

never had a nationality or a history. He trusted before finishing this evening to show them how false these random statements were for it required but a very slender knowledge of the ancient MSS, and records to learn that Ireland had alike a history and civilisation, and laws of her own, while other nations were in a rude and semi-savage state. The lecturer then showed the various colonies which arrived in Ireland,—where they came from and how each in turn obtained possession of the country. It would take up too much of your space to refer at length to the interesting and instructive topics, clearly unfolded by Mr. Jordan,—the wealth of ancient MSS, their contents, his description of the Book of Leinster, containing, amongst other subjects, the histories of the travels of "Marco Polo," the Siege of Troy, the fall of Jerusalem, the siege against Thurles, &c., the discovery of the Book of Lismore in the early part of the present century in the castle of that name. When an old closed up doorway was being opened, in the centre of the masonry, was found a box enclosing a beautiful Crozier, and the MSS, on finest vellum, showing how precious those old books were in the estimation of their owners. Mr. Jordan also referred to the "Brehon Laws" which regulated the political and social histories of Ireland from prehistoric times to within two hundred years ago; these laws bear a close resemblance to the "Common Laws of England." Mr. Jordan delivered some excellent recitations in the Irish tongue which were well received, indeed with applause, for doubtless many present understood something of the language. The rev. lecturer made one particularly strong point in reference to the system of education in Ancient Erin. He said it was truly religious as drawing a comparison with the present system, he secured a round of applause. An instructive and pleasant evening, such as the good folks of Wellington rarely have the opportunity of enjoying, was brought to a close by Colonel McDonald moving a vote of thanks to the lecturer, seconded by Mr. O'Dea, and carried with acclamation. The lecturer moved a vote of thanks to Dr. Cahill who presided so ably.

### AN INTERESTING NEW CHURCH.

(From an old Correspondent.)

ONWARD is the motto of the Catholic Church, truly, as can be testified wherever or however we look at it.

About five years ago the only means of getting along the West Coast of New Zealand from Paikakaui to Foxton was to keep on the beach. Now there is a splendid railway constructed by private enterprise, and a county road is being formed from Paikakaui to Palmerston close to the line to connect the several townships laid out by the Railway Company. The townships are yet in their infancy, and between two of them, Ohau and Manukau, the Rev. Father Melu, S.M., and his worthy curate Father Broussard have just had built one of the nicest country churches in the island. The following is a short description.

The building is of the Gothic style of architecture, and is 36 feet long by a width of 18 feet, the sanctuary being, as usual in country churches, the whole width of the building. The sacristy, at the back of the sanctuary, is 14 feet by 10 feet. The walls are 13 feet high and the roof is open Gothic, with dressed principals, purlines, diagonal sacking and laminated beams. There are three Gothic pointed windows on each side, while the window over the main entrance is triple Gothic, which will afford plenty of light for the future choir gallery. On the roof close to the front gable is erected a small tower with spire 20 feet from the ridge of roof and finishes with a cross. The church is tastefully painted throughout. The outside is painted a warm stone colour picked out in white. The inside is painted terra cotta four feet high from the floor, and a salmon pink the remainder of the walls, except a cornice at the intersection of wall and roof height which is varnished. The roof is painted a pale blue the principals being painted a dead white, and the chamfering picked out a turquoise (green pink). The church is complete with everything required, such as the altar, sittings, confessional, &c., and reflects the greatest credit on the native missionary, the Rev. Father Melu, S.M. This is the third or fourth church he has got built since he came to New Zealand, which is about five years ago.

I must say the building reflects the greatest credit on our co-religionist, Mr. J. O'Dea, architect, of Wellington, who designed it and super-vised it from start to finish. In this church he was very fortunate in securing Messrs. Sims and O'Brien as contractors. Their work is done faithfully and well. The finish of the sacred structure is universally admired, and it is, I must not forget to mention, the first church erected in the Manawatu Railway Company's township. The Rev. Father's first intention was to build a small, unpretending edifice for the Native population, but he altered his mind, and though still having the Natives first in his mind, he has, as you can see, erected a building fit for the most aristocratic Pakeha. It is to be dedicated to St. Stephen, and the original intention was to open it on his feast, but his Grace Archbishop Redwood would be unable to come that day, and the 16th of February is now fixed on instead.

Almost all the Natives here, and there are a good many, are Catholics, and they are already making preparations for the opening. The time will be very appropriate for them, as then they will have plenty "taiawas."

It is most likely that a special train will run from Wellington on that day, as a great many are expected from the city. The cost is being defrayed by the Natives and Europeans alike—the latest subscription being a handsome donation of £5 by our worthy Vicar-General, Father McNamara. I hope to be able to send your readers an account of the opening by-and-bye.

Poor Mr. Jacob Primmer, of Dunfermline has received a severe snub from the Queen. He wrote to her Majesty calling upon her to use her influence against the "travelling to Rome" of members of the Church Society of the Church of Scotland. The letter having been laid before the Queen, she "was not pleased to signify any commands thereon." We fear that Mr. Primmer's loyalty is just now evaporating.

