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Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE TRACT NUISANCE AGAIN.

THE tract pedlars, like the poor, seem destined to be always with us. Again and again we had occasion to protest against the systematic distribution of anti-Catholic literature by these misguided creatures, and though for a time the

nuisance seemed to abate, it always turned out to be only for a time; for soon a fresh supply of these heaven-sent evangelists came along and the work went on as merrily as ever. The truth is, we suppose, that so long as people of narrow minds and limited intelligence continue to be born into the world, so long will the supply of tract pedlars continue to be maintained. We have just had a fresh instance brought before us of the way in which these petty proselytisers carry on their ignoble work. A Catholic parent of this city has handed to us a tract which was given to his son, a little fellow nine years old. The lad was down swimming at the city baths, where he could be easily identified as a Catholic by his wearing the brown scapular. As he was leaving the baths he was accosted by an individual who thrust a tract into his hand and then disappeared. The father found the boy reading the tract and promptly appropriated it. We may remark in passing that, fortunately for the pedlar, the father was unable to identify him from the boy's description. Had he been able to do so it was his intention to drop across him in a casual way, and if the meeting had taken place we feel sure the pedlar would not have hankered after the tract business for some time to come. The tract in question, which lies before us, is No. 7 of the "Little Gems" series, and a precious "gem" it is. It tells the story of a good little girl named Catherine who "was a maid in a Christian family, where she heard the Bible read and family prayers offered every day." Notwithstanding that the Gospel and Epistle are read every Sunday in the Catholic Church, she "had never heard the Bible before," but with a penetration and insight quite beyond her years, she "thought it very beautiful, and she found out the priest had taught her wrong when she was a child. When she went to her Roman Catholic Church she saw the image of the Virgin Mary crowned with flowers, and she saw the people bowing down before it. She did not like to kneel down before the image any more." This little prodigy soon discovered also that confession was a great mistake. "The people went into little places, covered up like boxes, where nobody could see them," and, notwithstanding that "nobody could see them," she "saw they went there to confess their sins to the priests, that they might be forgiven. But Catherine had heard that Christ alone can forgive sins. At last she resolved never to go to the Roman Catholic Church again, but to a place where the Word of God was explained." Then comes a grand thrilling climax. "When the priest found that Catherine came no more to confess her sins, he cursed her before all the people." "It is very dreadful," continues the veracious narrative, "to hear a priest curse. He wears a black dress, and then he curses the eyes, nose, and all the body of the poor creature, and then puts out the candles one by one." Who can fathom the unspeakable silliness of such stuff? We quite believe that in many cases these people mean well and think they are doing God service in carrying on such a work, but what can anybody who reads such nonsense think of their intelligence? An all-wise Providence has apparently denied them even a modicum of common sense, and it would be useless to reason or argue with such people. If it were otherwise we might point out to them that though Catholics are at least as certain as non-Catholics are that their Church is right, they do not feel that that gives them a right to annoy their non-Catholic neighbours by thrusting tracts on them whether they want them or not. We might also point out the contemptible meanness of putting such literature into the hands of children of tender years, who are too young perhaps to see the absurdity of them, but old enough to receive the taint of disaffection and disloyalty to their Church.

But, as we have said, it would be useless to put such considerations before people whose intellectual pabulum is literature of the "Little Gems" type. All that we can do is to bring the matter before the notice of Catholic parents, and warn them to exercise a close and careful supervision over the reading of their children. We do not hesitate to add that if a Catholic parent can identify any of these pedlars, it is his duty to talk very plainly to them about the meanness of such tactics. Catholics are not in the least afraid of fair argument between man and man, but for a grown person to tamper with the faith of a child is a very different thing, and a Catholic parent who failed to resent it would be wanting alike in his duty to his child and in loyalty to his holy faith.

AT a meeting of the Irish bishops held at Maynooth recently an election took place to fill the GAELIC Gaelic chair rendered vacant by the resignation of AT MAYNOOTH. the Rev. Father O'Growney whose continued ill-health compelled him to retire from the work. There

were five clergymen candidates for the position, from the different provinces of Ireland, but the unanimous choice of the bishops fell on the Rev. Michael P. Hickey, ecclesiastical inspector of the diocese of Waterford and Lismore. Though only in his thirty-fifth year Father Hickey has already made a name for himself as being not only a distinguished Gaelic scholar but also one of the foremost all-round literary men among the young priesthood of Ireland. In his childhood he became imbued with an ardent love of Ireland's language and lore, and when a student at St. John's College, Waterford, he took an active interest in the Gaelic movement. Father Hickey was ordained to the priesthood in 1834, and shortly after was sent on the mission to Scotland, where for several years he had charge of the parish of St. Patrick, Birnieknowe, Ayrshire. While there he contributed English verse to many of the principal Irish and Scotch papers, and his pen was ever active in the cause of Irish literature. Since his return from Scotland to his native diocese about three years ago Father Hickey has thrown himself heart and soul into the movement for the revival of the Irish tongue. He has devoted himself very earnestly to the work so ably carried on by the Gaelic League of Dublin, and is one of the principal contributors to the excellent *Gaelic Journal* conducted by that society. One of the best proofs of Father Hickey's popularity and recognised ability as an Irish scholar is that his appointment has been heartily endorsed by the active workers in the Gaelic movement not only in Ireland but also in America. While there is widespread and sincere regret that continued ill-health should have necessitated the resignation of Father O'Growney, universal gratification is expressed that the Bishops of Ireland have appointed as his successor so gifted and enthusiastic a master of the Irish tongue as Father Hickey is known to be.

AN ECCLIASTICAL FARCE.

THE final ceremonies in connection with the appointment and "enthronement" of the new Archbishop of Canterbury have just been concluded, and Dr. Temple is now duly installed as Primate of all England. The making of a Primate in the Church of the Establishment is a very simple matter. As soon as a vacancy occurs a successor is appointed, not by the Church at all nor by any authorities of the Church, but by the Prime Minister of the day and his sovereign. The Church has no real voice whatever in the matter. An Anglican bishop is purely and simply a paid State official and is appointed in the same manner as the Master of the Buckhounds or the Chancellor of the Duchy. This disagreeable fact is, however, as far as possible concealed by a series of elaborate ceremonies which, in view of the facts of the case, are not only ridiculous but almost blasphemous. First of all the Chapter of Canterbury Cathedral meet to receive the *congé d'élire* or letter from the Queen, in which she is "graciously pleased to grant her fundatorial leave and license to elect another archbishop and pastor." Notwithstanding this gracious "leave and license" the new archbishop has been already appointed and the Chapter have absolutely no choice of election in the matter.

SMOKE "ROYAL COLORS" TOBACCO.

(IMPROVED AROMATIC.)

They proceed, however, to go through the farce of an election and actually commence proceedings by solemnly invoking Divine guidance in their choice, notwithstanding that they know perfectly well that the new archbishop has been already appointed *de facto* by her Majesty and Lord Salisbury. London *Truth* expresses the common view of such a proceeding with characteristic plainness:—"Last week the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury went through the ridiculous and contemptible farce of formally electing Bishop Temple to the Primacy. These reverend dignitaries, having prayed to heaven for guidance in their choice, proceeded, as a matter of course, to elect the prelate whose name had been sent to them by the Crown. The whole function is a queer jumble of mummery and profanity. If the Dean and Chapter had been left to themselves it is absolutely certain that Bishop Temple would not have been their choice; so that the result of the heavenly guidance is that they have made an election which they do not really approve of." Looked at from an outsider's point of view it would certainly be much more to the credit of all concerned if the Chapter would agree to quietly accept the nomination of the Crown and dispense with this humbug and pretence of "Divine guidance" in a matter in which they have absolutely no choice whatever.

THE ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF THE BICYCLE. THE increase in the popularity of the bicycle during the last eighteen months has been something phenomenal. Two or three years ago the use of the bicycle, though spreading gradually, was still almost confined to athletes, real or would-be. To-day men and women, old and young of all classes and all countries, have taken to the wheel; and the pastime has become so universal as almost to justify the cynical remark that now-a-days the world is divided into two classes—those who ride bicycles and those who dodge them. A moment's reflection will show that this tremendous "boom" of the bicycle must have a very marked effect on trade and industry; but the rush of popularity was so sudden, and is yet so recent, that it is difficult to get the necessary data for forming a correct estimate of those effects. A writer in the *National Review* for November has, however, made the attempt, and has succeeded in eliciting some interesting facts. He has ascertained that there are three trades—and three only—that have been seriously affected. These are music, horses and jewellery. Music, he thinks, has been the most injured of all, especially in regard to teaching and the sale of music. In England, as everywhere, the profession of music-teacher is enormously overcrowded, and at the best affords but a very modest livelihood to all except a select few, who, for one reason or another, enjoy a special reputation. Yet this writer was told on very good authority that during last season hundreds of teachers lost half their connection, and the tale was corroborated on all sides. In order to go out riding girls would sacrifice the music lessons, not entirely, perhaps, but enough to make all the difference to the unfortunate teacher. Some music teachers have had to learn the bicycle in order to ride with their pupils for the sole purpose of keeping the connection together. The girls say, "If you will come out with us for half an hour, we will take half an hour's lesson," and so the matter is compromised, but the teacher has to sacrifice half her scanty earnings. The consequence of all this is that the sale of ordinary music, the everyday songs and pianoforte pieces which appeal to the general public, has diminished to the extent of fifty per cent. The sale of pianos has been less affected, though the dealers in smaller and cheaper ones complain of a falling off to the extent of twenty-five per cent. The horse trade, in some of its branches, has suffered scarcely less than music, and for a very obvious reason. A person who rides a bicycle has no longer any need for a hack, and accordingly the hack must go. In London alone it is estimated that the number of horses has diminished by 250,000. As to jewellery, the writer found the jewellers somewhat shy of confessing to any decline in business. They admitted in a general way that "it stands to reason" one sort of present displaces another, and as jewellery is mainly bought for presents it must be affected by the money spent on bicycles for the same purpose; but they were unwilling to descend into particulars. One amusing incident maybe given to show how the bicycle craze operates to injure the jeweller. "A clergyman one day bought a twenty-guinea watch for himself, but not very long after he came back and said that he found he wanted a bicycle more. Would they take back the watch?" A number of somewhat similar cases are given, and they go to show that the bicycle has probably caused far more displacement of trade than appears on the surface. It is quite likely also that if, as everybody expects, bicycles become appreciably cheaper so as to be brought within the reach of a really large section of the community, other trades which are at present quite untouched will be seriously affected. It is only fair to the bicycle to add that, though it has displaced trade in some ways, it has given rise to a vast amount of employment in other directions. Lampmakers, chainmakers, wire-drawers, leather-workers, toolmakers and others are all kept busy; and as the work is almost entirely of a skilled character excellent wages are paid.

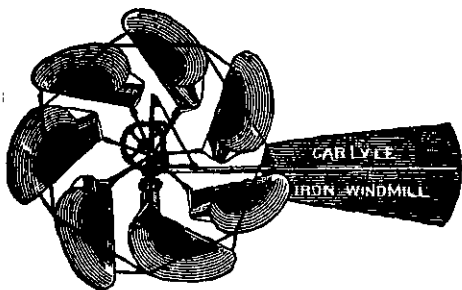
A SON-IN-LAW of Oliver Wendell Holmes has ODDS AND ENDS, lately published a life of that distinguished man of letters. The biographer has the advantage of intimate personal knowledge of his subject, and the result is a fairly complete revelation of the life of Dr. Holmes. He was brought up in the stern creed of Calvin, and his hatred of dogma in later life was a rebound from the religious gloom of his youth. "I might have been a minister for aught I know," he once said, "if a certain clergyman hadn't looked and talked so like an undertaker." And one of his father's clerical visitors is described as a man "with a sad face and a wailing voice, which sounded exactly as if somebody must be lying dead upstairs; who took no interest in us children, except a painful one, as being in a bad way with our cheery looks; and did more to unchristianize us than all his sermons were likely to accomplish in another direction." It is impossible to say what Dr. Holmes' life would have been had he known Christianity in its true form; but that he was slowly growing toward appreciation of the Church is plain from these words of Dr. James Field Spalding in the *American Catholic Quarterly*:—"Whether, if he could have lived his life over again, he would have attained to a full acceptance of Catholicity, we cannot know. There are some such indications, both in the general progress of his thinking and in express statements. He falsely contrasted 'Rome and reason' in one of his books; yet elsewhere expressed the independent opinion that 'Rome and its offshoots' were 'to be one of the main dependencies of the coming generations; . . . our children or grandchildren are going to need it.' He went so far as to affirm that 'the Roman Catholic Church' was 'the only one logically safe'; and but a short time before his death published his conviction that the Catholic faith was 'a better one to die by than most of the harder creeds which have replaced it.' These are but hints of his tendency—of the direction in which his mind and heart were turning.

Mr. H. T. Peck, in the *Bookman* for November, while criticising Huysman's novel, "En Route," makes an observation about the Church which is remarkable:—"To those of us who are Protestants the book is full of deep instruction, in revealing with startling force the secret of the power of that wonderful religious organization which has made provision for the needs of every human soul, whether it requires for its comfort active service or the mystical life of contemplation. We see how every want is understood, and how for every spiritual problem an answer is provided; how the experience of twenty centuries has been stored up and recorded, and how all that man has ever known is known to those who guide and perpetuate this mighty system. And in these days, when doctors of divinity devote their energies to nibbling away the foundations of historic faith, and when the sharpest weapons of agnosticism are forged on theological anvils, there is something reassuring in the contemplation of the one great Church that does not change from age to age, that stands unshaken on the rock of its convictions, and that speaks to the wavering and troubled soul in the serene and lofty accents of divine authority."

"My experience," says Cardinal Gibbons, "is that the confessional is the most powerful lever ever erected by a merciful God for raising men from the mire of sin. It has more weight in withdrawing men from vice than even the pulpit. In public sermons we scatter the seed of the Word of God, in the confessional we reap the harvest. In sermons, to use a military phrase, the fire is at random, but in confession it is a dead shot. The words of the priest go home to the heart of the sinner. The confessor exhorts the penitent, according to his spiritual wants. He cautions him against the frequentation of dangerous company, or other occasions of sin; or he recommends special practices of piety suited to the penitent's wants. Of all the labours that our sacred ministry imposes on us, there are none more arduous or more irksome than that of hearing confessions. It is no trifling task to sit for six or eight consecutive hours on a hot summer's day, listening to the stories of sin and sorrow and misery. It is only the consciousness of the immense good he is doing that sustains the confessor in the sacred tribunal. He is one who can have compassion on the ignorant and erring, because he himself is 'also encompassed with infirmity.' He is one upon whose lips is set a human and divine seal, for the words whispered into his ear can never be uttered by human voice."

In an eloquent sermon delivered recently, Cardinal Logue, the Primate of all Ireland, pays the following beautiful tribute to the efficacy of the devotion of the Holy Rosary:—"I have on more than one occasion joined in that Rosary with the Pope in his court at the Vatican; I have joined in that Rosary in the cottage of the peasant; I have seen the beads slip through the fingers of the most learned men I ever met; I have seen them in the hands of the ignorant—and I have seen in all the same earnest, unquestionable reverence. Now, it appears to me impossible that this or any form of devotion could be so widespread, or indeed so deeply appreciated by men in every walk of life, if those that practised it did not know from their own

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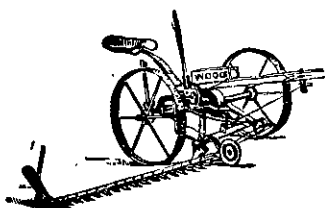
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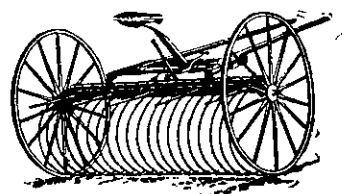
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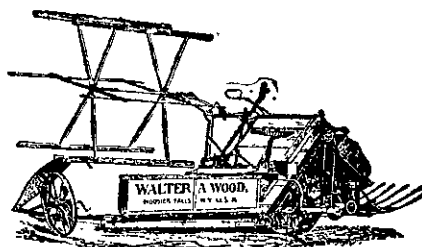


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experience, from the experience of others, that it was a fruitful source of spiritual favours. . . . The history of Irish Catholicity is the history of devotion to the holy Mother of God. We can trace it in those churches that have been founded by the early Irish saints in every land which has been blessed by their teaching. In dark and evil days it has been the solace and the support of our fathers, drawing together more closely those bonds which bound them to their grand old faith with a love stronger than death. When the priest was slain or borne away on the high seas to enforced exile . . . when the Mass and the Sacraments were no longer within reach, how often have our fathers gathered around their desecrated altars, and within the crumbling walls of ruined churches recited the Rosary! This devotion to the holy Mother of God has clung to the exiled children of our race wherever they have sought refuge from persecution. They have borne it away from home in their breaking hearts, together with love of the dear old land; and they have planted it deeply and firmly in those flourishing young churches in the founding of which they and their descendants have taken a leading part.

The opening of the October term at the University of Oxford this year was marked by a new departure of great interest to Catholics—the presence of four Jesuit scholastics, who will attend the University lectures in the character of undergraduates. The house they occupy, under the direction of the distinguished and scholarly Father R. F. Clarke, S.J., bears the felicitous name of Campion Hall, and is almost directly opposite St. John's College, of which the Blessed Edmund Campion was a member. As yet Campion Hall is only an experiment, in which the General of the Order is said to take a special interest; if it proves successful the number of students will be increased. The favourite amusement at Oxford is boating; and in this, as well as in the classics, Father Clarke is well able to "coach" the scholastics; for he was one of the University eight in his college days. It is said, too, that the Oxford authorities welcome the movement as the first attempt of the religious Orders to resume the relationship they held to the University before the rise of Protestantism.

A MESSAGE FOR HOME.

(To the VERY REV. FATHER LYNCH, on the eve of his projected trip to the Home Countries.)

Thou hast laboured long among us,
Thou hast borne well thy part,
Soggarth of the cheery manner,
And the kindly Irish heart.
And as welcome to our vision
As the morning beaming o'er,
With its flood of rosy lustre
Is thy presence at our door.

Thou hast laboured with devotion—
All around us we survey
The abundance of the harvest,
The fruition of thy day.
And 'tis meet a season's leisure
Should its need of rest accord,
To the zealous pastor, toiling
In the vineyard of the Lord.

And now, Father, dear old Ireland
Thou shalt visit soon again;
Thou wilt see her smiling valleys,
And her every hill and plain;
Gaze upon the sacred places,
Where her saintly sages trod,
And behold the ancient temples
That our fathers raised to God.

Thou wilt see her as we left her
In the days of long ago.
Robed in all the cha-sten'd beauty
Of her glory and her woe.
Fairest still of all the world,
Queenly in her royal mien,
With her face subdued and sadden'd
By the sorrows she has seen.

Thou wilt see her as we saw her.
Pure and beautiful to view;
With the splendour of the heavens
All her bosom blushing through.
The "Niobe of the nations,"
The maligned of many foes;
Lifting up to God above her
The sad chalice of her woes.

And thou'lt take a message from us—
'Tis a boon we ask of thee—
To our own dear island mother
That we never more shall see;
Save alone in fancy's mirror,
Where for ever fair she seems,
Or within the love-lit realms
Of our visionary dreams.

Tell her, Father, that we treasure
And shall treasure ever more
Every well remembered feature
Of her consecrated shore.
And oh! tell her that we love her,
Let whatever will betide,
That to be her sons and daughters
Is our honour and our pride.
And her pulse will throb with pleasure
And she will rejoice to know
That our hearts are ever with her,
Wheresoever we may go;
That to be her worthy children
Is our great sustaining force,
And the precepts she has taught us—
Aye, the magnet of our course.
And the holy Faith she gave us,
For whose sake our fathers stood
Dauntless in their desolation,
And then sealed it with their blood,
Thou wilt tell her—speak it proudly.
That we love that holy Faith,
And by all our hopes of Heaven
Will be true to it till death.

Oh! God prosper thee my country
As the sunflower to the sun;
So to Thee my heart will turn,
And my thoughts for ever run.
Could the vital tide within me,
Flowing freely at Thy shrine,
End the sorrows that oppress thee,
What a happy death were mine!

Ah! the sighing and the longing
For the fate that cannot be;
Take it, Father,—take our message
And affections home with thee
To our holy mother Ireland,
To the land we love so dear.
And God speed thy safe return
To thy loving labours here.

P. E. NOLAN, South Dunedin.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT AT KAIKOURA.

EXCELLENT as was the entertainment given by the pupils of Miss Hollis in St. Michael's School twelve months since, that of Wednesday (says the *Kaikoura Star*, of the 18th ult.) appeared better. That it was exceedingly good was freely admitted, but even higher encomiums were passed upon it, and Miss Hollis, her pupils and all who took part in the entertainment, are certainly worthy of warm commendation. The only thing that could be taken exception to was the fact that the schoolroom proved far too small for the large audience to obtain comfortable accommodation—even standing room was not available.

All the choruses went well, several of the children sustaining their respective parts admirably. The two dialogues amused the audience very much, particularly that between Maggie Keenan and Tom Keough. The contributions of Mary Adair, James Keenan and Pat Kerr won them warm applause. Miss Smith and Miss Gallagher suffered somewhat from nervousness, but did very well under adverse circumstances. Mrs. Bell's two songs were capitally sung, and she was encored for both. The Rev. Father Walsh brought down the house with "Dear old Ireland" (the children singing the chorus), and he had to respond to the encore, which he did by singing another verse. The glee (a pretty one) was warmly appreciated and redemanded. Every item on the programme evoked floral marks of approval. The drama was capitally played, all those engaged in it doing their utmost to make it go well. Marcella Smith and Bridget Keenan being awarded frequent applause.

