

PALMERSTON NORTH.

(From an occasional correspondent.)

THE 40 hours devotion took place in Palmerston North on October 24, and was a great success. Nearly the whole parish received on Tuesday morning. The sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Father Smyth, of Hastings, who gave an eloquent and very practical discourse on the love of the Sacred Heart. There was a full congregation, and all were most attentive during the sermon, which lasted about 40 minutes; and all were highly delighted with the manner the preacher treated his subject. There was solemn High Mass on Tuesday morning, Very Rev. Father Smyth, celebrant; Rev. Father Power, deacon; Rev. Father Melu, sub-deacon; and Rev. Father McKenna master of ceremonies. The procession of the children both on Sunday and Tuesday was perfect. Eleven children made their first holy communion on the Sunday morning, the opening of the 40 hours. The music was under the conductorship of Father Patterson. Palestrina's Masses were sung by a full and efficient choir. During the 40 hours all the music was rendered in a very creditable manner, and for power and expression the Palmerston North choir make a very fair display. The voices are good and well balanced. The parts were sustained by Misses Brandon, Rush, Brophy (2), Scanlon, Stephenson, and Messrs. Gamble, Adams, Brophy (2), Rogers, Hanley, and Scanlon. Mr. Gamble acted as conductor on the Sunday, and Miss Oakley as organist. There was a nice orchestra assisting on the Sunday under the leadership of Mr. W. Brophy. Rev. Father Patterson thanked the clergy for their attendance, and the choir and instrumentalists, and complimented all upon their endeavours to make the 40 hours such a perfect success.

ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT AT KERRYTOWN.

(From an occasional correspondent.)

THE annual entertainment given by the pupils attending St. Joseph's Convent School, Kerrytown, was held earlier this year than in previous ones—on November 8. The evening's programme eclipsed all previous ones, while the attendance may fairly be similarly designated. The Sisters of St. Joseph spared no trouble in having the staging rendered most effective, and the fitting up of the scenery was allocated to Messrs. C. Bates and Co., Temuka, who made the most of it.

The first part of the programme was opened with an overture, "Mattei's waltz," by Misses Scannell and Brosnan, who fairly sustained the reputation of their teachers. In the full chorus, "O'Donnell Aboo," patient and careful training was evident, and nothing was left to be desired. "Taming a Tiger" (a farce) was somewhat an object lesson, and Masters O'Driscoll, Fitzgerald and Sullivan represented the parts allotted to them intelligently. Miss Brosnan pleasantly rendered the solo "Some day I'll wander back again," as did also the infant children the action song, "The little cooks" in a clockwork-like manner. "The Abyssinian expedition" (piano duet) was artistically executed by Masters O'Driscoll and Sullivan. The story of the ever-popular duet "The crookit bawbee" (in costume) was faithfully told in most melodious voice by Master Brosnan and Miss Julia Hoare, which brought the programme to a very pleasing item—a solo by Miss Sullivan, "Has sorrow thy young days shaded." Too much praise cannot be given to the simple, yet feeling, way in which this item was rendered. The drama "The Unappreciated Genius" was played in more than "amateur" style, and the parts were well balanced. The cast was:—Mrs. Brown (lady who writes to the newspapers), Miss Lucy O'Driscoll; Mr. Brown (her husband), Master Eugene Breen; servant, Miss Hannah Stack; children, Masters Day, Sullivan, Scannell and J. Stack. The duet, "Pulaski's banner" was feelingly rendered by the Misses Coughlan, and a musical treat followed, the cantata "The White Garland." The characters were:—The Queen, Miss Julia Hoare; Perseverance, Miss Lynch; Punctuality, Miss Coughlan; Generosity, Miss G. Hoare; Quarrelsome Scholar, Master O'Driscoll; Selfish Scholar, Master Sullivan; Tardy Scholar, Master Brosnan. An unlimited amount of care must have been bestowed in the teaching of this somewhat difficult piece, and certainly it would have been difficult to improve upon it.

The second part was ushered in by an overture entitled "Irish airs," in which Master and Miss Fitzgerald were deservedly encored. Miss Coughlan, in her simple and unpretentious style, sang "Heather hills." One of the pleasant things about this young lady's singing is that she puts on no "airs"—so detrimental to many who are much less entitled to them than the person mentioned. The junior singing class was successful in the action song "The fisher girls" (in costume). A farce, which created no small amount of amusement, was "Scene from the beach school," sustained by Masters J. Scannell, Sullivan, S. Scannell, J. Leonard, J. Breen, J. Connell, J. Stack, Patrick Brosnan, M. O'Driscoll, and Joseph Kelly. The pathetic solo, "The fisherman and his child," was softly and sweetly sung by Miss J. Coughlan, and the infant children were again pleasing in the tambourine drill. Miss Brosnan was heard to advantage in the solo "The rowan tree," and Misses O'Driscoll gave a vivacious and creditable rendering of the piano duet "Qui Vive." Misses Julia Hoare and M. Lynch made a hit in the burlesque vocal duet, "You shan't play in our yard," and then followed the drama, "Alls Well That Ends Well," and considered from all points it ended well. The cast was: Mrs. Annersly, Miss Hoare; Julia Annersly, Miss L. Gosling; Mrs. Mantford, Miss Brosnan; Mrs. Raymond, Miss M. Hoare; Miss Nicely, Miss M. Coughlan; Miss Chatter, Miss Julia Hoare; Miss Fry, Miss A. Brosnan; Mrs. Hodgkins, Miss Connell; Argery, Miss E. Stack. Each performer did first-class, and much acclamation was bestowed by the audience upon the production. Master Brosnan had to respond to an encore in his comic song, "Paddy, the rascal," singing "Kitty of Coolgardie." The action song, "The flower bells," by the senior pupils, brought the pro-

gramme to the last item, full chorus "Christmas chimes," which blended in perfect harmony. The accompaniments were played by Misses Hoare, Scannell, and Coughlan.

When it is remembered that the Sisters had to prepare their pupils for the annual inspector's examination, when, by the way, all save, I think, two passed, one cannot help marvelling at the efficiency of the whole of the performers. As I have referred to the examination, a paragraph from the inspector's report on the school may not be out of place. He says: "This school has passed a highly satisfactory examination, and is a credit to the staff."

The dramatic pieces, the musical selections, and the singing were really excellent, and all that can be done is to congratulate the Sisters not only on the treat they prepared for the evening in question, but on the splendid results of their past year's teaching.

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, Llangyfelach Road, Morriston, 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."

Ah: 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 Morriston 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 lady's 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.