

deserved the enthusiastic reception which they received on their return home on Thursday.

The latest move in the way of amusements is the Sunday concert, which have just been inaugurated here, and have the effect of materially lessening the congregations in some churches. Evidently the stage has a far greater effect than the pulpit on the minds of our young colonials.

The new school at St Mary's is growing up rapidly, and the faithful are exhorted to make a small sacrifice and not allow it to stand in debt.

As the coming winter is expected to be a severe one, energetic steps are being taken to re-organise the Society of St Vincent de Paul in St Mary's parish, in order to relieve the distress which usually accompanies the severe weather.

The Association of the Apostleship of Prayer has received an impetus from the Redemptorist Fathers at St Mary's. At the close of the mission there some hundreds were enrolled. Friday being the first Friday of the month the monthly meetings will be commenced on that day.

Father Burke and Father Mangan left for Sydney on Wednesday last amid one of the heaviest downpours of rain that has been experienced here for many years. The streets were submerged in many places and the water flowed into shops and dwelling houses.

Father Plunkett and Father Shearman open a mission at Geraldine this week, and will return here and probably remain a few days prior to their departure for Sydney.

A wedding took place at the pro-Cathedral on Thursday, 29th, the contracting parties being Mr W. Hoban, a well-known and popular barrister of this city, and Mrs Kerr of the Chatham Islands. The ceremony was performed by Very Rev Father Cummings, V.G.

N A P I E R.

(From our own Correspondent.

March 27th, 1894.

At St Mary's Catholic Church on Good Friday Mass was celebrated at nine o'clock, and a procession inside the Church took place, the different confraternities taking part. The Very Rev Father Grogan preached a most pathetic sermon, many people in the sacred building being moved to tears. In the evening Stations of the Cross were held.

On Easter Sunday morning the church was packed at 7 o'clock, when Mass was celebrated by the Rev Father Kerrigan. The greater part of those present received Holy Communion. At 10.30 Mass was again held, the Very Rev Father Grogan being the celebrant, assisted by Father Kerrigan as deacon, and a student from Meaneve Seminary as sub-deacon. The church was decorated in a manner worthy of the feast. The choir, under the direction of Mr Sheath, sang Haydn's 'First Mass.' In the evening "O Salutaris" was sung by Mr Sheath, and "Tantum Ergo" by that gentleman and Mr Madigan. From the text "He is risen," Father Grogan preached an excellent sermon. The good Father has seldom been heard to better advantage than on Good Friday and Easter Sunday evening.

I regret to have to record the death of the Rev Father Kerrigan's mother, who died in Ireland. The Very Rev Father Grogan referred on Sunday to the loss his co-worker had sustained, and said that a solemn Requiem Mass would be offered up for the repose of the soul of the deceased lady at as early date as possible, when the choir would be asked to give their assistance.

A peculiar matter was referred to by Dean Howell at St John's Cathedral on Easter Sunday morning. He said that some person had the night before, or early that morning, without consulting the authorities, placed two brass candlesticks behind the holy table. The Dean was very wrath that such a thing should have been done. But really I don't see that very great harm was done by the incident referred to, especially when it is a fact that the cathedral is in many respects similar to a Catholic church, so much so that I am sure a stranger taking a view of the inside would be led to believe that it was a Catholic church. Then, again, the dean himself is very High Church. However, the authorities thought it was becoming too much like the Church of Rome, and the candlesticks ("ornaments," as the dean designated them) had to be removed in full view of the congregation. This being done, the good people were able to compose themselves and resume their devotions.

Forty medals and seventy diplomas have been awarded by the World's Fair Commissioners to the Catholic schools in the New York Archdiocese.

MYERS AND CO., Dentists, Otago, corner of George street. The guarantee highest class work at moderate fees. Their artificial teeth give general satisfaction, and the fact of them supplying a temporary denture while the gums are healing does away with the inconvenience of being months without teeth. They manufacture a single artificial tooth for Ten Shillings, and sets equally moderate. The administration of nitrous oxide gas is also a great boon to those needing the extraction of a tooth. Read—[ADVT.]

MRS CALAP GOES TO SEE MRS MILLS.

AND it was not for an hour's chat over a cup of tea that she went to see her, but on a much more serious matter. For Mrs Mills had been quoted in the newspapers as having said something which might be of importance to Mrs Calap, and also to others. Now the newspapers print so many things that nobody can make head or tail of, that Mrs Calap thought the only sure way was to go and see Mrs Mills and ask her if it was true what was said. What Mrs Mills told her is contained in the annexed statement made about a year afterwards.

