

dehydrating, staining, and preserving will fully occupy all the time we can possibly spare. Add to these the beautiful forms seen when solutions of salts are caused to crystallise under the microscope, and we shall find that no kaleidoscope can present a greater variety of colors and forms than are exhibited by well-prepared microscopic slides of these objects.

But the greatest benefit that the microscope has conferred on the human race is the invaluable aid it has given to the study of bacteriology. It is now acknowledged by all scientists that most of the diseases of mankind are caused by pathogenic bacteria or protozoa, as the case may be, which pass with great facility from one person to another especially by means of insects. Thus the microbes of typhoid fever, typhus, and especially of infantile diarrhoea are carried by flies. The prevalence of malaria and yellow fever is due to mosquitoes, while the rat flea is responsible for the spread of bubonic plague. Nor need we be surprised at the immense number of microbes transported by a single insect, if we consider that in comparison with the size of a bacillus, the sole of the foot of a fly or the proboscis of a mosquito is thousands of times larger. But without a microscope we could never have discovered that malaria is caused by the infinitely small 'laverania' entering our blood together with the saliva of the mosquito, and devouring the red blood corpuscles therein.

So great is the danger we live in from these death-dealing germs that a scientific institute is needed for making researches in bacteriology. By a skilful combination of chemical and microscopical researches we have succeeded in discovering the slightest quantity of poisoning matter. We can now by micro-chemical analysis, combined with the microscope and the spectroscope, recognise with unerring certainty the presence of such inconceivably small quantities as the 100,000th part of a grain of hydrocyanic acid, mercury, arsenic, and other substances, poisonous or otherwise—a feat which formerly would have been absolutely beyond the reach of human skill and ingenuity.

OBITUARY

MR. JAMES McGRATH, GORE.

(From a correspondent.)

On Monday, March 29, Mr. James McGrath, of Main street, Gore, passed away after a long illness, during the last four weeks of which he had been confined to his bed. The late Mr. McGrath was a native of Tipperary, and arrived in the Dominion, landing at Port Chalmers, in 1879. After spending a few years there he joined the Civil Service as linesman in the Telegraph Department. He worked for several years at Dunedin and Maitland, and about twenty-three years ago settled at Gore, being in charge of the Gore district. This position he occupied until his death. Mr. McGrath was due to retire on superannuation on April 1. The late Mr. McGrath was married about twenty-seven years ago, but his wife pre-deceased him by sixteen years. He leaves three sons and two daughters to mourn their loss. The interment took place on March 31 at Gore Cemetery.—R.I.P.

Were I so tall to reach the sky,
Or take the ocean in my span,
What use is length, unless there's strength,
Now tell me if you can.
Suppose I'm ill with rasping cough
Or tickling throat—well, to be sure,
I don't talk length, I gather strength
With Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

TWO GOOD FRIDAYS

At the end of a day in down-gone spring
Ten thousand if one we were gathered to hear
In the greatest of temples the great choir sing
On the solemnest, saddest day of the year.
Cardinals and canons were there, and we,
The thousands in silence who hardly drew breath,
When each forgot each, and it seemed that just he
Was alone with a music as mournful as death.
I remember the gloom, and the points of white fire
Going out one by one till one only remained;
Then a voice soaring up on the wings of desire,
Like the heavenward flight of the lark unrestrained—
Pure melody such as the angels' ears hear
When the Lamb with His virginal choir passes near.
Then the singer was silent, and the altar in gloom,
And we thought of Christ's Body at rest in the tomb.

To-day round the Fisherman's throne they will sing
All the same plangent threnodies over again;
The woes of the Prophet, the psalms of the King,
And the great chant of sorrow, of suffering, and pain.
While here, in a church that looks down on a strand
Where the chorus of billows rolls forth night and day,
We kept the great feast in this far-away land,
And mourned Christ's Death in our own humble way.
In spirit we watched Him pass through the thronged
street.

With the cross that to save us so gladly He bore,
Saw the rude nails tear open these dear hands and feet,
And the love-giving flood from His sacred side pour.
We came forth, and low down on the rim of the wave,
Saw the sun sinking solemnly into its grave;
One and all we were silent; and there in the gloom
All our thoughts were with Christ's Body laid in the
tomb.

—REV. J. KELLY, Ph.D.

The new wings and other additions to the Home for the Aged and Infirm, conducted by the Little Sisters of the Poor at Randwick, were blessed and opened by the Archbishop of Sydney on Sunday afternoon, March 21 (says the *Catholic Press*), when a very large gathering, representative of all sections of the community, showed practical evidence of the appreciation manifested by the general public in the splendid work carried on at the institution. In the course of an address Mr M. Meagher said that at the present time the Little Sisters of the Poor must find it particularly hard to find the £23,000 which the additions to their home at Randwick cost them, as well as caring for the large number of aged poor. Before the war these devoted nuns might have looked to their mother house in France for assistance; but now all the homes of the Little Sisters in Europe had more than their share of troubles. They could imagine what troubles these self-sacrificing Sisters had to provide for the thousands of aged poor in Antwerp, Brussels, Bruges, Liege, Louvain, Mons, Namur, Ostend, in Belgium; and in Armentiers, Cambrai, Saint Quentin, Mauberge, Roubaix, Rheims, and Lille, in France; also in Constantinople. Here in Australia alone, not to speak of New Zealand or New Caledonia, the Little Sisters had spent £170,000 in building homes for old people, every penny of which they collected themselves, never, of course, receiving one shilling from the State.

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