

fathers. The language of Racine and Bossuet and Lacordaire, chaste as a virgin of the cloisters, clear as the water jetting from the fountains, light as a bird on the wing, became, at the end of Zola's pen, the spitting, half-drunken jargon of the slums. Yet it is this filthy-minded man whom the Third Republic has treated as a kind of saint and hero; whose corpse it has placed in the Pantheon, and in whose honor a celebration was held the other day in the Café du Globe. About three hundred of the illuminated assembled to honor the glorious memory. They invited one of our present-day leaders in what is called the Paris literary world to deliver the hero's panegyric—M. Anatole France. The comical point was M. A. France has never tired of pouring out his contempt for Zola. Still, he came to this celebration; the victuals and wine were, no doubt, good and exhilarating, and the orator exalted 'that great writer who had devoted his life to accusing triumphant crime,' and so on. Such, the consistency of our modern sceptical writers and leaders! But who would look for consistency and principle among sceptics? With them it is caprice, the humor or expediency of the moment. The French people then are divided into two classes—the admirers of Ozanam and of the Blessed Jeanne d'Arc, and the admirers of Emile Zola. But it takes all sorts to make a world. Let us have patience.

Stanislaus Mugwana.

Truly it depresses one to read of our brave three hundred 'supermen,' leaders in modern civilisation and progress of the most advanced type, assembling to honor a creature like Zola. But life has its consolations. Here is perfume from the desert—wafted from the distant desert of Ouganda in Africa. The White Fathers have been laboring in Ouganda now for over a quarter of a century, and they have made many converts among the native tribes. One of these converts is Stanislaus Mugwana, who has recently received the Cross of the Order of St. Sylvester from Pope Pius X. Stanislaus is one of the three regents governing his kingdom for the young native king, Daodi, a minor, travelling at present in Europe. Stanislaus is a man of high intelligence, well instructed in the Christian religion, and of most exemplary life. Since his Baptism in 1885, he has come, in the early morning, to the church to make his meditation when the missionaries are making theirs. Then he hears Mass, receives Communion, and makes his thanksgiving during a second Mass. He waits for the instruction, if one is given to the neophytes. Then he returns home or to the public offices to carry on his day's work. No wonder that he is admired by all the natives and Europeans, and that they were delighted to hear that he had been honored by the great White Father of Christendom.

A Little French Girl Writes to the Pope.

The *Univers* publishes a touching letter sent by a little French girl to the Holy Father. She wrote two copies, and placed one under a little statue of St. Joseph in her room. She no doubt wished St. Joseph to take charge of the one sent to Rome. The letter ended thus: 'Great Holy Father, bless my grandfather, who has reared me; he loves the good God and you also; bless my grandmother and my mother and me. Whilst awaiting your answer, if you be so good as to write to me, I beg your pardon for troubling you, and I send you my sincere and respectful love.—AIMEE.' The letter was addressed: 'Entirely private, for our Holy Father, Pope Pius X., Rome.' A little note was added on the envelope, 'Praying Mr. Vicar-General Merider-Val (sic) to give this letter to the Holy Father, quite, quite alone.' The reply from the Pope was the first hint the grandparents had of the audacity of their little grand-daughter. No doubt the astonished grandfather, who received all the blessing asked for, thereupon took little Aimée and gave her a caning.

Tell me not in mournful wheezes

Life is but an empty dream,

For the man is sick who sneezes,

And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,

Of this fact you may be sure;

But precious little will ail you

After taking Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY, DUNEDIN

ST. PATRICK'S CONFERENCE

The first annual meeting of the St. Patrick's Conference (ladies) of the St. Vincent de Paul Society was held in St. Patrick's Schoolroom, South Dunedin, on Tuesday evening of last week. Rev. Father Delany (spiritual director) presided. The following report and balance sheet were presented and adopted:— During the past twelve months there have been 20 meetings, with an average attendance of 22. The articles of clothing distributed totalled 223, besides orders for coal, groceries, boots, etc. Three children were baptised. The committee return their thanks to honorary members and all others, who have assisted them in any way.

The following are the office-bearers for the current year:—President, Miss Cameron (re-elected); vice-presidents, Mrs. Marlow and Mrs. Carter; treasurer, Mrs. Mullins, jun. (re-elected); secretary, Miss Hegarty (re-elected); wardrobe-keepers, Mesdames Lennon and Hade; buyers, Mesdames Nelson and Mullins, sen.

BALANCE SHEET.

Receipts.	
To anonymous donation and interest	£31 2 9
„ Church collection, 1912	6 0 0
„ Church collection, 1913	20 1 9
„ Donations	3 1 0
„ Subscriptions	29 11 9
	£89 17 3

Expenditure.	
By Groceries	£10 18 9
„ Coal	2 2 6
„ Boots	3 9 4
„ Drapery	15 12 0½
„ Sundries	3 12 6
„ Carpenter	5 14 0
„ Bank charge	0 10 0
„ Balance in bank	45 8 4
„ Cash in hand	2 9 9½
	£89 17 3

Christchurch North

(From an occasional correspondent.)

His Grace Archbishop O'Shea, S.M., arrived from Waimate by the second express last Tuesday. He was met at the station by the Vicar-General and driven to St. Mary's. On Wednesday morning his Grace said the 7 o'clock Mass in the church, and at 11 o'clock presided at an impressive ceremony in the beautiful convent chapel of the Sisters of Mercy, Colombo street, Miss Edith Hill, of Wellington, was that morning clothed in the holy habit as a novice in the Order. His Grace was assisted by the Very Rev. Dean Hills, and Rev. Fathers Hoare, Dignan, and J. Herring were also in the sanctuary. There was quite a large assembly of the laity. Luncheon in the convent followed, at which it was remarked that almost all the guests were from the Empire City. In the afternoon, several of the old pupils of St. Patrick's College, including Councillor Hayward and Dr. O'Brien, called on his Grace. A drive to Mount Magdala and a visit to that well-known institution brought the day and the archiepiscopal visit to a close. His Grace, accompanied by Father J. Herring, left for Wellington at 5.30 p.m. During his brief stay here his Grace honored St. Mary's Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society by calling in on them and remaining some time, whilst the usual weekly routine work was being gone through. To the brothers—as to the Ladies of Charity (also visited) was the archiepiscopal blessing cordially given.

Photographs!

How sweet she looks in her Spring Frock? Yes—but Spring will pass, and she won't always look the same. Get pictures made of her now by . . .

GAZE & CO.—HAMILTON.