

AUCKLAND.

(From our own correspondent.)

The news of a dangerous accident having occurred ECCLESIASTICAL to the Very Rev. Father Adalbert Sullivan, O.S.B., was received by the Roman Catholic community here with much sorrow. It will be remembered that Father Sullivan left Auckland for Sydney a little while ago to assist in the consecration of St. Mary's Cathedral, the newly-erected cathedral there. Whilst staying at St. John's College, Camperdown, he was going out of his room one evening—and having to pass downstairs through the dark, the way not being lighted for the night—he turned in the wrong direction and fell, and after having dropped over the banisters, struck the ground some eight or nine feet distance below. This tremendous shock naturally had great effect, and the consequence is that his right hip and thigh are perfectly powerless, being as it were paralysed. He suffers much pain, and fears that three months' time will elapse before he can again get about. Archbishop Vaughan, at whose invitation Father Sullivan left for Sydney, and other kind friends, have paid every heed to the good Father's wants. The Rev. Father Walter Macdonald received further intelligence by yesterday's mail that the patient was progressing favourably, but that he was still weak and suffering pain. This accident will in a measure interfere with the carrying out of our soirée. The tickets have been printed and are rapidly going off, but we fear that the purpose for which the gathering was started will not be able to be proceeded with in its entirety. God is merciful, and we may have Father Sullivan here in time after all. Let us hope so.—We had quite a treat in the shape of a sermon from a visitor, in the Rev. Father Cesary. Father Cesary belongs to Hindostan, and is high in the Church in that country. He is also a native of the soil, and has the complexion of the Hindostanees. It was quite a novelty to hear Mass from one such as he, but truly a treat to listen to his sermon. His style is vivacious, his utterance clear and decided, and his arguments lucid and convincing.—In one of my former letters I stated that the Rev. Father Luck, O.S.B., the brother of our already appointed Bishop, had now taken the place of the Very Rev. Father Sullivan, O.S.B., during the absence of the latter. I should have mentioned that Father Luck was performing the duties of the absent one for the time being. You must know that the Rev. Father Cuthbert Downey, O.S.B., is the head of St. Benedictine Order stationed here, and that he is beloved by all. It is astonishing to notice the difference in, of late years, and the strides our Catholic community has taken. This is no doubt owing to the presence of the Benedictine Order in our midst. Now we have three parishes. The parish of St. Mary's is presided over by the Very Rev. Father Fynes, Vicar Capitular, and next the parish of St. Patrick, by the Rev. Father Walter Macdonald and assistants, and then the Benedictine Order, under the Rev. Father Cuthbert Downey, O.S.B., control the St. Benedict's parish and all the parishes around about the suburbs.—A copy of the pastoral letter which I referred to in my last I now forward. I would have given the gist of it earlier only that I could not clearly distinguish the words as read from the altar. You will see that good reports as to the faithful of our city have reached Bishop Luck.

THE BISHOP OF AUCKLAND'S FIRST PASTORAL.

THE following pastoral has been read in the churches of the diocese:—

John Edmund, of the Order of St Benedict, by the Grace of God, and the favour of the Holy Apostolic See, Bishop of Auckland.—To the Clergy, secular and regular, and the faithful of the said diocese, health and benediction in the Lord.—Dear Reverend Brethren and Beloved Children in Jesus Christ,—Although unable, through want of time, to address our beloved flock in a manner at all commensurate with the occasion, we cannot refrain, on this the day of our episcopal consecration, from manifesting, in at least a few words, the earnestness and warmth of the sentiments of our heart, our earnest and keen interest in the welfare of the portion of Christ's fold committed to us by His Vicar on earth, our beloved church of Auckland, which, in the language of tradition, is the Bride, whom it is our honourable duty to cherish, to love, and to serve during the remainder of our life. Our trust and consolation is the conviction of the superior worth and capability of our beloved clergy, secular and regular, many of whom are so well known to us, and whose tried virtue and zeal are both our confusion and our glory. Then, again, the reports that have reached us of the faith and devotedness of the laity of our diocese are to us a foundation of a well-grounded confidence that their fidelity to their religion will be proof against all perils, and that their endeavours to attain the one thing necessary will be constant and preserving. Our heart, in the language of the apostle, yearns towards you, and though the half of the earth's circumference at present divides us, our heart is with you; our interests are all centred in yours. Whilst, therefore, we recommend ourselves to your prayers, that we may be faithful to the grace which has been given this day, by the imposition of hands, that we may be changed into another man, that we may be the true father of our flock, let us in turn exhort you, to further your real interests by steadfastness in the unchanging and unchangeable principles of your faith, in assiduity, in prayer, and the frequenting of the sacraments and the performance of all good works. We shall doubtless look for and ask for co-operation in the many good works a young and vigorous Church demands, in order to promote and secure its well being: but our confidence falters not, as we have the assurance of your co-operation. Our work is mutual, our labour must be mutual, and the result—the grand result—will be the furtherance of God's honour and glory, which, at the same time, is our mutual sanctification in this world, and eternal happiness in the

next. Oh! my beloved children in Jesus Christ, such is our first exhortation to you. Such, also, will be our constant prayer—our one anxiety in the future. May it be the consolation of our dying bed to know that our desires and our efforts have been successful in your behalf! On the occasion of our interview with the ruler of the Universal Church, His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., our first thought was to implore his special blessing on our flock, and this it will be our privilege to impart to you on our arrival amongst you.—Given at Ramsgate, from St. Augustine's Priory, on Sunday, August 13, 1882, being the fourth day within the octave of St. Lawrence, and the day of our episcopal consecration, and appointed to be read in all the churches of the diocese on the first Sunday of October, 1882.—† JOHN EDMUND, Bishop of Auckland.

