

the Bible as a bulwark of Protestantism, Mr. Fish evidently regarded it as being, possibly, quite the other thing, for he lamented that "the priests had begun, in self-defence, to sell the Word of God in their own parishes, and recently at a mission at Bray, copies of the Testament were for sale in one of the booths outside the chapel."

Mr. Fish was followed in the rostrum by the Rev. Mr. Hor ce Townsend, the Superintendent of the Missions. We have before now had occasion to challenge this reverend gentleman to give some reasonable evidence in sustanment of his published statements; and we regret that we shall now have to make nearly similar demands. Mr. Townsend spoke, as might have been expected, in the tone calculated to excite the sympathies of English subscribers, but he evinced his old, and apparently ineradicable, objection to quote names of persons or places, or to give any kind of detailed statistics. He was glib enough in declaring that "during the past year the number of sermons given to the society had increased fifty per cent., the amounts collected at the sermons had increased fifty per cent., and the contributions and donations sent in to the Dublin office had increased fifty per cent.;" but he did not say whether his own salary or the number of his "converts" had increased by either fifty or five per cent., although he did, indeed, declare that "the people were never more willing to be spoken to on the subject of religion, and the demand for Douay Testaments was so great that the stock had run out, and he had to search all over the city a few days ago for some." Even here the reverend gentleman was not exact, inasmuch as he omitted to say whether he got the Bibles or not and where he sent them. He, however, most probably, deemed this unnecessary, as he had an even more remarkable statement to make to the meeting. He declared that "in one district in Connemara a man, who was formerly the head of the Land League in the district, had now his six children attending the Mission school. In other districts there was not a single branch of the League, and they had Mission schools in their stead." Mr. Balfour may hide his diminished head, the ex-Lord Lieutenant retire permanently into private life; Mrs. Smyly and Mr. Townsend may be trusted to settle the Irish difficulty. Talk of "Police Huts" and "Emergency Barracks"; they pale into insignificance before the picture of branches of "the League" supplanted by "Mission Schools"; while the "Converted Land Leaguer" may now take his place on the same platform with the "Saved Sweep" and the "Evangelist Boxer." Bravo, Mr. Townsend! The *Times* will want witnesses for its rebutting case. If proselytism is not "looking up" by that time your evidence will be invaluable.

CATHOLIC BAZAAR AT GORE.

(From the *Mataura Ensign*, July 12, 1889.)

THE Roman Catholics are everywhere noted for their ability to carry out to a successful end everything they undertake, and the members of the Church in the Gore district are no exception to this rule. The ladies of the congregation have been working hard for a long time past, and they must have been gratified at the splendid display of fancy goods they were able to make, while the sons of the Church who make their living by the plough made a capital show of farming produce. But of the display more anon. The opening of the bazaar was fixed for yesterday afternoon, and soon after the appointed time.

Mr. Beattie mounted the stage and said he, as Mayor of Gore, had been requested by their worthy pastor to open the bazaar. In order that such a concern should do well, it was necessary that all classes should combine to make it a success, and during the eight years he had been in Gore, from first to last, all had chimed in irrespective of opinions or creeds. They never thought of them in a thing of the sort, but had all mutually helped one another. The Mayor advocated an adherence to the golden rule, that they should do as they would be done by, and trusted those present would carry it out practically by the investment of their spare cash. He complimented the ladies on the display of fancy work, and said they were always to the fore when needed, while the capital arrangements for economising space also met with his Worship's approval and warranted the assumption that there would be no crowding, and that a big business would be done. The farmers and their wives deserved a meed of praise for the liberal way in which they had come forward, and the old rule still held good, that the plough came first, the trade followed. Besides, produce was worth money this year. In conclusion, he hoped, and was persuaded that all classes would take a great interest in the venture and make the bazaar an unqualified success. He declared the bazaar open.