The programme was as follows:—Chorus, "Memory's bells scholars; recitation, "The yarn of the Nancy Bell," James Keenan song, "The Christian martyr," Miss Smith (Seaview); chorus "Love at home," scholars; dialogue, "Are boys or girls the best, scholars; song, "In old Madrid," Mrs. Bell; chorus, "Let Erin remember," scholars; recitation, "A leap for life," Mary Adair; glee, "Lordly gallants," Mrs. Bell, Rev. Father Walsh, and Messrs. J. Peoples and A. Keenan; song, "Love's old sweet song," Miss Gallagher; chorus, "Fan song," girls; reading, "Handy Andy's little mistakes," Pat Kerr; chorus, "Canadian boat song," scholars; dialogue, "Dolly's mamma and the doctor," Maggie Keenan and Tom Keough; song, "Dear old Ireland," Rev. Father Walsh; song, "Killarney," Mrs. Bell; drama, "Mrs. Willis' will," Margaret Curtain, Bridget Gallagher, Bridget Keenan, Marcella Smith, Maggie Keough.

The Rev. Father Walsh briefly addressed the audience at the opening and close of the entertainment. He stated that the children attending the school had passed a highly creditable examination a few days previously, and testified to the zeal and ability of Miss Hollis in most appreciative terms; he also referred to the evidence that they had that evening to the way in which Miss Hollis trained the children, concluding with thanks to those present for their attendance and wishing the audience, mistress and pupils the "compliments of the season."

Three hearty cheers were then given for the Rev. Father, for Miss Hollis and the pupils, with a "Merry Christmas to all." A verse of "God save the Queen" was then sung, and the proceedings thus concluded.

In addition to playing all the accompaniments except one, Miss Hollis carried out the entertainment admirably and in a manner that won golden opinions from the audience.

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Irish News.

(From Contemporaries.)

CORK.—Death of the Bishop of Ross.—We regret to announce the death of the Most Rev. Dr. William Fitzgerald, Bishop of Ross, which took place on Tuesday, November 24, at his residence at Skibbereen. His Lordship, who was out of doors on Tuesday evening apparently in his usual health, was seized, at two o'clock, with a fit of coughing, and in about half an hour breathed his last. He was consecrated Bishop of Ross on November 11, 1877, and was about 70 years of age. Only the other day he was welcomed back from Ivrea and Rome, whither he had gone to testify his devotion to a saintly predecessor and his loving loyalty to the successor of the Apostles. At the tomb of the Blessed Thaddeus he prayed for the blessing of union among Irishmen. From Pope Leo he brought back an appealing message to Irishmen to unite. His last public act was to convey the message to his countrymen and to seal his profession of Nationalist faith by a generous contribution to the resources of the Nationalist party. These last acts of the deceased prelate were typical of his life. Full of love for his people and his country, and of devotion to the people's Church, he gave himself unsparringly for all. His nineteen years of rule have left a deep impress on the history of the ancient diocese that is now in mourning for him. But conspicuous among all the monuments of his labours are the institutions for the elevation—industrially, educationally and socially—of the poor. He was not content with vague professions of charity and patriotism. He worked, he spent, he lived in the practical exhibition of what one good and saintly man can do for Ireland, her people, her cause and her ancient creed. His was not, either in political or religious matters, a faith without works. May he rest in peace.

CARLOW.—Death of an old Land Leaguer.—We deeply regret to chronicle the death of Mr. James F. Grehan, Lehaunstown Park, Cabinteely, which occurred after a brief illness. He was well known throughout Ireland as the first agriculturist in the country and as a sterling, kind-hearted and generous Irishman. An original founder—with Michael Davitt, Patrick Egan, Thomas Brennan and Andrew Kettle—of the Land League, he was regarded by the late Mr. Parnell as a pillar of the movement. After the passing of the Land Act he fought several test cases on his own account, and thence until his death he identified himself with the cause of the tenant farmers of Ireland on every platform and in every court, where his vast experience enabled him to be of service to them. While valuing a farm for Mr. W. H. Saunders, at Rathnew, he caught the chill which culminated in death and brought sorrow to the homes of the people. When in 1890 the Royal Dublin Society offered a cup for the "best cultivated and best-managed farm in Leinster," the judges had no difficulty in placing Lehaunstown farm as a long way ahead of the list. The cup having gone to the other provinces of Ireland during 1891, 1892 and 1893 Mr. Grehan, in 1894, won the championship, and received the highest commendations of the judges. He was interred in Tullow churchyard, Cabinteely, in the centre of his great model farm and among four generations of his family.

DUBLIN.—A Blow at Irish Industry.—The recent changes in the Board of Works have not been of much public advantage as revealed in the acts of the Commissioners. The importation of favoured outsiders to fill important appointments over the heads of civil servants who won their positions by competitive examination was one of the first innovations. The second has aroused even more indignation than the first, inasmuch as it deals a blow at an industry which is trying to hold its own against considerable odds. For years the Board of Works' contracts for furniture, which amount to some thousands of pounds per annum, have been given to Dublin houses. No fault has been found with the work, and the furniture of all the Government offices is a testimony to the durability and finish of the Irish manufacture. This year, for the first time, portion of the contract has been placed outside Ireland. A Bristol firm has been declared contractor for what has hitherto proved to be the greater portion of the work, and deputations from the Dublin cabinetmakers and their employers have waited upon the Board to protest against the injustice. As might be expected, they gained but little redress from a Dublin Castle department; but their intervention and the timely action of the newspapers may help to prevent the perpetration to its full extent of the job which was evidently intended. Not until the masters laid their views before the Board was the amount of the Bristol contract made known, and though the chairman pointed out that it was less than £250, that fact will hardly excuse his action and that of his fellow-commissioners. An Irishman would not be allowed to tender for a London Government contract unless he had an establishment in London, but so little do the Board of works care about Irish industrial interests that without any such needful limitation an English firm is given an Irish contract which in the past has been admirably fulfilled by Irishmen. The scheme has been nipped in the bud, and we trust we shall hear no more of these novel plans for safeguarding Irish ratepayers' pockets by making Irish workers the possible recipients of union relief.

FERMANAGH.—Evictions on the Rosslea Manor Estate.—The long-threatened evictions on the Rosslea Manor estate, four miles from Rosslea, were carried out recently. The Sheriff, Mr. Luke Knight, accompanied by County Inspector Lynch (Enniskillen), Inspector Frizel (Linaska) and fifty police proceeded to Caraleek, Dergannon, Drumshancarrick and Greaghwarren, where evictions were to be carried out. The first house visited was that of Thomas Beggan. An excited crowd of three hundred people was assembled, who groaned at the Sheriff's men. Most of the furniture had been previously removed, and the Sheriff's men were but a short time removing the remainder. Eventually the tenant's wife was

admitted as a caretaker at a penny a week. The evicting party then started for the house of James Flynn, in the townland of Corleek. In this case Mr. Rogers agreed to accept a year's rent and costs, which the tenant agreed to pay at the end of a month. The house of John McCaffrey, an old man of 70 years, was then gone to. The agent, on getting possession, admitted him as caretaker. The house of James Beggan, a poor, struggling farmer with a wife and a large family was next visited. A compromise was also come to here between the agent and tenant, who agreed to pay a year's rent and costs inside a month. While one of the emergency men was endeavouring to cross a stone ditch he missed his footing and was precipitated into a deep dyke of filthy water. Having recovered from his unpleasant position, he presented an amusing spectacle, and the crowd, who became hilarious, cheered vociferously at his misfortune. The evictions on the Rosslea estate were continued on the following day and no tenant was entirely dispossessed, amicable agreements having been arrived at in every instance. At 9 o'clock the Sheriff, Mr. Luke Knight, County Inspector Lynch, District Inspector Frizel and a force of fifty police proceeded to the townland of Burmichael. Having marched across a mountainous country, the humble dwelling of Ellen McKenna was reached. An infuriated crowd of 350 men, women and children, armed with blackthorns, sticks and bludgeons, assembled and groaned at the policemen and emergency men. The agent, Mr. H. Rogers J.P., entered the house amidst the wildest excitement, and, after a brief consultation with the woman, agreed to accept a year's rent and costs as soon as possible. The party then proceeded to the residence of Bridget McManus, in Dunlogher. It consisted of a room and a kitchen, the roofing of which was in a dilapidated state. The farm consists of three acres of stony, wet land, on which nothing seems to grow but rushes and heather. The rent which the poor woman is expected to pay is £3 1s 6d. A settlement was arrived at by which she agreed to pay half a year's rent in six weeks and the remainder a few months hence. The following houses were visited: Owen Beggan, Greaghmagore, to pay a year's rent in six weeks; John Lynch, Ery, to pay a year's rent in six weeks; John Mullarkey, Greaghmagore, to pay a year's rent in six weeks. This concluded the work of eviction, and the evicting party wended their way to Derrynice Cross, where a halt was made. A large crowd gathered round the emergency men and groaned and hooted them loudly, many humorous jests being indulged in at the expense of the crowbar brigade, while the fact of their being besmeared with mud and dirt attracted the attention of everyone as they passed along.

GALWAY.—Establishment of a Fishery School at Clifden.—A fishery school at Clifden is much required. The Very Rev. Canon Lynskey has induced the Congested Districts Board to start a school in Clifden for the instruction of the youths in making and mending nets. The Board sent down a teacher. A large school-house has been obtained from the Franciscan Brothers, and the work is progressing, the children attending regularly from all parts of the parish. The mackerel and herring seasons have been abnormally successful.

An Exacting Landlord.—The landlords are getting very stiff again in Clifden district. At the quarter sessions they are beating the poor tenants all along the line. Mr. Hazell had eight tenants processed for exercising turbary rights on their own holdings, rights which they have enjoyed for many years. Mr. Hazell contended that the tenants wanted to destroy the land and give it a bad appearance in order that when going into the Land Court they would get a considerable reduction in the rents. He swore that the land was only two feet deep and the tenants swore that the land was in many places ten feet deep. The tenants also assert that the landlord wants the holdings to present a healthy appearance before the Sub-Commissioners in order that the present heavy rents may continue. They were decreed in 10s each and costs and prevented from cutting turf in future in this portion of their holdings.

Kerry.—A Hard Case.—Timothy Murphy, who, with his wife and mother and six children, was evicted from his farm near Killarney by the MacGillicuddy of the Reeks recently, appeared before the Guardians of the Killarney Union and applied for outdoor relief. The chairman, Mr. J. Benver, enumerated the ages of the children as at 13, 11, 9, 8, 6 and 3½ years and asked if there was any chance of a settlement, and the returning officer, Mr. Rooney, said he did not know yet. The applicant, a respectable man, made a similar statement. There were no crops on the farm and two old cows which he had were seized and auctioned off by the Sheriff and bought in for a trifle. One pound a week was unanimously allowed.

MAYO.—A Priest's Bequests.—The Very Rev. Patrick Caulfield, late of Roundfort, who died lately at Lisdoonvarna, Clare, by his will, dated 2nd day of July, 1884, bequeathed to the superioress of the Convent of Mercy, Westport, £100, on condition that a monthly Mass for all time be secured by her for the repose of his own soul and the souls of all his benefactors in the parish of Westport. In case the said superioress should decline to accept such obligation, he empowered his executors to give the said £100 to any religious community willing to undertake it. In case they should fail to find any such community, he then authorised them to dispose of said £100 in such manner as would seem to them best toward realising the objects he had in view, viz., the relief of his own soul and souls of deceased benefactors. To the superioress of Westport Convent, the sum of £100, for the relief of the sick poor visited by the Sisters of the community. To the superior of the Achill Monastery, £50, to be disposed of by him in such charities among the people of Achill as may meet with the approval of the Brothers. The sum of £50 in equal shares to the clergy, of whatever deanery he may die in, for Masses for the good of his poor soul. Father Caulfield died worth £3000.

SLIGO.—Reduction of Rents Demanded.—The farmers residing in districts around Soeey demand a reduction of 40 per cent. on their rents; nothing less will enable them to tide over the crisis in which they find themselves. Failure of crops and damage

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NOTICE.

All communications connected with the Commercial Department of the N.Z. TABLET Newspaper are to be addressed to John Murray, Secretary, to whom also Post Office Orders and Cheques are in all instances to be made payable.

To insure publication in any particular issue of the paper communications must reach this Office not later than Tuesday morning.

J. M. J.

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INSURANCES.—All wool and other produce consigned to us for sale, storage or shipment is fully covered by Insurance from the time it enters our stores, and can be covered from sheep's back, if desired.

SELLING DAYS.—Our sales will be held as usual at the auction rooms of the Wool Brokers' Association, where (as large catalogues will be offered) a full attendance of buyers and the best competition will be assured. The sales have been fixed to be held as follows:—First Sale, Thursday, 17th December, 1896; Second Sale, Thursday, 14th January, 1897; Third Sale, Tuesday, 2nd February, 1897; Fourth Sale, Thursday, 25th February, 1897.

ACCOUNT SALES.—Account Sales will be rendered and proceeds paid over promptly (as heretofore) within six days of the sale. The charges on wool offered for sale and not sold are nominal, being one shilling per bale only. All other charges will be fixed on the lowest possible scale.

ADVANCES AND STATION REQUIREMENTS.—We make Liberal Advances at lowest current rates, free of commission, on wool, either on sheep's back or in store. Wool-packs, twine, sheep shears and other station requisites of the best quality and at lowest market rates always available. Advice notes, labels, etc., will be promptly forwarded to any address.

We return our best thanks for the hearty support so liberally accorded to us in the past, and assuring you of our desire to merit a continuance of your highly valued confidence and support.

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by rain to what was produced brought on the deplorable condition in which they are. Among those who attended a meeting at which the demand was formulated were, Sooley: Patrick Clerkin, president; William Flanagan, P. Flynn, P. Kelly, P. Clerkin, sr., treasurers; J. McLoughlin and Thomas Kelly, secretaries; James Flynn, John Meehan, P. Morrison, James Kelly, Bartley McLoughlin, J. Morrison, John Torsny, ex-president; Luke Torsny, John Henry, J. Carthy, Michael Murphy, J. Gilmartin, P. McMorro, P. Clerkin, John Flynn, John Kilduff, Owen Kilduff, Michael Carthy, P. Flynn, J. Laing, L. Rooney, Michael Scanlan, J. Clerkin, J. Brennan, James Meehan, J. Harte, Mark Killoran, P. McGoldrick, James McGoldrick, Michael Boles, William Clancy, Patrick Flanagan, John O'Boyle, John Carthy, Michael Gethins, Michael Keaveny, J. Brennan, jr., etc. Ballintogher: Thomas Harte, James Kelly, James Lyons. Collooney: Thomas Mannion, and Thomas Mulrooney. Sligo: Michael Keighron, J. Connor, B. McTernan, B. Coen, M. Coen, J. McGoldrick. Father Monaghan presided.

TIPPERARY.—Archbishop Redwood at Carrick-on-Suir.—Archbishop Redwood, of Wellington, New Zealand, whose brother is connected with the worthy parish priest of Carrick-on-Suir, has been on a visit to Father McGrath. He visited all the Catholic institutions of the town and was particularly struck with the great industrial progress made by the good nuns of the Mercy Order in training the girls.

The Croke Memorial Cross at Cashel.—On the evening of Thursday, November 30, this beautiful Celtic cross, which is the outcome of the affectionate zeal and veneration of the people of Cashel for their illustrious Archbishop, was brought to a completion. Large crowds of the enthusiastic citizens assembled to witness the final scene in the erection of this beautiful Celtic cross. The Very Rev. F. H. Kinane, P.P., Dean of Cashel, and Vicar-General of the archdiocese, accompanied by James Walsh, Esq., chairman Cashel Board of Guardians, were amongst the large crowd present. The cross occupies a very conspicuous position in the east end of the main street, its height is something over 16 feet. This memorial is intended as a lasting proof of the patriotism, as well as the faith, of the people of Cashel, and will remind those of the future of the fidelity of their forefathers to faith and fatherland. When the last stone was raised to its position, the Very Rev. Dean availed himself of the opportunity afforded him by the presence of such a large number of his parishioners to give expression to the feelings which the occasion created. The Very Rev. Dean said: "In the name of the citizens of Cashel, in the name of all Ireland, I salute the Cross of Christ, emblem of redemption, sign of salvation, hope of paradise, the glory of our forefathers and their refuge in penal days. I pray that the children here present and their posterity may be ever faithful as their forefathers were to the Saviour of the world and to His holy Church. This cross will ever preach the sermon to all who behold it to avoid sin, to keep God's Commandments, to be faithful as our forefathers were, even to the shedding of our blood, to the Catholic Church, to lead a holy life, die a happy death, and see in paradise the divine Saviour whose image we this evening venerate." At the conclusion of the Very Rev. Dean's address there was great enthusiasm displayed, and cheers, repeated again and again, were sent up by the assembled people for the Very Rev. Dean and the illustrious Archbishop of Cashel.

WEXFORD.—The Eviction Campaign.—On Wednesday, November 25, Mr. John Cowman was evicted from his farms at Coolamurray and Rathmure. Mr. John Duggan, a smith at Leap Cross, on one of the holdings, gave up possession quietly when Bailiffs Donovan and Dwyer, Ennis-corthy, arrived. He was readmitted as caretaker. There is another house on the lands occupied by Laurence Sutton. For this house no rent has been paid for over seventy years. In consequence of this, Sutton, on the advice of his solicitor, held possession and refused to allow himself to be constituted a caretaker, so the bailiffs broke in the door and removed his effects. Sutton has instructed his solicitor, Mr. O'Dempsey, to take an action against the landlords for illegal eviction. On the day previous to the eviction Mr. Cowman, the principal tenant, was arrested for threatening the rent warner and brought to Ennis-corthy, where he had to enter into recognizance—himself in £50 and two sureties in £25 each—to be of good behaviour and appear at Clonroche Petty Sessions when called upon. This was done to prevent him making an effective protest, because the eviction was carried out the very day after he was bound over. The people of Davidstown, though politically divided, will unite to protest against the eviction and to indicate what their feelings will be in the event of the farm being grabbed. If the people of Davidstown take up the matter a stiff fight is certain. Only two farms have been grabbed in the parish since the land agitation commenced. The owners of both have left the country. Mr. Cowman, knowing how unfavourable the Davidstown atmosphere is for the grabber, has declared his intention to stick by his farm. He will never leave the country, but see the struggle out to its bitter end.

GENERAL.

Mr. Redmond's American Mission.—The *Irish-American* has some plain speaking about Mr. John E. Redmond's projected American mission. It was announced that that gentleman is due about the 20th of November in New York, where he intends to start a lecturing tour dealing with his fifteen years' Parliamentary experiences. In a note referring to the proposed visit our contemporary says: "It is obvious that Mr. Redmond's visit to America at the present time is for no other object than to collect the money that he and his factionists need in order to continue their evil work of perpetuating discord and strife in the ranks of the Irish National party in Ireland. It is equally obvious that—as he ought to be—he will be sadly disappointed in the result of his mission, which should be marked by no other result than complete failure."

UNITE!

Shame, brothers, shame! Here's the day of battle breaking.
See a nation straining wildly for the music of your guns!
Think, soldiers, think! Freedom waits but for your waking,
And your camp but wakes to discord and your blows smite your own sons.

Your country's cheek
Your faction shriek
Dies scarlet with your shame!

Hark! the foemen laugh their loudest in their red ranks grim and steady
While your jarring war of curses mad their thirsty ears imbibe:
"But yesterday for panic-flight our beaten hosts were ready—
Our mirth's to-day the fools who'd lose a country for a jibe"—
A jibe, a flout,
Some faction shout,
While Ireland's red with shame!

Hark! the warning from the green graves where the deathless dead lie watching:
"Not England's sword but brother's feud for ever struck us down."
Hark! the exile's prayer the heavens from a hundred lands are catching:
"Touch their hearts, O angel's wing of peace ere our golden hopes are gone!"

But no—ever no!
Still the curses and the blow,
While Freedom's golden moments go.

Think, O comrades, of the camp-fires where we laughed and quaffed together,
When our souls flashed fire divine at touch of Ireland's holy hand,
In days when, welcome thunderclap or triumph's blazing weather,
We sought the shock with England's hosts' our peerless soldier band!

Have all perish'd
Dreams so cherished—
When we thrill'd at touch of Ireland's holy hand!

Hark! a murmur from the martyr graves and o'er the oceans swelling!
The air grows dark with menace of a race in wrath uprisen:
Petty breed of brawlers, cease your babble!—or your swords of foul stain telling
Purer hands will use to scourge you to graves curs'd for your treason.

And legions ten
Of truer men
Will spring to Ireland's sun-bright flag new risen!

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

V A R I A .

HE WAS A PATRIOT.

AT Bow-street County Court in November last, before Judge French, William Thomas, labourer, Leyton Road, Stratford, appeared in answer to an ejection summons taken out by his late landlord, Henri Guillane.

Judge French, "Have you had notice to quit?" Defendant, "Notice! Blime, I have had ten notices. Here they are your Worship."

