

judgment to those already enounced by him. The "open Bible" and the system to which it belongs, have anything but improved Britain, or made it moral or religious. On the contrary, we find an able illustration of what they have done in the poem from which we have quoted a phrase in order to apply it to the teaching of the Rev. Mr. Watson. We conclude that Mr. Watson will admit, with St. Paul, that the poets of a country are authorities to be trusted on the characteristics of the race to which they belong, and that therefore in Teunyson's "Northern Farmer" we find the just representation of a class. But what a picture of the results of Protestant teaching on a rural population have we here. The people's whole moral character is summed up in the last line of the verses—

"Git me my yaile I tell tha, an' gin I mun doy I mun doy."

It is true that this is intended to represent the "old style," but the same hand which has sketched it for us has also given us a picture of the modern change in it, and in this modern change we discern a state of things still worse than the former. Simplicity has been replaced by cunning, rugged manliness by craft, and satisfaction in having performed honest work by an all-devouring avarice. Such are some of the much vaunted fruits of the "open Bible."

By the San Francisco mail, which arrived at Auckland on Friday last, there are reported several matters relating to the policy of the Pope. We are very chary of accordng credit to anything which reaches us by such means from Rome, and therefore we merely give an abstract of these paragraphs, waiting to receive in due time from our European and American Catholic exchanges true versions of the proceedings referred to, or explanations of how the reports, if entirely groundless, arose.—The Catholic hierarchy, then, has been re-established in Scotland. It is said that His Holiness expresses indirectly a wish for a compromise with Germany; that he has charged three prelates to examine the state of the Church in Poland; that he recommended a deputation of parish priests to preach Jesus Christ, His life and teachings, and to guard their flocks against infidelity and immorality, the results of a corrupt Press; that his having abstained from all reference in his coronation speech to the late Pope has occasioned painful surprise; that he has determined on a course of conciliation as far as possible in the interests of the Church and State in questions pending with the various Governments; and that he has written to the Czar and the Emperor William concerning the condition respectively of the Church in Poland and Germany. Cardinal Franchi has been appointed Pontifical Secretary of State, Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of Propaganda, Cardinal Morichini, Camerlengo, and Cardinal Bartolini, President of the Congregation of Rites. It is further said that in consequence of Franchi's appointment, the French Ambassador asked to be recalled, and that the disturbance amongst the Swiss Guard continues; they being fomented by fanatics, who wish to embarrass the action of the Pope—A serious riot occurred in Hyde Park, between the parties of peace and war: the former, to the number of 2000, were being addressed there by Messrs. Bradlaugh and Herbert, when they were attacked by a mob, and driven out with violence. Sticks were freely used, several persons in consequence being taken to the hospitals. Mr. Gladstone's house was the scene of a hostile demonstration, and the great statesman himself, together with Mrs. Gladstone, was assaulted as they were proceeding to church, and was obliged to seek for shelter from their assailants. Prince Teck also being mistaken for the Russian Ambassador, was to some extent ill-used in the street.—The Russian loan of 50,000,000 roubles was immediately taken up.—The *Times* declares nothing can be more ominous than the cheapness of money in the continental markets, and nothing is more to be dreaded than the superficially cheap credit at home and abroad.—The Khedive has been accused of a disposition to refuse the carrying out of the agreement made with the English and French bondholders, through Mr. Goschen and M. Goubert, but such an intention has been disclaimed, and Colonel Gordon empowered to constitute a commission to examine into Egypt's financial condition so as to ascertain how far she may be able to meet her creditors. It is said that great excitement prevails in India touching the downfall of Turkey, and 2,000,000 Mahomedan volunteers may be raised there to oppose the Russians.

A FRENCH physician is out in a long dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which nature allays anguish: that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty in the course of a few hours by giving full vent to his emotion. If people are at all unhappy about anything, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boo-hoo, and they will feel a hundred per cent. better afterwards. In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically repressed the results may be St. Vitus's dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural is nearly always useful, and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain.

## Poet's Corner.

### THE CHANGELESS ONE.

[For the *Ave Maria*.]

