

2nd. Lard and dripping may be used after the manner of butter, at dinner, on all days of fast and abstinence during Lent, and also throughout the year, with the exception of the first and last Wednesdays of Lent, and Good Friday.

3rd. White Meats—such as butter, milk, cheese and eggs, are allowed on all days at dinner, with the exception of Ash Wednesday and the Wednesday and Friday of Holy Week, on which three days the ancient discipline of the Church is to be observed in all its rigor.

4th. Fish and Flesh are not allowed at the same meal during Lent.

There is neither fast nor abstinence on Sundays in Lent.

All who have completed their 21st year are bound to fast and abstain—unless excused by the state of their health or the nature of their employments—according to the regulations stated above; and all who have arrived at the use of reason, though not bound to fast before the completion of their 21st year, are nevertheless bound to abstain from the use of flesh meat on the days appointed—unless exempted for a legitimate cause, of which the respective Pastors are to be the judges.

Subject to the above regulations, every day, except Sunday, in Lent, is a day of fast and abstinence.

All who have arrived at the years of discretion are bound to go to communion within Easter time, which in this Diocese commences on the first Sunday in Lent and ends on the Octave of the Feast of Sts. Peter and Paul.

The clergy are requested to read this Pastoral from the several altars as soon as possible, and to cause a copy of it to be placed, during Lent, in a conspicuous place in their respective churches and chapels.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

We are happy to announce that the Rev. W. Kelly, S.J., contemplates delivering a second lecture in Dunedin on Monday evening next, the 12th inst. The success attendant on that already given by him, and the delight with which it was, without exception, listened to, afford the best auguries for the satisfaction with which our announcement will be received. The undying interest also which surrounds the name of Mary Stuart will, in itself, prove a powerful attraction, for it is the career of the hapless Queen of Scots that has been chosen as his subject by the eloquent son of St. Ignatius, and we look forward with confidence to seeing a crowded audience on the occasion. The evening to which we allude will, moreover, be the last on which the public of Dunedin will be afforded an opportunity of hearing the Rev. Father Kelly, as it is his intention to start on Tuesday next for Invercargill *en route* for Melbourne.

Our whipper-in of the 'Otago Witness' still finds in the columns of the TABLET food for his parched paragraphs. We continually furnish a whole gardenful of "big gooseberries" for this tuneful daw to peck at. The "red rag" and the "bull," as set forth in his "Passing Notes," are very striking and quite original, and by the latter adjective we may likewise qualify the information he affords, relative to the priesthood of his Eminence the late Cardinal Antonelli. The Cardinal was not a priest, and, therefore, his having left a large fortune behind him, howsoever acquired, no more proves that the profession alluded to is a money-making one, than such will be proved hereafter, when the pile, this egoistical enunciator of feeble opinions will have acquired by his brilliant powers of journalism, comes to be divided amongst those who shall be fortunate enough to inherit him. Nor is it true that the father of the deceased Cardinal was a wood-cutter. He was a member of a wealthy family, holding landed property near Terracina.

The inhabitants of those districts which lie between Dunedin and Queenstown are about to be favored with a visit from Mr. John Armstrong, the well-known surgeon-dentist. Together with the exercise of his profession, by means of which he is so eminently qualified to afford relief to the numerous victims who suffer from imperfections of the teeth, Mr. Armstrong intends to employ his powers as a lecturer for the benefit of those townships in which he purposes to make a sojourn. His qualifications to occupy the lecturing platform rank high, and we have no doubt but that they will entitle him to a hearty welcome throughout the course of his journey. Particulars will be found in our advertising columns.

We have received from its publishers, Messrs. Mills, Dick and Co., 'Flowers of the Free Lands,' by Thomas Bracken. We regret that it is impossible for us in our present issue, to give a review of the contents of the work in question. This, circumstances oblige us to defer until next week. We shall now, therefore, merely glance at the exterior of the volume, which is of unsurpassed attraction, reflecting the utmost credit on all those persons who have been engaged in producing it. The pages are neatly bordered in red, and each poem commences with a handsomely ornamented initial letter, the binding is extremely well designed and appropriate, and, though last not least, the frontispiece consists of a magnificent photographic likeness of the author. The book, independently of its literary value, of which we purpose presently to treat, would be a creditable addition to the adornments of any drawing-room table in the colonies, and might hold its own with the best productions of the publishing houses of Europe or America.

