certainly an acquisition to the appearance of the church. It is the prayer of everyone that the Rev. Father Fauvel may long be spared to continue his good work; and all breathe freely, as we have been assured by our beloved Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Grimes, that death alone will—temporarily, I hope—separate the good pastor from his devoted flock.

COMMEMORATION OF THE DEAD.

On Sunday, September 30, the generally glittering appearance of the main altar of St. Joseph's Church was wonderfully changed—it being impressively draped in black, and making the general appearance very solemn. The congregation was larger than usual, and first Mass was celebrated by the pastor of the church. It was most beautiful to behold the large number (over 150) who approached the Holy of Holies, in obedience to the command of the Holy Father, for the repose of the souls of the departed faithful. At half-past ten o'clock, the Rev. Father Fauvel celebrated a Solemn High Mass for the dead, and in his sermon—the text being, "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends, for the hand of God has touched me" (Job xix., 21)—he most plaintively appealed to his congregation on behalf of the souls in purgatory, and at length spoke on the sufferings they endured.—The choir, under the conductorship of one of the Sisters, rendered a solemn Gregorian requiem, the "Dies Irae," and "O Salutaris" (Galuppi).—In the evening, the holy Rosary was recited, followed by the devotion of Stations of the Cross. After a sermon, the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament brought the day's ceremonies to a close.

THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

The Rev. Father Fauvel has commenced his appeal on behalf of those who are still without the knowledge of God. On last Sunday week, the rev. gentleman preached his first sermon on the above subject, taking for his text Luke vi., 38: "Give, and it shall be given to you: good measure, and pressed down, and shaken together, and

running over shall they give unto your bosom. For with the same measure that you shall mete, withal it shall be measured to you again." After having clearly shown from Scripture that it is absolutely necessary to perform works of mercy, the rev. father claimed that none were so efficacious as the noble work of the propagation of the faith, which was a continuation of the work which our Lord came upon earth to begin. He spoke at length on the advantages derived by the members, and all could be such, as it required only once to offer the *Pater* and *Ave* of our morning prayers, and subscribe a halfpenny per week. Speaking of foreign missions, the rev. gentleman said that savages who not many years ago committed all sorts of vices, were now the best of Christians. There were still 900,000,000 pagans, and, therefore, we had a large field to perform missionary work in. All could be missionaries by becoming members of the society. After speaking at great length on matters bearing on the subject, Father Fauvel wound up with a very touching appeal to all to join. Last year \$52 were sent, and this year he trusted would not be less fruitful. Yesterday (October 7), the Rev. Father Fauvel again returned to the subject of the propagation of the faith. He took, for his text, "Redeem thou thy sins with alms, and thy iniquities with works of mercy" (Daniel iv., 24). The rev. father again dwelt at length on the subject, and besought the collectors to work most energetically. After dealing with the propagation of the faith, the Rev. Father Fauvel said he had still something to speak on the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. After dwelling on the advantages accruing to its members, and their duty, the rev. gentleman read from the Messenger of the Sacred Heart many miracles wrought through devotion to the Sacred Heart.

CONFIRMATION AT ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.

On Sunday next the Right Rev. Dr. Grimes, Bishop of Christchurch, will administer the Sacrament of Confirmation in the above church. His arrival is anxiously awaited.

THE BAZAAR.

The ladies who are engaged in the good work of collecting for the bazaar have been working most assiduously, and I am pleased to be able to state there is every probability of their efforts being crowned with success. They deserve every praise for their strenuous endeavors to clear off the debt on our church.

THE QUEEN'S CORONATION.

FIFTY years ago, on the 28th of June, 1838, the crown of these realms was placed upon the head of Queen Victoria. Mr. Greville's version, of what he saw and thought, which was only given to the world forty-seven years after it was penned, will be perused with interest:—

The coronation (which, thank God, is over) went off very well. The day was fine, without heat or rain—the innumerable multitude which thronged the streets orderly and satisfied. The appearance of the Abbey was beautiful, particularly the benches of the peeresses, who were blazing with diamonds. The Queen looked very diminutive, and the effect of the procession itself was spoiled by being too crowded; there was not interval enough between the Queen and the lords and others going before her. The Bishop of London (Blomfield) preached a very good sermon. The different actors in the ceremonial were very imperfect in their parts, and had neglected to rehearse them. Lord John Tynne, who officiated for the Dean of Westminster, told me that no one knew what was to be done except the Archbishop himself (who had rehearsed), Lord Willoughby (who is experienced in these matters), and the Duke of Wellington, and constantly there was a continual difficulty and embarrassment, and the Queen never knew what she was to do next. They made her leave her chair and enter into St. Edward's chapel before the prayers were concluded, much to the discomfiture of the Archbishop. She said to Lord John Tynne, "Pray tell me what I am to do, for they don't know; and at the end, when the orb was put into her hand, she said to him, "What am I to do with it?" "Your Majesty is to carry it, if you please, in your hand." "Am I?" she said; "it is very heavy." The ruby ring was made for her little finger instead of the fourth, on which the rubric prescribes that it should be put. When the Archbishop was to put it on, she extended the former, but he said it must be on the latter. She said it was too small, and she could not get it on. He said it was right to put it there, and, as he insisted, she yielded, but had first to take off her other rings, and then this was forced on; but it hurt her very much, and as soon as the ceremony was over, she was obliged to bathe her finger in iced water in order to get it off. The noise and confusion were very great when the medals were thrown about by Lord Surrey; everybody scrambling with all their might and main to get them, and none more vigorously than the Maids of Honour. There was a great demonstration of applause when the Duke of Wellington did homage. Lord Rolle, who is between eighty and ninety, fell down as he was getting up the steps of the throne. Her first impulse was to rise; and when afterwards he came again to do homage, she said, "May I not get up and meet him?" and then rose from the throne and advanced down one or two of the steps to prevent his coming up—an act of graciousness and kindness which made a great sensation. (The Queen sent in the evening to inquire after Lord Rolle.) It is, in fact, the remarkable union of naiveté, kindness, good-nature, with propriety and dignity, which makes her so admirable and so endearing to those about her, as she certainly is. I have been repeatedly told that they are all warmly attached to her, but that all feel the impossibility of for a moment losing sight of the respect which they owe her. She never ceases to be a Queen, but is always the most charming, cheerful, obliging, and unaffected Queen in the world. The procession was very handsome, and the Extraordinary Ambassadors produced some gorgeous equipages. The thing best worth seeing was the town itself and the countless multitudes through which the procession passed. The Chancellor of the Exchequer told me that he had been informed £200,000 had been paid for seats alone, and the number of people who have flocked