

GREY MOUTH.

THE LATE SISTER MARY ALOYSIUS DUNGAN.

(From an occasional correspondent.)

On the early morning of the 10th of August Sister Mary Aloysius Dungan died in the Convent of Mercy of Greymouth after a brief illness. She was a resident in the convent for thirteen years. She was never of a robust constitution, and it was through considerable care that her life was preserved so long. That care was always most lovingly and freely given, and the community were simply repaid in various ways for their kind attention to her. She was of most exemplary life, very amiable of disposition, and as expressed by the local Press, "Her equal as teacher of music was not easily to be found in the Colony." Her ability and amiable disposition attracted many to the convent, and all who came in contact with her could easily see in her countenance how happy are they who reside in the Greymouth Convent.

The great esteem in which she was held was clearly demonstrated by the large attendance at her funeral. The day was certainly all that could be desired, so a very considerable portion of the population of Greymouth turned out to consign to mother earth the body of her whom they loved so well. The lady portion of the community especially were present in great numbers. Abundant were the tears shed by them in genuine sorrow, and many and beautiful were the wreaths, crowns and crosses of choicest flowers made by loving hands to testify their respect and regret for the dear departed one. Multitudes of Protestant young ladies were also present and were equally grieved with the Catholics, as many of them were her music pupils. The beautiful parish church was draped in black for the occasion, and all the priests but one, of the diocese of Christchurch on the West Coast were present at the *Requiem* Mass sung for the repose of her soul, and attended her burial.

The funeral, though a mournful, was a very pretty sight. The altar boys in cassock headed the procession. The Catholic Church committee bore the pall before the hearse. Then followed many carriages. The children of Mary, clad in their beautiful dress, the school children and general public followed, and at different vantage positions along the route to the cemetery photographers took photos of the funeral procession. Thus terminated the earthly career of Sister Mary Aloysius Dungan, Sister of Mercy, one of Eve's fairest, holiest and gentlest of daughters, loved, esteemed and deeply regretted by all who knew her on earth. She received in this life the hundredfold promised by our Blessed Redeemer. And we hope she is now one amongst that glorious band of virgins who sing in heaven that canticle that none but virgins can sing, whose especial privilege it is to follow the Lamb of God, with the name of Christ and His heavenly Father emblazoned on their foreheads.

INTERCOLONIAL NEWS.

THE final meeting of the ladies who have been engaged in collecting for the high altar and the Mosaic pavement of the sanctuary of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne, was held in the Archbishop's library the other week. Over one hundred ladies attended, and his Grace occupied the chair. The Archbishop's private secretary (Rev. J. McCarthy) read the following statement of receipts up to the last meeting of the ladies—For the high altar, £1879 18s 9d; the Sacred Heart altar, £167 12s 3d; Ladye Chapel, £181 16s 4d; St. Joseph's Chapel, £189 3s 6d; children's chapel, £488 2s 7d; statue fund, £35; police force, £30; total, £2971 13s 5d. Subscriptions and collections were then handed in amounting to £50 17s 6d, which brought the total sum collected by the ladies up to £1930 16s 3d. The grand total for the various objects specified above was £3022 10s 11d.

The following various appointments and changes in connection with the Marist Brothers' College, Hunter's Hill, Sydney, are announced:—Brother John, who left a few years ago to assume the provincialship of the British Isles, has returned in the capacity of Provincial. *vicar* Brother Felix, whose term of office has just been completed; Brother Basil, who has been director of St. Joseph's for two and a half years, has been relieved, and Brother Denis has been appointed to succeed him; Brother Edward, well known to many ex-collegians, has been recalled from Bendigo, Victoria, and is now temporarily stationed at St. Mary's; Brother Cyril has returned from New Zealand, and is now resting at the Provincial House, Hunter's Hill; Brother Clement has been relieved of the directorship of the North Sydney House in order to proceed to France. Brother Basil, Brother Felix, and Brother Clement have been summoned to the Mother House of the Order, at St. Genis, Laval, Lyons.

The Rev. Canon Grigson, late vicar of the Anglican Cathedral, Townsville, Queensland, who was recently received into the Catholic Church at the Redemptorist Monastery, Ballarat, by the Rev. Father O'Farrell, C.S.S.R., is a native of Norfolk, England, was educated at King's College, London, and is a graduate of Durham University. Although comparatively a young man, he rose rapidly to preferment in the Anglican Church since his coming to Australia some ten years ago, and both in New South Wales and Queensland he was held in the highest esteem by the flock to which he ministered. Archdeacon White, in a sermon preached at Townsville some few ago on the occasion of Canon Grigson's resignation, spoke in the highest terms of the good canon's piety and amicability, and while he deplored his change of faith, which, he said, he was certain was done conscientiously, declared that in Mr. Grigson he was losing a valued friend and the people an excellent pastor. Mr. Grigson proposes to return to England in a few weeks and place himself at the disposal of Cardinal Vaughan, who will probably send him to the new college of St. Bede at Rome, which has been lately opened under the auspices of the Pope for Anglican convert clergymen who may desire to study for the priesthood.

