

reciting his office he retired to rest, from which he was shortly aroused again to visit a dying Maori woman who lived eight miles off. Without a murmur the saintly old priest arose, and, passing out into the darkness, walked the whole way on foot in the pouring rain and over what the journalist termed a "beastly road." Owing to the darkness and the difficulty of walking in the rain over a rough road, it was midnight when the aged priest reached the bedside of the dying woman. He spent some hours in smoothing the path to eternity of the departing soul, and then, without having obtained a change of clothing, Father Reignier set out through the rain upon his return journey. He walked all the way back to Waitoa, fasting, in order to say Mass for the repose of the soul of the poor Maori. At this time Father Reignier was almost 73 years of age. Doubtless the life of this good priest was made up of countless similar instances of devotedness.

The Hibernian Society's hall, the erection of which I have watched with considerable interest and pride, is completed. On Saturday afternoon, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, the secretary of the Society, received official intimation from the architect that the building was finished. Next week the Hibernians will take possession of their very handsome hall. After they have done so I shall say something more about it. It is the intention of the Society to celebrate the opening with a banquet. This will be baptising the hall in a laudable manner. The date of the banquet is not yet fixed. It will not, I believe, take place until Mr. Robert Lonergan returns from Melbourne.

It does one's heart good to read an address like the one sent by the Irish Catholics of the Lower Hutt to Archbishop Walsh. It is not the money which goes with it which will make such a message cheering to those who are spending their lives in Ireland's cause, but the evidence which words like those contained in the address give that some at least of the Irish people abroad are in unison with those at Home in wishing to see justice done to their country, and that though thousands of miles of ocean lie between them and their early home, they have not forgotten Ireland. Were the hearts of all Irishmen abroad true to their native land in demanding the restoration of her rights, what a power might those exiled children whom famine and persecution had driven from Ireland's shores, become in aiding her to attain her destiny, by winning back once more the independence of which she was so cruelly robbed long ago. But, unfortunately, all Irish hearts are not true to Ireland. Many of them, when they have left her, forget their sorrowing motherland in the Atlantic. Their hearts grow cold towards her; they think that it is better to cringe to her enemies than to remember her wrongs. Thus, in those in whom Ireland should find her strength, she too often finds her weakness.

"A Good Priest's Advice" in last week's TABLET should be read by every Irish Catholic in New Zealand and carefully stored away in their minds. The friend which Miss Von Finkelstein describes the good shepherd to be to the sheep in Palestine, that the TABLET has been to the Irish Catholics of New Zealand. This the majority of them recognise. They know the TABLET as their defender and their friend. In its voice, they recognise the true tone of their legitimate leader, which has raised them from a position in which they were despised and placed them upon an equality with the people of other nations in New Zealand. Remembering what the TABLET has done in the past, and is still doing, and what a beacon light it has been, and is, to the Irish Catholics in this Colony, I could as soon imagine any one of that country and that creed cutting off their supply of bread as sending in reference to the TABLET, such a mandate as "stop my paper."

I believe that it is likely that Father Melu will shortly visit the Maoris at Kaiapoi.

On Sunday morning at eleven o'clock Mass, Father Marnane called the attention of the people to the necessity of contributing to the collections for the schools. Even with the fees and the seat rents there was, he stated, a deficit, to make up which caused the parish priest much trouble.

Among the successful Christchurch candidates for the solicitors examination in September, was Mr. Foley, a young Catholic Irish colonial. It is always pleasant to see our people advance.

## A TITLED DEMOCRAT.

"How glad I am not to be Irish! I should hate England too much." So wrote Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the eminent English novelist and fervent and humble convert to the faith, to Mr. Charles Greville in 1845, on reading his book on the past and present policy of England towards Ireland. We quote from the correspondence included in her life, lately adapted into English from the French of Mrs. Craven by the Rev. Henry James Coleridge, S.J., and published by Richard Bentley and Son, of London.

Lady Fullerton, were she living now, would undoubtedly stand, with Cardinal Manning, Bishop Bagshawe, Lord Ripon, Wilfrid Blunt, Edward Lucas and the best representatives of English Catholic brains and virtue, in advocacy of Irish Home Rule. At the time of O'Connell's agitation, she deplored Repeal of the Union, but regarded it as sure to come. And she could not understand why, in the event of its happening, England and Ireland should always detest each other. More enlightened than most of the statesmen of her day, she wrote: "I cannot understand why, even, while deprecating the Repeal of the Union, if it must be, there should not be an effort made to retain Ireland as part of the Empire."

The daughter of one of England's oldest and proudest families, her sympathies were all on the side of democracy. The crown and throne-worshipping spirit which characterises the mass of her country people was abhorrent to her.

"I do not feel the least more loyalty to Queen Victoria," she wrote in 1853, "than, as an American citizen, I might feel towards Mr. Fillmore."

