

her heartfelt thanks to her many friends for the kindness shown during the late Mr Gillespie's illness and since his demise.—*R.I.P.*

As your readers are aware, from a recent Timaru letter, there has been a revival among Hibernians in Temuka, and I am pleased to say the affair promises to be a success. After thirty signatures of those willing to join had been obtained, an invitation was given to the officers of the Timaru branch to attend a meeting in Temuka, with the view of giving necessary explanation, on Thursday evening (5th inst), when Bros M. F. Dennehy, M. Mullins, Thomas Sheehy, J. McKenna, J. P. McGowan, E. Venning, J. Feeley, M. Fitzgerald, P. Kane, and J. Cunningham drove out from Timaru to throw spirit into the meeting, which was a large one, and proved also an enthusiastic one. Mr Dennehy was voted to the chair, and in a masterly manner explained the advisability of starting a branch of the Hibernian Society, its advantages and benefits, and read the rules of special importance. Mr Dennehy relieved his matter with an occasional profusion of humour, which was much appreciated. After several questions had been answered, and each of the Timaru officers had addressed a few words to the meeting, the customary petition to the District Board, which had been kindly drawn up by Mr Dennehy, was signed. It was resolved that "St Joseph's branch" should be the name by which the branch will be called. Mr J. Polaschek, at the chairman's suggestion, consented to act as secretary, *pro tem*. A hearty vote of thanks to Mr Dennehy and the visiting brethren was carried by acclamation. The branch, ere long, promises to be a very strong one, and the promoters desire to specially thank the young men for the hearty manner in which they have taken up the project. After the meeting the assemblage adjourned to Mrs McCallum's, where a repast had been prepared. After lunch, Mr Dennehy, in his well-known dramatic style, recited "Fontenoy," and Messrs McKenna, McAuliffe, and Polaschek each gave a song. The visitors returned well satisfied with the hospitality of their Temuka friends.

I am sorry to have to announce the removal from Temuka to Havelock of Constable E. Egan. Constable Egan has been in Temuka for about seven years, and during that time he has earned for himself by his uprightness and perfect conception of his duties, the goodwill, esteem, and respect of all with whom he came in contact. No one under the discharge of such disciplinary duties as fall to the lot of "the man in the force" could have gained more universal respect as Constable Egan had done. He has also created for himself a name for bravery, as it will be remembered the constable rescued the late Mr Mulhern from being burnt to death in the Royal Hotel fire. For his brave conduct Constable Egan was awarded the Humane Society's bronze medal. On the 5th March a social in his honour was held in the Volunteer Hall, which was a very representative one, Mr M. Quinn occupying the chair. The speakers all bore testimony of Constable Egan's sterling worth. I am sure all will heartily join me in wishing Constable Egan and his family every success. The removal, I might mention, is a promotion.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM NUNS IN JOHANNESBURG.

SISTERS OF NAZARETH IN THE TRANSVAAL.

The Mother General of the Sisters of Nazareth, Hammersmith, London, received the following letter from one of her community in Johannesburg. The Sisters of Nazareth, we may mention, do similar work to the Little Sisters of the Poor.

Nazareth House, Johannesburg, January 6, 1896.

My Dearest Mother-General,—We have great anxieties at present here, and I am sure you are anxious, too. You will be surprised to hear that we had to leave our house as the English soldiers have their camp in Yeoville, quite close to it. At 7 p.m. on Wednesday the Colonel sent a message to say that we would have to house about 500 men that night, but not to be alarmed as officers were appointed to keep perfect order. Fortunately, the ground floor of the new building was not yet occupied by us, so they took possession of it. Nothing could exceed the kindness and respect the officers and soldiers showed the poor and us. We were all well provided for from the officers' mess. On Thursday morning I got an order to take the Sisters and children out of the house at once, so as to have them in town in less than half-an-hour, as a troop of Boers were seen coming to Yeoville. You can picture the hurry and excitement. The poor old people and children were very frightened. We were anxious, but knew God would take care of His poor. The English army provided carriages and men to take us away. We left with much reluctance our beautiful home, but Father de Lacy, O.M.I., is remaining in it to take care of it. We are at present in the old convent near the church, and are well provided with everything. The Boers, however, retreated without firing, thank God. The Governor of Cape Colony is at present in Pretoria with the hope of making peace. The general opinion is that he will be successful. I