### "THIS MAN WAS FRIGHTENED."

AND on reading the facts it will appear that he had reason to be. The man referred to was Edward Perrin, a guard on the Manchester Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway. In September, 1887, he met with an accident, which gave a temporary shock to his system. Not long afterwards he began to feel a pain in the chest and have difficulty in breathing, and threw up a great deal of mucus (phlegm). He at once concluded he had some serious ailment of the lungs, and sought medical advice. The doctor said it was so, and added that there was no cure for it, and that he could do no more than give him something to ease the pain and the cough. Then the doctor gave Mr. Perrin a certificate stating that he was suffering from "Catarrh Phtisis," which is the professional term for that dreadful malady, Consumption. Further symptoms soon appeared which seemed to confirm this alarming opinion. The poor fellow experienced great pain in eating and a tightness across the chest which felt, he said, "as if some strong man was gripping him round the body under the arms."

The rest of Mr. Perrin's narrative is best related in his own words. He says: "I soon commenced to have a brackish taste in the mouth as if I had been sucking copper. Then came cold chills and sweats in turn, the cough got hollow, and I raised more than I had done. These terrible symptoms so scared me that I went and consulted the late Dr. Dacre Fox, who was at that time Consulting Physician to the Railway Company and to the Infirmary. He examined me carefully, and certified as follows:—

"In the case of Guard Perrin. This man is evidently frightened. He is suffering from Phtisis and Dyspepsia. Cod Liver Oil and iron are indicated.

"This fully bore out what the other doctor had said, so I now looked upon myself as done for. I took everything I could hear tell of. I have drunk gallons of cod liver oil and sherry, and have had many quarts of camphorated oil rubbed on my chest, until my wife was sick of rubbing. I was also poulticed continually, but in spite of all this terrific dosing and medicating I got gradually worse. In half-a-dozen words my condition was this: I believed myself to be fast going to the grave with consumption; my friends said so, the doctors said so, and it looked like if anything ever did. It is understood that consumption is sure death, and I made up my mind for that awful end. I had been off my work from 1887 to 1888. I was ashamed to be away so much, as I was obliged to draw funds from the Club all the time to help to support my family.

"While I was thus doing nothing but waiting to die crawling about feebly like a man who has virtually done with this world, I happened one day to meet Inspector Rippon, of Ardwick Station, one of the Traffic Inspectors of our line. He was shocked at my looks, but said, 'Perrin, I don't know as anything will help you but, if anything will, it is Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.' I remember that this idea amused me, miserably broken and ill as I was. Help me? Could it cure consumption? Not likely. Impossible! Still it couldn't make me worse, and so I got a bottle and began to take it. I could scarcely credit my own feelings, but as sure as truth is truth, before I had used up that bottle of medicine, I found relief. Now comes what you may find it hard to believe—I took but two more bottles and went back to work, and have been sound and healthy ever since. I told the doctor about it, and, although he saw I was well, he seemed displeased. "You say Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup cured you?" he said. Nonsense. It is only a quack medicine; it is nothing but stuff and rubbish. Well, all right, I said to myself, it may be stuff and rubbish, but it has made a sound man of me after that very doctor had me booked for the graveyard, and said no earthly power could keep me out of it. That was enough for me, and will be enough for thousands of others in this country.

"I am exposed to all sorts of weather, but have never had a return of the bad breathing, chest pain, nor any of the other symptoms that nearly frightened me out of my senses. I eat and enjoy my food as well as any man in England. Now, what was the secret of this getting well? If I really had consumption, it was nothing short of a miracle; but I never had consumption at all. The doctors were all wrong in calling it that. What I actually suffered from was indigestion and dyspepsia, which causes the same symptoms that mark true consumption; hence lots of people who are supposed to have lung complaint might be as easily cured as I was if they would let cod liver oil alone and take Mother Seigel's Syrup."

Mr. Perrin's address is—No. 36, Gorton Brook Street, Gorton Brook, Manchester, England, and he will reply to any letters written to him, concerning his case.

MYERS AND CO., Dentists, Octagon, corner of George street. The guarantee highest class work at moderate fees. Their artificial teeth gives 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.]

A remarkable instance of the fickleness of fortune which occurred in Butte, Montana, several weeks ago has just come to light. Dave Evans, a young miner, had been to see his best girl Sunday night. Returning home late, he fell into an abandoned prospect-hole and was compelled to remain until the following morning, when, in ascending by means of a rope, he scaled off a portion of the wall and discovered a rich lead of silver. He leased the mine and is now taking out ore that yields 300 dollars a ton in silver and a considerable quantity of copper. He has been offered 50,000 dollars to cancel his lease, but he refuses to sell. He will become a millionaire, while the fellows who leased to him have already become hopeless lunatics.