

GREYMOOUTH.

(From an occasional correspondent.)

As was anticipated, the Government Inspector's report on the convent schools at Brunner and Greymouth were highly flattering. At the Brunner schools out of 61 pupils presented there were four failures; while at Greymouth of 141 pupils presented only six failed. The Brunner percentage is indeed most creditable. Few outside the district realise the labour involved in securing such results. The nuns travel from Greymouth to Brunner and back daily in all weathers—journeys alone in this climate trying even to the most robust. The Greymouth Convent School is of course "the premier school" of the district. Probably the nuns have a tried system of their own that enables them to gain such marvellous results in all examinations, yet no doubt the secret of their success lies in one word, "work." The good nuns are untiring workers. They do not relax in their efforts immediately the examinations are over, nor awaken to the fact a few weeks before the time of examination arrives that the inspector will soon be with them. Neither have they to cram the requisite knowledge into the minds of the children a week prior to the examination. No: the interest of the nuns is as keen now as on the morning of the examination. This, no doubt, is the secret of the success of the nuns as teachers. 'Tis wonderful how the children appreciate the efforts, and try to cooperate with teachers who work. As for parents, well, few have had the education that teachers receive; but, for all that, Catholic parents are pretty shrewd judges as to how their children are progressing at school and of the efforts made by teachers. Bitter experience has taught many Catholic parents how necessary it is that their children should be educated. Hence their determination that their offspring shall not be as backward in this important matter as themselves. If education be important for our girls, how much more so is knowledge required for our boys, who have to leave home and battle in the world against highly educated youths with all sorts of worldly influences at their backs, that a Catholic youth altogether lacks! In fact, for a Catholic young man to get on, he must be the superior of his fellows in a knowledge of his business and in education. He, at least, will not be favoured.

Grave and Gay.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S EXPERIENCES.

MR. FREDERICK VILHERS, the well-known artist, tells the following:

During the Russo-Turkish war Mr. Forbes and I, half-starved, at last came up with the advancing Russian army. Mr. Forbes bore a letter of introduction from Count Ignatieff to Prince Schahofsky, general of the left wing of the division. On presenting the letter the general looked at us with a grim smile on his face, and said:

"Gentlemen, it is well that you have brought the letter. I feel compelled to allow you to remain, otherwise I should have asked you to leave the camp."

While he was speaking a servant commenced laying a table for dinner. As we looked wistfully at the preparations, the General dispelled any thoughts we might have had of breaking our fast at that board by calmly saying:

"Gentlemen, I am about to take my dinner. Good evening."

We bowed, and went away terribly hungry. We hunted the village near by for food, but could find nothing. At length, tired and weary, we lay down in an unoccupied tent, and snaked ourselves to sleep. I dreamt of sumptuous banquets, luscious viands, all the delicacies of the season, till I awoke at dawn with a hunger that was appalling. Turning over on my side, I discovered a wooden bowl, brimful of eggs. I sat up, rubbed my eyes, shook myself to see if I were really awake, then looked at the precious bowl once more. I stretched forth my hand, tearing all the time it was a phantasy, and would gradually disappear. I clutched it, and gave a cry of satisfaction. They were eggs in reality.

A loud laugh rang through the tent, and a voice said:

"Now, Vilhers, don't be greedy. Leave some for me."

It was Forbes. It appears that my friend had at peep of day, found eight eggs, and had them cooked and placed at my side. With sweet unselfishness, he refrained from breaking his fast till he could see the effect the sight would have on his starving companion.

"Our engagement is quite a secret, you know," she said sweetly. "So everybody tells me," he replied with a smile.

Little Man: "I'd have you to know I was well brought up."

Tall Man: "That may be, but you were not brought up far."

"How intolerant conceited musicians are as a rule!" "Oh, well, what can you expect from people who are naturally full of airs!"

"That man Smithers is a clever fellow. He can write with either hand." "Is that so? How does he do it?" "On a typewriter."

Tramp (reading an advertisement: "Turkish Baths") "Bill, here's another devilish device of the n Turks for slaughtering Christians."

Tramp at dentist's door: "I'd like my teeth filled." Dentist: "What with—gold or silver?" Tramp (eagerly): "Oh, just plain bread will do."

Inquiring Stranger: "What branch of education does your teacher prefer, my boy?" "Boy: "He don't use no branch, sir; he hits with the pointer."

Curran, the brilliant Irish orator, conversing with his neighbour, Father O'Leary, said: "Father, I wish you were St. Peter." "And why, now?" said the priest. "Because then you would have the keys of heaven, and you could let me in." "It would be better for you," said the reverend Father, "by my honour and conscience, if I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

For Our Lady Readers.

