

wave, early in the gale, was shipped into the foresail and ripped it to shreds. The ship behaved well, and, under close reefed topsails, gallantly rode the gale. No food could be cooked, the galley being deluged with water.

We lived for three days on biscuits, cheese, and cold diet, passed round to us individually, for we could not sit at table, so fearfully was the ship tossed. To go from the cabin to the poop was an adventure full of peril. Most of us were soused in the attempt. I was washed off my feet, and swam from side to side till I was able to clutch something, and come out unhurt. I was lucky not to be dashed against a hard thing and hurt, perhaps killed. The ship came out of the gale with comparatively little damage; but I was cured for ever of my longing for a storm at sea.

On Easter Sunday, 8th April (my birthday), I was sixteen years of age. We had a delightful time in the fair south-east Trade winds, running about 12 knots an hour, for a fortnight with hardly the change of a sail, and all our canvas spread. But when we neared England we met with strong north-east head winds, and what we gained by tacking we lost by leeway. For over ten days, we kept tacking here and there, between Cork and Bordeaux, unable to enter the English Channel. At last we reached Land's End, and the pleasant smell of the land was very perceptible. We had been 93 days without sighting land. While lying almost becalmed, about ten miles from land, we sighted the *Vaimira*, a ship which left Sydney eight days before us, and about which our captain had bet her a dozen of champagne that he would arrive at Gravesend before her. It was a race up the English Channel, in light or head winds, for eight days—what is now done by steamers in a few hours. We anchored at Gravesend, after a passage of 103 days, on 1st May, and we were towed next day to St. Katherine's Dock, London. We found that we had beaten the *Vaimira* by ten hours; so our captain won his wager, and I trust he enjoyed his champagne.

On our way up the Thames we passed close to one of those vessels, or rather batteries, which were being built for Cronstadt, during the Crimean War. We also saw the huge hull of the *Great Eastern*, 10,000 tons, then in course of construction. A few days afterwards one of the batteries caught fire and was burned to ashes.

We stayed for about a week with the Marist Fathers at St. Ann's, Spitalfields, during which time we went to the Crystal Palace, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the National Gallery, the Thames Tunnel, the Tower. We desired much to visit the British Museum, but it was not open. The places that pleased me most were the Crystal Palace, Westminster Abbey, and the Tower. The Marists were erecting a fine Gothic church at Spitalfields, and its walls were about four feet high. In that church I was consecrated Bishop by Archbishop Manning in 1874.

On our arrival in Paris we went to the house of the Marist Fathers, No. 31 Mont Parnasse, and were there received with every mark of kindness. During our stay there, about a week, our time was not idly employed. We saw the Garden of Plants and the Palais du Louvre. At the latter place we saw a great number of pictures, many of them masterpieces of the greatest painters. When I saw the National Gallery (London) I thought it magnificent, but it is not comparable to the gallery of Louvres. It is not one-tenth of the size, nor are, to my mind, the pictures so good. I saw many artists taking copies of the pictures. One of them particularly took my attention as well as Father Comte's. He was a German painting a picture of the Blessed Virgin with the infant Jesus. The picture was about seven feet long and six broad. It was so exactly taken from the original that it was hard to see any difference. He told me he had been working at it six months.

A STUDENT IN FRANCE.

On the 18th of May, we took the train for Lyons, where we arrived at 7 p.m. I became the guest of the Marist Fathers, and had the great privilege of meeting the Venerable Founder of the Society of Mary, Father Colin, whose Cause for Beatification is already far ad-

vanced. A few days afterwards, when I had visited the principal sights of Lyons, I was examined by Father Morcel in Latin. The book chosen was *Cornelius Nepos*. I construed some sentences to his satisfaction, and he declared me fit to enter the fifth class and read *Caesar*. Shortly after he conducted me by train to St. Chamond (Loire) about thirty miles from Lyons, to become a student in St. Mary's College, conducted by the Marist Fathers. As I arrived at the end of May and the college vacation was to begin early in July, it was not thought fit to put me into any regular class till the following year. Meanwhile I spent my time very profitably, improving my French by talking to the boys in their recreations and walks. I spent the vacation at Belley (Ain) in the scholasticate of the Marist Fathers, and we made some delightful excursions in the beautiful hills sloping up to the Alps. The mountain scenery delighted me immensely.

In September, 1856, I entered the fifth class at St. Chamond. I held my own very well in all except Greek, which I did not know the alphabet, while the other boys had studied Greek for a year and a half. The problem—a hard one for me—was how to reach their level in Greek as soon as possible. I had already learned how to go about the study of a language, owing to my experience in Latin and French. My fear was that my low place in the Greek compositions would badly lower my standing for general proficiency—called by us "excellence"—and in my notes sent to my parents and Father Garin, I wanted my place in "excellence" to be good. Hence I was in agony at the very thought of the first Greek competition coming off in about two months. These were test competitions and counted much in regulating a boy's position in "excellence." How I did study, in odd moments, in preparation for the dreaded ordeal! I learned the Greek declensions and conjugations thoroughly; and the daily exercises in Greek with the other boys had trained me somewhat to construe Greek sentences. The competition came—it was a Greek version. I thought, of course, that I should be the very last in the class when the results were told. To my utter amazement, and that of the other boys, I was not further down than the middle of the class; and this was the case in the subsequent test competitions throughout the year—and, two years afterwards, I won the first yearly prize for Greek.

At the end of my course (1860) I, with Camille Rousselon, my rival, took almost all the first and second prizes, and, what was thought wonderful, though quite explainable, I won the first prize in Rhetoric for French discourses, as I had, the year before, won the first prize in French narratives. The explanation is easy. It was not that I wrote French better than the French boys, but I wrote it well, as well, perhaps, as they, after a training of several years and the study of the best French authors; but this was my advantage: I was somewhat older than they, had seen more of the world, had read some of my Shakspeare and other English authors; so when we were left to our own endeavors, only the subjects and occasion of the speech or narrative being given, I had more thought than any competitors, and more general acquired knowledge. The substance and thought in my compositions told their tale and made me winner. I have known the like victory of other English students over French in similar circumstances. Thought is what counts in a written speech more than diction.

In the Autumn of 1860, I entered the scholasticate of the Marist Fathers, near Toulon and Hieres, at Montbel, a beautiful property well tilled and planted, besides being admirably irrigated by a large barrage, where, as a rule, the summer knew no rain for three months or more. Here, to my delight, I unexpectedly found several of my college mates, and our agreeable surprise was mutual. We had kept to ourselves, as advised, our desire to become priests, St. Chamond being a college that trained in classics for all careers. Here also I found John Ireland (later Archbishop of St. Paul, Minnesota) and Thomas O'Gorman (later Bishop of Sioux Falls). I subsequently formed a friendship with John Ireland, and, to a certain extent, with Thomas O'Gorman, that lasted our lifetime, growing warmer as time went on. John Ireland was in theology when

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