

Catholic, after the manner of his wife and daughter, but that, like M. Carnot before him, he is attacked by that cowardice in matters religious which destroys half the manhood of so many Frenchmen. Certain it is that in presence of Ministers and Deputies here who flaunt the anti-clerical flag, the President, whatever his religious convictions may be, is afraid to show them by a Sign of the Cross or a genuflection.

ROME.—Rome and the German Catholic Congress.

The full report has now been received at the Vatican of the German Catholic Congress just held at Landshut. Prince Löwenstein and the other leaders of the centre have reason to congratulate themselves on its marked success and on the importance of the resolutions there passed. Amongst the finest speeches made on the occasion the most striking are here held to be those of Dr. Porsch, on the sovereignty of the Pope, and Dr. Bachem, who, in an oratorical outburst that would have been worthy of Windthorst himself, denounced the iniquity of the law that excludes the Jesuits, and proclaimed the necessity of its repeal. In the discussions of a practical nature regarding the bettering of the condition of the working classes and of the agriculturists, it is observed that the doctrines of the present Pontiff in the matter were carefully studied. A resolution that has caused a good deal of satisfaction to the Holy Father is that deciding the foundation in Germany of a work similar to the one organised in England for the maintenance of those Protestant clergymen who, in coming back to the true fold, may have to suffer in a pecuniary way. It is to be noted that the Congress, at its close, called forth the congratulations not only of the Pope, but also of the Emperor William, and that it is considered to be highly beneficial in attaching the Catholics of Bavaria more firmly to the centre party.

An Encyclical on the Holy Eucharist.

—On Saturday, September 11, in accordance with the annual custom, the rector of the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo (Father Raffaele Colantuoni, of the Augustinian Order) presented to the Holy Father a copy of the ancient picture of Our Lady which is exposed in that historical church. His Holiness took the occasion of putting many questions to the priest regarding the devotion of the faithful in his parish and in Rome in general. He was interested to hear of the remarkable revival that is to be observed in this respect, and he intimated that he was engaged on a document which aims at developing this revival. The document in question, it is asserted, is an encyclical on devotion to the Holy Eucharist, and it is believed in well-informed circles that it will soon be given to the public.

UNITED STATES.—The Bureau of Catholic Indian

Missions.—A Washington, U.S.A., correspondent states that the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions there is about to pass away, in consequence of the declaration of Congress that appropriations for denominational schools are to cease, followed by the steady reduction in those appropriations, which went entirely to Catholic schools, all the Indian schools of other denominations having been withdrawn from Government support. After the Protestant missions had failed to bring the Indians into their various religious beliefs, they abandoned their proselytising efforts and combined to block the progress which Catholic missionaries had made in civilising the Indians. Miss Catharine Drexel, who has contributed one-half of the two millions given by individuals for Catholic Indian schools since 1871, and other wealthy Catholics, will come forward with contributions to take the place of the Government appropriations.

Archbishop Ireland and the G.A.R.

—Archbishop Ireland responded to the toast, "The Chaplain," at the banquet of the Grand Army of the Republic to President McKinley, in Buffalo, New York, on the evening of 20th August. In the course of his address he said:—"May war be never again necessary for America! If discussions do arise, may they be composed of peaceful tribunals. But always and above all else, America's life and honour must be safe from peril and stram. If to maintain the life and honour of America war is necessary, let there be war, and when war is declared, my soldiers be ready, as brave, as true, as heroic as those who quickly replied to the calls of Lincoln. 'We are coming, Fr. Abraham, we are coming, Fr. Abraham, to do and to die!'" Archbishop Ireland was mustered into the G.A.R. on the following evening. He has been a member of the Loyal Legion for many years.

Messrs. F. Pobar and Son (from Cashel street, Christchurch, and now 113 George street, Dunedin) have just opened a branch shop, where they have on view a select assortment of ladies' and gentlemen's umbrellas. All work is turned out in the best possible manner and at the lowest cost. Scissors ground and set and all sorts of cutlery ground.

For first-class boots and shoe a trial should be given to the famous Standard Brand make. This make has for years given general satisfaction throughout New Zealand, and the increasing demand for them is a strong proof of their excellence. They can be obtained at every first-class boot shop in New Zealand, and a trial we are confident will satisfy the purchaser.

The entries for the Agricultural Show to be held next Thursday at Takuna Park, show a great increase on last year. The exhibits of machinery, &c., will also be much larger, and visitors and townspeople should not fail to visit the grounds. Visitors will have every convenience offered them to view the different exhibits with comfort.

