

fruits of their exertions. This complete security has never been enjoyed in Ireland."

J. S. P.

## CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The earthquakes have not bidden us a final farewell yet. On Tuesday night there was a short vigorous shock. The house shook, the door bell rang, and the earthquake passed upon its way contenting itself with giving us one smart angry shake. People are beginning again since Tuesday night to assume the role of prophets and to declare that there will be "an awful burst up" here some day.

For some weeks past I have intended to notice a series of letters which are being published in the *Weekly Press*. These letters are descriptions of life in the musical world of Leipsic. They are written by Mr. S. F. Hoben, who is a student at the conservatorium. Mr. Hoben belongs to Napier and is a Catholic; his letters are extremely interesting and written in a very bright and racy strain. His powers of observation must be very well developed indeed, for he possesses, in a most unusual degree, the knack of describing men and things. This he does in a way which makes his readers see them as he does. Mr. Hoben was, I believe, the first instrumentalist from New Zealand to make his appearance upon the boards in classic Leipsic. Catholics in Napier, and indeed in all parts of New Zealand, should be proud of Mr. Hoben's enterprise and perseverance in having gone to Europe to pursue his studies. For myself, I must say that I most heartily wish the writer of the Leipsic letters every success at the conservatorium, and I hope that he will one day achieve success in the musical world.

I paid a visit to Kaiapoi the other day. Kaiapoi is looking its very best now. The trees are brightly green with the freshness of spring, and everywhere the yellow broom is one blaze of golden glory. I went to see the little church in Kaiapoi. It is a most charming little edifice. It was built, I was told, during the time that Father Binsfield had charge of the parish, and from plans drawn out by himself. If the latter statement is true I must compliment Father Binsfield upon the possession of very great architectural taste. The church is built of wood. It has two pretty porches and a belfry. The sanctuary is semi-circular in shape, and the windows have the Gothic-pointed arch. The central panes of the windows are white, and are bordered with long narrow panes of coloured glass. The altar is of carved wood, and looks very well indeed. There are six handsome candlesticks upon it, and various other ornaments. Upon the sanctuary floor there is a nice green carpet. There is an organ loft, which contains a harmonium. The seats are substantial; the church is well ventilated, and has a most spotless appearance inside. It is situated in a central position upon a very fine grassy section. Altogether the Catholics of Kaiapoi are to be congratulated upon the possession of as pretty a little church as anyone could desire to see in a country place. Miss Lynskey and her sister, Mrs. Leahy, did good service in assisting Father Binsfield to furnish the church by collecting funds for that object. It is mainly due, I believe, to the efforts of these young ladies that the sanctuary looks so nice, and that the church boasts of a harmonium.

A visit to Kaiapoi, without going over the factory, would be like visiting Rome and not seeing the Colosseum. Truly the Kaiapoi woollen factory is a wonderful place, and the metamorphosis which the wool undergoes, from the time when it enters the premises as a dirty, greasy looking mass, until it leaves it again in the forms of various soft and beautiful woollen fabrics, is marvellous. In one part of the building the wool is to be seen lying in its natural state, in another it is undergoing the cleaning process in huge vats full of soapy looking liquid. After being rolled about in these vats, it is pressed between two great rollers like a wringing machine, which flicks the wool off in snowy flakes into a heap on the floor. In another room it is dyed various colours. Then the different colours are mixed where variegation is necessary; then it is spun, and then it is carded, and finally, after goodness knows how much preparation, it reaches the looms to be woven by the great, noisy, clanging machines into cloth. Numbers of pale-faced, stekly-looking women, who appear as if all the spirit and buoyancy had been crushed out of them, attend to the weaving machines. I never saw such a listless, weary look upon human faces as the countenances of the women who worked at the looms in the Kaiapoi factory wore. The same dead and alive, hopeless look was on every face; not one face wore a bright expression, not one animated glance from the spiritless toilers at the looms, met one's eye. They might have been unhappy souls, working out their doom in a species of industrial purgatory, so lustreless were their eyes, so cheerless were their faces, so heavy their footsteps, and so jaded was their whole demeanour. Mechanically, as if they were part of the machinery, they seemed to fill the shuttles and occasionally guide the machines. They all wore thick white aprons, soiled with the machine oil, which also stained their hands. I was told that it was the sickening smell of the machine oil, and the deafening clang of the machines, which produce the dull weary look, which I so much noticed on the faces of these women. When people go into shops to purchase Kaiapoi goods, they little think when they grumble at the prices, how much labour has been expended upon them, and how much human life there is interwoven with the woollen threads in the web. I shall never look upon a piece of tweed again without thinking of those sallow-faced languid workers at the Kaiapoi looms. The women who were knitting and finishing all looked bright enough; most of these were sitting down, and did not appear to find their work irksome. We were shown some beautiful blankets which had just received the finishing touches and were ready for town. These were as white as snow, and as soft as a feather. After leaving the looms all the goods have to be washed and dressed, and pressed before being ready for the warehouses. I was told that the whole work is done cheaply, owing to there being so many departments, and to the fact that each department is so perfectly managed that the whole machinery of the

factory, human and otherwise, goes like clockwork, so that there is no waste of time or labour. Certainly, the poor women at the looms look as if they never knew what it was to waste an hour in their lives.