Floods, floods, floods, everywhere! until adapting the words of an ancient conqueror, we feel inclined to cry, "One other such summer and we are undone!" Are the hills about Dunedin destined to be floated down on streams of heavy rain, until the upper harbor becomes filled up, or where is it to end? We recollect many years ago, that some vagary of the tides induced the sea on the western coast of Ireland to rise up and invade the pleasure grounds and lower storeys of certain villas, erected for bathing purposes upon

the shore. Great was the panic caused generally, but chiefly various elderly ladies, who had brought their bantlings from interior parts to the "salt water" for the good of their health, insured by an annual ducking, were driven frantic by the anticipation of a watery death, unexpectedly encountered in their drawing-rooms. One, however, there was, who, bolder than her sisters, gave battle to the waves, for sallying forth she bravely barricaded her gates, and then retired within to the top of her staircase, where she awaited events with a calm mind. But her confidence was misplaced, for her material of fortification proved floatable, being, indeed, no other than a piano case, and the invading element advanced all the same, as if no impediment had been placed in its way. She had, however, left in the basement storey a servant-man who was engaged in protecting the household stores and culinary utensils as best he might from the encroaching brine. To him, when matters had progressed somewhat further, she applied for information, calling down the stairs and questioning concerning the state of affairs below, to whom he replied, in his lucid Hibernian manner, "Troth, ma'am, the pots are swimming about on the fire." We fear that many pots have floated during these unseasonable torrents, and, what is still worse, that the crops have suffered serious injury. Moreover, the evil is infinitely aggravated by the universality of the deluge.

TURNED ASIDE.

"For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life."

As we climb the hill of life, and in climbing have gained that point which, most probably, will prove, at least, to mark the middle of our course, it invariably happens that we are able to look back upon the finished careers of some who started together with us upon the journey. They have reached the goal, and their story lies written before us; but many times—alas! far too many—we should be hard of heart were it possible for us to read its pages with eyes undimmed by tears. We saw them joyous boys and girls, and the echo of their mirth, and of their youth's gladness, has hardly as yet died away from our ears. We knew not then, as now we know, that they too were but pilgrims entering on a weary path, and that even then the burdens were gathering, with which each life must be weighted, and beneath which it must make its way, as best it might, to the grave.

Amongst those who in our boyhood we remember as being also in the morning of his days, was one who, of all others, seemed to have a straight and level highway extended for his feet to tread upon. Of a gentle nature, kind and incapable of a bitter sentiment, talented, refined in tastes, charming in manner, and of a pleasing appearance, it was impossible that any one could know him well, and yet refrain from loving him. And he was beloved; there are few who can count a greater number of friends, truly so-called, than he might with justice have claimed. A brilliant career lay certainly open to him, for he was not only fitted in himself to secure it, but the influence of those who were interested in him was sufficiently powerful to have obtained it for him, even had he been as wanting in the requisite qualities as he was rich in their possession.

We saw him well advanced upon the path he had chosen, an ornament to his profession, esteemed and honored; and then for a season we lost sight of him, for circumstances removed us from the scenes in which he moved, and the breadth of the wide world lay stretched between us. But now tidings of his death have reached us from a distant land—distant, alike, from this in which we dwell, and from that wherein, a few years ago, we left him prosperous and respected. How was it that he fell away, if only for a time, from the high standard of his former life?

He had entered the ministry of the Anglican Church, placing before his eyes an ideal never possible of attainment in that communion whose foundation lies on sand. He could not content himself in being numbered amongst the clergy of the old school, whose religious duties were, for the most part, confined to reading the "morning and evening service," and delivering a couple of moral essays, cycled sermons, once a week: nor could he amuse his mind, and fritter away his time in a dilettante playing at sacerdotalism, with the ritualists of to-day. He was earnest and sincere, and set himself in good faith to perform a spiritual work, where spiritual work was incapable of performance. He failed as other men like-minded with him fail—some falling into ill-health, some, though the lesser number, yielding to temptation, and, with the latter, strong drink overcame him; but not for long. It is evident that he had not strayed so far as to have acquired as a habit the degrading fault alluded to; but the nobility of his mind, and the purity of his life hitherto, induced him to regard himself as indelibly stained by that which others, less conscientious than he, would have regarded as a trifling error, excusable if only fallen into now and then, and harmless so long as it was not made public.

There was no question of his transgression elsewhere, and yet, unable to bear the sense of disgrace under which he labored, he sacrificed everything—friends, fortune, and position—and fled to America. Here he must have starved—for how should one like him have roughed it amongst the struggling masses—had not the Anglican Bishop of New York, with an admirable charity that will not be wanting in its reward, stretched out a helping hand and rescued the wanderer in his darkest hour. He was sent on a mission to the Cheyenne Indians, and his success was marked. The attraction he had ever exercised over those who came within reach of his influence asserted itself once more, and the savages gathered round him with affection. Their love for their teacher was mistaken for love of the barren system which he taught in all sincerity, and he was accredited with the conversion of several of them. But his devotion paved the way for his death. One of the Indians, in whom he had interested himself, for some fault was put in prison, and there swore that he would shoot the first white man he met with on being released. That man was the gentle missionary, and too truly did the savage keep his oath. He, whose sad history we have sketched, fell bullet-pierced through the brain; and