

## THE UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT TO THE LATE BROTHER JOSEPH.

(From an occasional correspondent.)

ON Sunday, December 6, the beautiful monument erected to the memory of the late Brother Joseph, was unveiled at Panmure, and the large concourse of people that journeyed the nine or ten miles from the city to witness the ceremony, shows the esteem in which the dear departed was held by the Auckland Catholics, who had already learned to know and appreciate his worth ere the ruthless hand of death snatched him from their midst. To feel that this champion in the noble cause of Catholic education has found a last resting-place amongst a not ungrateful people must be a matter of consolation to his numerous friends in Australia and New Zealand, but especially to the two zealous promoters of the movement which had its fitting termination to-day. As their self-imposed task was one of love, they must excuse me for a breach of trust in revealing that these kind friends are Mr. M. J. Sheahan of Auckland, and Mr. M. Nolan of Christchurch—gentlemen with true patriotic love for the dear old land that claims a Daniel O'Connell and a Robert Emmet as its own, and whose golden pens are ever ready to espouse a holy and noble cause.

The nominal ceremony of unveiling the monument or the real and more substantial one of blessing it, was performed by his Lordship Right Rev. Dr. Lenihan, assisted by Monsignor McDonald, Dr. Egan, Father Buckley and Father Croke.

Amongst those who surrounded the grave, reverently joining with his Lordship in prayer for the deceased, were noticed—Members of the Marist Order, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Sheahan. Mr. and Mrs. W. Mahoney, Mr. and Mrs. Nerheny, Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson, Mr. and Mrs. Little, Mr. and Mrs. Kearns, Mr. and Mrs. Duffin, Mr. and Mrs. Quinlan; Messadams Creig, Cullen, Grace, Butler, Twohill (Wellington), Hackett, Dervan, Kyle, Martin, Lardner; Misses N. Mahoney, Koefoed (2), K. Ryan, M. Quinn, M. Swann, T. Coffey, Thom (2), M. Cullen, Maher, M. Keenan, M. Ormond, L. Cavanagh, Cassidy; Messrs. Daly, Wright (2), Leahy, J. P. Grace, Noonan, Martin, O'Brien, Tooman, R. Keenan, F. Guscott, P. Holley, and students of the Brothers, etc.

His Lordship spoke in the most eulogistic terms of the work done by Brother Joseph during the twelve months he had been in our midst. Hedwelt in particular on those traits of character which won for the deceased the esteem of all who knew him. "I think I do not err," said his Lordship, "when I say that under God the Marist Brothers owe, in a great measure, the public esteem in which they are held to the many excellent qualities of the late Brother Joseph." He also referred to a strange coincidence respecting three who now rest side by side in that pretty Panmure cemetery—Dr. McDonald, Father Cuthbert Downey, O.S.B., and Brother Joseph. Dr. McDonald, brother of the revered and respected Monsignor McDonald, devoted his life and talents to missionary work amongst the Maoris. Death found him at the post of duty, but would not allow him the tender ministrations of a brother priest. Yet as in spirit we stand beside this Xavier of the South, while death's dark shadows steal across his now livid brow, and the light of those once undimmed eyes fades at the dawn of eternity, we feel we are witnessing the death of a saint—a martyr to duty. The next whom this cold, stealthy hand touches and bids become the companion of Dr. McDonald is the saintly Father Cuthbert Downey. The morning finds him obedient to the promptings of his self-sacrificing zeal, but the evening finds that death has claimed another victim. Brother Joseph, the third of this little group, on the morning of the memorable 18th December, 1895, assisted at Mass, apparently looking as strong and healthy as ever, and received his Eucharistic Saviour, but scarcely had the sacred species been consumed within his breast than he was called to the dread tribunal—called whilst on the public street—called with naught but a stranger's hand to support him as he gasped his last request. But the holy souls in whom he had such childlike confidence, and to whom he was tenderly devoted, did not forget him at that last hour. A priest was by his side in an instant (he had not yet left the vicinity of the church) and, though speechless and unconscious, he received all the rites of Holy Church. A moment after the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered at a privileged altar for the repose of his soul. To fill the gap made by the death of these three loyal devoted sons of Holy Church will, we trust, be the pride and privilege of some of the gifted youth of this fair land.

At the termination of the ceremony Monsignor McDonald thanked his Lordship on the part of the Marist Brothers for the honour conferred on them by his presence there that afternoon. "This," added the Monsignor, "is his Lordship's third appearance in his episcopal capacity, the two previous visits having been made to the Sisters of the Poor and the orphanage." A fitting beginning for a Bishop who, whilst still in the ranks of the priesthood, was the friend of the poor and the orphan. The speaker congratulated the energetic secretary and prime promoter, Mr. M. J. Sheahan, as well as the sculptors, Messrs. Bouskill and McNab, for the design and workmanship of the monument. He concluded by inviting all to accept Panmure hospitality. Some 300 profited by the invitation.

