

He was lying with his head turned half away from us, breathing heavily, and apparently unconscious of our presence. His bright, staring eyes and the deep hectic flush on his cheek showed that his fever was at the height. I advanced to the bedside, and, stooping over him, I placed my fingers upon his pulse, when immediately he sprang up into the sitting position and struck at me frantically with his clenched hands. I have never seen such intensity of fear and horror stamped upon a human face as appeared upon that which was now glaring up at me.

"Bloodhound!" he yelled; "let me go—let me go, I say! Keep your hands off me. Is it not enough that my life has been ruined? When is it all to end? How long am I to endure it?"

"Hush, dear, hush!" said his wife in a soothing voice, passing her cool hand over his heated forehead. "This is Doctor Easterling, from Stranraer. He has not come to harm you, but to do you good."

The General dropped wearily back upon his pillow, and I could see by the changed expression of his face that the delirium had left him, and that he understood what had been said. I slipped my clinical thermometer into his armpit and counted his pulse rate. It amounted to 120 per minute, and his temperature proved to be 104 deg. Clearly it was a case of remittent fever, such as occurs in men who have spent a great part of their lives in the tropics. "There is no danger," I remarked. "With a little quinine and arsenic we shall very soon overcome the attack and restore his health."

"No danger, eh?" he said. "There never is any danger for me. I'm as hard to kill as the Wandering Jew. I'm quite clear in the head now, Mary; so you may leave me with the doctor."

Mrs. Heatherstone left the room—rather unwillingly, as I thought; and I sat down by the bedside to listen to anything which my patient might have to communicate.

"I want you to examine my liver," he said, when the door was closed. "I used to have an abscess there, and Brodie, the staff-surgeon, said that it was ten to one that it would carry me off. I have not felt much of it since I left the East. This is where it used to be, just under the angle of the ribs."

"I can find the place," said I, after making a careful examination, but I am happy to tell you that the abscess has either been entirely absorbed, or has turned calcareous, as these solitary abscesses will. There is no fear of its doing you any harm now."

He seemed to be by no means overjoyed at the intelligence. "Things always happen so with me," he said moodily. "Now, if another fellow was feverish and delirious he would surely be in some danger; and yet you will tell me that I am in none. Look at this now," he bared his chest and showed me a puckered wound over the region of the heart. "That's where the jezail bullet of a billman went in. You would think that that was the right spot to settle a man; and yet what does it do but glance upon a rib, and go clean round and out at the back, without so much as penetrating what you medicos call the pleura. Did ever you hear of such a thing?"

"You were certainly born under a lucky star," I observed, with a smile.

"That's a matter of opinion," he answered, shaking his head. "Death has no terrors for me. If it will but come in some familiar form; but I confess that the anticipation of some strange, some preternatural form of death is very terrible and unnerving."

"You mean," said I, rather puzzled at his remark, "that you would prefer a natural death to a death by violence?"

"No, I don't mean that exactly," he answered. "I am too familiar with cold steel and lead to be afraid of either."

(To be continued.)

CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE great event of the week has been the arrival of the squadron and the reception of the Admiral and the officers. The citizens' ball in the Rink was a great success. There were over 400 people present. The ball was very nicely arranged. The Shakespearian buildings were utilised by Mr. Donnelly for the purpose of partitioning off part of the hall as a supper-room, and others of the castellated mansions were turned to good account on the occasion. The floor had been especially prepared, and although not quite "springy" enough for dancing, there were not many complaints. The officers turned up in large numbers, and their uniforms and the pretty dresses of the ladies made the scene very bright indeed. The supper was excellent. Some people complained that the price of the tickets was too high. But with a first-class supper and unlimited champagne thrown in, a guinea for a double ticket could scarcely be considered an exorbitant charge, even for a "popular" citizens' ball, for, as I heard a lady remark, "you see some of those young fellows can drink two or three bottles of champagne during the night." If this were true some people had little cause to grumble at their admission fee.

Towards morning the quality of the champagne was, as some disgusted connoisseurs expressed it, "low red." Doubtless the caterer thought that after supper-time the palates of the guests would not be so sensitive, or that they had already had their money's worth, and so substituted a less expensive "fizz." The Admiral and the officers appeared to enjoy themselves immensely, and they unanimously voted that the Christchurch ball was the pleasantest dance which they had enjoyed for many months.

On the day following the ball the city's gallant guests were entertained at a garden party given by Mrs. Leonard Harper, at her beautiful place at Riccarton. The Ham grounds are considered the finest in the vicinity of Christchurch, so the tars had a good opportunity of judging how beautiful a New Zealand home can be.

On Thursday afternoon large numbers of people went down from town to see the Orlando. The half-past two train was crowded. The excursionists, however, were disappointed. Upon their arrival at Lyttelton, just after one of the little steamers loaded with passengers and the steam tug with a select party on board had got outside the basin, a sudden storm arose, and prevented either craft from reaching the Orlando. Those who had gone in the launch got covered with

spray, and were almost blown off the deck. The tug went to the rescue of the launch, and the passengers on board of both were obliged to return to the pier without having boarded the gigantic ironclad, whose massive hull could be seen from the jetty, lying upon the water, just inside the heads.