She sympathised with the English Radicals; and believed that their views of religious liberty and equality would tend greatly to the advancement of the Catholic Faith; "which is the foremost thing I have at heart," she added.

The devotion of this noble woman to the poor was what made her an author. She wrote that she might have more money to dispense in charity. The Irish poor, of whom she met many in London, were in her eyes the very personification of her faith.

"She was much touched," says her biographer, "to find herself at work among them in their extreme misery; she could detect and admire the remarkable purity of manners which so many of them retain, even under such trying circumstances, in the miserable dens in which their lot was cast."

Lady Fullerton was a near relative of Lord Frederick Cavendish, the Irish Chief Secretary who was murdered in Phoenix Park, Dublin, May 6, 1882. His death was a great grief to her, but it does not appear that it changed her Irish sympathies. "How glad I am not to be Irish! I should hate England too much." This was the thought of her strong and happy young womanhood. The word of her old age, one of the last things she ever wrote, was a tender, comprehending little poem in response to the impassioned verses of a young Irish poet, whose heart was wrung with the miseries of her people. We are sorry the compiler of the English life did not see fit to include this characteristic utterance.—*Pilot*.

## VISIT OF THE BISHOP OF CHRISTCHURCH TO SHAND'S TRACK.

THIS neat little church, which is situated amongst a thriving and agricultural population, surrounded by several rows of large blue-gum trees, giving it a most pleasing aspect, was founded by their most zealous pastor, Rev. Father Chervier, a pioneer well known in the early days to many an old colonist when railroads and churches were not in existence. On Sunday, October 21, it seemed rather lively, being the occasion of his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Grimes' visit to administer Confirmation. He drove out that morning from Christchurch, being a pleasant drive, only about twelve miles distant, accompanied by a priest whose name I could not ascertain. The church was crowded, and I noticed a good many people of different persuasions present who came to hear his Lordship. Some of them, I believe, would feel rather disappointed, as his Lordship did not give a very long sermon. He must have felt very exhausted over exertions in duty, having had to give Confirmation at Temuka on the Sunday previous. But the sermon was very good and to the purpose, most touching on the children, and any aged person could learn a lesson from it. Father Chervier celebrated last Mass, and as soon as it was over his Lordship preached an eloquent sermon, taking his text from Matt. xxii, 15, 21. At that time the Pharisees went and consulted amongst themselves how to ensnare Jesus in his speech, asking was it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar or not. But Jesus, knowing their wickedness, said:—"Why do you tempt me, ye hypocrites? Show me the coin of the tribute," and they offered him a penny, and Jesus said to them:—"Whose image and superscription is this?" They said to Him, Cæsar's. Then He saith to them:—"Render, therefore, to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's." His Lordship exhorted the people very eloquently to imitate the example of Christ and to render to God the things that are God's. Then he alluded to the Sacrament he was about to administer by quoting an instance of our Blessed Lord when the people rebuked the children for crowding round Him, saying:—"Suffer these little ones to come unto Me, for such is the Kingdom of Heaven." He next dwelt on the efficacy of the Sacrament of Confirmation showing how necessary it was for our salvation, how weak and trembling the disciples were, how they shut themselves up in dread of the Jews, till our Lord sent the Paraclete to them; and when they were filled with the Spirit of the Holy Ghost, how they went forth teaching all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. And behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. xxviii, 18, 20.)

He next examined the children presented for Confirmation very scrupulously, and I must say the very prompt answering and the decorum they presented reflected great credit on their venerable pastor, who took so much pains in their preparation. After Confirmation, he enrolled nearly all in the church in the Society of the Sacred Heart, which brought this most pleasing ceremony to a termination.

It turns out that Colonel King-Harman, who nearly wrecked Salisbury's Government trying to get a Bill passed to give him a salary as Balfour's lieutenant, left 200,000 dolrs. personalty, besides a large amount of real estate.

The town of Knock was visited, on the feast of the Assumption, by about 20,000 pilgrims, amongst whom were many from America, Australia, France, Spain, and England. The approaches to the church were blocked by dense crowds, and the building itself was inaccessible, except to a few who arrived on Wednesday night and secured places. Of these many came on foot from the North of Ireland. The devotional services throughout the day were very impressive. The central figure in the religious ceremonial was that of Archdeacon Cavanagh. He was followed everywhere by hundreds of the people, who sought his benediction. Two miracles are reported, one being the restoration to sight of a blind girl and another a cure of lameness. The day's devotions ended in a procession, in which all the pilgrims joined.

## FROM THE HUB.

There is perhaps no tonic offered to the people that possesses as much real intrinsic value as Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters. Just at this season of the year, when the stomach needs an appetiser, or the blood needs purifying, the cheapest and best remedy is Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; don't wait until you are prostrated by a disease that may take months for you to recover in. "Boston Globe."