

bered 18,194, an increase of 3,333 upon the previous three years. There are 514 Church schools in the diocese. There are 30 churches where Holy Communion is celebrated less than monthly; 258 monthly; 116 fortnightly; 185 weekly; 8 on a week day besides Sunday; and seven daily. Bishop Alwyne Compton pleaded for the weekly celebration, and deprecated the habit of leaving church before the conclusion of the Holy Communion. In 116 churches there are daily Matins and Evensong.

FATHER DAMIEN.

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

The brave, heroic soul has fled. On Friday at Molokai, he breathed his last, passing away in the fulness of joy as of one whose life-work had been happily accomplished.

Joseph Damien was born in 1841 at Louvain, in Belgium, the son of a deeply religious mother. From her he derived that earnest character (according to a writer in the *Daily Telegraph*) which marked him even as a youth, for at nineteen years of age he eagerly offered himself for the priesthood, and he was eventually sent out, as a Catholic missionary, to the South Sea Islands. Burning with zeal for his Master and love for mankind, his heart was especially stirred with pity for the lepers, who, in the Sandwich Archipelago, have long been segregated in the lonely island of Molokai, for the safety of the community. The Hawaiian Government sternly searches out each case, and deports it to this spot, where at first there was no care taken for the condemned and exiled sufferers, no religious comforts or ministrations provided. Father Damien, however, volunteered to go and dwell among them, expecting—knowing, indeed—that he must finally contract the awful disease, and die an outcast amongst the outcasts.

Mr Clifford, who has lately returned from the beautiful but melancholy leper island, tells us that as the good man landed he was heard to exclaim: "Now, Joseph, my boy! this is your life-work!" Never was there a more perfect example of self-sacrifice; for the gallantry of the soldier, the courage of the mariner, the martyr's valour and virtue which are suddenly conceived and quickly carried through, must certainly yield the palm to the obscure priest, who thus went willingly to a life of toil, isolation and daily horrors destined inevitably to end in a death lingering, piteous, and dismal. His mind, however, once made up, he stepped in the leper's boat and threw in his lot with his dark-skinned brothers and sisters in that lovely but dreadful island. And, being landed, his strong and cheerful spirit quickly put order into all things. He built churches, hospitals, guest-houses—for people come sometimes for a shuddering day or two to visit that Eden of Death. He taught, and fed, and clothed the little ones, tended the sick, and comforted the dying, until the name and fame of this noble hearted priest drew praise and help from all over the world, and Molokai grew rich and almost happy with the gifts which flowed in to the assistance of Father Damien.

After ten years of this devoted work, during which he had completely changed the condition of the poor lepers, his own turn came. One day the visiting doctor said, after examining him, "I cannot bear to tell you, Father, but you too, are, a leper." "It's no shock or trouble to me," he answered; "I knew it must come, and it is God's will." So he still worked on with bright, sturdy perseverance, carrying peace and consolation everywhere amid his large flock of hapless ones, and saying, "I would not be cured if the price of my cure was that I must leave my island, and surrender my

work." A lady wrote to him, "You have given up all earthly things to serve God and to help others, and I believe that you must have now that joy that nothing can take from you, and a great reward hereafter." "Tell her," he said, with a smile, "that it is true I do have that joy now." And nobody can doubt that here was a man who, doomed to a slow and ghastly death, cut off from all pleasant and wholesome human society, and often racked with pain, had passed on the wings of love and holiness beyond the state where these things grieve or fret, being night and day lulled in the repose of that peace which passeth all understanding.

"A humbler man," writes Mr. Clifford, "I never saw," Father Damien gave himself, indeed, no airs of martyr, saint, or hero. Here is a portrait of him drawn by his visitor: "He is now forty-nine years old—a thick-set, strongly built man, with black curly hair, and short beard, turning grey. His face must have been rather handsome, with a full, well-curved mouth, and a short straight nose; but he is now a good deal disfigured by leprosy, though not so badly as to make it anything but a pleasure to look at his bright, sensible face. His forehead is swollen and ridged, the eyebrows are gone, the nose is somewhat sunk, and the ears are greatly enlarged. His hands and body also show many signs of the malady." The average length of life with those stricken, after such symptoms declare themselves, is four years, after which the cruel affliction attacks some vital organ, and death ensues. About that space of time seems to have elapsed since the good Father was marked as a victim; but he has completed his service in Molokai. By the side of the church which he has just built, grows a palm tree, under which he lived for some weeks when he first arrived at the settlement in 1873. It was then a miserable place; the houses were wretched, undrained, and unventilated; the people were ill-fed, ill-clothed, and never washed. The water supply was very bad. The sufferers were desperate, and often lived vicious and lawless lives. Now all these things are changed. The cottages erected by the Government are neat and convenient, raised on trestles, and clean and pretty. The water is brought in pipes from a never-failing supply, and is excellent in quality and quantity. There are five churches, there is a large general shop, and the faces one sees, it is said, seems nearly always happy. His splendid courage, too, nerved others to the self-sacrifice. There are seven other noble-minded men and women who have similarly devoted their lives to the Molokai lepers—three Franciscan sisters, two Catholic laymen, a physician, and a Protestant missionary, whose wife was a leper. He himself has well finished his work, and, now that at last his release has come, we may indeed say of him, "Thou thy wordly task hast done, home art gone and ta'en thy wages."

