

Christ, he has worked for Jesus Christ at all times and in all places, under all circumstances, through difficulty and trial, in adversity and prosperity, in every manner he worked strenuously and indefatigably as a true and zealous soldier of Jesus Christ. He came of a race distinguished by every virtue which adorns humanity, and of a family (many of whom I have known personally) crowned with the virtues which were so distinctively characteristic of himself. Born in a village a few miles from Lyons, in the department of the Rhone, he was educated in every virtue until he entered college, where he soon showed abilities equal to men who have since made their mark in the world, and proved their superior in the practice of virtue. After having prepared himself intellectually for the highest positions in his own country, he heard of the mission to those benighted islands of the South Seas. Renouncing his country, his friends, and every other tie which bound him, for the pure love of God, he consecrated himself to the warfare of Jesus Christ, and came to this country, where he landed at the Bay of Islands early in the year 1840. From this place he wrote a letter to his brother-in-law in France, which clearly showed the pangs of grief which he felt in parting from all he loved. 'I took your letters,' he says, 'and retired into the poor chapel of St. Francis Xavier, and wept like Joseph over his brethren.' Those words show how deeply he felt his voluntary exile, but it was all for the love of God, and though he suffered hunger and privation, and worse than all, the calumny of those who differed from him, he accepted it all with humility and patience, as was proved by his reply to his sister when asking did he suffer much. 'When I turn my eyes,' he says, 'to China, and contemplate the tortures which the missionaries have to undergo on the rack, I answer I do not; but if you would call suffering to sleep out among the ferns, and on the sea-shore with the spray sprinkling over me, then I suffer; but what is it to the suffering of others.' After years of toil and labor of this kind among the native population, when Bishop Viard was consecrated Bishop of Wellington in 1850, he accompanied him. Since then no one need tell his story. Many of you have since been baptized by him, many of you united by him in the ties of matrimony, and many of you have reaped the benefit of his instructions. After leaving the confessional late on Saturday night, he did not retire to rest until long after midnight, but prepared the discourse with which he instructed you on Sunday morning. Yet he would be at his place at early mass. He carried on his work heedless of the opinions of men, except to save their souls. He was an indefatigable student. The extent of his researches were marvellous, as an examination of his notes will show; not of useless readings, but of the highest class literature, such as would tend to enable him to fulfil his duties the more faithfully, and fit him the better for the labor of his love. What shall I say of his faith? So simple, so ardent, that it enabled him to see God and His divine mercy in all things. For instance, he once saw a Maori woman weeping and tearing her face until blood covered it, and he asked why she did so; she answered she had lost one who was dear to her, and that true love was not satisfied with tears, it required blood. He was so struck with her reply that he said, 'Jesus Christ did so love the world that He came down from Heaven to shed His blood for us.' Thus faith lifted him above the world; he was eternally in communion with his Maker, and it yielded him fruits of wisdom, for when consulted, his opinion was always wise and discreet. He was the most unselfish of men, his self-abnegation was only second to his faith. He was persevering, patient, in fact, his patience was marvellous, for when he was often needlessly disturbed in the midst of his work, he never exhibited the least impatience, and though he sometimes reproved, it was in gentle kindly tones as a father to his children.' The Bishop concluded with a most earnest exhortation to all present to bring now to his feet garlands, not of perishable flowers, but of firm resolutions, to try to imitate the life of him who had been to them so long a most glorious model, and detailed the circumstances under which he died. While speaking of the deceased's virtues, his Lordship was evidently so much moved, that it was with a great effort he was able to suppress his emotions.

At about four o'clock, the procession formed as had been already arranged. It was headed by a cross-bearer, and followed by the Artillery Band playing the "Dead March in Saul." Then came the Hibernian Society, followed by the Catholic Young Men's Society, dressed in their respective regalias in crape, and giving the procession an aspect of great prominence. The two societies numbered nearly 100 men. The carriages containing the clergy and the Bishop, on whose carriage was borne a cross, came next in order, and was followed by the coffin borne on men's shoulders. The pall-bearers being Hon. Dr. Grace, M.L.C., Dr. Doyle, Walter Johnston, Esq., M.H.R., J. O'Shea, Esq., C. O'Neil, Esq., and S. Cimen, Esq. The Mayor and a large number of the leading men of the city followed, after which came the great concourse of people who took part in the procession. It was intended that children attending the Marist Brothers' and nuns' schools should also walk in the funeral, but through the weather turning out most unfavorable, this idea had to be relinquished. The forenoon of the day was cold and showery, and at 12 o'clock rain fell in torrents. At 2.30, however, it cleared up, and very fortunately remained so until about six o'clock, with the exception of an occasional shower. At that time the procession was returning from the Roman Catholic cemetery where the body had been interred. Besides those who took part in the procession, along the whole route, which lay through the principal thoroughfares, the streets were crowded on both sides, so that no less than two-thirds of the people of Wellington could have taken part in the funeral, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Had it been a fine day, such as would enable the people in the country districts to come in, the largest concourse of people which had ever assembled in this city would have followed to the grave the remains of one of the purest, the noblest, and the best of men. He's gone, but the good he has done is not all buried with him. He has sown seeds of virtue and of truth, which still

live, and will long continue to keep his memory fresh in the recollection of the flock over which he watched with such diligence. May he rest in peace. Amen. HIBERNICO.

