

Before leaving the ground they gave hearty cheers for all who had assisted in providing for them such a happy holiday, and for Fathers Mahoney and Landaur and the Sisters. The Very Rev. Father Mahoney made a few remarks telling the girls that their thanks were due in the first place to the liberality of the public who had subscribed so generously for their picnic, and in the second place to Mr. M. Hunt, through whose instrumentality the subscriptions were obtained. About seven o'clock the homeward ride was commenced and the many songs sung by the girls on their way to town gave evidence that happiness reigned.

AN opening for Russian Jews, expelled from their own country, would seem to exist in South Africa. A committee of the Dutch Reformed Church reports having assisted one of their number who had been converted—converted to what we cannot exactly say, for we are not fully informed as to what a reformed Dutchman—especially a Boer—may be. The committee further reports that more Jews have of late been converted than formerly—again a rather indefinite pronouncement, the number or average of such former conversions not being stated. We may, however, conclude perhaps that the condition of certain Jews is more necessitous than it was in former years.—Meantime, there is an opening for Russian Jews to become reformed Dutchmen if they will. There appears, nevertheless, to be some reason to doubt their good will in the matter. A rev. member of the Dutch Reformed Synod, for instance, expressed his opinion that it would be best to dissolve the Jews' committee, and turn their thoughts to the conversion of Mahomedans. What are the chances that the Dutch Reformed Church will gain a large accession of proselytes from either people?

PROFESSOR MAX MULLER recommends that all the languages now spoken throughout the world—in number, we believe, about 2000—should be silenced with the exception of four, namely, English, French, German, and Italian or Spanish. But might not the phonograph be brought into use in the choice? Much heart-burning and contention, no doubt, would be aroused by an attempt to put the proposal in practice—as Professor Muller seems, in fact, to recognise. Every one would fight for the retention of his own particular tongue, and would claim it as the best. But if the difference could be shown in plain black and white, the matter should become more simple. The phonograph can be utilised to show the manner in which the air is affected by sound. We saw it the other day here in Dunedin—a regularly marked line for an organ note and a violently jagged sort of a line for quite a common sentence in English. Why, therefore, should not every language be tested by the phonograph, so that it might be ascertained which approached nearest to music? The musical tongue is that which has always been held in most esteem; that therefore, which should be selected in preference. Professor Max Muller proposes for preservation the “most efficient instrument of communication.” But that is a sordid idea, out of keeping with an æsthetic age. Let the phonograph, we say, decide the matter.

IN St. Mary's Cathedral, Wellington, on Sunday last (says a local daily of the 14th inst), was commenced the ceremony of the forty hours' Adoration, and the ceremony was continued on Monday and yesterday mornings. Solemn High Mass was celebrated on Sunday, in the presence of His Grace the Archbishop, by the Very Rev. Father McNamara (Vicar-General), assisted by the Rev. Father Le Menant des Chesnais (deacon), the Very Rev. Father Kerrigan (sub-deacon), and the Rev. Father Power, Master of Ceremonies. The altar was magnificently decorated, it being lined with crimson hangings and beautified by quantities of natural flowers and large numbers of candles. There was a large congregation present. The music was rendered by the Cathedral choir under Mr. Macduff Boyd. Mozart's First Mass was sung very effectively, and after the procession of the Blessed Sacrament the Litany of the Saints was rendered. In the evening, Vespers, His Grace the Archbishop preached an eloquent sermon on the Blessed Sacrament, his remarks being listened to with wrapt attention. On Monday morning Mass was again celebrated at 8 o'clock by the Rev. Father Le Menant des Chesnais, who was assisted by the Very Rev. Father McNamara (deacon) and the Very Rev. Father Kerrigan (sub-deacon). The music was rendered by the Sisters of Mercy, and consisted of Concoque's Mass, and at the offertory “Jesu Doloris Victima.” After the elevation, “Ave Verum” was sung. Adoration was continued during the day, and the church was visited by a large number of the faithful. The Mass of Deposition was begun yesterday morning, the celebrant being the Very Rev. Father McNamara. (deacon) Rev. Father Doherty, (sub-deacon) Very Rev. Father Kerrigan. The usual procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place, in which the different confraternities took part. The music was again rendered by the Sisters of Mercy, and was the same as on Monday night.