BY MAURICE F. EGAN

The flaming fire of the oriole  
No longer glows in the summer air,  
The waves of the stream no longer roll  
Under the feathery maiden-hair:  
Days that seemed changelessly soft and mild  
Have changed to the winter fierce and wild.

The castanet of the katydid  
Soundeth no more in the autumn air,  
The grass and the tree-roots all lie hid,  
Deep 'neath a cloak more soft and fair  
Than wool that is shorn in shearing time—  
Than flow'rs that fall in the orange clime.

Changes the call of the katydid,  
Changes the oriole's scarlet glare,  
Changes all earth; and the frolic kid,  
And the child that climbs his father's chair,  
Will ripe and ripe, as the swift hours chime  
And change 'neath the hand of changing time.

Swift changes even the human soul,  
Humanly tarnished, then Godlike fair,  
Redder than blood of the oriole,  
Whiter than robes that the angels wear  
Alone God is changeless, soul beguiled  
By dreams that are changing, sin-defiled!

### ONE MORE WOFUL STORY OF THE BUCKLEY ESTATE.

As I returned from Mitchelstown lately, after completing some inquiries respecting a neighbouring estate, a starved-looking and half-naked old woman, bare-footed, and shivering with age and pain, besought me to see her cabin in a remote marsh at Doolis, where we had not been able to penetrate the previous night. Another tenant, David Russell, of Doolis, who has also been served with an ejection, volunteered to pilot me across the bogs. I followed into a shaking morass, across which there is a precarious avenue of stepping-stones, surrounded by filthy quagmire, stocked with snipe. In his anxiety to allow me to use the dry places, my pioneer went almost to the knees in water. He did not seem to think that anything remarkable had happened. "When Mr. Walker was here," he said, "he would not believe the world that there was ever enough water here to wet his shoes." At last we came to the cabin. It may have been because it was the last I saw, but the impression of horror and sickness left upon my mind by the sight of it fills me with loathing even while I write. The unfortunate creature had built it herself of sods and stones, and thatched it with heath and rushes. The approaches to it were swimming with liquid manure and mud; the odors in and around the place revolting. Heaps of stones and bits of timber were fastened against the walls here and there to prevent them from falling to pieces. Inside all was darkness. My companion took the door off its one hinge to give light. It was even more shocking to see than to imagine what was there; not a gleam of fire on the hearth, neither dresser, table, nor box; the window was stuffed with stones to keep out the storm; a coarse platter of yellow strabout, without even salt, represented the whole food of the establishment, and an iron pot the whole furniture. There were stones for seats, a mound of stones for bedstead. I thought I perceived a heap of turnips inside the door; I put down my hand and found it was a pile of stones thrown against the wall as a rude buttress to support it. Within this desolate rookery Widow Condon spent her Christmas night, having begged a meal of bread and tea from her neighbours as her Christmas dinner—not the poorest scrap of meat even then. Her holding is one swampy field, upon which the rent has been raised from 2s. 6d. to 25s. She put down a quarter of an acre of potatoes, and, after giving 30s. for 3 cwt. of special manure, and 10s. for labor, the potatoes were not worth digging. Last year she hid down the whole field in oats, having paid 16s. for the seed and 6s. for the horse that ploughed it; the crop brought her £1. She has neither cow, sheep, nor even hen. Of course she "settled" from the beginning—that is to say, she pledged her last decent clothes to pay the last half-year's rent, and is indebted to the charity of a neighbour for the little thin cloak she wears, and for a bed better protected than her own crazy shelling. As I drove away in the evening to Cahin, past Lord Lisimore's ample domains, past the rich expanses of luxuriant grass and deep cornlands reddened for spring sowing, past orchards and barns and bursting farmyards, and the trim rows of model cottages which border the Lady Margaret Charteris' park-walls, it was hard to think I still breathed the air of the same country which encloses all the barrenness and blight, all the suffering and sorrow, I had left behind me around the Galtees.—*Correspondent of Pilot.*

A LARGE python, measuring 18 feet, was killed recently near the residence of Mr. Nicholas, at the Umgeni, Natal. On its being opened 28 eggs, quite as large as duck eggs, were found inside the reptile. This is the second monster which has been killed within the past three months close to Mr. Nicholas's house.