POISONED FROM HEAD TO FOOT.

WE call particular attention to the subjoined statement. No incident of its kind, of equal interest and importance, has occurred of late years. A declaration so startling in its general scope, and so full of corroborative detail, certainly warrants the conclusion that a new epoch in the healing art has dawned upon us. Aside from the force which it assumes, the facts, as alleged, rest upon the results of a thorough and careful investigation.

(COPY.)

I, George Lack, of 123, Stamford street, Waterloo Road, London, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:—

"I was always a strong healthy man up to April, 1876. At this time, whilst engaged at the Stamford street Embroidery Works, cleaning out a tank which had been used for dyeing purposes, I slipped and fell in the tank (which was covered with verdigris), cutting both my elbows. The parts soon became swollen, and in a week's time the flesh was putrid, as if gangrene had set in. My system seemed to be poisoned, and I began to lose strength rapidly, for my appetite left me and I could not bear the sight of food, what little I did eat lay on my chest like lead. I went to the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, where I was under treatment for five weeks, but I got worse. After this I got an order and went into the Lambeth Infirmary, where I was placed in No. 11 Ward. At this time my condition had become serious, for I felt so sick and faint that I could scarcely move, and, after a time, I got so bad that I could only get up for an hour or two each day. Later large abscesses formed on my shoulder and gradually spread over my face and the upper part of my body. My face was completely covered with the abscesses, which, on healing, left deep marks, that I bear to this day. After this I had swelling around the joints, and large abscesses formed in the calf of my leg, and I had also running wounds, extending from the top of my ankle to the bottom of my feet. An offensive discharge of matter came from the parts, and it seemed as if the abscesses were drawing the life out of me. I was now in a hopeless, helpless state, and felt that I did not care how soon my end came. For days and days I never closed my eyes, and on one occasion I had but little sleep for eighteen days and nights together, the doctor's sleeping draughts having no effect upon me. When I did at length fall asleep I slept from Thursday to Sunday afternoon. From all the doctor's medicines and applications I only got temporary relief. On one occasion the doctor said that I could not live throughout the day. The nurses placed a screen round my bed, expecting that I should die during the day, and my brother was sent for. When the doctor called that night he was surprised to find me alive. However, I took a turn for the better, but for months afterwards I was, as it were, on the brink of the grave. I had to be lifted in and out of bed, and was fed on slops and light food. Sometimes better, and at other times worse, I continued in this wretched state for over FIVE YEARS, during which time I remained in the hospital. In August, 1881, I became tired of being in the hospital, and was carried to my house. I was so weak and emaciated that I got a pair of crutches to help me to hobble about the house. My father and friends who saw me were shocked at my feeble and emaciated appearance, and thought I was not long for this world. I lingered on in the same wretched state for two more years, expecting and wishing that I should soon be out of my misery. In November, 1883, after suffering over seven years, my father bought me a bottle of medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and persuaded me to try it, saying that it had been of great benefit to him. After I had taken half the contents of a bottle, I felt brighter and in better spirits than I had been in for years. My appetite improved, and by continuing with the medicine my legs began to heal, and I got stronger and stronger. In less than three months I was able to put aside my crutches and walk with the aid of a stick. After I had taken Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup six months I was back at my work, as strong as ever I was in my life, and have since kept in the best of health. I wish the particulars of my case known to other sufferers, and the Proprietors have my consent to make what use they like of this statement. And I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing the same to be true. By virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declaration Act, 1835 (Will. IV. c. 62).

(Signed)

"George Lack."

Declared at No. 16, Godliman street, Doctor's Commons, in the City of London, this 13th day of April, 1893, before me, (Signed) George H. Brooks, a Commissioner for oaths.

Here we have a case of profound and persuasive blood poisoning. Verdigris (chemically the bibasic acetate of copper) is, when introduced into the circulation, a slow poison, for which no positive antidote is known. There is no doubt that the physicians in the hospitals did all that could be done, with the knowledge and resources at their command. Unhappily their treatment, at best, was only mildly palliative; the poison continued its deadly work, until it saturated the poor fellow's entire system and perverted all its functions. What but an ultimately fatal result could have been reasonably expected?

Mr. Lack's final and perfect recovery, through the use of Seigel's Syrup, illustrates beyond the need of comment the unprecedented power of that well-known remedy to renew the digestion, stimulate the secretory organs, and thus to purify the blood. In common with all who shall read the details of this case, we most keenly regret that Seigel's Syrup was not taken immediately after the results of the accident first appeared.

John Tyndall and Cardinal Moran were boys together, both "children of the village"—Leighlinbridge, Carlow, Ireland. It is hard to imagine the great Australian churchman and the famous natural philosopher playing leapfrog together; but, then, a French priest, afterward a missionary to Hawaii, once boxed the ears of Gambetta, who was among his unruly pupils.