

## Diocese of Auckland.

(From our own correspondent.)

February 17, 1897.

His Lordship Dr. Lenihan was reluctantly compelled to forego his usual monthly visit to St. Patrick's on the first Sunday in the month owing to a severe cold, his place in the pulpit being taken by Father Gillan. I am not surprised at the Bishop being incapacitated, because, though young and vigorous, he is doing too much work. The management and care of a widespread and ever expanding diocese are sufficient to tax the strength of anyone, and matters of detail, even in a matter so important as that of the orphanages, should be in justice removed from the shoulders of our too hard-working chief pastor.

Dean Slattery, of Sydney, who has been on a visit to the Lake Country in the hope of relieving the rheumatism to which he is unfortunately a martyr, preached a really splendid sermon in St. Patrick's on last Sunday evening. The discourse was founded on the Gospel of the day, "Many are called but few are chosen," and by reason of the Dean's powerful eloquence and irrefutable logic and impressive delivery the congregation were much edified and benefited. The popular Dean left the following afternoon in the Waihora for Sydney.

Father Gallagher, who studied at Propaganda, arrived to take up his duties in the diocese about a fortnight ago, and with him came Father Mahoney, who had been on a trip to Europe.

Father Brodie is performing good work at St. Benedict's, and bids fair to develop into a good preacher. Here is a pattern and a stimulus for the Catholic youth of the city.

Father Mulvihill, of St. Patrick's, has gone into the country for a well-earned holiday. With his parishioners he has become a great favourite.

Dr. Egan, O.S.B. and Father Kehoe, of Parnell, are to train two choruses for the national entertainment on Patrick's Night.

His Lordship is expected very soon to pay his first episcopal visits to three city churches where preparations to worthily receive him are in hand. Whatever honours may be extended are well merited.

The parochial schools have opened and are nearly in full swing for the year now upon us. Several changes in the teaching staff have been made. The Marist Brothers' schools have been renovated inside and now bear a bright and cheerful appearance. What a scandal and a shame it is that so many of our Catholic youth find their way to the Government schools. In most instances, too, they are the children of parents who can well afford to pay the good Sisters and Brothers. Mundane principles and aspirations are all very well, but to the good Catholic parent they should ever claim a secondary place. "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul."

The local branch of the H.A.C.B. Society has decided to be represented at the annual meeting to be held in Christchurch on Friday, March 12th, by P.D.P. Brother Nerheny and P.D.P. Brother D. Flynn. No worthier choice could have been made.

At the cycling sports held in the domain cricket ground recently Dr. Lenihan attended and shortly after his arrival there the Newton Band in his honour played very efficiently a nice selection of Irish airs the best of which was a euphonium solo. "The harp that once..."

An agitation to retain in Auckland Mr. Northcroft, S.M., fizzled out, and properly so too. Itinerancy on the magisterial bench is a most necessary and desirable practice, and long may it continue. Prejudices political, and worse still, of a racial character, have been at times hurled from these courts. Such utterances are unseemly.

Local Government was disgraced this week by one of the suburban borough councils, which, through causes of petty squabbling, failed in their duty to elect a representative to the Auckland Harbour Board, and capped the climax by inviting the Ministry at Wellington to do it for them. Not very long ago from this same locality the cry of too much "red tape and centralism" was heard. Consistency thou art a jewel.

The Sacred Heart Society (female) connected with St. Patrick's, after several postponements through the weather, held their picnic on Lake Takapuna beach on last Saturday afternoon. Fathers Mulvihill and Croke were present. All were agreed that it was a most enjoyable and successful reunion.

The local Press has waxed wondrous and eloquent over the heads of the members of the City Council. Upon his assumption of office the new Mayor with the ardour of most neophytes gave it out from the house-tops that he was bent on remodeling and changing everything, amongst other things he would decline to be at the beck and call of everyone. He would attend to his mayoral duties *per se* and decline all committees. The councillors acted upon this, which his Worship called the "English mayoral custom," and rejected him as council representative on the Harbour Board, to which position the Mayor has hitherto been elected; hence the fulminations of the Press. The chief citizen like the lady in Hamlet "doth protest too much" and must abide by his "English custom" the interpretation of which is probably saying that which you do not mean.

The N. Z. Champion Amateur Athletic meeting for 1897 has been held in our midst, and has attracted attention principally because of the numerous records established. It is the opinion of many who take a deep interest in such matters that the time-pieces of the officials were at the meeting troubled with the "slows." Fancy getting over the 100 yards in blinding rain and on a sloppy track in ten seconds. At this rate we may ere long expect to pull down the astounding records of American athletes.

