

REMARKABLE PARISH.—There is a parish in Ulster, not a hundred miles from Belfast, in which a queer kind of unity, peace, and sympathy is to be found. If all Ireland were like this parish it would be the strangest island in the world. When the Rector hears that one of the Presbyterian clergy is ill, he immediately collects all his own flock to pray with him for the life and health of his Presbyterian brother. As one may suppose, many of all denominations are present at this service. The Rector also, by invitation, visits the Presbyterian clergy, convokes their congregations, and fervent prayer is offered for the sick Episcopalian. When sorrow visits the home of any of these men, deep is the sympathy of the others for him. When the rector goes abroad, one of the Roman Catholic priests addresses him with a kind proposal to provide a gift of a stout horse for his comfort. This same priest (now a Roman Catholic prelate) recommended his people always to show marked respect to the ladies of this Rector's family when they met them walking. Another priest writes courteous letters, and makes the best delineation in his power of his own Church. Another priest waylays this Rector in his turn from parochial visitations, and asks him, with hearty good-will, to refresh himself with cake and wine. The Roman Catholics delight to send fish, new potatoes, and bulky cauliflowers to this rural Rector. When any of the ladies of his family are sick, great is their concern. When his daughter, who loved them all, and ever ministered to the sick and poor, was dying last year, prayers were offered up in the Roman Catholic houses in her behalf. Nay, "tell it not in Gath," when the Rector was sometime since dangerously ill, prayers were offered up for his recovery in the Roman Catholic chapel of the parish. The reader may be anxious to know the name of the parish and the Rector, and so, not to prolong a mystery which ought to be no mystery, the parish is Loughinisland, and the Rector is Dr. Drew, a Chaplain to his Excellency, Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Enniskillen, and Hon. Grand Chaplain to the Grand Lodge of Ireland.—*Daily Express, Dublin.*

---

"Mark Twain" has done a worthy service by his letters in the *Sacramento Union*, respecting the recent revival of heathenish games and rites under the auspices of Bishop Staley, of Honolulu. We should think that even the Bishop's best friends must blush at the revelations made in those letters. We quote a sentence or two: "One of the first things Bishop Staley did when he arrived here a few years ago was to write home that the missionaries had deprived the natives of their innocent sports and pastimes (such as the lascivious *hulahula*, and the promiscuous bathing in the surf of nude natives of opposite sexes) and one of the next things he did was to attend a *hulahula* at Waikiki with his holy head tricked out in the flower and evergreen trumpery worn by the hula girls. When the late King died, the Bishop revived the half-forgotten howling and hula dancing and other barbarisms in the palace yard, and officiated there as a sort of master of ceremonies. For many a year before he came that wretchedest of all wretched musical abortions, the tom-tom, had not been heard near the heart of Honolulu; but he has reinstated it and brought it into all its ancient esteem and popularity. I am told that he is appalled at the work of his own hands—that he is ashamed—that he dreads to think of the comment it will provoke in Christian lands—in a word, that he finds, too late, that he has made a most melancholy blunder."

---

The following is one of the Conference utterings of Bishop Ames: Some folks think it their mission to keep their preachers from becoming proud, and to do this they carp at every effort they make, they never give them a cheering word; would it not be better to say to your minister when he does well: "Brother, you did well to-day, my soul was blest under your preaching?"

---

When a man has money enough to satisfy any reasonable being, and should haul in sail and devote some of his best energies to doing good—and won't do it, but works on—he gets cheated.