"Then why don't you go?"
"Me go! Lawks a mussy! I'm an Englishman; he's a bloomin' Frenchman; that's what he is. I'm a patriot. What could he do with Nelson? You know what he said—'England expects every man to do his duty.'"

"And to pay his rent into the bargain."
"I'm a patriot, I am. I've got a Primrose League medal. What should silly Frenchies come over here for? Let them wait."

"How soon can you go?"
"Is he going to ruin me? This is British justice. Well, I'm blowed!"

"He wants his house and you will have to turn out. That is the law."

"And someone once said the law was an ass. I think he was quite right" (laughter.)

"You must go. He is entitled to possession."
"And he is a blooming Frenchman. What about Nelson now?" (laughter.)

"Never mind Nelson, you must go."
"All right: I'll give him possession in a week. Much good may it do him. Let him go and eat frogs (laughter). That's all he is fit for. Frogs! Frogs! Frogs!"

LOOKING FOR HIS TEETH.

Mr. Pendleton's volumes on "Our Railways" are full of stories. One relates to a passenger who escaped uninjured from a serious railway smash in Suffolk. Seeing a fellow-traveller searching anxiously among the wreckage, with a lantern, he offered to assist in the search, and, thinking the old man had lost his wife, asked in sympathetic tones: "What part of the train was she in?" Raising his lantern and glaring at the kindly disposed passenger the old man shouted with indignant distinctness, that triumphed over his physical infirmity: "She, sir! She! I am looking for my teeth!"

Footballers and Cricketers use nothing but P.P.P. To be had from all chemists.—ADVT.

COMPARE SIZE AND WEIGHT OF STICKS.
Smoke T. C Williams' JUNO. Smoke.

JOHN MILL AND CO

RAITRAY STREET, DUNEDIN.

Having purchased the business of the Grey mouth-Point Elizabeth Railway and Coal Co. for the Province of Otago, we will be happy to supply the following products of their mines:—

Unscreened Coal for Steam Purposes.
Brunner Nuts, the Best in the Market for Smithy Work.
Coke not to be equalled for Smelting.
Fire Clay Goods of Every Description.

We will also be pleased to supply Westport Coal, Kaitangata, and Other Lignite Coals.

Firewood Cut by Steam Power to any length required.

Coal and Wood supplied to Householders in any quantity.

THE DOUGLAS HOTEL

Corner Octagon and George streets, Dunedin.

E. POWER (for 10 years barman, Grand Hotel) Proprietor.

Mr POWER wishes to inform his friends and the public that he has taken the above hotel, and hopes to receive a fair share of support. This well-known hotel is within a few minutes walk of railway station and wharf, thereby offering great facility to the travelling public of being able to leave by early trains. The bedrooms are all well and comfortably furnished, and the fittings are all that could be desired.

The Wines and Spirits are of the Best Procurable Brands.

Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths.

Cable Address: "Laery," Wellington. ABC Code, Fourth Edition used.

Bankers: Bank of New South Wales.

LAERY AND CO., LIMITED

44 WILLIS STREET, WELLINGTON.

Auctioneers. Wool and Flax Brokers. Grain, Fruit, Produce, and General Merchants Commission, Land and Estate Agents.

CONSIGNMENTS—Wool, Sheepskins, Grain, Flax, Cheese, Butter, Fruit and Produce of Every Description received for Local Sale or or Shipment to English, Australian, or American Markets. Our Charges are on the Lowest Scale, and Prompt Returns and Remittances may be relied on. Liberal Advances made against Every Description of Produce placed in our hands for Sale.

CHRISTCHURCH DEPOT AND OFFICE
193 TUAM STREET.

H. B. KIRK

MANUFACTURER OF

Bricks for the Mansion, Cottage, Stable Warehouse and Factory; Drain and Sanitary Pipes, Traps, Syphons, Chimney Pots, Chimney Lining, Air Bricks, Tiles Vases, Open Channelling, etc.

Sole Agent for the celebrated Grey Valley Fireclay Goods, Tiles of all sizes, Bricks of every shape, Blocks, Lumps, Boiler Seats, etc.

Sole Manufacturer of Cuthbert's Patent Disconnecting Gully Trap.

Also a Stock for Sale.—Colonial and English Cement, Hydraulic and Stone Lime, Plaster of Paris, Cowhair, Laths, Nails, Sand, Shingle, Rubble, Clay, Grotto, etc.

Manufactory at Farnley, St Martins.

TELEPHONE: NO. 432.

EUROPEAN HOTEL

(late Carroll's),
GEORGE STREET (near Octagon),
DUNEDIN.

E. DWYER ... Proprietor.

Mr Dwyer desires to inform the Public that he has leased the above well-known, commodious, and centrally situated, Hotel (three minutes walk from Railway Station), and is now in a position to offer First-class Accommodation to Travellers and Boarders.
HOT, COLD, & SHOWER BATHS.

PRIVATE ROOMS FOR FAMILIES.

All Liquors kept in stock are of the very Best procurable Brands.

CAMPBELL AND CRUST



NEW ZEALAND
EXPRESS COMPANY,
CUSTOMS, SHIPPING,
AND EXPRESS FORWARDING AGENTS.

Branches: Wellington, Christchurch, Invercargill, and Oamaru. Agencies throughout the Colony, Australia, Britain, etc.

Parcels, Packages, etc., delivered at any address in the world at THROUGH and FIXED RATES.

To	3lb	7lb	14lb	28lb	56lb	112lb
Christ'ch	9d	1s 3d	2s 3d	4s 0d	5s 0d	6s 0d
In'vc'rg'l	6d	1s 0d	1s 6d	2s 6d	3s 6d	4s 6d
Oamaru	6d	9d	1s 0d	1s 6d	2s 0d	3s 6d
Timaru	6d	1s 0d	1s 6d	2s 9d	4s 0d	4s 6d
		3lb.		20lb	50lb	100lb

Auckland } Each add. (2s 6d 3s 6d 4s 6d
Napier } 1s tional lb up } 2s 6d 4s 0d 4s 6d
Well'ng't'n } to 9lb, 3d. } 2s 6d 3s 6d 4s 6d

And upwards at slight increase.

Parcels for Great Britain and Ireland:—
1lb, 1s; and 6d per lb additional.

Agents for Gt. Britain ... W. R. Sutton & Co.

" Melbourne ... F. Tate

" Sydney ... Sydney Transfer Co.

C.O.D.—Amount of invoices collected against delivery of goods on small commission.

HEAD OFFICE: 7 MANSE STREET.

GUNTRIP AND LAKE

NURSERYMEN AND FLORISTS.
SPREYDON NURSERY, LINCOLN ROAD,
Nearly opposite Show Grounds.
TRAMS EVERY HOUR.

Fruit, Forest and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, from 2 to 5 years old, in great variety
Roses, Picones, Dahlias, Carnations, Chrysanthemums and Bulbs, Bouquets, Wreaths, Crosses, etc.

AT SHORT NOTICE.

Balls and Banquets supplied with Pot Plants and Decorations.

GARDENS LAID OUT AND KEPT IN ORDER.

Personal Inspection Invited, and Large Buyers LIBERALLY DEALT WITH.

W. WALTON AND CO

MASONS, BRICKLAYERS,
AND MONUMENTAL MASONS,
MACKAY STREET, GREYMOUTH.

The Best Stock of Marble and Granite Monuments and Headstones on the West Coast.

IMPERISHABLE LETTERING DONE.
Send for Designs.

Concrete Kerbing always on hand.

SOUTH END MONUMENTAL WORKS.
Established - 1865.

H. PALMER

STONE MASON & SCULPTOR,
PRINCES STREET SOUTH, DUNEDIN.

Monuments and Tombstones erected of New Zealand Granite, Scotch Granite, and Italian and American Marble.

Tomb Railing in great variety.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

Town and Country Orders promptly attended to.

A TERRIBLE CASE OF ECZEMA

CURED BY

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Mrs. E. Wyatt, of Port Road, West Hindmarsh, So. Australia, writes of the sad condition of her little daughter, whose portrait she also sends:



"My daughter was afflicted with Eczema of the most aggravated type. The disease first appeared in eruptions on her head, then her hair began to fall out, and in spite of the best medical advice and treatment she grew steadily worse. The sores were full of matter and were extremely offensive. Her eyes became affected, and she was, in truth, in a terrible state. My neighbors were very sympathetic and took great interest in the case. They persuaded me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and I am most thankful to be able to say that this wonderful medicine completely restored my daughter's health. She has now as good a head of hair as anyone could wish, her eyes are perfectly well, and she is a fine girl of eight years with every prospect of growing up to be a strong and healthy woman."

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

Gold Medals at the World's Chief Expositions.

BOOK BINDING

PAPER RULING,
ACCOUNT-BOOK MANUFACTURING,
Including the supply of Paper, Ruling, Printing, Numbering, etc.

ALEXANDER SLIGO,
42 George St.—Dunedin—42 George St.

NEWS AGENT.
Importer of Magazines and Periodicals of every kind.
BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER.

JOHN GILLIES

Furniture, Carpet, Floorcloths, and Linoleum Warehouse,
8 GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

Has just landed Brussels and Tapestry Carpet of magnificent designs, Floorcloths and Linoleums, all widths up to 12 feet in new designs and various qualities.

Bedsteads and Bedding, all kinds fresh and new.

A large assortment of Bamboo Tables, Whatnots, Brackets, Screens, Stools, new colourings and designs.

A large stock of New Furniture of latest new styles.

Houses Furnished on the Time-Payment System. Terms very easy. Everybody in town and country cordially invited to visit and inspect our Immense Stock.

RINK STABLES

CHRISTCHURCH.

Carriages, Cabs, Landaus, Broughams, Dog Carts, Buggies, Daisy Carts, &c., always ON HIRE at the Shortest Notice. Horses Bought and Sold on Commission, and Broken to Single and Double Harness. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Vehicles and Harness of every description Bought, Sold, Repaired or Stored.

W. HAYWARD & CO., Rink Stables, Gloucester Street, Christchurch. Telephone 197.

WOOL.

WOOL.

N.Z. LOAN & MERCANTILE AGENCY CO., LD

ARE NOW MAKING

LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES at LOWEST CURRENT RATES of Interest
On GROWING CLIPS OF WOOL.

GRASS SEEDS.—Choice and Carefully Selected Stock of all descriptions now on hand for Spring Sowing.

FAT STOCK.—Sales conducted every Wednesday at Burnside Yards.

ANDREW TODD, Manager, DUNEDIN.

Commercial.

DUNEDIN WOOL SALES.

The second series of Dunedin wool sales was opened on Thursday, the 14th inst., at nine o'clock at the Choral Hall, Moray place. The attendance of buyers was the largest seen in Dunedin for some time, representing Home and foreign houses, local mills, speculators and fellmongers. The catalogues submitted were on a very extensive scale, the different brokers cataloguing as follows:—

Stronach Bros. and Morris	1,013
Dalgety and Co.	717
Donald Reid and Co.	1,886
Wright, Stephenson and Co.	4,129
New Loan and Mercantile	1,304
Moritzson and Hopkin	368
W. E. Reynolds	341
Farmers' Agency	1,463

While the Mutual Agency Company, who now sell separately from the Associated Brokers, will offer in their own rooms 1,778, making a total of over 13,000 bales, a record for the Dunedin market.

The following table shows the current values:—

	Superior.	Good.	Medium.	Inferior.
G. half-bred	8d to 8½d	7d to 7½d	6d to 6½d	5½d to 5¾d
G. cross-bred	7½d to 8½d	7d to 7½d	6d to 6½d	5½d to 5¾d
G. merino	7d to 7½d	6d to 6½d	5d to 5½d	
G. pieces and bellies	6½d to 6¾d	5½d to 5¾d	4½d to 4¾d	3½d to 4d
G. locks	4½d to 5d	4d to 4½d	3½d to 3¾d	2d to 3d

THE NEW ZEALAND LOAN AND MERCANTILE AGENCY COMPANY, LIMITED, report for the week ended January 19, as follows:—

Wheat—All offered is being taken up at late quotations, but the business done is unimportant. Prime milling velvet is worth 4s 9d to 4s 10d; prime Tuscan, 4s 5d to 4s 8d; medium to best red wheat, 4s 3d to 4s 8d; inferior, 3s 6d to 4s 2d (ex store, sacks in, terms).

Oats—Owing to the fact that the quantity offering is limited, prices are slightly firmer, at the same time the demand is not exceedingly strong. Quotations for best feed and milling, 1s 11½d to 2s; medium to good feed 1s 10d to 1s 11d; inferior, 1s 7d to 1s 8d (ex store, sacks extra, net).

Barley—Market quiet. The demand is slightly better but prices show no advance. Quotations for prime malting, 3s to 3s 3d; medium, 2s 6d to 2s 9d; inferior, 2s 1d to 2s 3d (ex store, sacks extra, net).

Grass Seed—A moderate demand exists but prices remain low, say, for best machine dressed, 2s 9d to 3s (ex store, sacks extra, net). Cocksfoot has no inquiry of any consequence. Quotations—For best dressed, 5½d to 5¾d; medium, 4½d to 5d per lb (ex store, sacks extra, net).

Chaff—The supply being more than sufficient for requirements, prices are less firm, say, for prime, L2 10s to L2 12s 6d; medium, L2 2s 6d to L2 7s 6d (ex truck, sacks returned, net).

Potatoes—Consignments coming to hand more freely, prices are again lower this week, say, for prime kidneys, L3 17s 6d to L4 7s 6d; medium, L3 2s 6d to L3 12s 6d per ton (ex store, sacks in, net).

Sheepskins—All offered meet with a moderate demand, but prices are in favour of buyers, say for best dry crossbreds, 4d to 4½d; medium, 3d to 3½d; dry merinos, 2d to 4d per lb; green pelts, 10d to 1s 3d; green lambskins, 9d to 1s 3d each.

Rabbitskins—Medium and off-season fetch 7d to 9d; inferior, 4d to 5½d; suckers, 1d to 2½d per lb.

Hides—Best fetch 2½d to 3d; extra heavy, 3½d to 3¾d; light, 1½d to 2d; inferior, 1d to 1½d per lb.

Tallow and Fat—There is no change to note. Broken packages rendered from the country fetch 10s 6d to 15s; butchers' best mutton caul fat, 11s to 11s 6d; medium, 6s 6d to 10s 6d; inferior, 8s 6d to 9s per cwt (ex store, net).

MESSRS DONALD REID AND Co. report as follows:—

Oats—The tone of the market is slightly stronger, but without any decided advance in values. We quote: Prime milling and best feed, 1s 11½d to 2s; good feed, 1s 11d to 1s 11½d; medium, 1s 10d to 1s 11d per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat—A fair demand exists for all classes at late quotations. We offered only broken fowl wheat, which sold at 3s 9d per bushel. We quote: Prime milling velvet, 4s 9d to 4s 10d; do Tuscan, 4s 7d to 4s 9d; medium milling, 4s 3d to 4s 6d; fowl wheat, 3s 6d to 4s 3d per bushel (sacks in).

Potatoes—The market has been over-supplied with ill-conditioned sorts, which are difficult to quit. We have inquiry for good ripe freshly-dug kidneys. We quote: Best at £6 to £7 10s; good, £4 to £5; medium, £3 to £4 per ton (sacks in).

Chaff—Supplies are moderate, and late values are well maintained. We quote: Best oaten sheaf, £2 12s 6d to £2 15; medium to good, £2 7s 6d to £2 10s per ton (sacks extra).

MESSRS SAMUEL ORR AND Co., Stafford street, report for the week ending January 19, as follows:—

A change in the weather has at last taken place, and at time of writing it looks as if we would have a substantial fall of rain, which will undoubtedly benefit not only cereals but turnips, and bring away grass also.

Oats—At auction the bidding was most languid, and few lots changed hands. Privately, however, a few parcels have, and we think they cannot go much lower, if any at all, in fact. We quote prime milling, 2s 1d; best bright feed, 1s 11d to 2s; ordinary, 1s 10d.

Wheat—Locally there is but little doing, but prices in all the Home and Continental markets remain firm.

Barley—Nothing of note doing in this.

Chaff—Demand firm—equal to supply, and prices consequently a little easier.

Potatoes—Market simply glutted, and prices went down to as low as L3 and as high as L6 10s.

Seed—A good few lots of ryegrass of the old stock changed hands this week at prices ranging from 2s 3d to 3s 3d, the latter for choice machine dressed quality.

MESSRS STRONACH BROS. AND MORRIS report for week ending 19th inst as follows:—

Fat Cattle—Best bullocks, L8 to L9 12s 6d; medium, L7 to L7 15s; light and inferior, L5 to L6 10s.

Fat Sheep—3120 came forward, major portion being ewes. Best wethers, 9s 6d to 10s 6d; medium do., 8s to 9d; light do., 6s 6d to 7s 6d.

Fat Lambs—1200 were submitted, and owing to the large yarding prices fell 1s 6d to 2s per head. Best lambs, 8s 6d to 9s 3d; medium do., 7s to 8s; inferior do., 4s 6d to 6s.

Wheat—Business is on a small scale, the only enquiries being for pearl velvet and fowl feed. Prime velvet, 4s 8d to 4s 10d; ordinary milling, 4s 3d to 4s 6d; fowl feed, 3s 6d to 4s 1d.

Oats—Market steady. Prime milling, 1s 11d to 1s 11½d; good to best feed, 1s 10½d to 1s 11d; medium and inferior, 1s 9d to 1s 10d.

Chaff—Consignments are on a liberal scale. Best quality, to L2 15s; good, L2 10s to L2 12s 6d; medium, L2 2s 6d to L2 5s.

Potatoes—Best are worth L6 to L6 10s, while extra good lots have touched L8 during the week.

MESSRS LAERY AND CO., LIMITED, Grain and Produce Merchants, Wellington, report as follows:—

Wheat—Prime whole fowl wheat, 4s 6d; prime milling, 4s 9d per bushel.

Oats—Market firm. Prime short feed, 2s 4d; Danish, 2s 3d; duns, 2s 5d; black oats, 2s 4d; Tartarian (seed), 2s 5d per bushel.

Peas—Partridge, 4s; Prussian blue, 4s 6d per bushel.

Barley—Prime feed, 2s 9d; malting, nominally, 3s 9d per bushel.

New Potatoes—Kidneys, choice, 6s to 7s; round, 5s to 6s per cwt.

Onions—Colonial, 6s; Melbourne, 8s per cwt.

Beans—3s 2d per bushel.

Pollard—L4 5s per ton.

Bran—L3 15s per ton.

DRINK ONLY "SPRING BLOSSOM" TEA.

Packed in ½lb, 1lb, 5lb and 10lb air-tight (net weight) Tins. RICH AND DELICIOUS IN LIQUOR

[A CARD.]

DONALD REID, JUN.,
SOLICITOR,
(Temporary Office: Albert Buildings),
118 PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.

DUNEDIN PLUMBING AND COPPER WORKS,

A. MORRISON begs to remind his old Friends and the Public Generally that he is still carrying on Business.
OFFICE: MORAY PLACE (Opposite His Old Premises).
WORKS: CUMBERLAND STREET, Between Stuart and St. Andrew Streets. Estimates given for every Description of Plumber, Copper, and Tinsmiths' work. Gasfitting, Heating, Ventilating, Sanitary, Dairy Work, etc. Jobbing Punctually attended to. Telephone 69.

D. & J. BACON'S
LIVERY, BAIT, AND LETTING STABLES,
GREAT KING STREET, DUNEDIN.
Drags and Carriages for Hire. Ladies' and Gent's Quiet Hacks, Harness Horses and Hacks always on hand,
We are constantly receiving from Home a large stock of
SADDLERY.
SADDLES, BRIDLES, SINGLE AND DOUBLE HARNESS, WHIPS,
Waterproofs, Coats and Rugs, Horse Clothing of all Descriptions, etc., etc., which we are prepared to quit at Great Reductions,

RAILWAY HOTEL
THORNDON QUAY, WELLINGTON.
JAMES DEALY ... Proprietor;
This well-known Hotel is in close proximity to both Railway Stations, thereby offering great facility to the travelling public of being able to leave by the early trains. Guests may depend upon being called in time, a porter being kept for that purpose. The Bedrooms are well and comfortably furnished, and the Fittings and Accommodation throughout is all that could be desired. The Wines and Spirits are all of the choicest and Best Brands. Dunedin XXXX Beer always on tap.
Table d'Hotel daily from 12 to 2, and Meals at all hours for travellers.
Free Stabling.

THE KAITANGATA RAILWAY AND COAL COMPANY, LIMITED.

THE NATURAL EXCELLENCE of the REAL and ORIGINAL KAITANGATA COAL, for every purpose is so universally recognised by all HOUSEHOLDERS and MANUFACTURERS throughout the Middle Island now, that it would be superfluous for the Company to detail the special features of its superiority over all other coals in every notice like this. The present, therefore, is only to assure the Public generally that the Coal maintains its excellence, and is sold by all Merchants in the trade.

The KAITANGATA ALMANAC will be delivered to Consumers as usual next month.

W. P. WATSON,
General Manager

Offices: Crawford street, Dunedin.
12th November, 1896.

