

of the gallant bishop who has gone where the clash of arms is heard no more.

Inside the flimsy lines of Peitang Cathedral and the extensive area over which the surrounding mission buildings are scattered, there were gathered the following units of humanity when the yellow storm broke loose around them: Bishop Favier, five priests, thirty French and ten Italian marines, twenty Sisters, and over three thousand native converts. The forty marines constituted the Bishop's only armed force; and the whole and sole armament which it had to 'talk back' to the howling enemy outside consisted of forty-seven rifles and a scanty supply of ammunition. Yet (says the much-travelled war-correspondent, Dr. Morrison) the defence of the Peitang Cathedral 'in many respects surpasses in wonder even its sister story of the defence of the Legations.' The Bishop and some of his priests became, for the time being, military engineers. Others, like good monk Schwartz of old, busied themselves in manufacturing gunpowder. 'The priests,' says Dr. Morrison, 'rose to the situation in heroic style, organised their converts, and set them to work to assist in the work of defence with the hod and spade, and by them the whole defensible area was quickly surrounded by trenches and brick barricades.' He then describes how they set about the manufacture of ammunition 'It was not very good ammunition,' says he. 'The bullets were made of pewter, and the powder from what nitre and sulphur and charcoal could be got together by the priests. But it served its turn and saved the situation. In these two ways—by erecting and maintaining in good order the barricades and by manufacturing ammunition—the militant priests' (among whom he includes the lately deceased Bishop) 'and their following of Christian converts made the defence of the place just possible by the tiny garrison.'

The Boxers attacked the Cathedral enclosure day and night. They battered the beautiful east face of the Cathedral to bits with shell-fire. They sprung several mines upon the plucky garrison. In one of these explosions some four tons of gunpowder went off in fire and smoke, racking the souls out of nearly three hundred children. Some eighty persons were slain when another of those underground masses of gunpowder burst through the upper crust of earth and wounded sundry buildings to rubbish within the packed enclosure. The remainder of the long siege of eight weeks was filled in with the rattle of rifle-fire above, and with the ceaseless digging of trenches and cross-trenches underground to prevent the Boxers from mining inwards. The little garrison was harassed and overworked beyond endurance. Of the whole fighting force, two officers and eleven men were killed. The rifles of the fallen marines were placed in the hands of the pluckiest converts, and again spat pewter and lead into the thick ranks of the besiegers. 'A strange picture, truly,' says Dr. Morrison; 'soldier, priest, and convert fighting together side by side for dear life. Latterly,' he adds, 'the worst danger was from starvation. Food grew so scarce that the ration of rice served out to the Chinese converts had to be reduced two days before the relief from 40¢ a head to 20¢' (The fighting men received, in addition, a small ration of horse-meat). 'Most of the native defenders were by this time so weak that they could scarcely drag themselves to their duties.' By some freak of blundering, the gallant little garrison of Peitang were coolly left to the dread chances of starvation for a whole day after the foreign troops had brought relief to the Legations—only a little way off! But the measured footfalls came at last and ended the dread nightmare that had settled down upon the starving people within the beleaguered walls of the mission of Peitang. The late Bishop rendered notable services to the faith in China. He successfully exerted his influence to allay several anti-foreign outbreaks in China, and he it was who negotiated the concordat between the Vatican and the Peking Government by which Catholic prelates were accorded official recognition and honored status in the Celestial Empire.

The New Stoke Orphanage

ITS HISTORY AND SURROUNDINGS

THE OPENING CEREMONIES

(Our Special Report.)

It was six-thirty of the clock on May 20 when we came on deck of the s.s. 'Penguin' outside Nelson. The 'teeth of the wind' were somewhat sharp and bit the surface of nose and ear sufficiently to remind us that we were in latitude 41 south, that the sun was yet abed, and that it was the season of the sere and yellow leaf. Nelson is beautifully kept. Its streets, its parks, its gardens, shops, offices, and homes look as spick and span and neat as if they had just been turned out of wrappings of tissue paper. Over the whole place there broods an air of settled comfort and prosperity. Commercial Nelson seems to aim at doing enough business to keep itself in exercise and health. But the prevailing impression that it leaves upon the casual visitor is associated with smoking-caps and slippers and easy-chairs. It is a clean, comfortable French provincial town in an English dress and speech. Like Napier, it has a climate to write poetry about—and poetry with 'beef' in it, too. It seems that during the past twelve months the sun did an average of eight hours' work a day of actual shining in Nelson, from the dawn of New Year's Day to the close of St Sylvester's—Sundays and public holidays and such-like over-time included. Somewhere in one of his writ-



Ven. Archpriest Garin, S.M.

ings. Max O'Rell picks Nelson out as a terrestrial paradise. We cannot quote his words just now, but (as the police reports say), 'from information received,' it seems to us that Nelson has become to Wellingtonians what Paris (according to Mark Twain) is to Americans—a place where good people go to after death.

THE CHURCH IN NELSON

In the matter of buildings, institutions, and other evidences of spiritual activity, the Catholic body in Nelson (although only a very small and by no means wealthy percentage of the population) stand easily ahead of all others. The principal part of their church property in the town is situated in a fine position across the back of a round knoll, and commands a beautiful view over the city, across the harbor, and down the rug-

Hancock's Imperial ALE and STOUT.

GOLD MEDAL ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION.
Bottled in Auckland.