The monument, which is of pure white marble, consists of a massive square pedestal, with corniced architrave, above which stands a smaller octagonal pedestal, surmounted by a Celtic cross. The initials "J. M. J." (Jesus, Mary, Joseph) peer from beneath the shamrock sprays that relieve the cross. The whole, being beautifully proportioned and symmetrical, reflects the highest credit on the sculptors and designers. It bears the following inscription:—"Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Rev. Brother Joseph Francis Xavier, born, Sydney, N.S.W., 26th April, 1850; entered Society of the Marist Brothers, 14th May, 1873; died, 18th December, 1895. 'They that are learned shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that instruct many unto justice as stars for all eternity' (Dan., xii-3). This monument has been erected in loving memory of Brother Joseph by his numerous friends in Auckland, Napier and Christchurch."

I regret a worthier pen has not been called upon to chronicle the life and merits of this true friend of Catholic youth—a friend in word but doubly one in deed. Aye, one who, despite the advances, smiles and applause of the gay, youthful society he had just commenced to move in, offered the hand of fellowship and brotherhood to the few devoted men who then formed the nucleus of the Marist Order in Sydney; and who, under the humble garb of a Marist Brother, hid a heart whose every fibre pulsed to generous and noble sentiments, to sentiments of respect, with its handmaids, love and devotedness, for the many sterling qualities that adorn our New Zealand youth.

To these latter one parting word: Let not such an example as that of our dear departed friend be lost upon us. Let us, while youth with its bright future smiles upon us, prove that we are not unworthy of such guides and teachers; that the cause for which they battle and labour, is a noble one, one fraught with possibilities of the gravest moment to ourselves, and finally one deserving of that full measure of co-operation on our parts which will alone evolve perfect fruition.—R.I.P.

## STRONG ENGLISH WORDS.

WHEN a person says, "I suffered excruciating pain," he expresses a fact in the strongest words afforded by the English language. The word "excruciating" comes from *crux*, a cross, and signifies an intensity of agony comparable only to that ending by one who undergoes the barbarous punishment of crucifixion. There are some diseases which, for a time, cause pain of this acute and formidable nature. To find a relief for it, when possible, is at once the impulse of humanity and the studious desire of science. Two brief examples may indicate what success is attending the effort to both comfort and cure cases of this kind.

"Nearly all my life," writes an intelligent woman, "I have borne the burden of what appeared to be an incurable illness. I always felt heavy, weary, and tired. My appetite was poor, and after eating I had a *cruel pain* at my chest and between the shoulders. Frequently the pain was so intense that I was impelled to loose my clothing and walk about the room. My nerves were disordered and impressible, and I was, consequently, easily disquieted and upset. My sleep was habitually bad, and I seemed none the better for spending a night in bed. Eating but little my strength waned of necessity, and I came to be very weak. For a long time I got about feebly and with difficulty.

"In August, 1887, I had an attack of rheumatic gout, which gave me the most harrowing experience of my life. The complaint took its usual course and refused to yield to the ordinary treatment. Through the partial failure of the liver and kidneys dropsy set in and my legs and feet became puffed and swollen. I suffered *excruciating pain* and was confined to bed for *thirteen weeks*. Remedies of every description were tried but to little purpose.

"My brother, visiting me one day, said he had been cured of an attack of dropsy by a medicine called Mother Seigel's Syrup. I got a bottle from Mr. Hewett, the chemist, in Seven Sisters' Road, and after taking it felt a trifle easier. I continued taking it and soon the pain and swelling abated. I could eat without pain or inconvenience, and by a few weeks' further use of the Syrup I was not only free from any local ailment, but felt better than I ever did in my life before. Since then I have enjoyed continuous good health, taking a dose of Mother Seigel's Syrup occasionally for some transient indisposition. You are at liberty to publish my letter. (Signed) (Mrs.) Elizabeth Rogers, 42 Plevna Road, South Tottenham, London, September 13, 1895."

"In January, 1892," writes another, "I had an attack of influenza and was confined to my bed for eighteen weeks thereafter. Subsequently I was very weak and could get up no strength. What little food I forced down (having no appetite) gave me *excruciating pain*, so that I was afraid to eat. I came to be exceedingly weak and had frequent attacks of dizziness. I was worn almost to a skeleton and none thought I would recover.

"In June, 1892, Mr. Smith, a friend of ours, recommended me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup, which I at once procured of Mr. George Coombs, the chemist in Hucknall. After taking it for only one week I felt greatly benefitted. I could eat better and food agreed with me. Continuing with the Syrup I grew stronger and stronger, and soon felt even better than before I was attacked by the influenza. You are free to print this statement if you wish to do so. (Signed) (Mrs.) Ruth Halliday, 44 High street, Hucknall, Torkard, Nottingham, March 19, 1895."

Intense pain may or may not indicate urgent danger to life, but it is hard to bear and very exhausting just the same. In cases of rheumatic gout (Mrs. Rodgers) the pain is caused by a poisonous acid in the tissues, originally produced by the decomposition of food in the stomach—indigestion or dyspepsia. The same poison acting on the liver and kidneys creates the other symptoms mentioned. In the case of Mrs. Halliday the ailment was dyspepsia, which in the first place invited influenza and then remained to torment her.

It is best and easiest to *prevent* pain by using Mother Seigel's Syrup immediately when the slightest illness appears.

P.P.P.—The great remedy for Sciatica, Sprains, Neuralgia. To be had from all chemists.—ADVT.

MYERS AND Co., Dentists, Octagon, corner of George street. They 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.]

## COMPARE SIZE AND WEIGHT OF STICKS.

Smoke T. C Williams' JUNO. Smoke.