trust so, for both Boers and Zethan'ers are good to us, but the principal members of the National Union are our greatest friends, viz.—Colonel Rhodes, Messrs Lionel Philips, St John Carr, Abel Bailey, and others, who gave us the first donations to the new house. The Sisters and poor are quite well; the former very brave and cheerful, but the poor children often cry to go home. I met one of the chief officers who was in our house the other day, and I told him we felt it hard to be turned out of the house. He said he was sure we would be well compensated for it. We trust it may be so, and that part of the debt will be paid off—that would be worth a little privation, and cause less anxiety to you, dear mother. I would have wired to D'Urban for Mother Provincial to come, but heard that travelling through the Transvaal is extremely dangerous at present. We have passed through an experience we shall not forget easily. However, we hope the disturbance will soon be over.—With love to all at home, etc., your affectionate child,

Sr. M. E.

ORDERS AND ARROWS.

WHEN the captain of a ship orders some hands aloft to furl the main royal the men jump to obey, as a matter of course. A sailor can climb up on a yard without having a shilling ashore or a penny in his pocket. In fact, Jack seldom signs articles until he has used up both cash and credit.

But when a doctor—who is a sort of captain when one is laid up in the dry dock of illness—orders a patient to go abroad for the benefit of his health, it is quite another thing. A trip and sojourn away from home is an expensive prescription, and most of us can't afford it. It the doctor says it is a choice between that and the graveyard we shall have to settle on the graveyard; it is handy by and easy to get to. But are we really so hard pushed? That is, as often as the doctors say we are? Let's turn the matter over in our minds for a minute.

Here is a case that is put to the purpose. It concerns Mr Arthur Whiddon Melluish, of 3 Regent's Terrace, Polsoe Road, Exeter; and for the details we are indebted to a letter written by him, dated March 7, 1893. He mentions that, in obedience to the orders of his doctors, he went to Cannes, in the South of France, in November, 1890, and spent the winter there. He also spent the following winter at the same place. He felt the better for the change; we will tell you why presently. But he obtained no radical benefit, which also we will explain later on.

It appears that this gentleman had been weak and ailing nearly all his life; not exactly ill, not wholly well—a condition that calls for constant caution. In March, 1890, he had a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs.

Now I want the reader to honour me with his best attention, as I must say in a few words what ought properly to take many. Shoot an arrow into the air—as straight up as you can. You can't tell where it will fall. It may fall on a neighbour's head, on your own, or on a child's, or on the pavement. Everybody's blood contains more or less poisonous elements. These are arrows, but unlike your wooden arrow they always strike on the weakest spot, or spots, in the body. If they hit the muscles and joints we call it rheumatism and gout; if they hit the liver we call it liver complaint or biliousness; if they hit the kidneys we call it Bright's disease; if they hit the nerves we call it nervous prostration, epilepsy, or any of fifty other names; if they hit the bronchial tubes we call it bronchitis, etc.; if they hit the air cells we call it inflammation of the lungs, or by-and-by, consumption. And inasmuch as these poisoned arrows pass through the delicate meshes of the lungs a thousand times every day, it would be odd if they didn't hit them—wouldn't it?

Now, wait a bit. It follows that all the various so-called diseases above named are *not diseases at all in and of themselves*, but merely symptoms of one only disease—namely, *that disease which produces the poison!* Good. We will get on to the end of the story.

After the attack of lung inflammation Mr Melluish suffered from loss of appetite, pain in the chest, sides, and stomach, and dangerous constipation. He could eat only liquid food and had to take to his bed. For weeks he was so feeble that he could not rise in bed. He consulted one physician after another, obtaining no more than temporary relief from medicine. Then he was ordered abroad as we have related.

His letter concludes in these words: "Whilst at Cannes I consulted a doctor, who said my ailment was weak digestion, and that I need not trouble about my lungs. But I never gained any real ground until November, 1891, when I began to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. This helped me in one week, and by continuing with it I got stronger and stronger, and am now in fair good health. This, after my relatives thought I should never recover. (Signed) Arthur Whiddon Melluish."

To sum up: This gentleman's real ailment was indigestion and dyspepsia, from which the blood poison comes that causes nearly all disorders and pains. The air of Southern France helped him temporarily, because it is milder than ours; it did not remove the poison. By care and the use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup he would have done better at home, as the result shows.

So we see that it isn't the climate that kills or saves; it is the condition of the digestion. If, therefore, your doctor orders you abroad for your health, tell him you will first try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

The best men and the most earnest workers will make enough mistakes to keep them humble. Thank God for mistakes and take courage. Don't give up on account of mistakes.

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