WHAT IS AMIABILITY?

Is it beauty? No; a person who is only pretty would be attractive certainly, but—for a short time; and however faint may be the indication, yet when we discover under this charming exterior a cold heart, a false spirit, an irritable or vain soul, we are repelled. Something else is necessary to attract the heart.

Is it an elegant toilet? No; though it may charm the eye if it be fresh, simple, and in good taste, yet if we perceive merely a desire to please for the sake of winning flattery and praise, the charm does not last. Something else is necessary to attach the heart.

Is it science? No; if it exists alone, and, above all, in a proud, pedantic, or disdainful mind, it repels instead of attracting us—compels us to feel ashamed of our own ignorance. Something more than science is necessary to attach the heart.

Is it virtue in general? No; particularly if it has not learned, as St. Paul recommends, to make itself all things to all men.

Of course without virtue it is impossible, for any length of time, to be perfectly amiable; but we must not conclude from this that virtue, under whatever form it presents itself, is amiable.

If the person with whom I live makes me say every instant: "Do not be so harsh, have a little more compassion in your heart; be more gentle, more tolerant for my poor faults, which I try hard to correct, but which are always rebelling; do not be so sharp in discovering what I do wrong, and do not make me feel that I am less virtuous than you," she would never attract me to her or to the good God. Something else is necessary to attach the heart.

MOTHER!

I would fain put in a plea for that old-fashioned, old-time name of "mother." You rarely hear it now-a-days; all sorts of nick-names have taken its place. Names with the reverence, the sacredness, left out, names of equality, nay, superiority on the part of the child they are patronising, familiar, common. But should not a mother and child be familiar? Ah, yes, but in a different way. With all the most blissful intercourse, with all the sweetest companionship, and all the most absolute confidence; with the gayest sympathetic fun and frolic.

A ROYAL CINDERELLA.

The romantic history of the wooing of the Empress of Austria is quite like the delightful old story of Cinderella. Elizabeth Amelia Eugenia was her full name. She was a Princess of a branch of the House of Bavaria, a cousin of the unfortunate King Ludwig, and was brought up very quietly indeed. The residence of the family was at the Castle of Saenbofen, on the Lake of Starnberg, and they used to spend their summers at Ischl, in the Austrian Alps. And here it was that the little girl began her love story. She was still quite little—only sixteen years of age. No lovers had as yet sought her hand. All that she knew of romance she knew from her sister Helen, who from childhood had been affianced to Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. But Princess Helen was to be cut out by Princess Elizabeth—the Cinderella of the Bavarian House.

The Emperor Francis Joseph was that year at Ischl, and when his mother, the Archduchess Sophia, was giving a ball, he insisted that the Princess Elizabeth, of whom he had caught passing glimpses in the streets of Ischl, should receive an invitation.

"But Elizabeth is not yet out," protested her mother, the Duchess Louise.

"Then let her come out," replied the ardent young Emperor.

"But she didn't expect any invitations, and she's got nothing to wear," said the mother in alarm.

"No matter," said the Emperor; let her come in the simplest of dresses, with a rose in her hair, and she will be the queen of the feast."

So Cinderella was allowed to come at the Emperor's command, and the Emperor outraged the proprieties, and danced with her all the evening.

The sequel was eventually the little Cinderella being made Empress of Austria, while her sister, who had expected to share this exalted post with the Emperor, was among her most ardent well-wishers, and herself afterwards became the wife of the Prince of Thurn and Taxis.

A PRESSMAN MONK.

SOME sensation (writes the Paris correspondent of the *Edinburgh Catholic Herald*) has been caused among Paris pressmen by the announcement that one of them, a prominent member of the *Petit Journal* staff, had left the world to become a monk. The occurrence among Parisian journalists is rare enough to warrant the sensation it has caused. The new monk is M. Gabriel de Combes, and he entered on the 30th of last month the Convent of the Assumptionists Fathers at Livry. M. de Combes, who is 39 years old, was not exactly what can be called a practising Catholic, and his conversion is due to a peculiar circumstance. When, three years ago, a railway was opened between Jaffa and Jerusalem, he went to the Holy Land on behalf of his paper to give an account of the opening, examine on the spot the value of the undertaking, and enquire into the changes it might make in the life of the local population. He found on this railroad the road to Damascus. The impression made upon him by his visit to Palestine was so deep that his colleagues agree that he never was the same man afterwards. He intended becoming a Trappist, but the Superior dissuaded him, and finally he settled upon the Assumptionists. It is a curious coincidence that the Superior of the Convent where M. de Combes has gone to is also a pressman, and has also been on the staff of the *Petit Journal*. Who could have suspected that publication producing monks in that way!