RICHARDT'S * HOTEL
QUEENSTOWN, LAKE WAKATIPU,
Otago, New Zealand.
This Hotel is situated on the margin of Queenstown Bay, and commands views of Grand and Magnificent Lake Scenery.
PRIVATE APARTMENTS FOR TOURISTS AND FAMILIES.
Porter meets every Steamer on arrival at the Wharf.
CRAIG AND CO'S COACHES
Leave this Hotel for Dunedin Thrice Weekly.
First-class Stabling. Horses and Buggies for Hire, and ready at a moment's notice. Drivers provided. Specials to Mount Cook. Reasonable Arrangements can be made for the Accommodation of Families, as well as for Accommodation during the Winter Season.

JOSEPH TAYLOR AND CO
(Successors to R. G. Warnes),
ELITE LUNCHEON AND SUPPER ROOMS,
176 CASHEL STREET, CHRISTCHURCH,
Give special attention to Country Orders for FISH, OYSTERS, GAME OR POULTRY.

Our Fish Luncheon Rooms are the best fitted and most commodious in New Zealand. Fish Luncheon supplied from 10 a.m. to 12 p.m.

GAME AND POULTRY SUPPLIED IN ANY QUANTITY AT WHOLESALE PRICES.
English Salmon at a day's notice.

HOTELS FOR SALE
Country Hotel and 35 acres Land.
Country Hotel, rent £4, price £750.
Country Commercial Hotel, big business.
Hotel, Wanganui district.
Hotel in good bush district.
Suburban Hotel, low price.
Hotel, Palmerston North.
Hotel, Forty-mile Bush.
Small Country Hotel and 120 acres Land.
Hotel in Taranaki District.
Hotel, Napier.
Hotel, Rangitikei District.
Hotel, Marlborough District.
Hotel in Wellington, doing a trade which worked at very little expense.
DWAN BROS.,
WILLIS STREET, WELLINGTON.

A HIGH AUTHORITY ON WAI-RONGOA MINERAL WATER.
Bottled only at Springs, Wai-Rongoa.
The *New Zealand Medical Journal* says:—
"In regard to the Water itself, as a table beverage it can be confidently recommended. Beautifully cool, clear, and effervescing, the taste clean, with just sufficient chalybeate astringency to remind one that there are healing virtues as well as simple refreshment in the liquid, this Mineral Water ought soon to become popular amongst all who can afford the very slight cost entailed."
We supply the Dunedin and Wellington Hospitals, the Union Company's entire fleet, and Bellamy's with our Pure Mineral Water. Specially-made Soda Water for Invalids. For Permit to visit Springs apply Dunedin Office.
THOMSON AND CO,
Office: Dunedin.

TO TOURISTS, COMMERCIAL MEN, AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.
MOUNTAINEER * HOTEL
QUEENSTOWN, LAKE WAKATIPU.
Proprietor - - P. MCCARTHY.
This New and Commodious Hotel has been well furnished throughout and is now one of the most comfortable Houses in Otago. Suites of Rooms have been set apart for Families, and every attention has been paid to the arrangements for carrying on a first-class trade. Bath Rooms.
TERMS MODERATE.
Best Brands of Wines, Spirits, and Beers.
FIRST-CLASS SAMPLE ROOM.
A Porter will attend Passengers on the Arrival and Departure of Steamers.
First-class Stabling.
Horses and Buggies for Hire.

Established 1859.
NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE COMPANY
(FIRE AND MARINE).
Capital £1,000,000. Paid-up Capital and Reserves, £485,000.
OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND BRANCH SUB-AGENCIES.

Abbotsford ..	D. Buchanan
Alexandra South ...	James Rivers
Blueskin ...	A. Kilpatrick
Balclutha ...	Blakwood and Chapman
Broad Bay ...	Geo. Green
Clinton ...	Wm. Moffat
Caversham ...	George Allen
Cromwell ...	Henry Hotop
Dunroon ...	Wm. Sutherland
Greytown ...	J. Williams
Hampden ...	Edward Lefevre
Heriot ...	C. Todd, junr.
Henley ...	Donald Malcolm
INVERCARGILL ...	E. B. Pilcher, Mgr.
Kakanui ...	William Barr
Kaitangata ...	William Kelly
Kaikorai ...	Jno. Frazer
Kurow ...	John Orr
Lawrence ...	Herbert and Co.
Livingstone ...	M. Osterberg
Mosgiel ...	J. E. Jago
Maheno ...	John Rankin
Milton ...	Jas. Elder Brown
Moeraki ...	Edward Lefevre
Naseby ...	Robert Glenn
North-East Valley ...	Wm. Mitchell
Outram ...	H. Wilson and Co.
OAMARU ...	J. B. Grave, Mgr.
Otepopo ...	Charles Beckingsale
Owake ...	Jno. Craig
Papakao ...	Dunn and Cameron
Port Chalmers ...	Alex. Rae
Palmerston ...	Charles Crump
Pembroke ...	Robert McDougall
Ravensbourne ...	C. E. George
Woodhaugh ...	E. S. Clarke

Every Description of Property Insured against Loss or Damage at Lowest Current Rates of Premium.
Special Facilities afforded to Shippers and Importers.
JAMES EDGAR,
Branch Manager.
Offices: Corner of
RATTRAY AND CRAWFORD STREETS
DUNEDIN.

UNION STEAMSHIP COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND, LIMITED.
SPECIALLY REDUCED FARES IN FORCE BY ALL STEAMERS OVER ALL THE COMPANY'S LINES.
Steamers will be despatched as under:—
LYTTELTON and WELLINGTON—
Rotomahana Tues., Jan. 26 2.30 p.m. trn
Tekapo Thurs., Jan. 28 2.30 p.m. trn
Flora Fri., Jan. 29 3 p.m. trn
NAPIER, GISBORNE and AUCKLAND—
Rotomahana Tues., Jan. 26 2.30 p.m. trn
Flora Frid., Jan. 29 3 p.m. D'din
SYDNEY, via WELLINGTON—
Tekapo Thur., Jan. 28 2.30 p.m. trn
Talune Thur., Feb. 4 2.30 p.m. trn
SYDNEY via AUCKLAND—
Rotomahana Tues., Jan. 26 2.30 p.m. trn
Waihora Tues., Feb. 9 2.30 p.m. trn
MELBOURNE via BLUFF and HOBART—
Manapouri Mon., Jan. 25 3.35 p.m. trn
Wakatipu Mon., Feb. 1 3 p.m. trn
WESTPORT, via TIMARU, AKAROA, LYTTELTON WELLINGTON, NELSON and GREYMOUTH—
Brunner Thurs., Jan. 28 5 p.m. D'din
Omapere Thur., Feb. 4 5 p.m. D'din
GREYMOUTH, via OAMARU, TIMARU, LYTTELTON, WELLINGTON, and NEW PLYMOUTH—
Herald Wed., Feb. 3 10 p.m. D'din
TONGA, SAMOA, FIJI and SYDNEY—
Ovalau Wed., Feb. 10 From Auckland
FIJI (SUVA and LEVUKA)—
Upolu Frid., Jan. 29 From Auckland
TAHITI and RAROTONGA—
Richmond about Feb. 17 From Auckland

CLOSE YOUR EYES to Quality and the world is full of Cheap Things. Low Prices get Customers, but it is Quality that keeps them. This is proved by the Enormous Sale of **TIGER BLEND TEA.** They are old in popularity, but ever young in manory. If you do not use them begin at once.

Maize—3s 1d per bushel.
 Chaff—Prime bright heavy feed, 65s; medium to good, 52s 6d to 57s 6d per ton.
 Cocksfoot—Prime bright heavy farmers' dressed, 4½d to 4¾d; medium to good, 3d to 4d per lb.
 Ryegrass—Prime bright machine-dressed, 4s to 4s 6d; farmers' parcels, 2s 9d to 3s per bushel.
 Hams and Bacon—Prime factory-cured hams, 7d; bacon, 5½d; best farmers' cured hams, 6d; bacon, 5d per lb.
 Flour—Best brands, in sacks, L11 15s per ton, with proportionate prices for other sizes.
 Oatmeal—McGill's, L12; Doull's, L11 10s.
 Fungus—3d per lb.
 Rabbitskins—Prime well-saved winter skins, 9d to 10d per lb.
 Sheepskins—Best butchers' skins, 4s 6d to 5s 6d; medium to good, 3s to 4s; country crossbred skins, medium to fine quality, well-saved pelts, 5½d; extra choice lines, full-woolled, 5¾d to 6d; half to three-quarter woolled, well-saved, 4¾d to 5d; fair to medium, 3½d to 4½d; best country merinos, full-woolled, 4½d to 5½d; ordinary to good, 4d to 4½d per lb.
 Hides—Extra heavy ox hides, well flayed, 18s to 20s; plump heavy, 16s to 17s 6d; medium, 10s to 14s; cow hides, extra heavy, 8s to 9s 6d; medium, 7s to 7s 6d. Badly-flayed and slippery hides at proportionate rates.
 Horse Hair—9d to 11d per lb.
 Tallow—Best rendered mutton, in casks, 15s to 16s; ordinary to good, 13s to 14s 6d; best rendered mutton, in casks, 12s 6d to 13s; rough fat, 10s 6d to 11s per cwt.

DUNEDIN HORSE SALEYARDS.

Messrs. WRIGHT, STEPHENSON, AND Co. report as follows:—

The usual weekly sale was held in Power's stable on account of the horse saleyard being taken up with wool. The attendance of buyers was moderate, and the entries were fairly numerous. Among the draughts forward were about half a dozen superior well-framed mares and geldings. The animals attracted a good deal of attention, and bidding for them was very brisk, reaching as high as L37 10s. For young, sound sorts of this class there is a splendid demand, and we can recommend consignments being brought to this market. Spring-carters were poorly represented, and the inquiry for aged and inferior horses of this stamp is not much. Useful, active sorts always meet with a good demand, and bring full values. Hacks and light harness horses were also poorly represented, with one or two exceptions. Sound young sorts sell well, but inferior and weedy animals do not meet with much demand. Next week we shall sell a shipment of splendid upstanding draughts from Melbourne belonging to Messrs. Rae and Trestrail. We quote: First-class heavy young draughts at from L30 to L35 (extra heavy a pound or two more); medium, L22 to L27; aged, L15 to L20; good hacks and strong carriage horses, L15 to L20; spring-cart sorts, L11 to L13; light hacks, L7 to L10; inferior, L2 to L5.

MR. F. MEENAN, King street, reports:—Wholesale price only—Oats: Good demand; feed, medium to good, 1s 10d to 1s 11d; milling, 2s to 2s 1d; Fowls' wheat 3s 10d to 4s; milling, 4s 9d to 5s; chaff L2 to L2 15s 0d. Ryegrass, L2 10s to L2 15s. Straw, 22s to 24s per ton, loose and pressed. New potatoes, L6 to L8. Flour: Roller, L12 to L12 10s; stone, L11 to L11 10s. Oatmeal: L11 in 25lbs. Butter: Dairy, 5d to 8d; factory, 9d. Eggs, 8d. Bran, L3. Pollard, 14. Onions L7 10s.

Archdiocese of Wellington.

(From our own Correspondent.)

January 16th, 1896.

It is evident that the formation of the Women's Branch of the Hibernian Society, the advent of which I chronicled some months ago, has come to stay; in fact, from what I hear it is progressing in a very healthy and encouraging way. The Branch held a social gathering in Thomas' Hall on Wednesday night. The affair was very successful, upwards of 150 persons being present. The success of the gathering was due in a great measure to the energy of a committee who had charge of the arrangements, more especially to Sister R. Robinson (president), Sister M. McCarthy (vice-president), Sister M. Carrigan (secretary) and Sister Grant (treasurer). An orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. F. L. Dean, supplied the dance music, and Bro. R. Robinson and J. McMillan acted as M.C.s. Songs were given during the evening by Mr. Gough, Seaman James of H.M.S. Wallaroo and others. A liberal supply of refreshments was provided by the committee, who were indebted to the Empire Tea Company for liberal assistance in this direction.

A quiet wedding took place at St. Joseph's Church, Buckle street, on Wednesday morning, when Miss Meyer, eldest daughter of Mr. J. H. Meyer, builder, was married to Mr. Illingworth, builder. The bride was given away by her father, the bridesmaids being Misses Katie and Martha Meyer, sisters of the bride. The Nuptial Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Ainsworth, who also tied the nuptial knot.

It is gratifying that the League of the Cross is in a flourishing condition here, as the well-attended social given on Tuesday evening bore testimony. The chair was occupied by the Very Rev. Father Devoy, V.G., who delivered a short address on the aims and objects of the League. The Vicar-General took occasion, during the evening, to appoint the Rev. Father O'Shea president of the League. After being duly installed in office the new president returned thanks, and said he would do his best to further the interests of the League, increase their membership, and, with the assistance of the other officers, bring it as near as possible to that standard of success which the Very Rev. Father Devoy had predicted it would

reach in the near future. Songs were given during the evening by Misses Diedrich, Wilkinson, Foote, and Mr. Hynes; a comic song by Mr. Jeffries was honoured with an encore, and applause was meted out to Master Whitaker for a solo on the bones. Mr. W. Tobin gave a clog dance and a comic recitation was contributed by Mr. J. Hyland. The social concluded with a laughter-provoking farce, entitled "Who killed Pete," in which the characters were very creditably sustained by Messrs. A. G. Gore, W. Scollard, and W. Tobin.

The marriage of Miss Hilda Johnston, daughter of Mr. Walter Johnston, to Mr. W. Turnbull will take place on Wednesday next, and will, it is expected, be a very "smart" affair, as they say in upper circles.

There is a fascination and charm in the strange and unknown. The people of Wellington go to the Very Rev. Father Lane's grounds, at the Lower Hutt, when they hold an outing, but the popular pastor of that parish takes his people farther afield for a picnic. On Tuesday last the Catholics of the Lower Hutt held a picnic in the Domain, Featherston, when there were between three and four hundred persons present. It is needless to add that it was a very enjoyable affair, its success being in a great measure due to the exertions of the Very Rev. Father Lane, Mr. Cudby and other members of the committee, who spared neither time nor trouble in carrying out the details.

The retreat of the clergy of the archdiocese will commence on Tuesday next, and will be conducted by the Very Rev. Father Cummings, of Christchurch.

The Very Rev. Father O'Connor, of Rangiora, who was on a visit to the Empire City, returned home on Friday. I regret to say that the popular pastor of the North Canterbury parish is far from well.

The ceremony of the profession of two Sisters and the reception of another will take place at St. Mary's Convent of Mercy tomorrow. The Sisters to be professed are Sister Mary Augustine (Miss Lottie McDonald, daughter of Mrs. McDonald, Manners street, Wellington), and Sister Mary Columba (Miss Henley, of Palmerston North). The lady to be received is Miss Mary Walls, of Dunedin. The ceremony will be performed by the Very Rev. Father Devoy. Sister Mary Augustine is the second daughter of Mrs. McDonald who will have taken her religious vows in this community.

By the last San Francisco mail boat there arrived the Rev. Father O'Shea, who was selected by his Grace the Archbishop during his recent visit to Ireland for pastoral work in the archdiocese. Rev. Father O'Shea is the precursor of many other priests whose services his Grace hopes to secure for the archdiocese. The Rev. Father O'Shea who, I believe, hails from the city of the violated treaty, will be located in Masterton with the Very Rev. Father John McKenna.

The alterations and improvements to St. Mary of the Angels are being pushed on rapidly and will be completed in time for the opening ceremony which takes place on the last day of this month. It is expected that the ceremony will be a very imposing one and will be conducted by the Right Rev. Dr. Grimes, who will preach on the occasion.

Sports and Pastimes.

TO MY CYCLE.

Dear other self! so silent, swift and sure,
 My dumb companion of delightful days,
 Might fairy fingers from thy orbit rays
 Of steel strike music, as the gods of yore
 From reed or shell. What melodies would pour
 On my glad ears! What songs of woodland ways,
 Of summer's wealth of corn or the sweet lays
 Of April's budding green, while evermore
 We twain, one living thing, flash like the light
 Down the long tracks that stretch from sky to sky!
 Thou hast thy music too. What time the noon
 Beats sultry on broad roads, when gathering night,
 We drink the keen-edged air, or, darkling, fly
 'Twixt hedgerows blackened by a mystic moon.

RANJITSINHJI AS A BOWLER.

It seems that just as Victor Hugo thought little of his writings and longed ever to be a painter, so does Prince Ranjitsinhji long to be a bowler rather than a bat. He practises assiduously, and there are some who hold that when he becomes captain of the Sussex team next year, as it is likely he will, his eagerness to assist Tate and Bland with the ball will need no spur. Time, however, will show. Meanwhile, he is the finest living batsman in the world.

LI HUNG CHANG AND HIS BICYCLE.

Li Hung Chang will take back to China an American bicycle. He is more interested in it than in anything he has seen since he left the Flowery Kingdom. Bicycles were first thrust upon his notice in Europe, but not until he went to Washington and saw bicycles flitting by thousands over the smooth asphalt streets did he succumb to the wiles of a bicycle agent. The bicycle, Li Hung Chang, informed the agent, is a Chinese invention, dating back to 2300 B.C., in the reign of the Hing dynasty. Instead of having the chain on the rear wheel it was on the front wheel, and the rear wheel was the one which steered. It was very popular for 150 years, when the women got to riding so much that they neglected their household duties and their families. The emperor had to issue a decree abolishing them. The bicycle was known as the Sheng-Fo or Happy Dragon. That was before the Chinese had begun to compress the feet of their women. Li Hung Chang thinks that the bicycle can again be safely introduced into China. Li's bicycle has had a particular servant attached to it. When the cavalcade left for the depot the Chinaman was observed in a closed carriage clutching the bicycle convulsively in his lap.

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ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

M.P.—(1) A very full and elaborate account of the "Parliament of Religions" has been published by the World's Parliament of Religions Publishing Company, Chicago, under the title of "The World's Parliament of Religions." It is published at a guinea and you should be able to obtain it from any bookseller. Should you be unable to get it locally you can let us know and we will furnish you with name and address of a firm from which it may be obtained. (2) We do not know of any book giving full details of the proceedings of the recent Commission on Anglican Orders, and we do not think it likely that any such book will be published.

Sunday Corner.

UNTO HIS HEART.

The Disciple :

Lord, at the breath of morn.

Whilst over purple plains night's shadows flee.

On wings of love unto Thy altar borne,

I give myself to Thee.

Oft have I felt Thy call,

Winning me from the world, its care and strife,

Promising refuge, boundless grace and all

That leads to lasting life.

Sweet Jesus, at Thy voice

I hasten now ; Thy love to me impart.

Let me but with Thee grieve, with Thee rejoice ;

Take me unto Thy heart.

The Master :

Child, for this day, this hour.

Long have I waited, long have sought and sighed :

When thou wouldst leave the love of gain and power

And worldly pomp and pride.

Over thy tender years

My angel watched ; My heart hath beat for thee.

Hath suffered surging sorrows, cruel fears,

Hath broken on Calvary.

But now all doubt is o'er ;

Well hast thou chosen the better, nobler part !

Child, from this glorious hour forever more

I take thee to My heart !

THE BENEFIT OF ASSISTING DAILY AT MASS.

"Make every effort," says St. Francis de Sales, "to assist daily at the Mass in order that with the priest you may offer up the Holy Sacrifice of your Redeemer, to God His Father, for yourselves, and for the whole Church." Temporal blessings are frequently poured upon those who obey this injunction of the saint. It is related in the life of St. John the Almoner, of some tradesmen, who lived in the same town, that one of them, who had a large family, and daily heard Mass, lived most comfortably, while the other, who had no one to support but his wife, could scarcely live, though he worked day and night, not allowing himself time to go to Church service, even on Sundays. Wondering at this, he once asked his more devout fellow-tradesman how it happened. "I'll show you," replied the other, so he led him to Mass next morning. "Here it is," said he, "that I lay up treasures for the next life, and procure a sufficiency for this, for you know our Lord said, 'Seek first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all things else shall be added unto you.'"—*The Sacred Heart Review*.

Just as a little child trusts itself to its nurse, and if she puts it on her right arm is content, or on her left arm does not trouble

itself, so long as it is cared for and has its food, so let us say, "God is my father." Whether He places me on His right side—that is to say, gives me ease and comfort, or on His left side, which typifies the cross, it does not matter ; He will sustain and fortify me ; in Him is my trust.—*St. Vincent de Paul*.

The New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1897

PROGRESS AND JUSTICE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE Catholics of New Zealand provide, at their own sole expense, an excellent education for their own children. Yet such is the sense of justice and policy in the New Zealand Legislature that it compels these Catholics, after having manfully provided for their own children, to contribute largely towards the free and godless education of other people's children !!! This is tyranny, oppression and plunder.

IMPORTANT FOUNDATIONS IN THE DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN.