Mr. Clifford finishes his deeply interesting account of the visit to the island with the following passage: "As our ship weighed anchor the sombre purple cliffs were crowned with white clouds. Down their sides leaped the cataracts. The little village, with its three churches and its white cottages, lay at their bases. Father Damien stood with his people on the rocks till we slowly passed from their sight. The sun was getting low in the heavens, the beams of light were slanting down the mountain sides, and then I saw the last of Molokai in a golden veil of mist." The island is evidently a most beautiful Golgotha, a fair and sunny Aceldama of the Southern Seas. Waves of sapphire and silver wash around its dark towering cliffs, embroidered with tropical vegetation; blossoms of the wild ginger, the hibiscus, and the large lilac convolvulus deck every ledge and flat. Honey-birds dressed in plumage of scarlet velvet, the long-tailed graceful boatswain birds, and lively mynahs everywhere flit about, with golden plovers and

doves. The cottages and sheds are covered with china roses and passion-vines, and a tall delicate grass waves among the black volcanic boulders, and brightly-coloured ohelo-berries jewel the thickets. The poor stricken exiles of this lovely prison exhibit, even under their sad circumstances, the gentle and winning nature of the Hawaiian islanders, and are pleasant to live with, and to minister to, if the atmosphere of death can never be forgotten.

CONFIRMATION ADDRESS BY THE LORD BISHOP OF DERRY.

The Bishop of Derry held a confirmation for Templemore parish in St. Colomb's Cathedral on Palm Sunday, when seventy-three candidates from the Cathedral congregation and ten from St. Augustine's were presented. In the course of his sermon, from St. Matt. xxi, 15-16, he said: It may be useful to ask what deductions must be made from the good of confirmation on account of the excitement necessarily connected with it. Now, this excitement is of a threefold nature—there is the excitement connected with the classes, there is the excitement connected with the home, there is the excitement connected with the Church.

1. No part of a clergyman's work shows more truly whether he has the true character of a true pastor or not than the way he deals with those whom he has to prepare for confirmation. The true pastor will look upon the preparation for confirmation as a most valuable opportunity, and bestow upon its proportionate care.

2. In the home, especially in religious homes, the time when one of the family is about to be confirmed is felt to be a serious one, and then, especially, affectionate words of counsel and encouragement will be given by the parent; and more important still, at such times the prayers of intercession make the very air round us tremulous and quivering.

3. In the church, too, there must necessarily be some excitement. Our church service is quiet—it is a principle with us that it should be so. We put no trisyllabic question to the candidates, asking them "Are you saved?" and expecting a monosyllabic answer, "Yes," and then bidding them reckon themselves among the number of the saved. Do not mistake and imagine that fault is to be found with the excitements necessarily connected with the classes, the home, and the church. All these things are good and excellent, yet there must be the dangers which attend all excitement. All human experience shows that people may be sucked back as far as they have been carried forward by the tide of emotion. Some of course there are who come in a spirit over-far removed from excitement, who come only half willingly, because they think they are old enough, they would say, or because they do not like to displease their parents. But what are we justified in expecting from confirmation when faithfully received? We are called upon to expect much. There are mistakes made in confirmation addresses arising from an imperfect conception of its nature. The preacher sometimes patronizes the ordinance, speaking much of man's part in it, but utterly ignoring God's part; and yet this is the most important part. Confirmation is not merely an opportunity for renewing and confirming the baptismal vows. It is an opportunity for receiving a blessing from God; it is a means of grace. And so we do not say "We come to confirm," but "We come to be confirmed." The analogy of the two sacraments shows this. Confirmation is not a sacrament, but it is undoubtedly sacramental. So those who are baptized in riper years do not come to the font to baptize themselves, but to be baptized; and it is the same with the other sacrament. God help the