

accuse another of plagiarism, merely because of his discerning a similarity of thoughts or terms in what is written by him to those he has himself put forward; and the chances are ten to one that he in turn, because of the very matter he claims as his own, might be made the subject of a like accusation. There are few writers, even of the highest eminence in whose writings passages presenting a striking resemblance with those written by other authors may not be found without at the same time suggesting any suspicion of plagiarism. For example, we all know the oft-quoted lines from Shakespeare relative to the gilding of refined gold, etc. We find lines in one of Molière's burlesques precisely similar in sentiment:—

Et entreprenois à adjoutare  
Des lumières au soleillo,  
Et des étoiles au cielo,  
Des ondes à l'océano,  
Et des rosas au printano.

The transition from the sublime to the ridiculous is somewhat marked when the two passages in question are compared. Meantime no one in the world will suspect Molière of having borrowed an idea from the great poet across the channel. Again, carrying further also the consideration of sublimity and absurdity, we must not suspect Victor Hugo of trespassing upon the preserves of Molière when in one of his grandest poems he apostrophises Napoleon,

"Napoléon! soleil dont je suis le Memnon."

It will be remembered that Thomas Diafoirus makes in one of his pedantic speeches a like declaration to Angélique. There is a good deal that might be said upon this subject, but George Eliot seems to have disposed of it by placing the following words in the mouth of Sir Hugo Mallinger: "One could not carry on life comfortably without a little blindness to the fact that everything has been said better than we can put it ourselves."

THE *Freeman's Journal*, a Catholic weekly, has been set on foot in Auckland. This is as it should be, for every large town should have its own Catholic paper, so that everything of interest that occurs there may be set before Catholic people in a proper light, and there may be on the spot an organ to represent Catholic events truly, and to defend the faith, its ministers, and its professors from the charges so commonly brought against them. It is not necessary for us to enter now into the question of Catholic newspapers. The eloquent and most able sermon of the Rev. Father O'Malley, S. J., of which we publish the conclusion in our present issue, has very fully and clearly discussed it, and our readers will find there much more than we could say, and all that can be said to urge upon them the necessity of supporting the Catholic press wherever it is established. We shall speak then only for our own part, and say that it is with unmixed pleasure we hail the publication of our new and excellent contemporary, for we mark in it an evidence of Catholic progress. We do not think there can be any rivalry between Catholic newspapers truly so-called, their object is one, the information, defence and amusement of Catholics, the advancement of their interests, and the true representation of their views and habits, and so long as the object of publication is duly fulfilled it matters not whether it is so by one newspaper or another. We sincerely trust, then, that a long and prosperous career lies open before the *Freeman's Journal*, and, we doubt not, whatever may be the difficulties that attend on its start, such will prove to be the case. Our own beginning was small, much smaller, indeed, than that of our contemporary, whose first appearance is very promising and good, and many obstacles stood in our way. Still they were surmounted, and we have gone on increasing year by year. We shall be glad to find that a progress still more marked attends the career of our contemporary, which we find ourselves most happy in welcoming to the field of Catholic literature.

SOME of the Australian journalists seem very much pressed for a joke. Sir Charles Duffy, it appears, lent a piano that had belonged to Moore to be used at the centenary in Melbourne, and another piano, it turned out, which had also been the poet's, was used at Dublin. Hence our wits brought into service the old Joe Miller about two skulls the relics of one man, that is told of ever so many celebrated people. We fail to see the slightest parallelism between the cases, and it is quite clear that, although no man can have a double supply of skull certain men may have half the due quantity of brains. The explanation given is that both pianos had been owned by Moore, each at a different time: though there would still have been nothing very extraordinary in the fact if he had possessed them both at once. It is about the weakest bottom we ever heard of a joke being based upon.

THE question of taxing photographs has been mooted in England, and the *Examiner* in commenting on it says:—"The vanity of human nature . . . is fair game for taxation." This is undoubtedly true, but is it not already taxed? We should say there is nothing in the world more heavily taxed, and with a taxation that increases every year. It is required to pay taxes of many kinds, and the collectors are of unbending rigour. Is it not a tax to pinch and trim the human figure in every conceivable way or way inconceivable, to pile the

head with foreign hair, to drag a long tail behind in dust or mud, or submit to the worry of having it gathered up and wagging about your ankles, to fear the healthy breeze that may redden a rose or sully the transparent fairness of cheek or forehead, to weary patience and fingers alike in endeavouring to tie becomingly a white muslin tie, to stand before the glass in agonies over a division or wave in the hair, to wear tight boots and suffer a thousand martyrdoms in the resolution to look charming? What tax paying is more trying than jealousy or envy, than mortification or disappointment, than the myriad torments that attend on vanity and cannot be separated from it. Verily, vanity is already sufficiently heavily taxed; let Government refrain, "a merciful man is merciful to his beast."