T cannot be asserted by even the most thorough-going bigot that the Catholic clergy in these colonies "keep the people in ignorance." In the warfare against the Church the old shibboleths are now abandoned. New and entirely different weapons are employed wherever futile effort attempts to bar the way of progress of our holy religion. The spirit which stimulated the Catholic priest centuries ago to establish free parochial schools leads him in our own time to give his best energy to the advance of Christian education. He recognises that the future of the Church, depending on the upbringing of the young, is, in great measure, in his hands. Keen sense of responsibility incites him to leave no stone unturned in the effort to push on Catholic schools. That the bishops and their devoted clergy are determined to provide excellent teachers for Catholic youth has just received fresh illustration in the diocese of Dunedin. On last Sunday morning eight Sisters of Mercy arrived from Australia to begin at once in the cathedral city the great works of their Order. On Wednesday the representative of the Marist Brothers passed through Dunedin on his way to Invercargill to take formal possession of the Catholic school in the chief town of Southland. It augurs well for the success of his administration that the Most Rev. Dr. VERDON has secured, a few months after his consecration, two important communities for educational and charitable work in the diocese of Dunedin. From the time of his arrival his Lordship has repeated many times the opinion that the granting of justice depends very much on the efficiency of our schools. Every possible effort should be made to provide first-class schools, and then the sense of justice will be touched, and sooner or later the present disability will be removed. His Lordship is a firm believer in the policy of ceaselessly urging the justice of our claim on the people of the Colony. He wisely thinks that the silent eloquence of fact in the existence and maintenance of excellent schools is a great lever in moving public opinion. His desire to push on Catholic education and Catholic charity has incited him to invite a community of Sisters of Mercy and the Marist Brothers to labour in the diocese of Dunedin. The Brothers will, after the holidays, take up the Catholic schools at Invercargill. Good work has been hitherto done by lay teachers, but of course a religious institute can accomplish much more than other teachers, however talented and devoted. Two of the three Brothers who inaugurate the work come from Sydney, where, at Hunters' Hill, the Order conducts one of the most successful colleges in Australasia. The progress of the Brothers has been phenomenal. To the prestige of numbers is added the prestige of success at public and university examinations. Not a few of the priests

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born in Australia received their early training in Hunters' Hill College. The experienced teachers who come from Australia will be directed by Brother DUNSTAN, who has had large experience as a teacher in other parts of New Zealand. The Rev. Brother had in Timaru to prepare lads for the Board inspection. He thus understands thoroughly the requirements of the New Zealand system of education. It is safe to predict that the energy and self-sacrifice of Dean BURKE and his people in arranging and preparing for the Brothers will be rewarded with good result even beyond their expectation. Catholic education in Invercargill is in good hands. We doubt not that promises will be faithfully kept, and the generosity of the people will maintain and enlarge the work now happily begun. The Sisters of Mercy who, after the holidays, begin work at South Dunedin, come from Singleton, in the diocese of the Most Rev. Dr. MURRAY, Bishop of Maitland. From private letters received from Australia we learn that the Sisters of the new foundation in New Zealand are among the best teachers and most effective workers in their Order in the colonies. They will find in South Dunedin an excellent school in perfect order. His Lordship Dr. VERDON paid on Sunday last a high and well merited tribute to the Dominican Nuns, who generously leave a field where they have laboured for very many years that the work of visitation and of the orphanage may be begun by Sisters trained for these special duties. The Sisters of Mercy will meet in Dunedin a people united and thoroughly loyal to holy Church. Enthusiasm and devotedness which count for much in all great undertakings, will not be wanting when the orphanage and other works decided upon by Dr. VERDON are inaugurated. The Dunedin people will show their appreciation of the solicitude of their Bishop for the poor and needy of his flock by helping him to the best of their power. The visitation of the sick by nuns trained for sick room and hospital will do incalculable good, and result, under God, in the salvation of many souls. The orphanage will supply a much-needed want. To be sure many children have been sent to Catholic institutions in other parts of the Colony, but the presence of an orphanage in Dunedin will mean that a larger number of destitute Catholic children will be rescued and cared for than could be attended to in the absence of visiting Sisters in charge of a local institution. Though no formal appeal, or even public announcement has been made, Dr. VERDON has already received several sums from charitably disposed persons who heard of his desire and wished to encourage him in a most laudable undertaking. We unite in the general wish that success may be written in large letters on the record of the works of education and charity of the Sisters of Mercy in Dunedin.

At the close of the discourse which he delivered in the South Dunedin Basilica on Sunday morning, his Lordship the Bishop thus referred to the recent effort to liquidate the debt remaining on the building: "I have to heartily congratulate you on the success that has attended your efforts to clear off the debt on the Basilica and to carry to a successful issue the work of completing it. One evening last June I conferred with the congregation and asked them to take the matter in hand. They did so with the greatest promptness and the effort then organised was so successful that the whole of the debt, amounting to £750, has been wiped out and there is a small balance of £6 with which to resume operations on the building. Please God the work will be finished this year. We will at once start to work again, and without putting any unreasonable burdens upon you, we hope to have it entirely finished within the year."

THE girls of St. Mary's orphanage, Nelson, on Wednesday, January 13, proceeded in two of Thomas's Palace cars and several drags to the pleasant grounds of Mr. O'Bierne at Wakapuaka, where they enjoyed their annual picnic. In the absence of Mr. and Mrs. O'Bierne, Mr. E. J. O'Connor and Miss O'Connor did everything they could to help the large party to enjoy the outing. The Very Rev. Father Mahony, before the picnickers left the grounds, acknowledged the kindness of all who had contributed to the treat for the children; to Miss O'Connor for obtaining the prizes for the day's sports; and to Mr. M. Hunt for collecting subscriptions for the treat. The day passed pleasantly and without a hitch to mar the pleasure of those present.—*Nelson Colonist*.

A LARGE number of children, pupils of the Dominican Convent Schools at Mosgiel and Balclutha, visited Milton on Tuesday, January 12, when a very enjoyable picnic was held in the convent school grounds.

THE Very Rev. Father Lynch leaves Dunedin on a twelve months' tour on Friday, the 29th inst. As already intimated in the local papers the Catholics of Dunedin intend to present him with a testimonial to mark their appreciation of his long and faithful services.

THE erection of the beautiful new fence in front of the Pro-Cathedral, Christchurch, is now nearly finished, and, what is better still, is very nearly paid for. At a recent meeting of the committee the hon. secretary read a balance-sheet from which it appeared that the sum of £240 had been already expended and £208 already subscribed. It was anticipated that an additional expenditure of £12 or £15 would be required to complete the work, so that about £50 is required to put the Pro-Cathedral out of debt after making it beautiful and attractive in appearance to everyone.

WE have received the first number for the new year of that admirable periodical, the *Australian Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. The *Messenger* has now completed the first ten years of its existence and they have been years of astonishing growth and of great usefulness. We wish the *Messenger* a long continuance of its beneficent and prosperous career.

IN view of his early departure for Europe the president (the Very Rev. Father Lynch) was entertained by the members of the Dunedin Catholic Literary Society at Waitati on Wednesday the 13th inst. The party were driven to Waitati in drags, and notwithstanding the inclement weather the drive was enjoyed very much. A capital spread was ready at the Saratoga Hotel on the arrival of the party. Mr. J. B. Callan, who occupied the chair, in proposing the health of Father Lynch, wished him on behalf of the Society a pleasant and safe voyage, and a speedy return to Dunedin. The Very Rev. Father Lynch, in reply, thanked the members for the very pleasant outing they had given him, and he could assure them that no matter what part of the globe he was in, the members of the Society would always be in his thoughts. He would like to contradict a rumour which had been circulated about the town to the effect that he was not going to return. Well, he could tell them that if God spared him, he would come back to Dunedin, as he did not know of any other place where he could find such true and loyal friends as he had in Dunedin. During the afternoon songs and recitations were given by several of the members. The party returned about eight o'clock to Dunedin, after spending a thoroughly enjoyable day.

THE many friends of Mrs. Bourke of the Family Hotel, Reefton, will regret to hear of the death of her eldest son, William, which took place on the morning of Saturday, January 9. The cause of death was consumption from which deceased suffered for nearly three years past. His death was not unexpected, though last evening there was nothing to indicate the near approach of death. The deceased was an amiable and popular young man, and time was when he was to the fore on the football and cricket fields. He was 26 years old, and up till three days ago enjoyed good health. The funeral took place on Sunday, and was attended by a large number of people, many of whom came from the Grey Valley as far as Ahaura. A large contingent came also from Caplestone and district, where the deceased resided for some years, and from Big River. The coffin was borne from the Family Hotel to the Church of the Sacred Heart and from there to the old cemetery on the shoulders of friends who were pleased to thus evince their respect for the deceased and his family. The last sad rites were performed by the Rev. Father Rolland, who, during the course of a few touching words remarked that he had broken his engagement to be at the Lyell, solely because was anxious to show his regard for deceased and his relatives from whom in the early days of the Grey Valley he had received many kindnesses.—*Inangahua Times*

THE *Te Aroha News* states that in future the Roman Catholic parish of Te Aroha will be under the charge of the Rev. Father Keogh. The Rev. Father Hackett will retain the charges of Paeroa, Waitekauri and Waihi.

THE funeral of the late Mr. John Nolan was very largely attended yesterday, the members of the Miners' Union, of which Society the deceased was one of the earliest members, mustering well. The *carriage* proceeded to St. Francis' Church, where the Rev. Father O'Reilly conducted a portion of the funeral ceremony, and afterwards the remains were interred in the Shortland cemetery, where the service was impressively concluded.—*Thames Star*, January 11.

THE Hyde correspondent of the *Mt. Ida Chronicle* writes:—The funeral of the late Mrs. M. Prendergast, junr., took place on Wednesday afternoon, December 30th, 1896, and was one of the largest that ever took place in Hyde, over 200 persons, including riders and occupants of vehicles, following the remains to the place

SMOKE "ROYAL COLORS" TOBACCO.

(IMPROVED AROMATIC.)

of interment. The chief mourners were Messrs. M. Prendergast, junr., T. Prendergast, M. Prendergast, senr., P. Kinney, C. and J. Annett (brothers of deceased), J. Burke and Alex. Trotter, whilst among the number who were present to pay their last tribute of respect to the deceased lady were many of her old schoolmates—viz., Messrs. J. J. Ramsay, T. Ramsay, D. Teviotdale, J. McAulay, Egan, O'Connell, Mathewson Bros. and Dowling Bros. The business and local residents were represented by Messrs. A. Arthur, Beatty, Connolly, Harrington, A. Gray, Smith, R. W. Trotter, Arnal Bros., Duff, Barnard, L. Mathewson, Jackson, McBride, Teviotdale, senr., Bruhns and R. Wilson, whilst from a distance came Messrs. R. H. Browne and Lundon (Naseby), Fraser (Moonlight), O'Neil (Blacks) and Herihy (Sowburn). There were also present a large number of co-operative workers who were there no doubt to show respect as well as an acknowledgment of the many acts of courtesy the deceased had extended to them, often at serious inconvenience to herself. Father Lynch, the local pastor of Hyde congregation, officiated at the grave, and thus ended the last act of one who in life was respected by those of all shades of belief. The coffin was literally covered with wreaths sent by sorrowing friends from far and near.

THE funeral of the late Mrs. Patrick Polian (says the *Ashburton Mail*, January 16th) took place yesterday. Mrs. Polian was one of our earliest Ashburton settlers. She came to the colony thirty-two years ago, landing at Lyttelton. After a short residence in the Amuri she came to Ashburton and was for some time in the service of Mr. Donald Williamson. Twenty-eight years ago, and herself aged twenty-eight, she was married to the late Mr. Rapley by whom she had four children. Eighteen years ago, in her widowhood, she became the wife of Mr. Patrick Polian, of Ashburton, who survives her, and is himself one of our oldest settlers. Mrs. Polian had for some time been suffering from heart disease, which culminated in her death on Wednesday last. The deceased lived a quiet, unassuming, but useful life, and was well-known among the older settlers, by whom she was highly respected.—R.I.P.

As notified in our advertising columns the boarding and day schools for young ladies connected with the Monastery of the Sacred Heart, Christchurch, re-open on the 25th inst. Further particulars and prospectus may be obtained from the Rev. Mother Prioress.

THE body of Ignatius Reany, who suddenly disappeared while employed with several others forming a road from the north-western arm of Lake Te Anau to George Sound, was found in Lake Thomson on Sunday last. Deceased was a son of Mr. Reany, who at one time kept the Globe Hotel in Princes street, and is now a resident in the Catlins district. Deep and general sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Reany in their bereavement.

We are informed that the prize essay by Master J. B. Callan, published in our last week's issue, was written in school at one sitting and without any previous study or preparation of any kind. Under these circumstances we think the essay is certainly a remarkably clever performance.

AT St. Joseph's Schoolroom on Tuesday evening last a large and enthusiastic meeting was held to consider the best means of properly celebrating St. Patrick's Day. The Most Rev. Dr. Verdon occupied the chair. It was decided to have a national demonstration on some ground to be selected at a future date, and to hold a concert of national song in the evening. A large and influential committee, consisting of the following gentlemen, was then elected to make the necessary arrangements:—Messrs. J. Liston, J. Carroll, F. Meenan, J. J. Connor, F. W. Petre, D. W. Woods, J. Fleming, R. Dobbin, J. Murray, J. Blaney, J. B. Callan, P. Cotter, P. Keligher, C. E. Haughton, W. T. Ward, T. McCormack, D. Heffernan, E. T. O'Connell, W. Carr, T. Sheridan, J. O'Neill, J. A. Scott, J. O'Connor, D. J. Falkner, J. Marlow, James O'Neill, P. Carolin, P. Hally, J. A. Hally, J. T. and A. Harris, J. Dunne, D. O'Mahony, T. Buckley. Messrs. J. O'Connor and P. Hally were elected joint secretaries for the demonstration and Messrs. J. Marlow and D. J. Falkner for the concert. His Lordship Dr. Verdon was elected chairman of committee. On the motion of Mr. J. Liston, seconded by F. W. Petre, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to his Lordship for presiding. His Lordship, in a few well-chosen words thanked the meeting for their attendance and the interest taken in the movement, and he hoped that St. Patrick's Day, 1897, would be kept up in a manner worthy of their country and their illustrious saint.

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ARRIVAL OF SISTERS OF MERCY IN DUNEDIN.

SOLEMN HIGH MASS AT SOUTH DUNEDIN.

On Sunday morning eight members of the Order of Sisters of Mercy, who come to take charge of the parochial school at South Dunedin and to carry on other important works within the scope of their Order, arrived in the Talune from Sydney. They were welcomed on their arrival by his Lordship Dr. Verdon, and were subsequently driven to their future home at South Dunedin. In honour of the occasion Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the basilica when there was a crowded congregation. The Very Rev. Father Lynch was celebrant; Father McCarthy, C.M., deacon; Father O'Neill, sub-deacon; and Father Murphy, master of ceremonies. His Lordship the Bishop was present in the sanctuary. The music for the occasion was Gounod's beautiful "Messe Solemne," in the rendering of which the local choir received effective assistance from members of the cathedral choir. Miss Rose Blaney sang the soprano solos, Mr. Eager the tenor, and Mr. J. Jago the bass. Mr. Ward acted as conductor and Mr. Vallis presided at the organ. The pulpit was occupied by his Lordship the Bishop, who took for his text Matt. xxv., 34-40, and more especially the words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." His Lordship began by referring to the wonderful love of our Divine Saviour in taking human form to save poor, fallen, helpless man. His life—a life of pain and poverty—and yet more His painful death upon the cross, gave crowning proof of His unutterable love. In return for all He had done for us, He asked us to love Him and His creatures, without restriction as to race, country or creed. So great was his love for the poor that He committed them as a special trust to the Church, saying that what was done to them He would regard as done to Himself. This spirit of divine charity thoroughly permeated the early Church when, we are told, the disciples "held all things in common." In this respect the early Church presented a marked contrast to the state of things in pagan communities, for charity as a virtue was unknown among the pagans, and it is a remarkable fact that not a single beneficent institution—no hospital or asylum of any kind—was to be found amongst them, and they treated the aged and the poor with the greatest barbarity. There was a great change in this respect as Christianity spread. The Church looked on the poor as the most precious legacy left by Christ and watched over and assisted them in every possible way. After speaking in a general way on the solicitude which the Church has always shown for the poor and the afflicted, his Lordship proceeded to refer to one particular Order which had taken its rise in the middle ages, and had been developed almost in our own time. This Order was known as the Order of Mercy for the Redemption of Captives, and had for its object the ransoming of poor prisoners taken captive by the Moors and kept in a slavery worse than death. For many years the holy members of the Order laboured with the greatest zeal, and many a one gave himself up to all the horrors of slavery in order to ransom some wretched captive and restore peace and happiness to his home. The necessity for that order has long since ceased to exist, but its name has descended on the Order now so well known throughout the world as the Order of the Sisters of Mercy. His Lordship then traced at length the history of the Order from its humble origin in the establishment of Miss McCoy of Dublin, to the commanding position which it occupies in the world of social and religious activity to-day. His Lordship spoke with much feeling of the noble work done by the Sisters in the Crimea and referred to some touching incidents connected with their labours during that trying time. Two of the Sisters themselves perished during the campaign, and such is the reverence entertained for their memory that ships passing their lonely graves on the shore of the Black Sea lower their flags in recognition of the heroic devotedness of the brave spirits that are gone. On returning from the war, when the soldiers were landing in England, the commanding officer asked the Sisters of Mercy to take part in the procession on the occasion. They at length consented, but their appearance was greeted by hoots and hisses from the thoughtless crowd. The soldiers were very indignant, and more than one angrily raised his musket to fire at the mob. The commanding officer, however, restrained them and spoke a few words to the crowd. Briefly but feelingly he told them what the good Sisters had done, how they had risked their lives for the gallant fellows who were fighting England's battles abroad, and when he had finished the hisses were changed into cheers and the nuns were received with the wildest enthusiasm. In conclusion, his Lordship said: "These, then, are the Sisters that have come amongst you this day. The mustard seed has grown into a large tree whose sheltering branches extend into every land. They have come here to teach, to look after the children, to tend the sick and dying, to look after the orphan and to assist the poor, unprotected female. I would not conclude without expressing my warm appreciation of the noble work done here in the past by the good Sisters of the Order of St. Dominic. They have laboured unwearily for years and have established a school which is one of the most successful in the whole diocese. In a spirit of generosity they have yielded to the Sisters of Mercy because the Sisters of Mercy were required for labours which the Dominicans could not, by the rules of their Order, undertake. How grateful should you be to these good Sisters for thus sacrificing personal comfort and convenience to come and help you. They ask no earthly reward. They only ask the means of subsistence and that I am sure you will readily and cheerfully give."

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

ANGLICANISM AND NONCONFORMITY.

(By Professor ST. GEORGE MIVART.)

Now that the Holy Father's Bull—so clear, so simple, so full of common sense, and so admirable in all ways—has been published, the silence of respectful anticipation, which so many of us felt to be alone fitting, may, I venture to think, be broken.

That any continuity, other than legal, exists between the English Church of good Queen Mary and the Calvinistic political edifice of her miserable sister must appear a monstrous and absurd falsehood to any one who recalls what the Establishment was before the "forties." The Archbishop of York has, I am told, declared that the Anglican Church has ever taught the doctrine of the Eucharistic Sacrifice.

Why, then, was I never taught such a doctrine by any single one of the many Anglican ministers whom I knew in my boyhood—at Clapham Grammar School, Harrow, or King's College or elsewhere? But if what the very "High Church" contends for were true, a consequence would follow to which attention has not, so far as I know, yet been directed.

The Established Church as a Protestant institution, witnessing against the Mass, transubstantiation, the cultus of the saints, etc., etc. (as being so many "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits"), we may regard with a certain respect as being honest, though mistaken.

But what could we think of a Church which for three hundred years continuously held the Catholic belief as to these doctrines and practices (deeming them necessary for the spiritual health of her children), and yet should for the same three centuries not only have failed to teach them, but should have led almost the whole of her members to detest them as hateful in the sight of God? Surely no words can suffice to express what must be the blasphemy and wickedness of a body which thus continually outraged what it regarded as a most sacred trust imposed on it by Christ and His Apostles. It must have been the most infamous and immoral institution that ever existed!

Fortunately, however, we know that such wickedness has never been committed. We have had in England various Protestant bodies, one of such forms of dissent being legally established, while, beside them all the Catholic Church has persisted—many of its members sacrificing their fortunes and their lives to maintain those truths which some Anglicans have now the amazing impudence to declare the Establishment has ever taught.

In referring to the various Protestant communities existing in this country, I desire to add a few words with respect to "Nonconformity."

It was with great delight I read that, at the late meeting of the Catholic Truth Society (whereat I note with gratification how Cardinal Vaughan ratified my recent argument about "Authority and Evolution") the claims of the various non-established Protestant bodies on our sympathy and attention were variously and forcibly advocated.

And I not only rejoice at the duty which has been thus laid upon us by the head of the English Church, but feel strongly persuaded that *now* is the very moment for action in the matter.

The non-established Protestant bodies are, like the established one, each undergoing two contrary processes. There is a strong current setting towards infidelity, and it seems certain that the religious decay which has now gone so far in Protestant Germany (see an interesting article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* entitled "Allemagne Religieuse") will work great havoc here. But there is in each such English body a contrary current also. The *Times* of October 1 records how, at the Congregational Union of England and Wales, the Rev. Dr. Barrett (Norwich), read a paper on "Congregational Worship." Therein he advocated certain upward changes, declaring that "many people could not worship so spiritually in a rude and stern form as they could in a building and with surroundings which seemed to remind them more of the realities of the unseen world."

The Rev. Dr. Berry (Wolverhampton) also urged that outward reverence was "an aid to spirituality in worship." These declarations were received with cheers, and yet they unconsciously enunciated a whole Catholic principle!