RICH RELATIONS.

MOST people occupy—or at least believe that they occupy—a middle place in the social scale. Above them lies wealth of all gradations, and below them lies comparative and even absolute poverty. They have their rich relations and their poor relations, and if there were an equality in the constitution of the human mind, they might find one set counterbalance the other. But there is no such equality. It happens that we are all much more addicted to grumble than to be gratified, and so it comes to pass that we do not take out of our rich relations at all the same proportion of benefits that we should, considering how our poor ones afflict us. The latter are a care and an anxiety. They are even—as Charles Lamb puts it—an impertinence. Kinship requires of us that we should recognise them, but it is scarcely our will that consents to recognise their poverty. Conscience assists, or compels, us to discharge what—if the relations are not themselves attractive—is at best a disagreeable duty. And in the discharge of that duty it is not the relieving of their wants, but the admission of their kinship that is so onerous. We can forgive them for being poor, but we cannot forgive them for being cousins.

We suffer from our poor relations, but we scarcely get proportionate comfort from our rich ones. It is true, if there is a title in the family, it casts a lustre over all, but then the family is ennobled quite as much as the individual. The person who happens to be the head of it has the title, but the whole family enjoy a kind of reflected nobility. Riches, however, are personal and distinct, and relationship to wealth is cold comfort, except for the purposes of boasting. Indeed one of the good things that are lost in the nineteenth century is that proverbial "rich uncle," so constantly met with in the drama and in three-volumed novels at country libraries. The type seems to have quite disappeared.

Even in the world of the dramatist there is a distinction always made between a rich uncle and a rich aunt. The dramatist seeks to hold the mirror up to nature, and the feminine nature seems not to be seen at all to so much advantage in the looking glass. The rich uncle has a kind of feudal feeling for his relatives. He may indulge it in secret, like the testator in the Probate Court, or he may return from India weighted down with rupees and benevolence. But in either case he will consider those who bear his own name and even in his celibacy be a family man. With the dramatic aunt it is otherwise. And as she is in the drama so she is also in real life. She has an admiration for a popular preacher or a public institution. She would find a home for lost dogs or decayed monkeys, and in fact, she has much more tendency to originality than her Indian brother. If she recognises relations in her testamentary disposition she is prone to do most for the relatives of whom she knows least, partly, perhaps, because she has a poor opinion of human nature, and partly, from a perversity that is said, by those who study her sex, to belong to it. But her ways are, if not inscrutable, at least incalculable. Old Miss Crawley admired Rawdon and despised Sir Pitt. Moreover, Rawdon was just the man that such a woman would admire—stupid frank, heavy, soldierly, honest. Sir Pitt, on the other hand, was not the kind of character that Miss Crawley could have fancied. And yet it was to Sir Pitt that the money in the end went, and poor Rawdon was stranded. But if the reader remembers Vanity Fair, he will remember the use Becky Sharp made of Miss Crawley, and he will see the one point in which rich relatives answer all expectations. The poor relations can trade on them. The relationship cannot be denied. The fact is too stubborn to be disputed. Becky explained to her wondering and puzzled husband that if the money was not left to him, his case was very nearly as good if people thought it was left to him. But here, again, our century is strangely upsetting the established order of things. It is a century in which men make money and spend it, rather than one in which they inherit it. It is a century in which there are few eldest sons, in which property is distributed evenly amongst all children, in which the distinctions between "the branch" and the other branches are not very clearly observed. In a word, it is a century in which we seem to have plenty of poor relations and very few rich ones.—Globe.

A writer to the *Scientific American* says: "We clean our premises of the detestable vermin, rats, by making whitewash yellow with copperas and covering the stones and rafters with it. In every crevice in which a rat may go we put the crystals of the copperas, and scatter in the corner of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a footfall of either rats and mice has been heard around the house. Every spring a coat of yellow-wash is given the cellar as a purifier, as a rat exterminator, and no typhoid, dysentery or fever attacks the family. Many persons delicately attract all the rats in the neighbourhood by leaving the fruits and vegetables uncovered in the cellar, and sometimes even the soap is left open for their regalement. Cover up everything eatable in the cellar and pantry and you will soon starve them out. These precautions, joined to the service of a good cat, will prove as good a rat exterminator as the chemist can provide. We never allow rats to be poisoned in our dwelling. They are apt to die between the walls and produce much annoyance."