Mr. Gawne, of Dunedin (says the *Southland Times* of April 13, 1891), has just been on a visit to Invercargill to push business a little. Not that it wants much canvassing, for since he commenced the manufacture of his Worcester-shire Sauce, the demand has kept pace with his capacity to supply it. He makes a really good thing, indistinguishable from the famous Lea and Perrin's, which he places upon one's table at a much lower price, and trusts to that to secure a steadily growing trade. Those who have not yet tried the colonial article should put their prejudice aside for a time and test the question with a bottle or two.—ADVT.

NATURE SLOWLY MAKES READY.

You have probably never seen a volcano in eruption. It is a magnificent spectacle. Where do all those torrents of red-hot lava come from? Nobody can tell, except that they come from somewhere down deep in the earth. But one thing we know, namely, that eruptions of any one volcano are far apart. Between whiles Nature is getting ready for them: she is preparing for the tremendous demonstration.

Just so it is with all her processes. In the cold of winter she is arranging the forces which are to make the heat and the harvests of the following summer, and so on.

From May, 1890, to February 1892, is a period of twenty-one months. The two dates will long remain clear in the mind of Mrs. Martha Bowles, of 182, Langryfelach Road, Morrilton, near Swansea. For the first was the beginning, and the second the ending of an experience which was bad enough in itself, yet only the introduction to something vastly worse. It was like the time of getting ready for a great trouble to come.

Her first sense of this was indefinite and vague, like the low muttering of thunder below the horizon while the skies are yet clear. She expresses it thus, in the very words most of us use on similar occasions, "I felt that something was wrong with me—something hanging over me."

Ab: dear me. How often we think such feelings are a warning sent to the spirit, when in fact they are caused entirely by the condition of our bodies. She felt heavy, languid and tired, and mentally depressed. This was not only melancholy to her but new, as she had always been strong and healthy. Then came the discomforts which there could be no mistake about. They are common enough to be sure. Oh, yes. But isn't that all the more a reason why we should understand what they mean? "Certainly," you will say.

Well, then, there was that bad, offensive taste in the mouth, that so many of us have had; the failure of the appetite, the pain in the chest and sides after eating. The worst pain was in the right side, where it was very heavy. That pointed to the liver, which is located on that side; and when anything ails the liver it is as though the big water-wheel of a mill had got fixed so as not to turn round. For the liver does half a dozen kinds of work, and when it strikes work the rest of the organs take a sort of rainy holiday.

Presently her skin and the white of her eyes turned yellow as autumn leaves. That meant bile in the blood; the liver was off its duty; that is a sure sign. The kidney secretion was the colour of blood instead of a clear amber, which meant that the trouble had already reached those important organs. Then the stomach was upset and refused to take kindly to food—as though the miller sent your grain back, declining to grind it. She vomited a sour, bitter fluid, which was acid bile, away out of its proper track. On and on along this line, constantly getting further and further from the happy land of health; this was the history of those twenty-one months—all bad enough, yet all preparatory for worse ones.

"One day in February, 1892," she says in her letter of August 18th, 1893, "I began to have dreadful pain and cramp. It began in the right side, and extended across the stomach. For hours together I was in the greatest agony. What I suffered is past description. When the pain eased a little I was cold as death and shivered until the bed shook under me. I had hot iron plates applied to my feet, and held hot irons in my hands, but nothing gave much relief. My stomach was so irritable that I could keep no food on it. I was now confined to my bed, and the doctor attending me said I was passing gall-stones. He wanted me to go to Swansea Hospital and be operated upon, but I was afraid I might not live through it."

"I next had two other doctors at Morrilton and also three from Swansea, who all gave me medicines, and said nothing more could be done for me. For six months I lay in bed undergoing the greatest agony; never free from pain more than two or three hours at a time. During the whole of this time I was fed on nothing but milk and water. I had scarcely any life or strength left in me. All who saw me said I never could by any chance get better in this world."

"I lingered on like this until August, 1892, when my daughter brought me a book telling of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. In this book she read of a case like mine having been cured by this medicine. My husband got a bottle from Mr. Bevan, the chemist, and after taking a few doses I felt a little relief. I kept on with it and soon the pains left me, my appetite returned, and my food agreed with me. After taking the Syrup for three months I was a new creature and strong as ever. I can now eat anything, and nothing disagrees with me. After I was well our minister one day said: 'Mrs. Bowles, I never thought to see you alive!' I said, 'Mother Seigel's Syrup saved my life.' You may publish my case, and I will gladly answer inquiries. (Signed) Martha Bowles."

This case—one of acute indigestion and dyspepsia, with liver and kidney complaints—is well known in the district. The ladies' husband is a gardener, well known and respected.

Do we need to point out the moral of this wonderful cure? No. You can see it for yourself.

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