The present, then, is a time when, by addressing ourselves sympathetically to members of these bodies, we may arrest the decay of belief of some, and encourage the upward tendencies of others. But it is for this absolutely necessary for us to be thoroughly acquainted with the special views of the men we address. All of them hold some Catholic doctrines earnestly, and their mistake consists in thinking that other Catholic doctrines are contradictory, instead of complementary, to those they do hold. As a model for thus acting we may take that admirable Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, Cheverus, who, at an earlier period of his life, was the first Bishop of Boston, in the United States.

Not only did he always try to approach these various Protestants sympathetically, but he succeeded so well in his endeavour that he was again and again invited by congregations belonging to different sects to preach for them in their own chapels. And he again and again did so, and in his discourses was careful to present to them that aspect of Catholicity which accorded best with their own special tenets. Whether such a proceeding is permissible here and now I know not, but if permissible, and had we a Cheverus amongst us, I doubt not that before long Catholic doctrine might be proclaimed even from the rostrum of Spurgeon's Tabernacle.

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For Our Lady Readers.

REMEMBER THE BABIES.

Sacks, slumber robes, cot and carriage pillows, nursery parasols, quilted balls, which will neither break when rolled on nor refuse to bounce when punctured with a pin—all these articles together, with hosts of others, may be easily made for the baby. The quilted balls, old and new again several times in the last two generations, deserve a word of direction. Our grandmothers made them of a large cork wound about thickly with yarn, which was afterward divided into sections and quilted gaily; but a strong rubber ball, merely overlaid several times with wool is better and more easy to manage. Divide into quarters or stripes; start at the top and buttonhole all over with gay wools. Swung from the top of the French bed or suspended over the crib these balls will prove a never-failing delight, and they are fairly undestroyable. Knitted socks, little shirts, mittens and leggings of silk are all provided for the rich babies, and the poorer ones will welcome them as Christmas gifts. Never were bassinets and baby baskets so dainty or so expensive, but the tasteful woman who wishes to present a young mother with one of these handy articles, or the grandmother who wants to give one to her first grandchild, may easily buy the basket plain and put on the dainty Swiss covering with frills, the silken cushions and fixings herself and if a hand-painted one of fine china be desired she may procure it plain and do the painting with her own hands.

TISSUE PAPER NOVELTIES.

The man who invented tissue paper for fabric purposes deserves the thanks of all decorative workers. Huge lovely butterflies made of cardboard, covered with yellow, scarlet or green tissue paper, and ornamented with "jewels" and iridescent point or paper, are furnished with wire "feelers," which slip over the edge of the glass globe and shade the light. These take but an hour or so to make. Lampshades made entirely of flowers, chrysanthemums, open roses, large pansies, morning glories, or sunflowers, wreathed around skeleton frames of wire, and with not even a thickness of gauze between the blossoms, are just out, and are more than charming. Big toadstools and mushrooms, straddled by perky brownies, are being shown for mantle decorations. Bureau covers of frilled papers in delicate tints are as pretty as those of dainty embroidery. Cornucopias of stiff cardboard, covered with leather papers, and furnished with an inside bag of tissue paper, serve as bonbonnières, hair receivers, and catch-alls. The cornucopias may be bought or made at home. Such curtains, made of tissue papers in white or yellow, and tied with satin ribbons, are very pretty.

LOVERS.

He'd nothing but his violin,
I'd nothing but my song,
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long;
And when we rested by the hedge,
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.
We sometimes supped on dewberries,
Or slept among the hay,
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes, the dear old tunes.
We could not starve for long,
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet old song.
The world has aye gone well with us,
Old man, since we were one;
Our homeless wandering down the lanes,
It long ago was done.
But those who wait for gold or gear,
For houses and for kind,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and sere,
And love and beauty tine,
Will never know the joy of hearts
That meet without a fear.
When you had but your violin,
And I my song, my dear.

FAN decoration is a late fad. Plain fans may be bought cheaply and decorated with real laces made at home, filmy embroideries or delicate painting, and no society girl can have too many of them. A French artist, Mme. Faxager, came from Paris to New York to try and interest charitably inclined ladies to establish a school for fan decorations, that thereby a new industry would arise for the benefit of women. She was not successful. Imported fans of great beauty are so cheap that home labour cannot afford to compete with the foreign works. But as an accomplishment the art of fan decoration is surely to be encouraged.

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Messrs. Brown, Ewing and Co., Dunedin, are now holding a large sale of first-class drapery. For the benefit of patrons the firm have increased their premises by taking in the two shops under Wain's Hotel. The firm have always had the reputation of keeping only the best and latest goods, and customers can rely on getting a good article at a moderate price. Catalogues will be sent on application.

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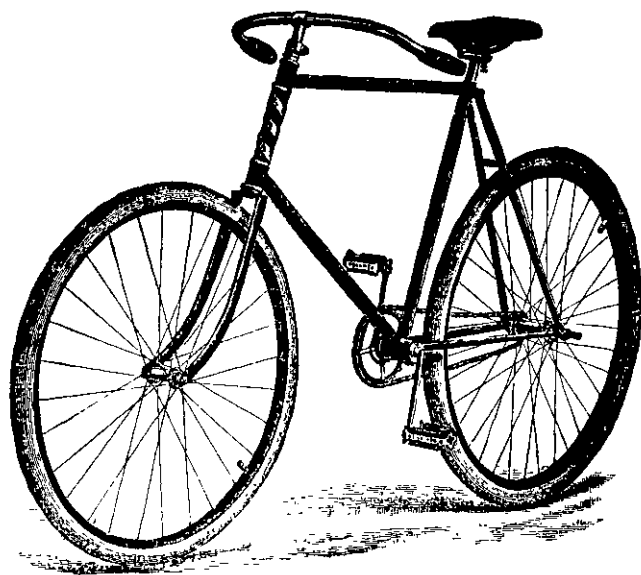
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The Storyteller.

TOLD IN CARNDALSY.

(By MAGDALEN ROCK, in *Ave Maria*.)

Pray! though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears.
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,—
Yet strive and wait and pray.

MISS PROCTER.

It was an overpoweringly hot day,—such a day that comes very seldom in an Irish summer. There was no shadow in the bright, blue sky; no ripple or rustle in the boughs, where the birds were silent. From the broad expanse of meadow-land, where the grass was ready for the mower's scythe, came the drowsy murmur of the bees and the fragrance of meadow-sweet. The two women who were toiling along the dusty high-road, and vaguely longing for a lift in a neighbour's cart, had never in their weekly journeyings to the prosperous town of Carndaisy found the way so long.

"There hasn't been as hot a day this ten years," remarked Mrs. Heany, shifting the basket she carried from one hand to the other.

"Not this twenty," Mrs. Dermot made answer. "I wish we'd waited for the cool of the evening."

Mrs. Heany laughed.

"You might have done so, but faith I couldn't. Sure wee Hughie refuses out and out to go to the chapel again till I get him a new pair of trousers: and it will keep me busy to get them cut out and made after I get home. Father Loughran wants all the children preparing for Confirmation to be at last Mass to-morrow."

"You'll get a piece of good cloth cheap at Campbell's, Mrs. Heany," Mrs. Dermot counselled, laying down her basket for a moment's rest. "Is that Mrs. Maguire we're meeting?" she asked, as she raised her head.

"Troth it is she herself and no other," Mrs. Heany answered. "And look at the load she's carrying!"

"I pity her with such a weight this warm day," Mrs. Dermot commented.

"She'll go up to Derryloran Abbey to say her prayers through all the heat, I'll engage," Mrs. Heany said, wiping the sweat from her brow and contemplating her basket ruefully. "I suppose we had better move on."

"What does she go to the abbey for?" Mrs. Dermot questioned, looking toward the ruined structure that stood some perches off the public road.

"Oh, to pray for her daughter—her daughter Kitty! She went to America when she was a slip of a girl, and poor Bridget never heard of her since. I believe she never passes a church without going in, no matter what hurry she's in."

Mrs. Heany moved onward and Mrs. Dermot lifted her basket and followed her example.

The woman they met in a few moments was fully sixty years of age, and her snow-white hair and bent shoulders made her look even far beyond that age. She greeted the two women very pleasantly, but did not pause. However, when Mrs. Heany glanced over her shoulder after she had passed them by, she saw her lay down the bundle she carried by the roadside.

"Didn't I tell you, ma'am! She has gone to pray for Kitty's return."

Mrs. Dermot was a newcomer to the district, and had never heard of Kitty Maguire.

"Now, didn't you?" Mrs. Heany forgot the heat as she prepared to tell what she knew of Mrs. Maguire's daughter. "Tis between twenty and twenty-five years ago, to the best of my belief, since Kitty took a notion of going to America. Her father had died when she was a child; and sure Mrs. Maguire, try as she might, couldn't keep the place from going to the bad. What with bad prices and the failure of the flax and potatoes, she was behind hand entirely. Well Kitty—she had the notion, like all youngsters, that fortunes were easily made—settled to go to the States, and her mother managed to borrow the passage. The weeks went by and there came no word from the girl; and the poor woman was distracted like, when, to finish the matter she got a notice of eviction for non-payment of rent. She had come from County Monaghan herself, and she thought that maybe some of her friends would help her; so what does she do but set out early one morning for Monaghan! We heard that she walked most of the way; but maybe that, like the account we heard of her death later, was untrue."

Mrs. Heany paused.

"Well, when Mrs. Maguire was about nine months away, didn't there come a letter for her! It was a strange postmaster that was in Carndaisy at the time, and very stiff and correct he was. Three or four of the neighbours went to him, and wanted him to tell them if the letter was from Kitty—there was nobody else to write to Mrs. Maguire, sure; and if so, to give them her address, so that they could write back to her. But, thank you, he wouldn't. He just opened the letter and wrote 'Dead' across the envelope, and sent it back to where it came from."

"Now, now!" ejaculated Mrs. Dermot.

"A couple of weeks after Mrs. Maguire came back. She had been ill with the fever. There was a new tenant in her farm. She took the house she still lives in and worked in the fields while she was able; then she took to carrying a small pack, and does wonderfully. I believe she had a nephew in Monaghan that would have given her a shelter, but she wouldn't leave this place. She says she's waiting for Kitty."

"The girl's likely dead," Mrs. Dermot said, deeply moved.

"The girl! She'd be a woman now," Mrs. Heany corrected. "Oh, likely enough she's dead! But you dare not say so to Bridget, the creature wouldn't believe her prayers were all in vain."

"Well, thank goodness, we're near the end of our journey," Mrs. Dermot said, with a sigh of relief, as they turned into the street of the market-town.

Mrs. Maguire, in the meantime had passed up the narrow path that led through the grave-mounds to the ruined abbey of Derryloran, not forgetting to breathe a prayer for the happy repose of those who slept there.

The space enclosed by the ivy-clad walls was about eight hundred square feet, and the style of architecture belonged to the tenth or eleventh century. Mrs. Maguire passed through the circular-arched doorway and on to a spot where tradition averred a statue of the Blessed Virgin had once stood. A roughly-hewn stone pedestal still marked the place. She started back, however, when about to kneel down. A girl, wrapped in a tattered shawl, was lying sleeping in a shadow cast by an oak that grew outside the abbey walls.

"God bless us!" said the good woman, "Who is she, any way?"

With an uneasy moan the girl stirred and turned her face toward the speaker. Her thick, dark hair hung round her pale face; and the red lips, full and soft as a child's, were slightly parted, showing the white, even teeth within.

Mrs. Maguire gave a low cry that ended in a hysterical laugh. "'Tis going into my dotage I am," she said aloud. Sure Kitty would be an old woman now."

The girl stirred again and opened her eyes. She looked round in bewilderment for a moment or two and then raised herself from the grass. As she did so a bottle half filled with liquor fell from her tattered shawl. The odour that rose as it lay in fragments told Mrs. Maguire what its contents had been.

"God help you, child!" she ejaculated, not unkindly. "God help you if you are a slave to whisky!"

The girl looked at her sullenly for a moment before she answered in a voice unfamiliar to the listener's ears:

"It makes one forget."

"Only to have bitterer thoughts."

"Maybe you're right," said the girl, despondently.

For all the warmth of the day she shuddered, and Mrs. Maguire noticed with concern the cough that shook her frame.

"Oh, it doesn't matter!" the girl said in answer to her remark, adding,

"... The sooner 'tis over, the sooner to sleep."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, 'tis only a line from a song I heard somewhere! But it haunts me. I'm ready for death," the girl said, bitterly.

"You may thank God if you are dear," Mrs. Maguire made answer, "for few of us can say the same. After death comes judgment."

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"I know nothing about that."

Mrs. Maguire threw up her hands in horror.

"Oh, your poor child! And who brought you up at all, at all!"

The girl shrugged her shoulders again.

"Who? Nobody. I grew up."

"And where in the world was it in?"

"In Leominster, in England. I was born in New York, I believe. My mother died when I was but five years old or so; my father was English and he returned to his own country soon after we lived somehow for a year or two and then he died."

"And were you never taught anything about God or—or anything good?"

A laugh and a cough checked the girl's utterance for a minute.

"I went to the public schools—the Board schools they're called—for two or three years. But there was no talk of religion in the Board schools," the girl laughed.

"Well! well!"

"I soon went to work in one of the hat factories there; but I hated the life. I hated the dull, narrow streets and—" the girl paused.

"And did you never go to—to—any place of wor-ship?" (Mrs. Maguire sought through all her narrow vocabulary for a comprehensive term.)

"I was in a Prote-tant church when I got married."

"And you're married?" Mrs. Maguire looked at the youthful face in astonishment, and the girl laughed—a harsh, mirthless laugh.

"I was married—or thought I was. Jim—Jim Walsall was the name of my—of the man I married. He was wild; a bad lot I often heard him called. But—the girl's voice grew earnest—" bad as he was, I did not think he would have deceived me as he did. He never would settle to any work, and we tramped about from one town to another. Sometimes he would work for a few days; often I earned enough by singing to keep us in food and drink—and we drank plenty—till he let out one night that he had been married before and that his wife was alive still. Then I left him."

"For good and all."

"For good and all. It was in Barrow. Jim was drunk and I was in Belfast next morning. That was six or eight months ago."

A fit of coughing came on the speaker; and Mrs. Maguire made her sit down on a grassy mound close by and took a seat beside her. She had almost resolved to offer the strange waif a home with herself.

"What is your name—your Christian name?" she asked after a minute.

"Bridget—Bride Jim called me."

"I like Bridget best," Mrs. Maguire said. "It is my own name."

"Is it?" I told you how I left Jim. Since I have wandered about from place to place. To-day I was so ill and lonely that I spent my last coppers in that—Bridget touched the pieces of

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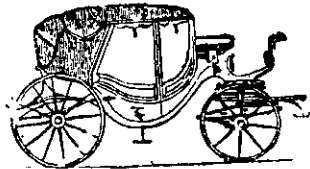
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broken glass with her worn shoe. "And this place looked so cool and quiet I came in. But what could have brought you here?" she questioned suddenly.

"I came in to say my prayers," Mrs. Maguire explained. "Long ago this was a Catholic church, and there was a statue of the Blessed Virgin—our dear Lord's Mother—on that stone; and I never like to pass without coming in to say a 'Hail Mary.' She'll hear me, though the place belongs to Protestants now; and I like to think she has some honour paid her here still. It was in Elizabeth's time, I heard Father Loughran say once, that the place was taken from us."

"It is a nice quiet place," said the girl, looking round appreciatively.

"It is so. I have a great liking for it," Mrs. Maguire said, ready to enlarge on a favourite theme, "for many reasons. You see the river there; it comes from my own dear place, Monaghan. It is said that it followed St. Mochta when he came to Louth from Kilmore."

"Who was he?" Bridget inquired.

"A disciple of St. Patrick. He was a holy man and wrought many miracles. He raised a girl to life who had lain dead for days. Oh, this is a sanctified spot, though the Mass is said here no more, for many a saint lies around us. No wonder I come here to pray for Kitty."

"Kitty?"

"She was my daughter—my only daughter, dear; and I haven't heard of her since she left me to go to America some twenty-five years ago or thereabouts." Mrs. Maguire rocked herself to and fro. "But I believe she'll come back yet. God wouldn't be deaf to all my prayers."

"Twenty-five years is a long time."

"It is, it is! Sometimes a feeling of hopelessness comes over me, but it does not last long. I can't give up hoping, and sometimes I think of her coming back a fine lady maybe."

"My mother's name was Kitty."

"Kitty—what?"

"I don't know. I just recollect father calling her Kitty, that's all. I have some queer kinds of beads she put on my neck when she was dying."

Bridget drew from the pocket of her tattered skirt a small tin canister that had once contained, as the coloured paper on it declared, mustard. She opened it and drew forth a black oak rosary.

Mrs. Maguire quickly seized it with a suppressed cry.

"They are the image, the very image of the beads Father McShane, our parish priest, gave my Kitty the day before she went away."

Bridget looked for a moment at the speaker with wide-open eyes.

"I have always kept them—the beads I mean—always. And wait! I have a book that was my mother's too."

The girl lifted a small black bag, that contained all her worldly store, from the long grass and opened it. From among the heterogeneous collection it contained she took a small book. The fly-leaf was torn across, but on the half that remained were written the letters "ano" and "September, 1865." She pointed out the written characters to Mrs. Maguire.

"Sure I'm no scholar—none at all," the woman said. "What is the name of the book? Is it written by St. Alphonsus Liguori?" She rose to her feet and waited with extended hands for the girl's reply.

"Yes, that's it," the girl said slowly.

"Then you must be Kitty's child!" Mrs. Maguire cried. "No wonder I thought you were my girl for a minute as you lay sleeping. And, darling, you are her dead image. Oh, God is good! God is good!" the woman sobbed.

The girl drew back from the extended hands.

"You can't be certain, and you don't know half my wickedness—"

"Nor doesn't want," said Mrs. Maguire, impetuously and ungrammatically—"nor doesn't want. Haven't you Kitty's eyes and aren't you called after me? And my girl must have died a good Catholic when she put the beads of our Blessed Lady round your neck. Oh, thank God! thank God! Now there will be no more tramping about for you, mavourneen. The home I have is small, but 'tis clean and comfortable."

The girl no longer resisted the elder woman's embrace. Indeed, by the time the pair reached the abode of Father McShane, in Carndaisy, she had learned to use the name of "grandmother."

"Yes, it is my writing," the old parish priest said, after a minute's inspection of the torn fly-leaf of St. Liguori's treatise—"certainly it is. I distinctly remember giving such a book to Kitty. And the beads are similar, at least, to the ones I gave her. Yes, Mrs. Maguire, I really believe this girl is your granddaughter."

Mrs. Maguire was a happy woman that night as she ministered to the comfort of the girl. At times the hacking cough or her complete ignorance on religious matters damped the joy, but not for long. The wholesome country life and good care would set right the one and Father Loughran would see to the other. Oh, yes! by Christmas Bridget would be strong and rosy; and maybe, with God's blessing, ready to approach the Sacraments.

But as the days wore by Bridget grew no stronger; and Father Loughran became a daily visitor at the little whitewashed cabin. The girl was naturally bright and intelligent and soon became acquainted with the principal truths of the Catholic Faith. A hint from the dispensary doctor who had been called in made Father Loughran hasten his instructions.

"Rapid consumption, Father. The girl will be lying in her grave before the fall of the leaf."

It was on the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity that Bridget made her first and last Communion, and at sunset on that day she died.

"I am so happy—so happy!" she said, as she looked out to the burnished west. "I never knew what happiness meant before.

But, then, I did not know of God or of His Holy Mother. Oh, God was good to bring me to you, grandmother!"

There was a long pause, and Mrs. Maguire saw her lips move and the beads of the black oak rosary pass slowly through her thin fingers. She turned to the fire to attend to some household duty, but a smothered cry brought her back to the couch. The girl lay back among the pillows, a red stream of blood issuing from her lips.

"Hemorrhage of the lungs," the doctor declared when he heard of his patient's death. "I expected as much. Poor Mrs. Maguire. I fear she will be inconsolable, Father Loughran."

But the priest knew better. Mrs. Maguire went about her daily work as of old, and with a lighter heart.

"Why should I fret?" she would often say. "Sure it won't be long till I meet them—Kitty and Bridget both. God heard my prayer and answered it in His own blessed way."

The Catholic World.

AMERICA.—An Unique Ceremony.—A Catholic ceremony carried out under interesting circumstances is described by a correspondent of *The New World*. This was the confirming, by Bishop Meerschaert, of thirty-eight boys and girls, representing several different Indian tribes, Caddos, Kiowas and Apaches, at St. Patrick's Catholic Indian Mission at the Kiowa agency, Anadarko, Oklahoma. Of these children the Kiowas are the native owners of the county, the Caddos are emigrants from Louisiana, and the Apaches are from Geronimo's band of exiles now held as prisoners of war at Fort Sill, the military post of the reservation. It is doubtful if the scene could have been paralleled elsewhere in the United States. This is a frontier reservation, if such a thing now exists, and the tribes upon it retain more of the old Indian dress and habits than any others on the plains. In the little mission chapel, framed in unpainted boards, it was a strange contrast to see the bishop at the altar with his purple robes, his mitre and his cross and his crook, the priests in their white surplices and the black-veiled Sisters, and behind them the motley congregation of Kiowas, Caddos, Apaches and Mexicans, with a few whites from among the agency residents. There were Indian warriors in buckskin and blankets, with twisted scalplock and fringed moccasins, and women with their babies strapped into beaded cradles upon their backs. Looking at the girls dressed in pure white, with wreaths of white flowers above their long black hair, and the boys in their new suits, as they held the lighted candles and gave the responses, it was hard to realise that they were born in savagery and a few years ago were ignorant of the commonest things of civilisation as well as the English language. Yet twenty years ago the Kiowas were described by one who knew them as the most desperately bloodthirsty tribe of the Indian territory and as for the Apaches it is only ten years since the fathers of these same children were murdering and torturing white settlers in Arizona until their name was a terror throughout the whole Southwest. One of the little girls present had been buried alive by her Indian mother, in consequence of a deformity, and dug up in time by a captive woman and brought to the mission. The very spot where stands the mission was once the village site of a cannibal tribe, the Tonkawas, who were nearly exterminated in a single night by the combined forces of the neighbouring tribes on account of their man-eating propensities, and where now peals the Angelus the hills once echoed to the shrieks of massacre. St. Patrick's Mission, founded by the aid of the Drexel fund, was established under charge of the Franciscan Sisters, with Rev. Father Isidore, of the Benedictine Order, as missionary priest. After surmounting many difficulties it is now in flourishing working order. Over 100 children are fed, clothed and instructed in religion, working habits and civilisation in the school, in addition to which attention is given to the Indians in camp.

