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ALL CHARGES ON LOWEST SCALE.

"Dear, dear," said the boy, commiseratingly. "Sure you'd better come home home to my mother for what's left of the night. We're Irish-like yourself, and you'd be safe with-us, ma'am; and it's more than you'd be outside the dock gates."

He assisted her to her feet very carefully, and Mary thought to herself in all her stupefaction, that he must have a mother he was in the habit of seeing after. He lifted her bundle still watching her with the same anxious gaze. Mary leaned on his shoulder, and they proceeded by very slow stages toward the rest and shelter she desired so eagerly; for she felt very cold and tired.

Mrs Nolan lived inside the docks. Her husband had been a dock watchman, and had been greatly esteemed for his honesty and attention to duty. So when he walked off the dock wall one night in a dense fog, the directors gave his widow a little cottage within the dock gates and took on her Joe, fourteen years of age, for various odd jobs. He assisted at the unloading of cargo; but the men, who fell kindly toward their dead comrade's boy, took care not to task his strength unduly—a necessary precaution, for Joe was eager to work, and would willingly have strained himself in his good will. There were three or four little ones to be provided for, and he was the only wage earner; so Mrs Nolan had often a hard time enough—though she did little jobs of washing and sewing for the men, to earn a little money.

However, Joe and his mother were quite content with their lot. Mrs Nolan was a simple Irish peasant, who had never ceased to be horrified at the speech and behaviour of the women she met with after she had married and come to Liverpool. The men, however, rough as they were, had more grace to respect her almost childish innocence. So after Patrick was gone, and she removed into the docks, she came to look on her little cottage as a haven of refuge. Of course there were snorting engines and wide basins of water to be feared for Phelim and Hugh, and, but then, they were old-fashioned quiet children, with no taste for adventure; and when she had left them in a little lean-to shed at the back of the cottage with their broken bits of crockery to play shop, she was pretty sure they would not wander. Mrs Nolan's experience of her own kind in Liverpool had been such that the high dock walls seemed to her safety from sin and shame; and in her little house she set up her crucifix, a statue of the Holy Virgin, and her holy water font, and felt as if she were in Ireland again.

The children were in bed, and she was sitting by the fire this night, waiting for Joe. It was something of a trouble to her that her little boy had to work so late and so incessantly, and had to give up his schooling at which he was doing well. She had a bit of food under a hot plate by the fire, and a small table drawn up to it. Joe was a little later than he often was, but his mother was not anxious. She knew how wise and careful he was, and could trust him.

Presently there came his voice and tap at the door, noisier than usual; for he never forgot that he must not wake the little ones.

Mrs Nolan stepped to the door and opened it, then started aghast. "Glory to God, Joe!" she said, "who have you got with you?"

Joe assisted Mary inside, and then said: "Only a poor soul I found wandering round the docks by her lone self. She came off the Persia to-night and fainted in the docks, and there was no one to see to her. So when I found her I brought her home to you."

"You're kindly welcome, ma'am," said Mrs Nolan, helping her guest to a chair by the fire, into which Mary sank exhausted. And then the kindly woman hustled about to get her something warm to drink. The hot tea revived Mary, who soon sat spreading out her feeble hands to the blaze. She was pleasantly conscious of the warmth and shelter, and looked around appreciatively at the clean little house with its religious emblems, that recalled Killelooney village long ago in the morning of her life.

"I'll be moving on in the morning," she said. "I'm on my way to Ireland, and I'm grateful to you for the night's shelter, and the kindness of yourself and your boy."

Mrs Nolan looked at her pityingly. She did not think her guest would be able to travel by morning, but she replied cheerfully that it was a very good and pleasant thing to be going home to Ireland.

Presently, when Mary began to nod in the firelight, she partially undressed her and put her to sleep in the bed beside the fire—in the warm place at her own side vacated by little Hugh, whom Joe took in for the night. After they were in bed, Mrs Nolan lay awake looking at the flickering shadows from the driftwood fire cast upon the ceiling. She had some anxious thoughts about the woman beside her, who looked so ill and worn. She seemed too poor to be able to pay for her keep, though she had spoken of going on to Ireland, and the Nolans could ill afford another inmate. However, Mrs Nolan was comforted, thinking of the night the Mother of God was refused a shelter at the inns of Bethlehem.

"I'll keep her in God's name," she thought, "if the poor soul is going to fall sick on my hands, as seems more than likely, He won't let the children suffer."

(To be concluded.)

N A P I E R.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

August 12, 1895.

THE large-seating accommodation of St Patrick's Church was taxed to its utmost capacity last evening (Sunday, August 11), large numbers of all denominations attending to hear the Rev Father Grogan give the second portion of his lecture on the "Union of the Churches." A lengthy report of the first part was published in the *Evening News* a fortnight ago and awakened much interest in the subject, hence the crowding of the church. The Rev Father, who is specially well-read in the subject, took his text from St John, x, 16: "And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring; and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd," and, after explaining the text said, said one of the many charges brought against the Catholic Church was her aggressiveness. If taken in the sense of earnestness in the fulfilment of the duty of fidelity to the commission given her to "Go and teach all nations," the charge was true—the Catholic Church did not deny it. Such was the mission given to it. "I will give the Gentiles for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possessions." He was with this aggressiveness—that the faith was brought from Rome into Britain as early as the year, 180 A.D.; that the same spiritual head, in the year 596, sent St Augustine and forty monks to Britain. The Rev Father then showed how from these early times of Catholicity that nation was one of the gems in the crown of the Catholic Church. This was particularly true from the time of Alfred the Great, called in history the Legislator, Historian and Poet, as well as the builder of monasteries and convents. In 1877 there were in England and Wales 14,000 parish churches, 645 monasteries, besides convents, 90 colleges, 110 hospitals, or houses of retreat or entertainment. At that time there were no gaols, no refuges for old men and women (which are now eyesores to so many in Christian England), and no poor rates. The same belief and the same practices reigned throughout the land, and all was peace and happiness, England then being known by the title of "The island of saints and the dowry of Mary." There were men who were at present moving heaven and earth to prove that England never was a Catholic country, and that the Pope never had any jurisdiction in Britain, notwithstanding the weight of historical evidence against them. There were others who told us that all churches are branches of the Christian Church, but they forget to tell us where the main trunk is to be found. The separation of the churches commenced in the self-appointment of Henry VIII to the head of the Church in England. Henry, prior to his divorce from Catherine, was a most devoted member of the Catholic Church, and Pope Leo X was so pleased with his services in writing a book denouncing Luther (who at that time was organising a crusade against the Catholic Church in Germany) that he conferred upon him the title "Fidei Defensor" (Defender of the Faith). At that time there was only one faith—the Catholic. This title was used by the English sovereign up to the present day. After Henry denounced the faith the properties of the monasteries and convents were confiscated and handed over to the friends of the king, who even

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