A feature of the national entertainment on St. Patrick's night will be the parade in regalia of the local juvenile Irishmen which will be enhanced by limelight effects. They will sing as well as chorus "St. Patrick's Day parade." This is a fine spirit to inculcate into our youths.

At the same entertainment the Hon. J. A. Tole is to preside, and the American Consul, Mr. J. D. Connolly gives an address entitled "The Day we Celebrate," and another short address from Mr. W. Whitaker, a Trinity College man, and a native of Sligo.

## Grave and Gay.

TWO ROGUES.

A SOMEWHAT amusing incident is told of a woman whose husband, a wealthy man, died suddenly, without leaving any will. The widow, desirous of securing the whole of the property, concealed her husband's death, and persuaded a poor shoemaker to take his place while a will could be made. Accordingly he was closely muffled in bed, as if very sick, and the lawyer was called in to write the will. The shoemaker, in a feeble voice, bequeathed half of all the property to the widow.

"What shall be done with the remainder?" asked the lawyer.

"The remainder," replied he, "I give and bequeath to the poor little shoemaker across the street, who has always been a good neighbour and a deserving man," thus securing a rich bequest for himself.

The widow was thunderstruck with the man's audacious cunning, but did not dare to expose the fraud, and so the two rogues shared the estate.

"THE MISSING LINK."

The *Daily News* playfully lectures a French traveller, M. d'Enjoy, for permitting the "missing link" to slip through his fingers when that interesting entity was at last run to earth. The new Munchausen, travelling in Indo-China, captured an individual of the Moi race who climbed like a monkey and sported a tail. The Moi generally, whether tailed or tailless, are savage, are treated by their neighbours as "beasts and apes," and are being gradually exterminated. They are said to burn their dead and bury the ashes in bamboo pots and are singular among the Indo-Chinese in so doing. Their hair is exceptionally rough, and they have very accentuated ankle-bones, looking like cock's spurs. That is the sum and substance of M. d'Enjoy's report. It seems the "missing link" escaped by poisoning the coolie left to guard him. The *Daily News* thinks M. d'Enjoy might at least have hung on to the tail that was within his grasp, instead of leaving the world to "suspend its judgment" thereon.

THE WORST OF IT.

Mr. Bosworth Smith tells a good story in the *Spectator*:—I was staying at the house of Sir William Smith Marriott, in Dorset, some few years ago, when the butler came into his master's room one morning with a very long face. "There's very bad news," he said, "this morning, poor Mr. — (mentioning the name of a clergyman in an adjoining village) has been and gone and hung himself. And that's not the worst of it, Sir William; that there fox has broken into your preserves again, and killed twenty-five of your young pheasants."

## HASTINGS.

(From an occasional correspondent.)

ON Friday, February 5, a number of the prominent citizens of Hastings assembled at the railway station to wish good-bye and God-speed to Sergeant Mitchell, who has recently been transferred to Wellington. During his stay in Hastings Sergeant Mitchell won for himself the esteem of one and all by his courteous and obliging manner as a citizen, and by his straightforward and conscientious attention to duty as a Government official. Those prominent qualities could not fail to bring their reward, and, hence, whilst the people of Hastings have to regret the loss of the services of so worthy an officer, they are gratified to know that the change means promotion, opening out as it does a broader field for the ability and energy which Sergeant Mitchell possesses in no small degree. But not merely as a citizen and a public official did this gentleman show those urbane and sterling qualities which never fail to command esteem, but, in an especial manner, as a Catholic did he give testimony of the faith that is in him. During his sojourn in Hastings he always took a lively interest in Church matters, showing himself most generous in assisting every good work, particularly so in contributing towards the erection of the new church of the Sacred Heart, which edifice speaks well for the zeal and devotedness of all concerned. In this church the memories of Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell will be remembered and honoured as long as the building lasts. The neat silver inset in the pedestal of the tabernacle, of solid brass burnished in gold, tells the priest, as he stands at the beautiful high altar, about to offer the Holy Sacrifice, of the donors thereof and eloquently begs a prayer for their welfare. The handsome mission cross, with its life-size figure of our Divine Lord, blessed by Archbishop Redwood at the close of the mission given by his Grace last June, tells also of their generosity, whilst a beautiful statue of St. Patrick, donated especially by Mrs. Mitchell, is a fitting complement to the first mentioned gifts, coming as it does from an Irish heart strong in the "Faith of her fathers," and full with the love of that land for which St. Patrick so untiringly laboured and whose memory, in holy gratitude, Erin's true sons and daughters so sacredly and so fondly cherish. The writer, then, but faintly voices the feelings of the people of the district and especially of the Catholic population and their worthy Pastor, the Rev. Father Smyth, when he records a debt of deep gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and begs to join with their many friends in wishing themselves and their children every prosperity and God's choicest gifts in their new home at Wellington.

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