

Leopold was looked upon by the august personages concerned, as a certain *futur* of one of the Prince of Wales's daughters. It is added that the failure of the hope was manifested by these august personages with even less disguise than might have been made by less exalted people. But all this is, of course, matter of gossip and, perhaps, idle speculation. Curiosity, meantime, is expressed as to the style of dress to be adopted by the Royal bride when she is emancipated from the control that has invariably arrayed her in similar costumes to those of her sisters. Is it not to be hoped there will be sufficient gallantry in Parliament to comply with the request for a Royal grant, and give the Princess enough money to gratify her emancipated tastes?

The visit of the Shah to England has been the occasion of an unusual stir in the great world of fashion. Among the principal fêtes given in his honour were a state ball at Buckingham Palace, a garden party at Marlborough House, and a command night at Covent Garden Theatre, each and all of which were of sparkling brilliancy. The ball, although carried out with great splendour, did not seem to have many attractions for his Majesty, who did not stay there very long, and, indeed, he is said to feel in some degree shocked at the low dresses of the ladies, which do not accord with his Eastern ideas of propriety. His Majesty's own attire is an object of envy to many fair dames from the magnificent jewels with which it is adorned. An emerald worn in the belt is especially wonderful from its size.—At the garden party the Scotch pipers took the Shah's fancy very much. It is desired in some quarters, dear, that he should form a large band of them in Persia, and employ, at a sufficient remuneration of course, all the available talent in that line to be secured in Great Britain. The Shah brought none of his wives to England with him this time, because, they say, last time those of them who accompanied him quarrelled, and had to be sent home. It, however, can hardly be the shrillness of their scolding that offends his Majesty's ears.—Nothing could exceed the brilliancy of the scenes at Covent Garden on the night he was there. There was a large attendance of the Royal Family, the Prince and Princess of Wales doing the especial honours of the occasion to the visitor. Her Royal Highness wore a dress of crimson and yellow brocade, with a blue velvet opera cloak, and was almost from head to foot a blaze of diamonds. The young Princesses were, as usual, all attired simply and alike, this time in white. The Shah, beside his numerous suite, is accompanied by a little boy of some five or six years old, a favourite whom he has adopted and whom he takes with him everywhere. The child is attired quite as splendidly as is his Royal patron. A great many stories are told of his droll behaviour.

Shirts are a good deal worn by girls out of doors, both white and coloured, those with little tucks being much affected. Petticoats are becoming scanty, and parasols show a tendency to grow small.

HETTIE.

CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE sensation of the hour here is Mr. "Evangelist" Sullivan, of whose revival services I before spoke. As everyone pretty well knows, this fellow claims to be the brother of the notorious pugilist. His story was that he had reached that pinnacle of distinction which all ranting "converts" claim to have reached, namely, that of having set all moral laws so much at defiance that even demons must have turned green with envy at witnessing such proficiency in the art of committing evil. When he had left in the Christian code no sound places in which he could make fresh breaches, Mr. Sullivan, according to his own account, became converted, and forthwith had a brand new heart given to him. Burning with zeal, he then yearned to be the means of causing others to become the happy owners of burnished up hearts. Fired with this desire, he set out upon his travels from Auckland, the scene of his conversion, and commenced to "do" New Zealand—evangelically, of course—and worked his way down to this city a couple of weeks ago. Here he was received with open arms as a very fine "brand" indeed, over the rescue of which there was much rejoicing. His welcome by the Presbyterian body was especially warm. In St. Paul's, the leading Presbyterian church in Christchurch he gave a mission, and drew crowds. Ladies young and old, went to hear him, and came away charmed with the fervour, fine voice, and good looks of the dashing "convert." Everything was working splendidly for Sullivan. His popularity was daily increasing. The churches were competing as to which should have the broad-viewed and broad-shouldered white-washed "great sinner" next. He had not pinned himself down to one sect, and so could go the rounds of every church where there were dollars to rake in, and he was gathering in the dollars finely, though, of course, filthy lucre had nothing to do with his vigorous proclamation of the glorious news. Just as fortune seemed to have placed the ball at the feet of the "reformed atheist," up came fate in the shape of an actor who had been chums with the "evangelist" on the "other side," and ruthlessly kicked it away. Subsequent to the actor's arrival in this city, rumours began to get afloat about Sullivan, and it began to be said that he was not Sullivan at all but that his name was Arthur Clampet, and he had come out to Sydney as a swimmer, that he had at one time been a Catholic priest, etc. In short, grave doubts were cast upon the genuineness of his accounts, both past and present, concerning himself. At this stage an intermeddling journalist got on his track and interviewed him as to his past career. Mr. Sullivan deemed it prudent to be very close as to that. Like Iago he resolved to pin his faith to silence as to his antecedents, so far as his early life was concerned. He was frankness itself in regard to the legitimacy of his claims to be a great sinner, and freely confessed that in that respect he had left the enemy of mankind nothing further to desire. In proof of the fact that his life had not been passed in drawing-rooms, he exhibited to his interviewer the marks of stabs on the backs of his hands, a scar on his ear, and a broken jaw bone. I have heard an old Texan say that those stabs on the

backs of the hands are very much like the brands of battle the persons who wrongfully seek to seize the pool at a card party in his part of the globe usually bear away with them as a reminder of their dishonesty. Anyhow the stabs are there. (Whether in his unregenerate days Mr. Sullivan did seek to grab the stakes or not I cannot say. He does, however, seem to keep a pretty steady eye on the "pool" in the churches, and takes care to get the lion's share. His actor friend emphatically states that Sullivan is a *nom de* "mission" assumed for effect, and further says that Sullivan or Clampet expressed his determination in Auckland to make New Zealand keep him. The "conversion" dodge is his mode of putting that laudable plan in practice. Christchurch has seconded him capitally, and has been "keeping" him in clover. He has been lodging with a well-known clergyman, and is netting a handsome sum. After all the stories that have been circulated about the great "convert," and especially after direct charges against his veracity which appeared in one of the evening papers about him, there is an "uneasy" feeling in town about his genuineness. In appearance he is a black-haired, swarthy-complexioned man. His eyes are dark; his forehead broad; his nose straight, and his mouth small and shaded with a black moustache which is all the beard he wears; he is massively built; his expression is most resolute; his neck is short and thick. There is certainly nothing very spiritual-looking about him. His photos, exhibiting him in various pugilistic poses, are about the town. From these photos, I should think that even his most ardent admirers must conclude that their idol lacks the possession of two very eminent Christian virtues—modesty and humility. Somehow, as one looks at him and his disgusting-looking photos, one is reminded of the veiled prophet, and one can picture his satiric mirth at the credulity of the gulls whom he is befooling. The whole business of Sullivan's "mission" would be simply amusing were it not for the reflection that it is this kind of thing which brings religion into contempt. Any hypocritical swaddler who comes along with the name of the Redeemer of mankind upon his impure lips is taken by the hand, and petted and pampered, and set upon a pedestal to be worshipped by people whose shoes he is not fit to tie, while he ladles out to them his vile reminiscences of a vile life mixed up with the Gospel. It is little wonder that in such exhibitions the unthinking, scoffing individual finds abundant food for his jeers at Christianity.

I was not wrong, after all, in my surmise that the new parish priest of Lyttelton was to come from Ahaura. It is not Father Bowers, however, but Father Laverty, whose arrival in the Colony I chronicled some months ago. Father Laverty is sure to become very popular at Lyttelton. He is a young man of very unassuming manner, but promises to become an excellent speaker. He is imbued with a very fervent attachment to his native land. Next to being a good priest, that is, I think, the best that can be said of any Irish priest. Like his predecessor, Father Kickham, he is, I think, a priest of All Hallows, and that should be another recommendation to the favour of his parishioners. I most heartily congratulate Father Laverty upon his promotion.

The band concert was very well attended. The audience would probably have been larger only for the Musical Society's concert in the Rink occurring upon the same night. The stage manager at the band concert did not exercise quite sufficient care in providing stage properties. However the whole affair went off very well indeed. The performances of the band were much appreciated. The members are evidently progressing under Mr. Mohr's instruction. Miss Pender's singing was, as it always is, a treat. The band should choose the time for their concerts better. The date is a little too soon after the Brothers concert, and owing to the reason which I have stated the night was not well chosen.

Brother Damien, I am glad to say, is convalescent. The horse has not killed him this time.

The performance of "The Ancient Mariner" by the Musical Society was a great success. Coleridge's weird poem, was wedded to appropriate music, which was very fairly interpreted by the Society. The Rink is wholly unsuited for concerts. It is a wretchedly cold great barrack of a place with draughts through every inch of space in the hall. The audience must have felt as shivery as the Ancient Mariner himself.

Nothing further has been done I think in regard to the reception of the Delegates. Mr. Winter's inexplicable silence has placed the committee at a disadvantage.

I was in Mr. Lonargan's new shop on Saturday—at least I explored the ground floor. There were over a hundred men at work. The rhythmic sound of the hammers falling on the timber, though somewhat deafening, was not altogether unpleasant.

On Sunday next devotions will be opened to the Sacred Heart at Rangiora. At eleven o'clock Mass on Sunday, Father Cummings requested every one to do their best to promote the devotions of the Apostleship of Prayer.

His Lordship the Bishop is giving a series of lectures on Sunday evenings on the Sacrament of Penance.

Confirmation will be administered by the Bishop in the Cathedral on Rosary Sunday. Candidates for the Sacrament must prepare and send in their names to the priests or Brothers.

Father Cummings said on Sunday that a great many converts to the Church had been made during the past year.

I have not heard how the Darfield presbytery is progressing, but I should think it is about time that the last nail was driven home in it.

Mrs. Delia Parnell, the Irish leader's mother, will be 73 years old the third day of February, 1890.

The Czar of Russia refuses to permit the young Prince Philip of Hohenlohe to accept his portion of the estate of his deceased uncle, Prince Wittgenstein. This decision of the Czar causes intense irritation in Berlin, for although Prince Philip has become a Russian by naturalisation, he is the son of Prince Hohenlohe, the German Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, and the Czar's action is felt to be a blow aimed at Germany and the Germans, the more especially as the claim of the young Prince was vigorously supported by Prince Bismarck.