### PRESENTATION TO THE REV. A. M. GARIN.

A DEPUTATION of the Catholic congregation waited upon the Rev. Father Garin on Wednesday July 23rd, upon the occasion of his 69th birthday, and presented him with an address, of which the following is a copy:—

"Reverend and Dear Father.—The fact of this being your birthday only became known to us this morning, and we felt that, although there was not much time to enable us to make you such a presentation as we could wish still you would like us to come to you to wish you many happy returns of the day, to say how glad we are to know how that you are recovering health and strength, and to express our thankfulness to God, who in his goodness has spared to us one whom we venerate as our Pastor, and warmly love as our counsellor and constant friend.—Signed on behalf of the Congregation by the Deputation."

To this address Father Garin replied in very feeling terms, and in several points of his address was evidently moved.

Later in the day the boys of St. Mary's School presented him with a very handsome present—"The Lives of the Catholic Martyrs," accompanied with the following address, which was read by Master R. Ryan:—

Reverend Father Garin.—We beg to congratulate you on this 69th anniversary of your birthday, and present this volume as a token, however inadequate, of our warm affection toward you, and in return for the great interest you have taken in these schools whilst you have been patron, extending over a period of 29 years. It affords us great pleasure to see you again amongst us for the first time since your recent illness, and we pray God may spare you to us for many years to come.—We remain, dear Father Garin, your devoted children. (Signed by 69 boys.)

Father Garin thanked the boys for their affectionate address and very handsome present, and also remarked that his whole life had been spent in the advancement of the education of children, and his first duty when he arrived in Nelson, some 30 years ago, was to establish the present school, and although having to battle against many vicissitudes and to depend entirely upon their own resources, he was gratified to see the large attendance, which proved that this school still held a high position amongst the many educational establishments throughout the Colony.

Again on the same day the pupils attending St. Mary's High (Girls') School presented Father Garin with a set of handsome vases, and address, written in French, which was fluently read by Miss Everett. To this address also the recipient responded in warm terms.

The proceedings terminated with some well executed pieces upon the piano, ably performed by Miss Kennedy, who was warmly applauded.—*Colonist*.

I see that the Runcorn Methodists disclaim the most excellent prayer attributed to them. I must say I doubted if so good a thing could come out of Runcorn. A friend of mine assured me his wife heard the following in a Primitive Methodist Chapel in a large town in Yorkshire. In a very wet season, when the crops were rotting for want of sun, the minister was praying for rain. There was a good deal of rain and thunder at the time, and just when he was making his most earnest and eloquent appeal, there came with torrents of rain a most terrific peal of thunder; whereupon, checking his prayer, he astonished his audience by the indignant remonstrance, "Nay, Lord, this is too ridiculous." The result was that my friend's wife was so much impressed that she left the Methodists and became a Churchwoman.—*Weekly Albion*.

The bootmakers of Dublin went on strike on April 29th against a reduction of wages, which the masters declared they were obliged to insist on to meet the growing competition of English trade. The men resolved to appeal to the public "against starvation wages."

An interesting incident is recalled by the honour which has been bestowed upon Dr. Newman, relating to the new Cardinal and the present Premier of England. On Saturday afternoons in the last of the first decade of the present century, two boys, aged respectively nine and five, might have been seen playing in the grounds of Bloomsbury Square, London. The boys, both natives of the square, offered the most complete contrast to each other in appearance. The younger, whose head was profuse with long, black, glossy ringlets, was a child of rare Jewish type of beauty, and full of life and activity. The other was grave in demeanour, wore his hair close cut, and walked and talked and moved in a way which, in young people, is called "old-fashioned." He was of pure English race and Puritanical family. The names of the children denoted these differences as much as their appearances. The one was Benjamin D'Israeli, the other John Newman. Sixty-eight years have passed since then, and much has happened in the meantime, but nothing more wonderful than that the handsome little Jew boy should become a Christian and a Prime Minister of Protestant England, and the Puritan lad a Catholic and a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church.