

H O K I T I K A.

SUCCESS OF THE CONVENT SCHOOLS.

(From an occasional correspondent.)

December 6, 1897.

SINCE the Westland Education Board have conceded the request of the Catholics of this district to allow the inspector to include the Catholic school in the list of those to be annually examined by him, the children and their devoted teachers have worked, if possible, with more care and diligence than ever. That their exertions are not devoid of reward the results annually obtained by the convent schools of the Westland district clearly indicate. At the examinations just concluded the following results speak for themselves:— At Kumara, out of 100 presented, four failed, giving 96 per cent. of passes; at Hokitika four out of ninety failed, giving a percentage of 95½ passed; and at Kaniere three out of ninety failed, giving a percentage of 96½ passes.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO.

(Written on Christmas Morning.)

(By P. E. NOLAN, in "The Last of the Glengarry's and Other Poems.")

ABROAD on the mountains the dawn is revealing
That virginal morning uncurtains her eyes;
And down through the azure a splendour is stealing
And spreading its lustrous wings thro' the skies;
And sunward the songsters their matins are telling
And Nature herself is unusually gay,
And robed in rich raiment, in beauty excelling,
She's waiting to welcome the Master to-day.

He cometh; the tearful no longer are weeping,
Their woes at his coming are fading apace;—
He cometh who lovingly holds in his keeping
The thread of our lives and the doom of our race;—
From on high where all beauty eternal is blooming,
Alluring to stray where our fathers have trod,
Our hearts and our homes with His presence illuming,
He cometh—our Father, our Friend, and our God.

O infinite Power, 'neath Thy vigil eternal
What worlds have flourished and faded, and now
Serene as at first with a beauty supernal
Thou smilest. Time dims not Thy luminous brow.
Ay, longer than Fancy can soar on her pinion,
Long, long, ere Creation first smiled on Thy face
Thy wisdom ordained, and Thou, too, hadst dominion
O'er all the vast regions of limitless space.

Here need I to love Thee no mellifluous phrases,
No grand exhortation; the beauties I see
In Nature around me are rite with Thy praises
And speak to my wondering spirit of Thee.
Away where the stars are in solitude dreaming,
On earth here below as in heaven above,
The light of Thy presence for ever is beaming,
All speak Thee a God of perfection and love.

O merciful Father, all powerful and tender,
What ecstasy gladdens, what pleasures requite
Their labours who all for Thy friendship surrender,
Who live in Thy love and who walk in Thy light.
Ay lowly and meekly from Heaven descending,
Revealing to all the glad future in store,
Thy nature divine with our frail nature blending,
Thy children among them beheid Thee of yore.

And now to confirm their wondrous story
Thou comest—Thy presence, ineffably grand,
Illuming the heavens with lustrous glory,
And blushing in beauty all over the land.
All merciful Father, Creator, All-Giver,
How tempered with love Thine immaculate sway.
Then glory to Thee be for ever and ever,
O God of the universe welcome to-day.

Several correspondents of *The Standard* have challenged rather roughly the Cardinal's statement that 600 or 700 converts are being received into the Catholic Church per month. We are in a position to state that the figures are absolutely accurate, and are based on the official returns received from the clergy. We may add that they understate rather than overstate the position.—*London Tablet*.

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.]

GOD BLESS THE BRAVE!

[In the "From the Hill Tops" column of the *Weekly Freeman* of last week reference was made to the noble action of two companies of Irish-American soldiers who, during the civil war, discovering the unmarked and forgotten grave of the great Irish poet, D'Alton Williams, purchased and erected a fine monument to his memory over his grave. In the following lines Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, "touches his harp" in just praise of this noble and touching incident. For a few words on the author's life see No. XXIII. of this series.]

God bless the brave! the brave alone
Were worthy to have done the deed.
A soldier's hand has raised the stone,
Another traced the lines men read,
Another set the guardian rail
Above thy minstrel—Innisfail!

A thousand years ago—ah! then
Had such a harp in Erin ceased
His cairn had met the eyes of men
By every passing hand increased.
God bless the brave! not yet the race
Could coldly pass his dwelling place.

Let it be told to old and young,
At home, abroad, at fire, at fair,
Let it be written, spoken, sung,
Let it be sculptured, pictured fair,
How the young braves stood weeping round
Their exiled poet's ransomed mound.

How lowly knelt and humbly prayed
The lion-hearted brother band
Around the monument they made
For him who sang the Fatherland!
A scene of scenes, where glory's shed
Both on the living and the dead.

DR. LAMONT'S STRONG FINGERS.

"I was afraid you were going to slip through my fingers," said good old Dr. Lamont.

The writer was a boy of about seventeen, then. While a student at school, more than 300 miles from home, I was taken down with pneumonia. I had a tough time, and for two or three weeks my life was despaired of. But youth and good care won the fight, and one bright morning I was ready to go home with my dear father who had come for me. I was weak still, but well and happy clear up to the brim. Oh, what a ride! Oh, what sweet air! Oh, what a glorious world I had got back into! and what a reception from mother and sisters at the familiar house, Oh, life! Oh, health! Oh, *dulce, dulce domum!*

But when a man with most of his days behind him has to write a line like this '*All my life*' I have suffered more or less from disease"—why that is another and sadder story. It is the odds between an occasional thunderstorm and a sky always covered with clouds.

We quote what he says, reminding the reader that in this matter Mr. William Hodgkinson voices the experience of millions. He says: "I always had a bad taste in the mouth, no proper relish for food, and after eating had pain and fulness at the chest."

These sensations are symptoms of acute indigestion. In the stomach there is marked loss of power. The food is neither rolled over as it should be so that the whole of it in turn may be presented to the digestive fluid, nor is it duly moved on towards the outlet into the bowels. As a result it ferments and gives off irritating acids and gasses, hence the patient complains of pain, weight, distension, acidity, and flatulence in that region. Thence the poisons proceed to every other part of the body, and headache, vertigo, gout, rheumatism, depressed spirits, and a score more of evils follow; among them, possibly, nervous prostration, progressive anaemia, locomotor ataxia, and more or less complete paralysis.

"Frequently," continues Mr. Hodgkinson, "I was sick, and as time went on I became very weak and feeble. I consulted one doctor after another, and took various medicines, but obtained no real or lasting relief from any of them. This describes my general condition until the fortunate day when I read about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I was impressed by the statements others had made concerning it and proceeded to try it. After taking one bottle I found relief, and was soon entirely free from my old complaint. Since that time (now eight years ago) I have enjoyed good health. Knowing personally of its virtues, I have recommended this remedy to hundreds, and have never heard of its having failed to give relief. But for Mother Seigel's Syrup I should have been in my grave years ago. (Signed) William Hodgkinson. Hollington, near Uttoxeter Staffordshire, August 11th, 1893."

Mr. Hodgkinson is well known and highly respected. He is a local preacher in the Methodist church, and by employment a quarry master. Had he gone into the grave, as he feared he should, he would have been missed and lamented by the community in which he has long been useful, and will live to be useful, we hope, for years to come.

Now let us repeat our leading thought. Short illnesses, even though sharp and dangerous, may result in good rather than harm. But a disease that drags its victim through decades of lingering distress—what shall we say of it? The trouble and suffering it inflicts is beyond estimate, and its name is indigestion and dyspepsia.

And the name of the medicine that cures it, Mr. Hodgkinson has done you the favour to mention with clearness and emphasis.