The Mayor had expressed a desire to make himself acquainted with the capabilities of the saleswomen, and the young ladies did not spare him. Business was soon in full swing, and was not allowed to flag while the bazaar continued open. During the evening the hall was crammed. The ladies who presided at the stalls were Mesdames Mulvey, Griffin, and Johnston, and Misses Collins, McInerney, Walsh, N. Green, Fox, Mulvey (2), Ward, and Robbins. As we have indicated, the pace was made merry—pouches well filled when the visitor entered presented a very attenuated appearance ere he was allowed to depart. There was a well-supplied refreshment stall under the joint management of Misses Green and O'Connor, and the ladies succeeded in doing a good business, which they fully deserved. The shooting gallery under Mr. McKay's management was also a great centre of attraction, and the "mystery tub" was also extensively patronised. Father Newport exercised a general supervision over the proceedings and had the pleasure of announcing when the bazaar closed for the night that the day's proceeds amounted to £30, but, though a great quantity of goods was disposed of, intending investors need have no fear that there will be any lack of investments for today or to-morrow. It should be mentioned that Miss N. Green played a pianoforte selection and Miss Walsh sang during the evening, and that each number was evidently appreciated; and we had almost forgotten to say that the decorations were universally admired, and were capitally done.

DUNEDIN CATHOLIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

THE ordinary meeting of the above Society was held on Wednesday the 10th instant. Mr. John P. Hayes (vic.-president), in the chair.

Mr. P. Hally was unanimously elected a member of the Society, and two new members (Messrs. J. Ford and J. Connor), were nominated for membership.

The evening was devoted to a debate, entitled "Is Capital Punishment advisable." Messrs. R. Miscal and J. Hally opened for their respective sides, and after an animated and lively discussion, in which nearly every member in the room took part, the question was decided on the casting vote of the chairman.

It is not generally known that the Society is now in a flourishing condition. New members are continually being enrolled, and the committee have reason to congratulate themselves on the success of their efforts in working it up to the position it once held. During the coming quarter, the committee intend to deviate from the ordinary syllabus, and substitute a few social evenings, the first of which is to take place on Wednesday evening, the 24th instant, in the Christian Brothers' large schoolroom. This step is to be commended, and it is hoped that it will be the means of bringing new members to the Society, which is the end in view in adopting the social evenings.

THE BLUE, BLUE SMOKE.

("Irish Songs and Ballads" by ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.)

Oh, many and many a time,
In the dim old days,
When the chapel's distant chime
Pealed the hour of evening praise,
I've bowed my head in prayer;
Then shouldered scythe or bill,
And travelled, free of care,
To my home across the hill;
Whilst the blue, blue smoke
Of my cottage in the coom,
Softly wreathing,
Sweetly breathing,
Waved my thousand welcomes home.

For oft I've stood,
Delighted in the dew,
Looking down across the wood,
Where it stole into my view—
Sweet spirit of the sod,
Of our own Irish earth,
Going gently up to God
From the poor man's hearth.
O, the blue, blue smoke
Of my cottage in the coom,
Softly wreathing,
Sweetly breathing,
My thousand welcomes home.

But I hurried softly on,
When herself from the door,
Came swimming like a swan
Beside the Shannon shore;
And after her in haste,
On pretty, pattering feet,
Our rosy cherubs raced
Their daddy dear to meet;
While the blue, blue smoke
Of my cottage in the coom,
Softly wreathing,
Sweetly breathing,
Waved my thousand welcomes home.

But the times are sorely changed
Since those dim, old days;
And far far I've ranged
From those dear old ways.
And my colleen's golden hair
To silver all has grown,
And our little cherub pair
Have cherubs of their own.
And the black, black smoke,
Like a heavy funeral plume,
Darkly wreathing,
Fearful breathing,
Crowns the city in its gloom.

But 'tis our comfort sweet,
Through the long toil of life,
That we'll turn with tired feet
From the noise and the strife,
And wander slowly back
In the soft western glow,
Hand in hand by the track
That we trod long ago,
Till the blue, blue smoke
Of our cottage in the coom,
Softly wreathing,
Sweetly breathing,
Waves our thousand welcomes home.

Cardinal Newman, who is enjoying good health, visited the Passionist Retreat, Harborne, on the occasion of the celebration of the Feast of St. Paul of the Cross, the founder of the Passionist Congregation.