EGYPT.—Catholic Seminary for Cairo.—The Holy Father has authorised the expenditure of £6000 towards the erection of a large Catholic seminary in Cairo. Leo XIII., out of the largeness of his heart, contributes liberally to charitable and religious objects out of his exiguous privy purse.

FRANCE.—The Catholic National Congress at Rheims.—The National Congress of French Catholics at Rheims has proved as did the Congress of priests, a complete success. There was a good deal of practical discussion, the outcome of which was a series of resolutions upon a number of important questions. Freedom of association was claimed for religious as well as laymen, and a protest made against the exceptional taxation of the religious congregations. A still more important point was the way in which the necessity of using their electoral rights was forced home upon Catholics, and the necessity of their organised and united action, independent of party, in the interests of religion and the principles of a Christian commonwealth. As a practical means of educating public opinion and compassing this desirable unity it was determined that in each department electoral Catholic committees should be formed, that district assemblies should be held for mutual enlightenment and support and an annual Catholic congress held to bind all together in heart and action. French Catholics are at last beginning to see that they must take things as they find them and make the best of them. The Republic is there and must be accepted, and agitation for reform must be worked along constitutional and Republican lines as the Pope has long ago recommended. The decisions of the Congress are therefore wise and timely and should, if those who adopted them stand firm, bear wholesome fruit. Of course there are some who cannot see this and still sigh for the lost monarchy. M. de Cassagnac is one of these, and he has sounded the whole gamut of denunciation in his abuse of the policy marked out in the Congress and its authors. To him the attempt to reform the laws of the Republic is treason,

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Any class of Pneumatic Tyres converted into **DUNLOPS**.

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The Cheapest Shop in Dunedin for First-Class Beef, Mutton, Dairy Fed Pork, Beautiful Lamb.

Small Goods of the Best Description Fresh Daily.

Ham, Mince, or Ox Tongues always on hand.

Families waited on for Orders.

A TRIAL SOLICITED.

NOTICE.

IN thanking her Friends and the Public in general, Mrs **LOFT** begs to state that she intends keeping on the Boot and Shoe Business, and hopes for the same favours as she has been getting in the past. Efficient Salesmen have been engaged for the Gents' Department.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER SHOP

GREAT BARGAINS.

Largest Stock to Choose From in the City.

CALL IN TIME.

See Prices. All in Plain Figures.

MRS LOFT AND CO.,

The Only Address:

No. 9, CENTRE ROYAL ARCADE, DUNEDIN.

MACKENZIE AND SANDERS' Furniture Warehouse, 83 George street, the best place for good Furniture and House Furnishings.

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FIRST-CLASS Assortment Dining and Drawing Suites in stock; lowest prices; Suites Re-covered equal to new.

FANCY Cabinet Work, Picture Framing and Plush Frames made to Order. All classes of Work required for bazaars supplied at reduced prices. Mackenzie and Sanders, Furniture Warehouse, 83 George street, Dunedin.

BUTLER'S FAMILY HOTEL, ASHBURTON

P. DEVANE, Proprietor (late of the Ashburton Hotel).

Mr Devane, having purchased the above Commodious and Well-known Hotel, is now in a position to offer First-Class Accommodation to Boarders, Visitors, and the General Public. The building has undergone a thorough renovation from top to bottom.

Visitors will find all the comforts of a home.

Good Table, Good Liquors, Moderate Charges, Billiard Room, Bath Room, and Good Stabling.

TELEPHONE, No 20.

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WATCHMAKERS,
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Visitors to Dunedin are invited to call and inspect their Large Stock of **GOLD** and **SILVER** Watches, Chains, Brooches, Pins, Clocks, Electroplate, Wedding Rings, Dress Rings, and Keepers.

WATCHES, Clocks, and Jewellery Repaired at Shortest Notice and Lowest Rates.

SPECTACLES—All Sights, in Gold, Steel, and Nickel Frames.

Do not neglect your Failing or Disordered Sight. We will **TEST** your **SIGHT FREE OF CHARGE.**



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SIR WILLIAM JERVOIS and EARL OF ONSLOW.

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(Next Union Bank),

LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON.

Special Announcement

To the Public of Christchurch and Country Districts.—We are now offering to the Public Special Lines of **BOOTS** and **SHOES**, both for Ladies and Gentlemen, at Prices to meet the times. **NOTE**

ADDRESS: J GRAY & CO., 159 LOWER HIGH STREET (5 doors from A. J. White's), Christchurch.

idiocy, apostasy. The orator, who had delivered the opening address, had asked why Catholics need be discouraged. M. de Cassagnac has his mouth stuffed full of reasons: Catholics have been delivered over to the enemy like sheep to the wolves by those who ought to be their shepherds; because the bishops favour the powers that are; because the Papacy itself forbids the axe being laid to the root, and much else in the same strain. This is the sort of prejudice which the Congress has to remove.

Cardinal Richard's Programme.—For the diocese of Paris, the time for gaining the jubilee indulgences in connection with the Rheims centenary opens on December 5 and closes on the 20th. In a pastoral letter on the subject, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris invites his clergy to join with him in a triduum which is to precede three jubilee weeks. His Eminence has drawn out a special programme for himself for this occasion. On the last day of the triduum, which will also be the first Friday of the month, he will officiate pontificaly at the Church of the National Vow at Mont-matre. "There," he says, "we will renew the National vow in the name of France. We will say once more that prayer which our venerable predecessor (Cardinal Guibert) said twenty-five years ago: 'Open to us, O Sacred Heart of Jesus, the treasures of Your infinite charity. May a drop of that blood which, flowing from Your wounds, redeemed the world redeem a second time this land of France, which You have so long loved, and which, coming back from her errors, wishes to return to her Christian mission.'" Forming his plan for the following day, the opening one of the jubilee Cardinal Richard says:—"There is a sanctuary which has come to be considered venerable throughout the world, viz., that of Notre Dame des Victoires, where the Blessed Virgin Mary will be invoked under the sweet name of Refuge of Sinners. Thither we will go on Saturday, the 5th of December, and there, at the altar of the Arch-confraternity, before which daily are laid so many sorrows and so many hopes, and which for more than half a century has remained the throne of Mary's mercies, we will celebrate the Holy Sacrifice." St. Joseph is not forgotten in the programme, for on the afternoon of the same day Cardinal Richard intends presiding at the services at St. Joseph's Church, Rue du Maur. He says: "We will ask St. Joseph to bless our diocesan family during the jubilee."

ITALY.—Italian Exhibition, 1898.—An Italian exhibition is to be made in Turin in 1898. There will be a show of ancient and modern sacred art and of the work of the Catholic missions contemporaneously organised by a special Catholic committee, with the approbation and commendation of the Holy See. The building where these treasures will be collected will be in the park of the Valentino. A public subscription, amounting to £70,000 has already been collected, and goods are to be admitted free into Italy which are intended for the display. Games and athletic competitions are also to be included. We suppose the Negus of Abyssinia may enter the lists as a prize-winner, considering how bravely he held his own at Adowa and how chivalrously he treated the Italian captives.

Emigration from Italy.—Whilst the late wedding festivities were going on in Rome a single train brought from the Venice province to Genoa two thousand emigrants on their way to South America. The condition of the country is becoming so deplorable that there seems now practically no limit to the exodus. Despatches from Genoa announce that preparations are being made for sending off twenty thousand souls during the present month. Twenty-nine vessels have been engaged for the purpose, fifteen of them being requisitioned from foreign ports.

NEW BRITAIN.—Success of the Sacred Heart Mission
—Rev. Father Merg, M.S.H., Randwick, Sydney, communicates the following extract from a letter of Bishop Couppe, who gives a most interesting account of the progress of the Sacred Heart mission in New Britain:—"We are all in good health and continue to progress steadily, to our great consolation. At Davaon, near Raluana, you will see by other letters I am sending you that the Wesleyan missionaries lost their people, for they all wished to become Catholics. The long letter which I transcribed for you relates how 208 adherents of the Catholic faith constructed a church where they might meet for prayer. Since that letter was written the people of this place (Davaon) have held a great dance in honour of the Popes (native name given to Catholics), composed by 12 different tribes. Therefore, instead of 208 adherents, we now number 700. Besides, there seems to be everywhere the same movement towards the faith, which is a guarantee that when we are left free by the German authorities to found other stations in the Wesleyan districts, our success will be complete. The enclosed letters will show you we have actually taken steps to obtain from the Director-General of the New Guinea Company the withdrawal of the decrees relating to certain districts. Is it not most encouraging to think that even now, besides our six stations, we have nine or ten churches, built spontaneously by the natives, in the Wesleyan districts, where they assemble to learn the prayers? May the Divine Heart deign to preserve these poor natives in their good intentions and to procure for us immediately the complete liberty of instructing and baptizing them. We have, unfortunately the terrible plague of small-pox in New Britain. From German New Guinea it spread to Rook Island and from thence to our island, and now it is slowly but surely travelling towards us. Already it has reached the district of the 'Father' and the 'Son' (mountains in the western part of New Britain), and wherever the dread disease has taken root it has swept nearly all the inhabitants away. What a great responsibility rests with the New Guinea Company, who, having known for a long time that the plague had broken out, took no steps whatever to arrest its progress. Some months ago the white residents here waited upon the Administrator, urging him to take prompt measures to stamp out the disease, but their demands were set aside. To-morrow another meeting will be held, and we hope this attempt will be more successful, because the Laude-hauptman is just now sick at Java and his duties are fulfilled by a man of a very different stamp, Mr.

Von Hagus. Let us hope that such steps may be taken as may tend to prevent the disease spreading to the Peninsula of the Gazelle, otherwise the colony will be ruined and our missionary labours singularly simplified by the destruction of the natives."

ROME.—Sacriligious Robberies.—It has often been asserted by French writers that every little attempt on the part of Catholics to defend themselves against the Freemasons is invariably followed by a recrudescence of hidden and dastardly sacrileges. Be this as it may, the fact is significant that since the holding of the Anti-Masonic Congress a month or two ago there has been committed in Rome a series of outrages against the Blessed Sacrament for which no parallel is to be had for ages. In four important churches the holy tabernacle has been attacked by night, and in every case the aim of the miscreants was to obtain possession of the ciborium, the repository of the Sacred Eucharist. The matter has become one for serious attention and the police authorities seem quite baffled by the mystery which surrounds the impious deeds. The citizens are highly indignant. Prayers and acts of reparation are publicly recited in the churches, and it is hoped that the precautions now taken will succeed, if not in discovering the miscreants, at least in preventing all further outrages. The Roman Committee of Catholic Congresses has published a document denouncing these misdeeds as the work of the Masonic sect, and giving it to be understood that they have good grounds for the statement. The influential Circolo di San Pietro, the aristocratic club of Rome, has now taken the matter up, and after obtaining the Cardinal-Vicar's authorisation and approval, has decided on celebrating in a solemn manner a great triduum of expiation. The central church, at which the triduum will be held, is that of St. Ignatius, one of the largest churches of the city, and a great centre of popular devotion, it being the repository of the bodies of numerous illustrious saints, those of St. Aloysius Gonzaga and of St. John Berchmans amongst the number. The triduum is designed to be at once an act of reparation to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and an indignant protest against those who inspired and perpetrated the sacrileges.

The King of Servia to Visit Rome.—King Alexander of Servia has definitely stated his intention of journeying to the Eternal City, and preparations are being made to receive him. Special festivities are not arranged for, but the chief items of the recent programme for the marriage of the Prince of Naples will be repeated—a review, an illumination and a theatrical entertainment. The motive of King Alexander's visit is simply to see the famous city, and it will be his first visit. I have good reason to state that he has made application for an audience with the Pope, and that his request will be granted. Amongst other things to be touched upon in the audience is most probably the question of a Concordat between Servia and the Holy See.

UNITED STATES.—A New Archdiocese.—It is probable that the project long in consideration of elevating the See of Buffalo to the rank of an archdiocese will be put into effect at an early date. The suffragans are to be the existing Bishops of Syracuse and Rochester and the bishop of a new diocese, to be named Elmira. There is some likelihood, too, that the new metropolitan will be the Right Rev. Dr. Keane, late rector of the Catholic University of Washington.

For Our Young Readers.

NELLIE'S LESSON.

- "It's dreadful to think of the suffering souls!"
And Nellie's bright face grew quite sad.
"I really would like to help them all,
But, you see, I'm entirely too bad.
"I never get up when first I'm called,
And don't get my breakfast till eight;
I can't always find my books fast enough,
And when I reach school, why it's late.
"I don't like to mind the baby one bit,
And somehow my apron will tear;
Then, often I think of a funny thing,
Right in the midst of a prayer."

Her mamma half smiled as she heard the words,
And she drew Nellie to her side,
Explaining how everything that she did
To their needs could be applied.

If every day she arose when called
For the suffering souls' dear sake,
And every time that she studied well,
Or a sacrifice small did make.

She helped the poor souls more than words could do,
And brought them nearer to heaven,
Where they would surely remember her,
Through whom the kind help was given.

"WHAT'LL POOR MOTHER DO?"

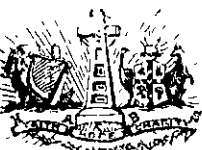
A LITTLE Boston newsboy in endeavouring to carry a paper to a gentleman on a car, fell beneath the wheels and was crushed. As kind hands bore him away, his last and only words were, "What'll poor mother do?"—Daily paper.

Great souls have passed away from mortal view
On battle-plain, on ocean tide,
Mid all life's scenes and places, and alone,
And oft' in loving arms have died.

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Read what Ayer's Sarsaparilla Did for Her.



No one to look to-day at Miss Sophie Kiefer, a pretty and stylish young belle, whose portrait is given above, and who lives at the northwest corner of Fourth and Queen streets, Philadelphia, would imagine that she had ever been in anything but the pink of health. Her skin is clear and creamy, her teeth are white and even, she has luxuriant dark hair, and her eyes are large and bright, of a lustrous brown. Yet, notwithstanding Miss Kiefer's splendid appearance, only a year ago she was in extremely poor health, and her blood was in a very bad condition. Miss Kiefer's story is best told in her own words:

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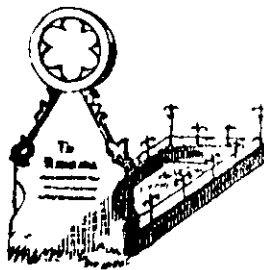
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And dying breathed a peaceful, fond farewell,
A prayer, a pardon or a plea,
Righted some wrong, or caused some strife of state
Or cried aloud of things to be.

But none have whispered tenderer, truer words
Than this child spoke
For his poor, sorrowing mother, as his soul passed
Like a white dove through city smoke.

L. W. W.

CRUEL AND RELENTLESS PERSECUTION OF THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

THE whole world looks with horror on the atrocities which the Turk continues to perpetuate in Armenia without any effective protest on the part of European statesmen. A persecution less bloody, though not less cruel and relentless, is going on in Russia, Italy and France. The Czar shows no mercy to Christians who are not in communion with the Greek schism: hence we occasionally hear non-Catholic journalists raising their voices to denounce the fanaticism of the Russian Government. But not a word of objection have these same journalists to offer to the still more brutal fanaticism with which the Masonic Governments of France and Italy are striving to do away with the very existence of the Church.

Mr. Duncombe Jewell contributes to the October number of the *Month* an able article on the "Present state of politics in France," in which he gives an insight into the persecution at present existing in that unhappy country. We cannot share in his opinion that France is not yet prepared for republican rule, or that any lasting good would result from the establishment on the French throne of one of the three pretenders who represent the houses of Bonaparte, Bourbon and Orleans. The majority of Frenchmen are neither atheists nor anarchists. The best thing they can do is to stop their unseemly squabbling with one another, forget their exaggerated notions about the rights of dynasties, and try to make something decent out of their republic. However, there is no denying that the present Masonic Government is guided by the same principles and has the same designs as the bloodthirsty assembly of '89: that it is essentially God-hating; that it will stop at no means however unjust or cruel in its warfare against Christianity as represented by the Church. Mr. Jewell makes this very clear.

The following facts which we select from a number cited by him in the course of his article, will give our readers some idea of the present state of affairs in a country which was once styled the Eldest Daughter of the Church, which even now stands pre-eminent for charity and missionary zeal, and which, in spite of its sufferings, contributes more for the work of the Propagation of the Faith than all the rest of the world together.

No individual in France, who is a professed Catholic,

HAS ANY HOPE OF OBTAINING JUSTICE

at the hands of magistrates, prefects, or judges. Because all these are appointed by the Central Government, and none are appointed unless they be Freemasons. Whatever his rights or his injuries, the man who is no Freemason cannot obtain redress against the man who is. He may appeal right up to the head of the State, who is always a Freemason, and the verdict will be invariably against him. Only in the case of one Freemason against another, or of one Catholic against another, is the semblance of justice preserved.

It is the same in

THE ENACTMENT OF LAWS

for the Government of the country. Within a period of twenty years no laws have been made that have not first been approved by the Masonic lodges before they have been introduced into the Chamber.

The points of attack have been threefold: the Seculars, the Regulars and the bulk of the faithful. The bishops and secular clergy have been treated more circumpectly and attacked less directly than have the regular Orders. The bishop who has chanced to leave his diocese without first seeking and obtaining the permission of the Government, has, equally with the poor *cure* of a country village who has dared to speak openly against Freemasonry, atheism and the worship of Lucifer, been deprived of his salary. And this mode of bringing a cleric to his knees, at once summary and drastic, has recommended itself to the Government to such an extent that at the present moment there are very many priests throughout the length and breadth of the country who have

RECEIVED NO STIPEND FOR YEARS.

Bishops not a few have suffered in the same way. Vacant Sees remain for months untenanted. Arrears in such cases are never paid. Nor is any attempt made to explain what becomes of the money appropriated to the payment of the clergy, but which has never been expended on its legitimate purpose. The second way in which the secular clergy are attacked is by means of the conscription; a direct violation of the Concordat, and an invention for the ruin of the Church which is quite of modern origin. Seminarists are torn from the training colleges at the moment when attention to sacred studies is most necessary for them, and sent to the barrack and the camp; for only one purpose, the chance that their contaminating influence may turn them from their holy purpose or operate to make bad priests of them. The danger of their retaining any connection with their religious life while in the army is cunningly guarded against by a couple of military regulations: one providing that no soldier shall exchange his uniform for mufti; the other enacting the most severe penalties against soldiers in uniform taking any part in public religious services, so that the poor seminarist may not even serve a Mass or carry a candle in a procession during the term of

his military life. The result of this iniquitous law is that there are in most dioceses

NOT HALF SUFFICIENT PRIESTS

to minister to the needs of the people. In 1891 the ordinations in one diocese in the north amounted to three priests to fill 128 vacancies. In Brittany last year nine-tenths of the members of one seminary were drawn for active service. These seminarists are not wanted to bring the army up to its proper footing. On the contrary, in 1891 the Minister of War was obliged to send back many thousands of soldiers to their homes, one year before the completion of their full term of military service, in order to make room for the conscripted seminarists. Amongst the number of those thus released was to be found not a single potential priest.

But the vindictiveness of the Masonic Government of France is not stayed there. Each year it insists on those seminarists who since their return from the army may have completed their studies and been ordained priests, rejoining the colours and performing their twenty-eight days' annual training. As this occurs in each district simultaneously, there are thousands of parishes

LEFT EACH YEAR WITHOUT A PRIEST,

and without the Sacraments for nearly a month. Since the priest does not perform his duties during this month his stipend for that period is not paid him: a manifest economy of which an account is rendered by the *Ministre des Cultes*. Into whose purse go all these sums embezzled from the Church?

THE POWER OF FORBIDDING RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS

is vested in the prefects and mayors. The extent to which they use their authority to subvert and contemn religion is almost incredible. In May, 1894, the Commissary of Police, on the information of the Mayor of L'Isle-sur-Sorgus (Vaucluse) proceeded so far as to issue a *proces-verbal* against the bishop for infringing the Mayor's proclamation forbidding religious processions: the charge against him being one of heading a procession of the clergy from the church to the presbytery after having performed the ceremony of confirmation.