I see by the TABLET that Father Burke is going to give another lecture upon the Irish question in Dunedin. I wish we could induce the rev. gentleman to come here and tell us something about the "Men of the Home Rule Movement." We are left to glean information as best we can concerning the Irish leaders and it would be really exercising a very high form of charity if Father Burke would take pity upon our benightedness. We may, for all anybody cares, take as our informant upon Irish matters, the veracious "Puff," who in one of his late effusions gives as a reason why the name of Michael Davitt is excluded from among those implicated in the charges made by the *Times*, that Michael Davitt contemplates turning Queen's evidence upon the Irish party. Miserable, lying statements of this kind go forth to the public, and neither the public nor our own people are told any better. Always when I read the announcements of these lectures by Father Burke, one of the seven deadly sins takes complete possession of my mind, and I envy with a very vigorous envy indeed, the people who have a priest of the pattern of Father Burke who thinks it worth while to keep his compatriots and co-religionists well posted in a matter which so nearly concerns them as the Home Rule movement.

On Thursday evening there was a very successful concert in the Rangiora Literary Institute in aid of the Catholic school fund. It was race night and the hall was crowded. Mrs. J. P. Kelly, and several ladies and gentlemen went out from town to take part in the concert. Mrs. Kelly sang "Kate O'Shane" and the "Dear Little Shamrock" the latter song, it is needless to say, received an encore. Mr. George Cronin contributed "Nancy Lee" in his best style, and Mr. Hennessy was encored for a comic song. Mr. W. Hoban proved as successful as ever in arousing the risibility of his audience and "brought down the house" with his Chinese song and Bluekin's chorus. Father O'Connor must have been very well satisfied with the result of the concert, which must have realised a very substantial sum.

The collection in aid of the St. Vincent de Paul Society last Sunday resulted in a nice little addition to the fund, but was not so considerable as I thought, and hoped, that it would have been. The work of the society is a very noble one, and to those who can do so it should be a pleasure, as well as a duty, to contribute to supply their less fortunate fellow creatures with "the bread that sustains, and the sympathy that consoles," as Father Cummings shortly puts it.

Father Regnault has returned to Christchurch.

I have much pleasure in welcoming Father Laverty, a young Irish priest, to this diocese, in which, I believe, he is to remain permanently. Father Laverty is an All Hallows' priest, and as such he should be doubly welcome to those among whom he comes to minister. For the sake of the College which has given to the world some of its noblest, most devoted, and most patriotic Irish missionary priests, as well as on account of his sacred calling, the Irish people of Canterbury will, doubtless, give to Father Laverty a hearty and genuine *cord mille fratelle*.

Dr. Grimes, after a very busy time in administering the Sacrament of Confirmation in some of the up-country districts, is at home again, looking none the worse for his somewhat laborious diocesan labours.

On Saturday his Lordship, accompanied by the Rev. Father Briand, visited the Maori settlement at Little River, at which place Father Melu, a Maori missionary from the North, has been actively engaged for the last week or two in teaching and preaching to the Natives. From a private source I learn that the progress which the Maoris have made in religious knowledge and in singing under the tuition of Father Melu is simply marvellous considering the short time he has been among them.

Las. Tuesday Mr. Robert Lonergan left for Melbourne. A number of his friends accompanied him to Port in order to give him what they termed "a friendly kick-off." He will be much missed during his absence.

Next week Miss Von Finkelstien will begin her series of Eastern or Biblical lectures in Christchurch. Judging from her photographs, which are in the shop windows, the celebrated lectress appears to be a large, fair woman, upon whom the picturesque Eastern garb sits gracefully. The Christchurch people are slow to warm to anything new, and it is doubtful whether the lady lecturer will take here. However, she has two good points in her favour—she has a big reputation and a good agent.

On Tuesday night week Mr. Nolan is to give his long-promised lecture upon Ireland in St. Aloysius' Hall. Mr. Nolan has bestowed considerable care upon his subject, which is a very congenial one to him, and this fact and his well-known ability are sufficient guarantees that the lecture will be one of the best which has been heard in the hall for some time.

Mr. Lonergan's resignation has passed, I believe, beyond the region of the doubtful. His resignation of the position of President of the Literary Society is an accomplished fact. This is very much to be regretted. No member of the Society, at least no lay member of it, can have any hope of being anything but a very poor successor of Mr. Lonergan. However, as the rev. chaplain has wisely decided to defer the election of President until Mr. Lonergan's return, I have still hopes, for the sake of the Society, that matters may be adjusted.

For the last few days we have had a change from the enervating nor-wester and have been chilled with sharp biting south-east winds.

At present the sunsets in Christchurch are frequently very beautiful. On some evenings the glowing, brilliant crimson colours which remain in the wake of the sun give to the western sky an appearance as if the heavens were in flames. On other evenings the after glow is one great flash of mellow golden light.

On Sunday morning at nine o'clock Mass Dr. Grimes urged upon parents the necessity of sending their children to Catechism. He contrasted the indifference too often displayed by parents in this matter with the enthusiasm which he had witnessed among the Maoris in the settlement at Little River, which he had visited the