This storm which spoiled the pleasure of the excursionists was, I was told, one of the fiercest which had swept over the harbour for some time. One moment the water was as calm as the water in a pond, the sky was blue, and the sun shining brightly, the next moment the sky was darkened with heavy clouds, the wind rose to a perfect hurricane, and the smooth water in the bay became as rough as a very stormy ocean. This, the residents of the Port said, was a real specimen of Lyttelton weather. If so, the Dunedin harbour has by no means a monopoly of the quality of being treacherous.

Things in Lyttelton looked quite lively last week. The presence of the men-of-war, the big Home boats, several Australian and coasting steamers, made the little seaport look as if the tide of prosperity had really turned towards our shores, as far as Lyttelton is concerned. For some time past, work, I believe, has been very plentiful in Port, and men have readily found employment about the wharves. It is satisfactory to find that there are places in which the usual condition of things—work for ten men, and fifteen to do it—does not exist.

A little book of poems, entitled "Colonial Couplets," has just been issued by Messrs. Simpson and Williams, of Christchurch. The poems have been written in partnership by Mr. G. P. Williams, and Mr. W. P. Reeves. The unpretentious little volume contains some exceedingly pretty and graceful verses, and will well repay perusal. Pathos and humour run hand in hand through the poems, which have the distinct colouring of New Zealand life. The literary partners, I think, divide the honours. Each by his contributions to the volume, has, I think, very fairly proved his claim to be considered a New Zealand poet.

I am very much pleased to find Mr. W. P. Reeves making his mark in the literary world. He is a very good fellow, and is one of the few Englishmen in Christchurch who is superior to race prejudices. His presence at the St. Patrick's banquet last year proved that pretty conclusively. He had much more to gain by staying away than by being present on that occasion. That he went there, regardless of whether he lost popularity or not by doing so, is, I think, a fact which should not be lost sight of, nor under-estimated by Irishmen. An action like that speaks more eloquently of a man's liberality than volumes of empty professions.

The departure of Bishop Moran for Europe has been the most prominent event which has taken place this week in Catholic circles in Canterbury. Many old friends of Dr. Moran in Christchurch, were anxious to see his Lordship, and to personally bid him God-speed. But a mistake arose as to the time at which the Kaikoura was to leave the wharf, hence, those who wished to see the Bishop off were disappointed. Thanks to a telegram from Dunedin, I reached Port in time to see the Bishop, and was delighted to see him looking so bright, and hopeful, and happy. He was accompanied as far as Lyttelton by his old and faithful friend, Archbishop Coleman, and Father Lynch.

Considering how closely the affections and the interests, temporal and eternal, of the Irish Catholics of this Colony are bound up in Dr. Moran, one can quite understand how it is that his people almost fear to see him depart upon his long journey. He appeared, however, to have no such fears for himself, and looked confidently forward to a speedy return. If all go well his Lordship expects to be back in New Zealand in six months.

About half-past five the Kaikoura got up steam and started on her voyage, bearing away as brave and as devoted a servant of his Master and as true-hearted a friend of those committed to his charge, as ever left his native land, or any other land, in obedience to the divine command to go forth and teach and preach the story of man's redemption. During the Bishop's stay in Lyttelton he, Father Coleman, and Father Lynch were the guests of Father Kichham. Canon Longman and Father Doyle went from town to see the Bishop and remain in port to see him off.

It will be very pleasing intelligence to Catholics throughout the Colony to learn from the Bishop's reply to the address of the Dunedin Catholic confraternities, that one of the objects of his Lordship's visit to Europe is, to obtain a staff of able professors for a high-class Catholic boys' school in Dunedin. Everyone with the interest of Catholic education at heart will most devoutly wish the Bishop success in this part of his mission. With a college for boys established in Dunedin, Dr. Moran might well consider his system of Catholic education complete. The temporary closing of the Waikari college has always been a source of deep regret to parents in the South Island. The prospect of its being re-opened next year will, I feel assured, be the cause of much joy to Catholic parents who desire to send their boys out into the world with a good education.

Appropos of Catholic schools, as it always gives me the very greatest pleasure to chronicle success on the part of our Catholic institutions in the colonies, it is pleasant to find that the Marist Brothers in Sydney evidently know how to cultivate the intellect of their pupils. I mentioned in my last letter that the Brothers' pupils beat all comers in the matriculation examination. I notice in a late number of the Sydney Freeman that a little lad of twelve years of age, who was educated at St. Francis' school, carried off one of the "Archbishop Vaughan memorial scholarships." This was the fifth of these scholarships won by St. Francis' school. As I said before, evidently the "Little Brothers of Mary" understand the art of putting knowledge into the brain boxes of the juveniles who attend their schools.

I last week described the last act in the Shakespearian Festival, but there was an epilogue. On the Monday morning following the close of the Shakespearian Festival, the scene in front of Mr. Longman's place of business was a rather animated one. Some evil-disposed persons circulated the rumour that there was a yawning deficit between the receipts and the expenditure at the Festival. That, in fact, the Festival treasury was in a state of emptiness. Quite a panic ensued amongst the army of employees and tradesmen who had accounts