"I, Jane Calap, of 3, Vincent Street, York Road, Leeds, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:—

"In the early part of November, 1887, I fell into a low, weak state. I was tired, languid and weary and felt as if something had come over me. All my bones ached and I had so much pain that I did not know where to put myself. I was constantly vomiting, sometimes a green, bitter fluid came away, at other times frothy water. I had a dull, heavy pain at the right side, the whites of my eyes were a yellow colour, and my skin was sallow as if I had the jaundice. I had an awful taste in the mouth, my tongue and teeth being covered with slime so thick that I had to scrape it away. My appetite fell away, and after eating the simplest and lightest food I had so much pain that it nearly killed me. I had always great pain and weight at my chest and through to my back, also a gnawing sinking sensation at the pit of my stomach. I was greatly troubled with wind which rolled all over me, and gave me so much pain it was like spasms, for I could not straighten myself. I gradually got weaker and weaker, and felt so weak and exhausted that I could scarcely drag myself along. As time went on I wasted away until I got as thin as a match, and could barely walk across the floor. I felt so downhearted that I used to say I shall never get better any more in this world. I took all sorts of medicines, but finding myself getting worse I got a recommendation to the Leeds Infirmary, where I was attended to by several doctors, who gave me medicines which I took month after month, but I got no better. The doctors sounded my chest and lungs, and seemed puzzled with my sufferings, for they frequently changed my medicine. Getting no better I next went to the Dispensary in North street, and persevered taking their medicines, but it was all to no purpose. I now gave up taking physic for I had lost all faith in it, and my sufferings continued until January, 1891, when I heard a neighbour of mine, Mrs Ann Mills, 40, Bread street, having been cured (after the doctors had given her up) by a medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I went with my daughter to see Mrs Mills, who told me that Seigel's Syrup had saved her life, and would do me good. I got a bottle of the medicine, and after taking a few doses I felt relief. I continued with the Syrup, and after taking three bottles all the pain left me, my food agreed with me and I gradually gained strength. I can now take any kind of food and never feel any distress and am as strong as ever I was. After my recovery a lady customer of mine said to me, 'Mrs Calap, whatever have you been taking, for you do look so well.' I told her, as I tell everyone, that Seigel's Syrup has made me a new woman, and but for it I should not be alive. I wish others to know of the benefit I have derived from the medicine, and I give full permission to the proprietors to use this statement as they may think fit, and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true. By virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declaration Act, 1835 (Will. IV. c. 62.)

"Declared before me at Leeds this
 "25th day of January, 1892.
 "(Signed) ALF COOKE J.P.
 "Ex Mayor of Leeds." (Signed) JANE CALAP.

The public may remember the account of Mrs Mills' illness and recovery, published some time ago. We are glad that Mrs Calap heard of it and went straight to that lady herself for the information she wanted. The visit resulted just as might have been expected. Both our good friends had suffered from the same disease, indigestion and dyspepsia, and the remedy which cured in the first case was equally successful in that of her neighbour. No wonder Mrs Calap had lost all faith in physic, and is Mother Seigel's Syrup were "physic," we should not look for people to have faith in it either. But it is a remedy, not "physic." It doesn't upset and digest, it soothes and heals. Men fall ill, to be sure, but women bear most of the pain in this sad world, and when once acquainted they and 'Mother Seigel are 'ever' the best of friends,' like Joe and Pife in Dickens' story.

The death is announced of Mr George Robinson, of Skibbereen, one of the oldest magistrates in the County of Cork, in his eighty-first year. Mr Robinson was at Oxford College with Mr Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, and Cardinal Newman. He was a member of the Irish Bar, and possessed considerable landed property in the County of Cork.

Says Grant Allen in the February Review of Reviews:—John Tyndall was an Irishman. Much of his history is explained by that illuminating fact. The Celt was strong in him. People forget too often how much Ireland contributes to the general life of our complex nationality. How many Englishmen are aware, I wonder, that Lord Kelvin (Sir William Thomson), Lord Wolesey, Professor Bryce, Oscar Wilde, Comyns Carr, Harry Furness, Lord Dufferin—to take a few names at random out of many that occur to me—are every one of them Irishmen. You will find scores of Irishmen bearing English names and boasting an English origin, who are nevertheless as Celtic as the M'Carthy's or the O'Donoghues. How could it well be otherwise? Mothers count in heredity for just as much as fathers; and members of English households, which have settled in Ireland, and intermarried with Irish women, become in a few generations, as Gerald the Welebsman (whom we absurdly call Giraldus Cambrensis) long ago remarked, "more Irish than the Irish"—"Ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores."