

THE BRUNNER CALAMITY.

The weather having moderated, Mr O'Brien, the telegraph lineman, managed to travel up the Buller road, reach the break and effect repairs. Telegraphic communication was restored early in the evening, when an urgent wire was received by Mr Cochrane, Inspector of Mines, announcing the startling intelligence that an explosion had occurred in the Brunner coal mine at 9.30 that morning and that 66 men and boys were entombed. The steamer *Mawhera* happened to be just sailing for Greymouth and Mr Cochrane immediately proceeded, arriving on the scene of the dreadful disaster at one o'clock the following morning. In response to an appeal for help, the tug *Mana* was despatched to Greymouth a few hours later with the mine manager of the Denniston Coal Mine, who assisted in directing the operations of the rescue party. The Member for Buller, the Mayor, Mr L. Pain, and several whose relatives were entombed were also passengers. The s.s. *Manawatu* left here on Friday morning with a number of practical coalminers to assist in the heroic work of releasing the imprisoned men and boys, but as the sad end is now known far and near there is no need for me to relate the painful and heartrending details of the greatest mining calamity that has ever occurred in the Colony. The melancholy affair has cast quite a gloom over this district and the calamity is the all-absorbing topic of conversation. The nearest and dearest friends of several in this district were numbered amongst the victims. Mrs Walter Brown lost her father and brother (Patrick and James McDonnell), Mr Martin O'Loughlin, his brother (Frank); Mrs L. Pain, her brother (F. Franklyn); Mrs Vicars, her brother (Hunter); Mr Vicars, his brother-in-law (Mr Lushie); Mrs Benefie, her son-in-law (Michael Brisbane); Mr T. Alexander, two sons-in-law; Mrs Young, a son-in-law. Many others of those that perished were related to residents of Denniston. Over 200 people went from Westport to follow the remains to their last earthly resting place at Stillwater and Greymouth. The people of this district, in common with those of other parts of the Colony, are responding liberally to the call for practical sympathy towards the relief of the widows and orphans of those robbed of their bread-winners.

W A I P A W A.

PRESENTATION TO REV FATHER POWER.
(From an occasional Correspondent)

YESTERDAY witnessed a very pleasing little ceremony in the Catholic infant schoolroom, when the Rev Father Power, the esteemed pastor of St Patrick's, was the recipient of six large silver-plated candlesticks and crucifix, a set of church cruets, and a pair of vases. The schoolroom was prettily decorated by the Sisters, who had spared neither time nor trouble in decorating it with flowers, etc, and when well filled, as it was, with the children's happy faces, presented a very cheerful appearance. The entrance of the Rev Father Power was the signal for very warm greetings. After a simple, short and touching birthday ode sung by the children, Miss Lizzie Shanly came forward and read an address, after which the presentation was made by seven of the children on behalf of their schoolmates.

In replying the Reverend Father Power said he could not but admire the way in which the children managed to keep the preparations secret. He had often heard it said that children found it impossible to keep a secret, but he was glad to know that this school would turn out year by year a body of boys and girls who would give no occasion for such a reproach. They kept their secret extraordinarily well, and as a result they found him completely off his guard. No doubt it was a pleasure to them to have so surprised him, and as whatever gave pleasure to his children was also a source of pleasure to him he would say that that was a pleasant surprise. Little demonstrations of this kind when got up by grown up persons very often deserve to have little importance attached to them. But when children, fresh from the hands of God and as yet unspoiled by world, wished their priest a happy birthday there was something more touching, for was it not the dearest and best portion of our Lord's little flock reminding their priest how he should love and care for them. No priest could hope to stand with any confidence before the great white throne who had not done all that was possible to give a Christian education to the children whom Almighty God placed under his care. They should thank their own good parents first of all for the presence of the Sisters. Their parents were worthy children of ancestors who not only gave joyfully their last penny but even laid down their lives to secure a Christian education for their children. If they wished to thank him in the way that he would most appreciate they would strive to second the efforts the good Sisters were making in their behalf. They would perfect themselves as far as maybe in those warlike exercises through which a namesake of a great warrior monk daily put them. Some day it may be their duty to take a man's part in defending these beautiful shores from a foreign invader. They would feed their minds with the intellectual food given them in the class room, especially with the religious doctrine. They had heard and read what the Arch-

bishop, in his Lenten Pastoral, demanded of the students of St Patrick's College. He, Father Power, would expect the same of the pupils of this school. No boy or girl should leave these walls until they were first able to give a plain and simple explanation of the Catholic religion. This was absolutely necessary at the present day. A gross ignorance of the simplest and clearest points of Catholic belief permeated society outside of the Church. What would they think if he told them that a few Sundays ago, in the most fashionable Protestant church in Wellington, a clergyman, who was supposed to be a man of education, told the large congregation that Catholics adored the Blessed Virgin. The children of this school have heard a hundred times during the past eight months that it would be a sin of the most deadly kind to adore the Blessed Virgin. Every Catholic boy and girl before leaving school should be in a position to explain their faith to poor people who are kept in ignorance by their preachers. The children should, in the third place, form their hearts on the model put before them by the Sisters on the great model of children, the child Jesus, and on the model of the saints of God, who are put before them from the holy Scriptures and from the pages of Christian history. If they did all this they would give him more pleasure than they had done that morning by those costly and beautiful presents for the altar, because he could then say with the Blessed Disciple: "I have no greater grace than this, to hear that my children walk in truth."

After the singing of a hymn to St Joseph, the Rev Father Power gave the children a holiday. Three hearty cheers were then given by the children, and after some games in the school ground all dispersed for the day.

SACRED HEART COLLEGE, AUCKLAND.

THE pupils of the Marist Brothers' College, Auckland (writes a correspondent), lately spent a most enjoyable afternoon in the cricket field, having been granted a half holiday in honour of the College having attained a roll of fifty students, and of the return of James O'Reilly, the first successful candidate at the Civil Service examination. Needless to say, the students thoroughly appreciated the short relaxation from school discipline, and wished their fellow student greater success in his higher studies.

St Patrick's Day found them at Panmure heartily enjoying the sports and other good things provided by the genial Father Walter. The fact that their late-lamented and revered Superior, Rev Brother Joseph, calmly sleeps in the neat little churchyard hardby, added a touch of sadness to the otherwise joyous day.

Another pleasing occurrence happened this month. On St Joseph's Day they held their annual soiree, at which Rev Father McMillan spoke of the importance of being imbued, in youth, with the principles of our holy religion taught by such devoted teachers as the Marist Brothers.

No ancient pagan writer contains, in any part of his works, a single allusion indicating that he recalled his childhood's days with pleasure, while references to the joys of childhood are in modern authors innumerable. The ancients had no childhood. Their boys were little old men; their girls were little old women. Christianity has given the world real boys and girls, rejoicing in their young life.

Sir Frederick Adam spoke with a strong Scotch accent. One day, when inspecting a regiment, he noticed that the tuft of a soldier's shako was missing. The man was an Irishman, and a bit of a humourist. "Where's your feyther (feather), my mon?" asked Sir Frederick. "He's in Ireland, your honour," was the prompt reply.

The six richest men in the world are said to be Woh Qua, John D. Rockefeller, the Duke of Westminster, Colonel North, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Li Hung Chang. The figures are:—Li Hung Chang, £100,000,000; John D. Rockefeller, £36,000,000; the Duke of Westminster, £20,000,000; Colonel North, £20,000,000; Cornelius Vanderbilt, £20,000,000; Woh Qua, £20,000,000.

Some of the principal hotels in New York are having "roof gardens" fitted up on their premises. Situated at a cool elevation and with umbrageous surroundings, these gardens will, no doubt, form a pleasant and popular lounge during the hot summer weather.

A child on being shown the picture of "Daniel in the Lions' Den" was afflicted to tears. "Don't grieve, pet," said the mother, "he was not devoured." "I'm not crying for that," was the reply; "but do you see that little lion in the corner, mamma? Well, I'm afraid he won't get any, for Daniel is so small he won't go round."

Years and years he spent at college,
Filling up his head with knowledge,
Learning Hebrew, Latin, Greek,
Growing wiser week by week;
But one thing he did not learn—
How his daily bread to earn,
Now his time he does employ
Looking for a job, poor boy.

Mr Gawne, of Dunedin (says the *Southland Times* of April 13 1891), has just been on a visit to Invercargill to push business a little. Not that it wants much canvassing, for since he commenced the manufacture of his Worcestershire Sauce, the demand has kept pace with his capacity to supply it. He makes a really good thing, indistinguishable from the famous Lea and Perrin's, which he places upon one's table at a much lower price, and trusts to that to secure a steadily growing trade. Those who have not yet tried the Colonial article should put their prejudice aside for a time and test the question with a bottle or two.—ADVT.

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