THE half-yearly meeting of St. Patrick's Branch, H.A.C.B.S. (says the Wellington Post of the 14th inst), was held at the Marist Brothers' schoolroom last night, Bro. G. Bradley (President) in the

chair. The election of officers for the ensuing six months resulted as follows:—President, Bro. J. Stratford; Vice-President, Bro. E. Daly; Treasurer, Bro. M. Bhan; Secretary, Bro. W. J. Grant; Warden, Bro. J. Clancy; Guardian, Bro. T. Burke; Sick Visitors, Bros. P. Morris, J. Clancy, T. O'Brien, and W. Feeney; Auditors, Bros. T. Burke and J. Curry; Medical Attendant, Dr. Cahill. A vote of thanks was given to the retiring officers. It was decided to act in conjunction with the juvenile branch in holding a concert on St. Patrick's Night, and a committee was also appointed to consider and report as to the manner in which the holiday shall be spent.

MATTERS in Ireland seem to continue much as they were. The situation is most unfortunate—humiliating to everyone in sympathy with the National movement, and injurious to the cause,

THE attitude of Sir W. V. Harcourt is probably that which, under the present circumstances, most of us would also prefer. Sir William is reported to have written a letter in which he declares that “he prefers the comfort of his own fireside to political activity just at present.” Decidedly, when political activity involves vexation and confusion enough to drive a man half-mad, a quiet fireside offers infinite attractions. Men, however, who have nailed their colours to the mast must go through with it, whatever they have to face. Let us for once take as our own the brag of our Anglo-Saxon brother and refuse to acknowledge defeat until we have secured the victory. Not, of course, that we would accense our Anglo-Saxon brother of making a bull. We reserve our Hibernian privilege in addition to what we borrow from him. Sir William Harcourt may toss his toes in the ashes, but Irish Nationalists must weather the storm, keeping their wits about them, and their “hair on.”

MR. STEAD narrates the effect produced on the late Canon Lid-don by a visit which he induced him to make to a Salvation Army meeting. The Canon bitterly contrasted the condition of his own Church, in whose advantages and complete possession of the truth he, nevertheless, professed a strange confidence, with what he witnessed. “We could not get such men to St. Paul's,” he said. And great indeed is the guilt of a religious system that has driven the poor out to seek for heavenly comfort and peace in fanaticism and spasmodic excitement. The contrast to the Catholic Church is also remarkable. She has always been the Church of the poor. Nay, her enemies reproach her with the ignorance and poverty of the masses who throng her shrines. The fidelity of the poor, not proved as yet, nor, as we are convinced, ever to be proved, to the Salvation Army, is certainly a valid test of where the Gospel of Christ is to be found.

THE retirement of Sir William Fitzherbert from the Seekership of the Legislative Council is very much to be regretted. Sir William Fitzherbert joins to high attainments, truly liberal principles, and statesmanlike qualities of great ability. In the position filled by him he invariably performed his duties in a manner alike creditable to himself, worthy of the colony in whose legislature he held so exalted a place, and beneficial to the community. Sir William's retirement is the more to be regretted since it is said to be caused in some degree by delicacy of health. Ramour is busy, meantime, with the names of gentlemen looked upon as likely to succeed to the vacant office. The name of Sir Maurice O'Rorke, late Speaker of the House of Representatives, is especially prominent in the matter, and there is no doubt that should the appointment be thus made, as expected, it would be most appropriately bestowed.

HIS EXCELLENCY the Governor appears to have said what he ought to have said in opening the Science Congress in Christchurch the other day. He was great on secularism, though we may hope he would not have been quite so much so if he could help himself. We may however, perhaps, admit that Lord Onslow has genuine pity for nursery-maids. He contrasted education here and at Home. “Here,” he said, “it is without direct cost to the parents, who are relieved of the charge of the children during the troublesome years of infancy, and who, by leaving them at school during riper years, obtain for them something more than education which is elementary.”—Perhaps, indeed, they obtain more than they bargain for. His Excellency, meantime, when he goes Home should make a good all-round Tory. He turns off clap-trap easily, and that is about all his party can honestly require of him.

Messrs Burton Brothers, Princes St Dunedin, are taking their unrivalled portraits at unprecedentedly low prices. The firm's reputation as photographers is well known.

Brooke's monkey brand soap for all cleansing purposes, except washing clothes, cannot be equalled. In every other respect housewives will find it indispensable. No dirt can stand before it.

A company has been organised to construct a ship canal to connect Brussels with the sea.

One of the daughters of Mr. Burnand, the editor of Punch, bids fair to gain distinction as a dramatic authoress.