IN EDUCATIONAL MATTERS

the action of the Government is unceasing and flagrant. Schools established so recently as four years ago, built, founded and endowed by private patrons still living, on the express condition that they should be conducted by religious, have been compulsory laicized; and the benefactors have now the pleasure of seeing the buildings that they erected and the funds they provided appropriated by the Government to the use of imparting anti-religious education to the children for whose souls' welfare they have made such great and unavailing sacrifices. There are

MANY OTHER METHODS OF ANNOYANCE

discovered by the zealous worshippers of Lucifer for the annoyance of the faithful: too many to mention in detail. Churches, for instance, have been arbitrarily closed by the authorities, and sentinels posted round them on the ground that the crowds frequenting them caused annoyance to the dwellers in the vicinity. There is no depth of pettiness to which the officials will not descend in order to inflict suffering and annoyance upon the poorest Catholic. Here are two exemplary instances. In the first, two nuns belonging to an orphanage in a Norman town had been sent into the country with their bags to collect food and necessaries for the children under their charge. On their return the contents of the sacks were examined at the *Octroi*. Eggs, butter, odd scraps of food and a whole cheese were found amongst the miscellaneous gifts which the charity of the outlying farmers had bestowed on the orphans. The *Octroi* duty amounted to a few centimes. The nuns not being allowed to take money had none wherewith to pay the imposition. Whereupon the *Octroi* officials confiscated the cheese—worth several francs—in payment of the tax, and the poor nuns had perforce to carry home but the least valuable results of a long and fatiguing day's work.

In Paris, during the severe winter of 1895, when the streets were mere sheets of ice, the municipality detailed men to throw sand on the sidewalks and roads. In one case, substantiated by responsible witnesses and reported in the *Tablet* during January, 1895, the foreman of the gang was overheard giving directions that no sand should be thrown down before a certain convent, the nuns of which were distributing soup gratis during the inclement weather to all poor wretches who chose to apply for it. Comment in these cases is quite unnecessary.

Such acts of flagrant robbery and brutal injustice are continually being committed in the name of the republic throughout the land.—*Catholic Telegraph*.

Why suffer when you can be cured by P.P.P. 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.]

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 Worcester-hire 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.

J. PATTERSON, TAILOR (late Cutter for A. Legg), 219 CASHILL ST WEST (two doors from J. Bates and Co.), CHRISTCHURCH, has now opened with a fresh Selection of English and Colonial Tweeds, Suitings, etc., of Choicest Patterns. Clerical Suits a Speciality. First-class Style. Best Workmanship. Reasonable Prices. ☺

Diocese of Christchurch.

(From our own correspondent.)

CABBAGE TREE FIBRE.

THE late Government timber expert, Mr. J. Freyberg, who not long ago visited Canterbury, has been recently inundated with applications as to the method of preparing the cabbage tree fibre. For the information of the public on this matter he writes as follows in a colonial newspaper:—"Thousands of acres of land in New Zealand are only fit to grow this useful fibre-producing plant, and the material can be furnished in various degrees of fineness, according to the youth of the leaves. The earliest kind produces a brilliant, silklike staple, and a full crop can be cut every year. The mode of production is as follows:—The trunk of a cabbage tree is felled and laid in a trench about four inches and a half deep and covered with earth. The rows must be eighteen inches apart. Then come up from every part all along the trunk shoots which furnish a crop every year. The leaves, when gathered, have to be boiled two hours or longer, according to the age, but until they are soft and the vegetable matter is loosened from the fibre. When in this state each leaf must be beaten with a hammer or mallet from root to point and scraped with a blunt knife, and the fibre will appear immediately. It should be boiled again to clean it, and hung out in the sun to bleach. A small plot of land would furnish employment for old men and women and children all the year round, and it is work that could be done in the house in bad weather."

H.A.C.B.S.

On Monday week the half-yearly meeting of St. Patrick's Branch, No. 82, of the H.A.C.B.S., took place in the Hibernian Hall. The president, Bro. P. Burke, presided. The balance-sheet for the quarter ending December 28th and the auditors' report were read and adopted. The following is a synopsis of the balance-sheet:—Receipts—Sick and funeral fund, £44 11s 4d; incidental and management fund, £32 13s 1½d; benevolent fund, £2 8s 9d; hall fund, £15 11s; total, £95 7s 3d. Expenditure—Sick and funeral fund, £17 4s 10d; incidental fund, £30 13s 10d; benevolent fund, £2; hall fund, £10 15s; total, £67 3s 8d. Total funds to the credit of the Branch, £1029 15s 1d. Four new members were admitted during the quarter, and two left, leaving a total number of 101 members, including seven honorary. Unanimous votes of thanks were passed to the auditors, Bros. D. Steinmetz and M. Garty, and also to Bro. G. Dobbs, a member of the finance committee. A strong committee was set up to make arrangements for the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, with power, if necessary, to amalgamate with the two Christchurch parishes in holding a gala on that day. The trustees were empowered to have an artesian well sunk and the windows in the anti-room frosted. The secretary requested that all members having tickets in the Friendly Societies' Art Union should make returns not later than the time fixed for the next meeting, January 25th, in consequence of the drawing taking place on the 30th of the same month. The following officers were elected for the ensuing term and installed by the past president (Bro. P. Burke), assisted by Bro. James Nelson, P.D.W.—President, Bro. J. R. Hayward; vice-president, Bro. J. Gresham; secretary, Bro. G. J. Sellars (re-elected); treasurer, Bro. J. R. Courtney (re-elected); warden, Bro. F. J. O'Connell; guardian, Bro. J. McCormick; minute secretary, Bro. C. Courtney (re-elected); auditors, Bros. D. Steinmetz and M. Garty (re-elected); medical attendants, Drs. J. H. Deamer and G. E. Deamer; benevolence, Bros. P. Burke, J. Nelson, J. McCormick and G. J. Sellars. Delegates to district meeting, which is to be held in Christchurch on the 17th of February next, Bros. P. Burke and G. J. Sellars. Bro. P. Burke, before retiring from office, congratulated the branch on the progress (both numerical and financial) made during the past twelve months, though he had hoped, during his term of office, to have seen some scheme promulgated by which the amount on the hall might be reduced. Owing, however, to various circumstances, this had not been done, but he promised, as soon as the branch saw its way clear to adopt some means for this purpose, he would give the movement all the assistance in his power. He would, moreover, aid the newly elected president in every possible way, and he wished him and the other officers an active and pleasant term of office. Votes of thanks to the retiring officers brought to a close a most successful meeting.

PAROCHIAL.

On Sunday last the Rev. Father Galerne, who said Mass at Halswell, sang the High Mass at the Pro-Cathedral. He also preached on "The holy name of Jesus," and at Vespers the Very Rev. Isaac Moore, S.J., delivered a splendid discourse on the same subject. The Very Rev. Father Moore, who comes from Melbourne, Australia, will also give, on Sunday next after Vespers in the Pro-Cathedral, a lecture on a very interesting subject. As the Very Rev. Father Moore's capabilities as a lecturer are well known there will doubtless be a large and appreciative congregation assembled on the occasion. The Vicar-General left this city on Wednesday last for Wellington, where he is preaching the present retreat of the secular and regular clergy of the archdiocese. He will return to Christchurch on the 31st instant, and will at once take steps to collect what is required to liquidate the small balance which is yet to pay in connection with the expense incurred in renovating the Pro-Cathedral and in erecting the fence and gate in front thereof. On Monday, January the 25th, the parochial schools, including the Marist Brothers' school, also the convent schools, will be re-opened. Very good passes have been obtained during the past year, and as the schools will very probably, in the course of the next term, be examined by the Government Inspector, it is hoped that parents will see that their children regularly attend school. If this is done and the children thoroughly co-operate with their teachers quite as good, if not better, results may reasonably be expected at the end of the ensuing term.

OTARAMA.

Among the places destroyed or greatly injured by the recent fires is Otarama, situated in the gorge of the river Waimakariri. Latest reports say that in this charming spot, which for a long while has been a favourite locality for sightseers and excursionists from this city, a fire is still burning in the vicinity of the railway station, as well as along Patterson's Creek. The canvas settlement at the latter place was saved from destruction mainly by the exertions of its inhabitants and a few visitors. But a strong north-westerly breeze is said to have since caused the fire to spread with alarming rapidity, and unless the long-looked-for rain quickly makes its appearance Otarama, Patterson's and contiguous bush will be completely demolished. Should this misfortune happen it is to be hoped that the Government will adopt the suggestion of a recent newspaper correspondent who wishes them to carry the railway line five miles further along the gorge to a place named Staircase Gully, where the quantity of bush and the richness of the scenery would amply atone for the destruction at Otarama.

PILLARS OF SALT.

(By HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M.A., in *Catholic World*.)

IT is the day of the convert. How to make one, how to develop him when made, then how to make more converts—these, it would seem, will presently be the questions most discussed by the Catholic Press. There possibly was never a time before when one heard so much about non-Catholics as such. Nor, indeed, is this to be wondered at in view of the growing company of pilgrims pouring across the Campagna of bleak negation, by every highway, into the Eternal City.

"All roads lead to Rome"—eventually. The world is likely to find this out quite soon, thanks to the new sign-posts which Leo XIII. is setting up. Every encyclical of his is one, and set up, too, at the perplexing cross roads of our modern thought.

It may be that his reign will most be celebrated in the days to come because of just this motley concourse of those whom his compelling love has won to God, strangers at Rome, and proselytes innumerable, and the dispersed.

At all events, it is a time of conversions and of converting energy. Hence the peculiar prominence given the subject. To every phase of it attention has been called, not only by newspapers published by Catholic authority, but (in a different temper) by the non-Catholic religious Press.

The latter frequently has that to say which, ludicrous as it must seem to us, nevertheless throws light on, let us not say the facts, but what is quite as useful, namely, their own interpretation of phenomena which from our safe, near side seem clear enough.

Of late, for instance, it has become the fashion among these journals to say of converts,

"Leave them alone.

And they'll come home," etc.

The Episcopalian Bo-BEEP, whose sheep are for ever being lost in the adjoining Papal pastures, does presently much comfort herself with the above refrain. So much so, indeed, is she sustained by that hope that the editor of her foremost paper, in commenting upon the return of a "pervert" the other day, jauntily declared that "most all of them return, anyhow, after a year or two."

We know, as does also the reverend editor, that hope and prejudice between them beget a delicious indifference to facts, and that nothing is easier than hasty generalising, unless, perhaps, hateful generalising. At Charleston the first earthquake seemed an awful exception: the second shock had a familiar look; the third fixed the earthquake habit, and for months the negroes looked for the cataclysm as regularly as for sunrise.

Given our cat and another cat on the roof, and the imagination of the boy at once prompts the statement of the old nursery tale. "There must be a million cats on our roof." Editors will be boys.

No, not "most" converts fall away. One can count those that do, but not those that do not. Moreover, such a spiritual revulsion is quite the most inexplicable movement that one sees. It stands out above and apart from the conceivable; it is exceptional, singular, disquieting. Hence two, three, half-a-dozen cases, and our editor flies off into his "most of them."

Not most! Infinitesimally few. But inexpressibly saddening these few, are they not? And full, moreover, of significance to us and our day of convert-making.

To the average Catholic mind it seems strange beyond all else that devout men and women, earnestly striving to face God and the light, can live and die outside the Church. How utterly beyond comprehension must it seem, therefore, that anyone who has once passed the stormy trials inseparable from a conversion to the truth, can deliberately retrace his steps and choose again the city of confusion for his soul's abode! And yet this "looking back" to the abandoned city does occur at times, and the ineffably sad spectacle is seen of some one hurrying across the plain to enter once again the very Sodom or Gomorrah from which he had but yesterday escaped with fear and anguish!

When these relapses shock us by their nearness to us we feel, as possibly at no other time, our Blessed Lord's swift, terrible injunction: "*Remember Lot's wife!*" But to no Catholic can these pathetic derelictions speak as to such Catholics as have themselves come from the desolation that is doubt. The present writer knows no subject quite so full of pain, no problem so perplexing and saddening withal. A few thoughts bearing on it may not be now amiss.

First of all, then, the reasons commonly assigned for these reversions are superficial and anything but charitable. We hear that so-and-so, having turned Catholic a year ago, has just thought better of his ill-digested step and has returned to his former Church. And in explanation we are told that he had found that

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all is not gold that glitters; that he has found things behind the scenes not as fair as in front of the footlights; that now that the glamour and tinsel are seen close by, their cheapness is discovered; and that the human element under saintly robes and back of spectacular mysteries has now been felt too palpably.

The revert who declares these reasons have actuated him only echoes the statements of an unthinking world—or, if he does so earnestly, degrades himself unspeakably.

Either in leaving his first position or in deserting his new he confesses that he has acted with the most humiliating lack of the only motives which can for a moment be held sufficient for so unspeakably important a step.

Look at it. It is inconceivable that anyone would think at all of putting every sacred tie in life to the perilous strain involved in a change of faith except for some compelling, fundamental, vital reason. A conversion to the Catholic religion means, usually, the giving shame, heartache, anxiety to parents, friends, fellow-Christians. It involves the repudiation of all that is held sacred by those who love one most. It scandalises, disturbs, disgusts those whose respect has one's chiefest measure of satisfaction. It seems to be a betrayal of honour in its very soul, when the convert is called and thought to be a priest of God. And—since man is still an animal—it nearly always costs him suffering. In nearly every instance it means a loss of comfort, influence, respect, money! Therefore, it would most certainly not once be thought of but for the voice within which will not be put down. Some lofty, powerful reason must be sought for a self-injury so grievous.

The Holy Spirit moves in many ways. Perhaps no two recount the same impelling motives; but surely, coming from whatever point, the panting pilgrims when they fall within the bosom of the dear old Church all know and say that they have come from doubt, confusion and uncertainty in quest of the "City which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." Yes! they have come for these two things—Certitude and the Presence! For these only was the sacrifice made; these alone were before father or mother or wife or lands or houses.

Nor is it conceivable, furthermore, that a man could take the awful responsibility and inflict and incur so much pain unless the negative untenableness and untruthfulness of his present position had first prompted the search for the positive good of some other. Only after the heart has starved and the soul has fainted and the mind grown bewildered by the discord and godlessness of a Church is it to be thought possible that a man can think of escape. Even then he searches diligently for reasons for remaining; he calls aloud for someone to comfort and to reassure him. Oh! the pitiful clinging to the house where one's faith lies dead. Oh! the hungering quest of those who, though abiding in the tents of their fathers, "show plainly that they seek a country."

They remain, God knows, till they cannot; some even till they die. To those whose escape we take note of comes an hour when they must go.

Now, is it credible that one so harassed and constrained by the lack of truth where he is, and having—at infinite cost and pain—sought it in the despised Nazareth of Catholicity, can, for any of the commonly alleged causes, return to the city of the plain? Never!

And yet some do return. Why? God only know! But that a soul so turning back can possibly be anything less pitiful than was Lot's wife I cannot think. Pillars of salt, at best, whose bitterness is this—they found no refuge.

Of these are also doubters, troubled souls, who for some cause have not received that "Margaretta preciosa"—Faith! These revert stand out from the dreary plain quite the most needy of our prayers and pity.

Think of it! There was no soul to take its ease amid the Babel of confusion and the death of truth. They heard and heeded when the Voice bade them flee! They broke their very heart-strings for the sake of truth, and fled from home and friends and good repute. And we rejoiced to see them reach our sweet walled city. And then, to our unutterable amazement, we saw them leave. Whither? Apparently to go whence they had come; but fancy to what bitterness the soul has sunk when, having thought God had a place and home where man could know him, it has come to think there is not such a place nor home—and so, heartsick, chagrined, plods back to that which was a hell of torments. The man may reach it—his joy and peace do not; they are congealed, a very monument of dried-up tears, there on the trackless plain. God pity them!

All this talk about "the human element in the Church" scandalizing the raw convert, and the disappointment on finding human nature under Catholic conditions, is nonsense. As if there were any lack of the human element in the Protestant denominations! I was constantly amused when I was first thrown with Catholics, after becoming one myself, by their efforts to explain and apologise for this human element, finding myself thought to be a very tender, not to say a squeamish, sort of a Miss Nancy who would be shocked by the downright common sense and lack of cant found, thank God, among Catholics.

So far from this precious human element scandalizing the recent convert, I believe that nothing is more refreshing than this very naturalness of Catholicity, after the long suffocation, artificiality and emotionalism of Protestantism. Poverty, plainness, simplicity, bluntness, downrightness are glories, and they seem so to the convert fresh from the plush and unction of official Protestantism.

Nor can we find any sufficient reason for a relapse in the experience of the convert as a practical Catholic. No. There is one reason—his faith is dead. It was given to him; he has lost it. What can he learn of the history of the Church, of the doctrines, of the life, after becoming a Catholic, that he could not before? Nothing. In fact, it is beyond belief that anyone could possibly endure the throes of a conversion, unless and until all that is included in the Catholic faith burned itself into the conscience as God's inexorable truth. What happens is the death of faith. And so the wretched soul creeps back to the familiar faces and accus-

tomed scenes of the old Babel from which while faith remained he fled at any and all costs!

It is not logical to say "he found Rome wanting, therefore he returned"; for he did not seek Rome till all else failed. Does the Episcopalian din turn into God's own order during the temporary absence of some convert? Certainly not. Why, then, return? Ask of Lot's wife.

LOOKING FROM THE LONELY ROCK.

THE island of St. Paul is merely a great rock in the Southern Ocean. It is the top of a volcanic mountain. There are no means of sustaining life to be found on it. The nearest inhabited land is Australia or Africa. To that ugly and desolate refuge came a boat containing nine persons—two of them women. They had food, on short allowance, for perhaps a week. In less than three days they were half insane from anxiety. Water, water, water everywhere, but no help. On the fifth day, at dawn, a brig hove to off the island. They saw her. Shouting, praying, weeping they stumbled to the beach and were rescued. It was one chance in a hundred. I'll tell you why some other time.

But, alas! Isn't it as bad, or even worse, on land? Look at the physical wrecks in homes and hospitals and answer me. One perishes of privation from shipwreck. A thousand perish of privation in the midst of plenty. It isn't food they long for, but power to use it—worst and deadliest of all wants.

"My food seemed to give me no strength," says one of this army of unfortunates, "and as the hopeless, starving days passed slowly by I grew weaker and weaker. By and by my legs trembled and bent under me, and I could no longer get about.

"The ailment which reduced me to this fearful condition began in the spring of 1892. At first I hardly recognised it for what we commonly call a disease. I felt tired, heavy and languid, as one often does on the approach of fine weather. I fancied it would pass away, but it did not. I lost my appetite, and only ate from habit and to keep me going. I had no pleasure in it, and no warmth or glow followed it, as happens always when one is well. No matter how light and simple the repast was, or how careful I had been to select things that would not be apt to hurt me, the result was the same. No sooner had I swallowed it than my stomach was distressed, and my chest and sides full of pain. If you will allow me so to put it, my food appeared to strike back at me, as though I had no right to use it.

"There was a nasty, bitter flavour in my mouth, more or less headache, and a kind of nervousness, which was new in my experience, as it was depressing and cheerless.

"Home remedies failing to help me, I consulted a doctor, but his prescriptions benefited me no more than our domestic medicines had done. My flesh and strength grew less, and I felt like one who has missed his way and looks in vain for a guide to point the road home.

"Finally I commenced attending the Leamington Hospital, and continued to do so for twelve months, but the treatment they gave me had no better effect than all the rest. You can hardly understand how weary I got of taking drugs. I turned almost with loathing from every new dose—not because of the taste, but because they deceived my hopes; they were of no use to me.

"In this state I was when, in March, 1894, a friend urged me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. On account of the very reasons I have mentioned, I hated to experiment with any more medicines. But I overcame this aversion (most fortunately for me) and got a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup from Mr. Judd, the chemist in Leamington, and after taking it I felt a marked and great improvement. I had no pain after eating and my food felt right, digested and gave me strength. And as I grew stronger my nerves ceased to trouble me. I can only say that by the continued use of the Syrup I got better daily and was soon as vigorous and well as ever. I have had no relapse and have every reason to think my cure a permanent one. You are welcome to publish my letter. (Signed) (MRS.) Lucy Eden, Tachbrook, near Leamington, September 26th, 1895."

We hope Miss Eden's recovery may indeed prove permanent, and if it does she will find no words too strong when she speaks of the remedy which wrought it. But oh, the vast multitude who still stand, like the shipwrecked people on the island, looking for rescue—victims of that most odious, common and baneful of diseases, chronic dyspepsia. It is for their sakes Miss Eden kindly writes her statement, and for their sakes we print it. May it reach many of them.

A BUDDING KIPLING.

An American rhymist thus celebrated in verse the anticipated defeat of Mr. Bryan:—

"What caused this beardless boy to run?"

Said Andrew Jackson's shade.

"The magic words, sixteen to one,"

The Press reporter said.

"What made them choose so young, so young?"

Said Andrew Jackson's shade.

"They listened to a silver tongue,"

The Press reporter said.

"For he came to the Convention, and he brought his cross of gold, And he crowded back all others, both the middle-aged and old, But he'll stamp his little Trilbys when he's outside in the cold, After meeting with McKinley in November."

It is told of a certain Midland Railway guard, residing in a small town in the Midlands, that one night while sleeping in a chair by the fire, he surprised his wife and family by suddenly jumping up, seizing the cat who was asleep on the rug, bundling her in the oven, banging the door to, and then shouting: "Any more for Nottingham?"

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