

of his life was beloved by the colored race in New York. He was as large hearted and as cosmopolitan in his sympathies as was the great Archbishop himself.

Our Jinny, faithfully guarding the family silver, was joyfully received when she came home again. She lived to a green old age, dying in 1878. As our lot in Trinity Cemetery was by that time rather crowded, she was buried in St. Michael's Cemetery, on Long Island, in a plot reserved by Dr. Houghton for his colored people. And here, after half a century of loving and faithful service given to us and our house, all that is mortal of her rests in peace.—*Ave Maria.*

VOLUNTEERING IN DUBLIN

Sir Maurice Dockrell is a well-known Dublin Unionist gentleman whose Toryism may be described as 'rampant,' but a fairly capable commercial 'magnate,' who is esteemed by all parties (says the *Irish Weekly*). He presided at a 'recruiting meeting' held in the Rathmines Town Hall, and, in the course of a speech, contradicted the statement, made by interested parties, that Ireland was not doing its duty in sending recruits to the front. He said:

'Now that Ireland has begun to roll up her sons for the fighting line, the Dresden *Anzeiger* sneers at the smallness of Ireland's contribution. They have by no means heard the last of the Irish, and we have given them a taste of our quality upon many a stricken field. Ours were the bayonets that helped to baulk them of their prey during the long and memorable retirement from Mons; and when the Germans are finally crushed, as crushed they will be, Irishmen will be in at the death. Let no one suppose that this war is over, and that we need no more men. . . . Speaking for the Recruiting Offices in Grafton street, with which I am connected, volunteers are coming forward each week in increasing numbers, and last week was a record recruiting week. Letters have appeared in the public press suggesting that there is great apathy among clerks and other young fellows engaged in business houses. That has not been my experience: and I bear willing testimony to the fact that many fine young fellows belonging to my staff have, without the smallest pressure from me, joined the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, South Irish Horse, and other regiments.'

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'STAND FAST IN THE FAITH'

(A Weekly Instruction specially written for the N.Z. TABLET by GHIMEL.)

SOME THOUGHTS FROM PASCAL.

Pascal was born at Clermont-Ferrand, in Auvergne, France, on June 19, 1623. He was an intellectual giant, especially in mathematical studies; even at the age of fifteen his studies on conic sections were read before the most scientific men of Paris. In 1654, Pascal's life underwent a complete change; austerity, self-denial, boundless charity, took the place of what at most had been a moderate use of worldly pleasure. He fell under the influence of the severe school of Jansenism, and became one of their champions. In the last few years of his life he sketched the plan of a great work in defence of Christianity and jotted down the main heads of his arguments. This work was never finished, and the detached thoughts—remarkable for their lucidity and penetration—alone remain to show that the world has been deprived of a masterpiece. Pascal died in 1662. I quote almost at random some of the more striking passages and sayings:

If it be supernatural blindness to live without seeking to know what we are, it is a terrible blindness to live ill while believing in God.

Between us and hell and heaven there is nought but life, the frailest thing in the world.

It is not well to be too much at liberty. It is not well to have all we want.

When I consider the short duration of my life, swallowed up in the eternity before and after, the small space which I fill, or even can see, engulfed in the infinite immensity of spaces whereof I know nothing, and which know nothing of me, I am terrified, and wonder that I am here rather than there, for there is no reason why here rather than there, or now rather than then. Who has set me here? By whose order and design have this place and time been destined for me?

All things may prove fatal to us, even those made to serve us, as in nature walls may kill us and stairs may kill us, if we walk not aright. The slightest movement affects all nature, the whole sea changes because of a rock. Thus in grace, the most trifling action has effect on everything by its consequences: therefore everything is important.

The strength of a man's virtue must not be measured by his occasional efforts, but by his ordinary life.

Though we see all the miseries which close upon us and take us by the throat, we have an irrepressible instinct which raises us.

If man is not made for God, why is he happy only in God? If man is made for God, why is he so contrary to God?

The greatness of man is great in that he knows he is miserable. A tree does not know that it is miserable. It is therefore little to know ourselves little, and it is great to know ourselves little. Thus his very infirmities prove man's greatness. They are the infirmities of a great lord, of a disrowned king.

The knowledge of God is very far from the love of Him.

The conduct of God, Who disposes all things gently, is to put religion into the mind by reason, and into the heart by grace.

Men often mistake their imagination for their heart, and they believe they are converted as soon as they think of being converted.

The world exists for the exercise of mercy and judgment, not as if men were in it as they came from the hands of God, but as the enemies of God, to whom He gives by grace light enough to return, if they will seek Him and follow Him, and to punish them, if they refuse to seek Him and follow Him.

The last process of reason is to recognise that there is an infinity of things which transcends it: it is but weak if it does not go so far as to know that. And,

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