

innate justice of the movement itself, but because the Irish party occupied a neutral attitude in the house. They were neither Liberals nor Conservatives, and being a solid united phalanx, no Government could hope to live through a session without their support, which could only be obtained by taking up the Home Rule cause and making it a Government measure. Here we have an example of the incomparable advantages of being united, and the only way to secure thorough unity among ourselves is by the appointment of strong committees in each of the electorates of the Colony, who, by an energetic and systematic canvass, could place themselves in the position of being able to elect or reject any candidate, or, if the support was likely to be sufficient, to run a candidate of their own. Thanking you should you see fit to insert this very disjointed composition, I sign, not my name for reasons which will be obvious to you, but

A YOUNG CATHOLIC.

PRESENTATION TO FATHER KEEGAN.

(Kaikoura Star, January 15.)

A GENUINE surprise awaited Father Keegan on Wednesday evening. A number of friends—members of his congregation, and others—proceeded to the Catholic Presbytery to bid him a formal farewell, and to present him with a memento of the esteem in which he is held here. Father Keegan had been called away to a sick member of his flock a few miles distant, and, as after the lapse of some time he did not return, a messenger was sent for him. On his reaching the Presbytery he was met by those who had assembled, and the following address was presented to him:

"To the Very Rev. Father Keegan, P. P., Kaikoura.

"Dear Rev. Father,—We, the undersigned, for the members of your parish, take this opportunity of bidding you farewell on this, the eve of your departure from our midst. We most gratefully recognise the faithfulness and love displayed by you in your administration to our spiritual wants, and also the advance generally made by our Church during your stay here. Your kindly word and deed on all occasions, and gentle sympathy and help in time of sickness or trouble will long remain in our loving remembrance of you. We faithfully pray that where'er your lot may be cast your work may ever be blessed by our Divine Lord. (Signed, on behalf of the parishioners, by W. D. Smith, D. J. Kenny, B. Burland and others)."

Accompanying the foregoing was a purse of sovereigns, which was presented to him by Mr D. J. Kenny, who expressed the regret of the subscribers—Catholics and non-Catholics—at the loss the district was sustaining by the removal of Father Keegan. Words could not, Mr Kenny said, express the feelings of the subscribers over the severance of ties they held in reverent esteem. They would ever pray for his success.

Father Keegan, in acknowledging the address and purse, said that he was not a speechmaker at any time, but he felt himself absolutely unable to state how much surprised he was at the expression of good-will towards him, as contained in the address and the tangible token accompanying it. He felt both were undeserved by him. That he might have done more in the place; that he had wished to do more, but all he had done was his duty. He should ever remember Kaikoura and the numerous kind friends, many not of his flock, he had in the place.

The Rev. Father left here by the Wakatu this morning, a host of friends having gone down to the pier to wish him "God speed." His departure from the district is very much regretted by all classes of the community.

HAD THE LAW OF IT.

"THERE couldn't be two Lord Mayors in this city at one time, could there?" asked a lank and seedy individual, with a bacolic air about him, as he touched one of the city's "finest" on the arm one afternoon.

"Certainly not."

"The law wouldn't allow it, would it?"

"Of course not," said the policeman.

"Specially they couldn't be one Conservative and one Liberal, anyway?"

"I don't see how they could."

"That's what I told the old folks all the time. You see the Lord Mayor and me used to live in the same neighbourhood when we were boys. Law, why I knew him as well as I did my own brother. Used to go to school with him; go blackberrying and nutting with him; slept with him lots of times when we were little shavers."

"Well, what of it?"

"Just this: My old folks live with me, and they are always grumbling because I haven't done as well as the Lord Mayor. "Just look at him," dad'll say. "You have just as good chances as he had, and see where he is—and you're working a market garden on shares." Of course there's a big difference, ain't there?"

"I should say there was."

"Well, it galls me, specially as they're getting Sary, my wife, to look down on me. She keeps twitting me about it, and I'm afraid the children are getting a little offish about it. You see it's mighty hard on me."

"That is a fact, it is."

"I argue with 'em that it'd be a real impossibility for me to be Lord Mayor, too, while he is. I belong to another party, and, naturally, am opposite to him every way, and I couldn't do it, could I?"

"Not very well, the way the law is."

"Much obliged. I'll settle the whole of 'em when I go home. I'll tell them I explained the case to one of the first lawyers in the city, and he told me it was no go, and there hadn't been any use of me trying."

"He turned quickly down a side street, and left the officer so surprised and flattered by his closing sentence that the guardian of the peace actually forgot to stop the traffic for four minutes.—*American Papers.*

"G O N E."

GONE! and there's not a gleam of you,
Faces that float into far away;
Gone! we can only dream of you,
Each as you fade like a star away;
Fade as a star in the sky from us,
Vainly we look for your light again;
Hear ye the sound of a sigh from us?
"Come!" and our hearts will be bright again.

Come! and gaze on our face once more,
Bring us the smiles of the olden days;
Come! and shine in your place once more,
And change the dark into golden days,
Gone! gone! gone! joy is fled from us,
Gone into the night of the nevermore,
And darkness rests where you shed for us
A light we will miss for evermore.

Faces! ye come in the night to us;
Shadows! ye float in the sky of sleep;
Shadows! ye bring nothing bright to us!
Faces! ye are but the sigh of sleep.
Gone! and there is not a gleam of you,
Faces that float in the far away;
Gone! and we can only dream of you
Till we sink like you and the stars away.

FATHER RYAN.

It is estimated that 40,000,000 cigarettes are consumed in California each month.

Farmer Barrett, living five miles from Lincoln, Neb., is in jail at his own request. He killed a book agent named Hayes.

Extensive garnet mines have been discovered in Lower California near the United States frontier.

It is reported at Washington that the administration is considering the advisability of buying the island of St. Thomas, W.I., as a naval and commercial station.

About one hundred ladies of Tacoma have organised a "Rainy Day club," and will wear short dresses when the streets are muddied.

With a ready market for an enormous wine crop and with its crop of cereals considerably above the average, Italy ought during the coming year to enter upon a new period of prosperity.

The honours of the entrance examinations at the University of London, England, were carried off by a little Irish lassie of 20 Charlotte Higgins, over 1,600 male students.

A monument has been erected in the garden of the house in Paris where Gambetta died. It is by Bartholdi and represents the great French orator bearing in his arms the French colors at the foot of Alsace-Lorraine. In the little vault at the foot of the monument the heart of Gambetta was placed.

E. J. Glave, who has returned from an exploration trip in Alaska gives a remarkable story of his experiences. Half way through his trip, in hitherto unknown country, he came on a great mountain of copper only before thought to exist in Indian mythology, and after locating the place by latitude and longitude, took several photographs of it. He says the hills are covered with a sheeting of solid copper.

"Three hundred Christians tortured and massacred!" Such is the latest telegraphic report from China. If the details which have been published are correct, language is inadequate to describe the brutality of the outrages inflicted upon the Christian missions. The Catholics appear to have been the principal sufferers, and the nuns especially, in the course of their dreadful martyrdom, were subjected to the most frightful atrocities. The rioters have apparently terrified the Chinese Government, and no serious attempts have been made to protect the Christians from their diabolical onslaughts. The European Governments have, we are told, united to bring pressure to bear upon the authorities at Peking. It must needs be strong and decisive pressure if it is to be effectual, for the representations of the Powers have hitherto made but little impression. The incitements to attack the Christians have been permitted without let or hindrance, and when cruelties have been practised the evil-doers have remained unpunished.