PIUS IX. AND THE PROTOMARTYR ST. STEPHEN.

[FROM THE 'AVE MARIA.'

MR. A. DE SEGUR, whose son had the happiness of receiving his first Communion from the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff on St. Stephen's day, gives the following graphic account of the impressions he received while assisting at a Low Mass said by the Holy Father in his private chapel. "At a little after half-past seven," he says, "the Pope entered the chapel, knelt down, and after having said some prayers in a subdued voice, he arose and vested before the altar, as is customary with bishops. He commenced Mass, assisted by a single chaplain only. He said the prayers in a clear, distinct voice, neither fast nor slow, and with a gravity and unction which nevertheless did not exclude a certain manly, almost military bearing. He pronounced the 'Kyrie' very markedly, and in an accent of profound supplication, as it befits him, the authorised intercessor of mankind. It was the Feast of St. Stephen, the Protomartyr of the New Testament, and I listened with deep emotion as Pius IX. recited these prayers, evidently from the bottom of his heart, as they were so admirably adapted to his personal situation, at the Introit: "Princes sat and spoke against me, and sinners persecuted me; help me, O Lord, my God! for Thy servant hath practised Thy Commandments." "Behold, your house shall be left to you desolate, for I say to you, you shall not see me henceforth, till you say: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

The Holy Father made a long interval between the "Sanctus" and the Consecration. It could be noticed that he prolonged his prayer for the universal Church, of which he is the Chief Pastor, and for all the living, of whom he is the father. During the entire Mass, from the beginning to the end, his piety was admirable; he said the "Pater Noster," with a particular majesty, and the tender devotion during his own Communion was affecting even to tears. At this moment we rose and went up to the altar; the Pope raised the sacred Host, and said three times, in a firm but respectful voice: "*Domine non sum dignus*," etc., inclined towards us, and we received the Body of Jesus Christ from the hands of his own Vicar on earth. Could we, my son and I, ever forget this hour, this moment both solemn and sacred before all others of our life! After his own Mass the Pope knelt at a *prie-dieu* before the altar and assisted at a Mass of thanksgiving immediately following.

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

On Friday night, June 19, at a dance at Brunsen's Ranch, Green Springs, in the lower part of California, and, after the dancing had got well under way, two young men, named Tom Adams and Joe Russian, stepped out, intending to visit a neighboring house for the purpose of procuring cigars for a social smoke together. The night was unusually dark—nothing being discernible a foot distant. Consequently the two men proceeded slowly, trusting to their knowledge of the locality to carry them in the direction they wished to take. Suddenly, and without the least warning whatever, their feet slipped from under them, and the next instant they felt themselves plunged downwards neck deep in slum and water. They had fallen into an old shaft, dropping at least forty feet from the edge. Fortunately, both landed on their feet, and the mud at the bottom prevented them from being bruised in the fall. A new danger, however, immediately presented itself, namely, in the quicksand. Both made desperate efforts to keep their heads above the water, but in doing so nearly suffocated from immersion. Adams at last caught hold of a projection on the side of the shaft, and, although possessing but one arm, succeeded in holding on until Russian climbed over him and reached the mouth of the shaft. Russian then called for help, and the party at Brunsen's was soon on the spot. No ropes were procurable, and something had to be done immediately to save Adams from death in the bottom of the pit. Men think very rapidly in cases of imminent danger, and one of the crowd around the top of the shaft proposed that the most muscular form themselves into a chain and drop into the shaft. This was acted upon at once. The heaviest man was held by one arm by several men at the mouth of the shaft, and a second man slid into the shaft clinging to his waist. A third man did likewise, grasping the second man's waist, and each successive link in the human chain did likewise until the bottom was reached, and Adams dragged from his awful predicament. Through the mutual assistance of Adams himself and his friends he managed to reach the top, completely exhausted as were his brave rescuers. It was indeed a narrow escape for both young men from a horrible death, and a creditable action on the part of those who undertook in this novel and dangerous manner to rescue Adams.—'Sonoma Democrat.'

Relations have been resumed between the Vatican and the Sublime Porte, and Mgr. Hassoun, who arrived at Constantinople unexpectedly, announces that he has had a conference with the Grand Vizier, who is disposed to revoke all the measures taken by the Porte against the Catholics.—'Overland Mail.'

There are 72 papers at Constantinople, 16 of which are printed in Turkish, 1 in Arabic, 1 in Persian, 20 in French, 1 in German, 1 in English, 12 in Greek, 13 in Armenian, 4 in Bulgarian, 2 in Spanish, and 1 in Italian. There are 19 official journals in the provinces and as many official calendars or almanacs.

The deepest Atlantic soundings ever made were about ninety miles north of the Island of St. Thomas, in 3,875 fathoms. The pressure was so great at this immense depth that the bulbs of the thermometer, made to stand a pressure of three tons, broke.