

charge of the Christian Brothers; the Convent of Notre Dame; St. Vincent's Academy, and the two large Presentation convents at Taylor and Ellis and Powell and Filbert streets. All these churches, schools, colleges, homes and refuges were destroyed by the fire, the earthquake doing little damage to any of them.

Within the Unburned District

and in the city of San Francisco, St. Brigid's, at Van Ness avenue and Broadway, and the Church of Holy Cross, on Eddy Street, near Scott, were seriously damaged, but are being repaired. St. Mary's Cathedral suffered somewhat, its most serious damage being that to the beautiful marble altar, a gift of the late Mrs. Coleman. Some of the other churches in the city were shaken somewhat, but the damage was inconsiderable.

The Archbishop and his clergy have been so occupied with their insurance interests that it has been impossible to reckon even approximately, the monetary loss of the Church, but it runs into the millions. Our resources, however, are proportionate to our losses; our educational institutions, both primary and advanced, are all of them cared for; our friends in the East and throughout the State are aiding us in the work of rehabilitation, and a visit through all our parishes would show that the Church is caring for the spiritual and educational needs of its people.

FATHER VAUGHAN, S.J.

A STRIKING PERSONALITY

A writer in the London 'Daily Mail' gives the following pen-picture of the doings of the 'smart set' have attracted general attention:—

Father Vaughan, the tireless worker in the East End, the glad resource of all the hungry and suffering, the sick and needy, and, above all, of the children, is a stranger beyond the dull, narrow streets where he has worked.

At one time he used to spend two nights a week at his residence in Lucas street, Commercial road. The residence was one room on the ground floor, furnished with two deal chairs, a deal table, a camp bedstead, and a frying pan. There you might find Father Vaughan frying liver and bacon—a portion of his own dinner—for some old creature who had come to appeal to his benevolence.

There are two sides, at least, to Father Vaughan. He will pass from a fashionable congregation in Farm street, from a passionate attack on what he conceives to be certain aspects of modern life in the West End, to the squalor and abject poverty of the East. There, perched on a table in some convenient square, with the children gathered round him, he will start a service, first catechising the children, and then passing to an easy, simple address to the rough people gathered round.

Father Vaughan and Henry VIII.

The sheer, inevitable directness of his speaking gives Father Vaughan his great power. His words are carefully chosen; he begins slowly, impressively, and perfectly naturally. Some of his points are made almost in asides; some come with a direct sledgehammer force; but whatever the manner, they all strike home. As a speaker, Father Vaughan is of the school of Mr. Balfour, masterful in tact and skill, and with it there come spaces of intense earnestness that thrill and sway a whole vast audience.

Then Father Vaughan has a keen wit—and also a genial humor—a quite extraordinary combination. There is a story told of him when he was a guest of the Master of Trinity, Cambridge. He was standing under the famous picture of Henry VIII., by Holbein, when someone asked with half jest, half jeer: 'What would you, Father, as a Jesuit, do, if his Majesty were to step forth out of that canvas?' 'I should request the ladies to leave the room,' he answered promptly. Some years ago he brought a libel action against a paper, which charged him with being 'steeped in sedition.' His conduct of the case was one of his most brilliant successes. As someone remarked, he was a good witness, a good counsel for the defence, and for the plaintiff, and a good judge directing the jury. Asked at the time by a rabid anti-Jesuit: 'Do you believe in the principle that the end justifies the means?'—it was the time of the King's illness—I hope so,' he replied; 'otherwise Treves must be hanged for plunging his knife into the King's body.'

Father Vaughan understands how to catch and hold the attention of his audience. In Manchester, before

he came to London, he preached at the Church of the Holy Name. The title of one of one of his course of sermons that attracted huge audiences was: 'Is life worth living in hell?' He also addressed a huge audience in a well-known music-hall, and met a critic with the reply that 'with such a good cause as he had to advocate any platform would bear him up.'

Another Father Vaughan is the skilful organiser and administrator. Two Manchester bazaars organized by him 'made eleven thousand pounds, with which he built clubs for working men.

But Father Vaughan is chiefly the preacher. He was once preaching in Rome on behalf of the charities of Pope Leo the Thirteenth. He was called up and congratulated by his Holiness, and when one of the Cardinals declared that Father Bernard preached like an Italian, the Pope asserted that he was an Italian. 'He was born on Vesuvius, and we only sent him to England to cool.' It was a fine metaphor of his fiery eloquence. But perhaps the most characteristic story is his answer when asked if he had been nervous in preaching at Cannes when King Edward, as Prince of Wales, and some fifteen other royal personages were present. 'No,' he said, 'for you must know how I have been accustomed to preach in the presence of our Lord.'

Father Vaughan is one of eight brothers, six of whom devoted themselves to God in the priesthood of the Catholic Church. One of the six, the Rev. John S. Vaughan, made this remarkable dedication of his book, 'Life After Death':—

To my Seven Brothers, viz. :—

- To Herbert Vaughan, Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster.
- To Roger Vaughan (late), Archbishop of Sydney, N.S.W.
- To Kenelm Vaughan, Founder of the Arch-Confraternity of Expiation.
- To Jerome Vaughan, Founder of St. Benedict's Monastery, N.B.
- To Col. Francis Vaughan, Commander of the Royal Monmouthshire Militia.
- To Bernard Vaughan, S.J., Superior of the Jesuit Mission, Manchester.
- To Reginald Vaughan, Esq., of Glen Trothy, Abergavenny.

Presentations at Arrowtown

Shortly after it became known that Mr. J. J. Cotter was about to take his departure from Arrowtown (says the 'Lake County Press') steps were taken by leading residents of the district to tender him a suitable farewell. This took the form of a banquet on Thursday evening, October 4. His popularity was evidenced by the large and representative gathering that assembled in the Council Chambers. The attendance numbered something like 50. The Mayor (Mr. H. McKibbin) presided, and seated on his right was the guest of the evening, while Messrs. R. Cotter, senr., T. J. Cotter, and R. J. Cotter occupied chairs at the same table. A lengthy toast list was gone through, the different speakers testifying to the sterling worth of their guest, and regretting his departure from their midst. They referred to his good work in the various institutions he had been connected with, and the zeal and energy he displayed in anything he took in hand. As secretary of the Lake County A. and P. Society he would be a severe loss. The success of the shows and the Society generally was mainly due to his untiring efforts. They offered their congratulations to him on acquiring a valuable grazing run property near Middlemarch, and wished him and Mrs. Cotter every success in their new sphere of labor.

The Mayor said an important duty devolved upon him, but before carrying it out, he also wished to express his regret at the loss the district was sustaining by the departure of Mr. Cotter; at the same time he, with others, tendered his congratulations to their guest on his advancement in the world. He had been associated with Mr. Cotter on the Borough Council for some years, and he (the speaker) had always found Mr. Cotter conscientious and fearless in carrying out the duties of councillor. Mr. Cotter had also been connected with different bodies (referred to by other speakers), and filled the offices with credit to himself and the body to which he belonged. The Mayor then presented Mr. Cotter, on behalf of the people of the district, with a handsome gold Albert and pendant (inscribed 'Mr. J. J. Cotter, from Arrowtown friends, 1906'), and remarked that he hoped Mr. Cotter would long be spared to wear it. It would serve to remind him of the days he had spent in Arrowtown, and the number of friends he had there.

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