

New Zealand Herald

SEVENTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

VOL. XVII.—No. 26.

DUNEDIN: FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1889

PRICE 6d.

Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

GENEROUS TESTIMONY.

THE following article which appeared as a leader in the *Chicago Daily Times* of Thursday the 10th inst., deserves the thanks of the Catholic community, not only for the appreciation expressed of the merits of the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, but also for the generous testimony borne to their own worth. With one expression only in the whole leader can we find fault, that is the epithet "astute," applied, but evidently by a printer's error, to his Holiness the Pope. The article runs as follows:—Bishop Moran has assuredly every reason to be pleased with the reception given him by his people on the occasion of his return from Europe. Indeed it is impossible not to admire the affectionate fervour which characterises the relations of the Bishop with his flock. One need not be a Roman Catholic in order to appreciate the simple-hearted faithfulness of the Roman Catholic community in Dunedin to their religion and their religious directors, or the stern independence of their action upon questions which, like that of education, appeal to their religious conscience. In these days of widespread indifferentism and unscrupulousness, such loyalty is worthy of notice and honour. In welcoming Bishop Moran back from his visit *ad limina apostolorum*, the Roman Catholic community are not without the sympathy and acquiescence of the general public. The Bishop said, indeed, at the close of his speech on Tuesday night, that he knew the reception was given, "not to the man, but to the bishop." Yet, despite this modest disclaimer, it is quite obvious that a very strong personal sentiment had its share in making the demonstration a success. We gladly take the opportunity of acknowledging that this personal sentiment of liking and respect is well deserved. Dr. Moran has not made himself a very prominent figure in the general life of Dunedin—it would have been hardly possible for him to do so—but he has been a good citizen, and has displayed admirable qualities of mind and heart under somewhat difficult circumstances. Moreover, living a life of apostolic simplicity and self-denial, he has won the respect which a career of real Christian consistency never fails to elicit. As many years must elapse before the Bishop visits Europe again, we cannot express any more suitable hope than that such a future visit may be in store for him. That in time to come as in time past his labours will be pursued with happiness and usefulness we make no doubt. The Bishop delivered a touching and interesting address at the Cathedral on Tuesday evening, though of course the bulk of what he said only appeals specially to the members of his flock. The Bishop's visit to the land of his birth has doubtless had the effect of intensifying, if that were possible, his interest in the popular hopes of Ireland, and of enabling him to form an accurate idea of the present condition of that country. He tells his countrymen that when at Rome he conversed with the Pope upon the subject of Ireland, and certainly Leo, XIII could listen to no more fervent champion of those patriotic aspirations which are cherished as warmly 12,000 miles from the land which inspires them as in that land itself. The Bishop was naturally somewhat reticent in his allusion to the Pope's sentiments, which, however, seem to partake of general interest and benevolence towards the Irish people rather than to indicate adhesion to any particular policy. It is not surprising that the Pope should have evinced a lively interest in the progress of Roman Catholicism at this end of the world. The astute head of the Church of Rome is hardly likely to be ignorant of the prospective importance of the Australasian colonies, or to neglect any opportunity of encouraging his "children" beneath the Southern Cross. In conclusion, we notice with cordial pleasure the promotion conferred upon that popular ecclesiastic, who will henceforth be known as Monsignor Coleman,

THE cantrips lately cut by the evangelist, Sullivan, A TRAGIC FAÇON, in Christchurch and its vicinity, ridiculous though they were, and in some degree well deserved by the people affected by them, are, nevertheless, in a certain sense to be deplored. The people in question, who are ever ready to condemn

in unmeasured terms, and without scruple as to truth or falsehood, those who differ from their own particular views of what the Christian life and doctrine should be, are evidently easy to take in. All that seems necessary to catch their fancy and obtain their support is a fluency in the expression of the opinions which they consider essential to salvation. For among those who reject the office of good works and place their reliance on faith alone, religion is very apt to degenerate into a mere matter of opinion, and a single or two committed to memory and repeated upon all possible occasions stands for an indication of a conversion of the heart, a condition which sometimes leads to the deception of the individual himself. A condition of things very naturally makes the way plain for Mr. Sullivan, or Clampett, was by no means the first who came to New Zealand. Other adventurers of the same class, however, had no regard for their lasting interests than had this superficial scamp, whose sole object appears to have been that of replenishing his means for a course of dissipation. Notwithstanding the exposure that had been made of him he was still able to draw congregations together and to edify them with the unction of his prayers and preaching, and he might have gone on doing so to the end, and departed hence with a character to fall back upon elsewhere, had not the force of old habit been too much for him. Other imposters, with a view to future imposition, laugh at their dupes in their sleeves, and go on making a profit of them. Sullivan laughed at his dupes to their faces, and lost his opportunity. He went boldly and openly under their very noses on the spree, and spent the money given to support the preaching of the Word, in dissipation before the eyes of the people who had given it to him. Hard, indeed, must be the heart that does not feel for many a confiding Evangelical whose idol, so to speak, has committed suicide, leaving confusion and shame and doubt to fill his place.—And yet we say there is something to deplore in this event that mingles tragedy with screaming farce. Many imposters and many hypocrites indeed, are still left, and, so long as they can manage their particular public, will remain undetected. Had Sullivan's defalcation or escapade served to detect them, some useful end might follow from it. But their profession will still be received as the true utterances of regenerate hearts, and things will prosper with them as before. An exposure of the true nature of all religion, meantime, is what many people will feel inclined to look on this event as being, and it will set at complete ease many whose consciences still felt some qualms at their leading a Godless existence. Were the effects to be a general exposure of hypocrisy, the evil might, perhaps, be in some degree atoned for by the resulting good. But we are likely to witness the evil only without any good results, and the end, therefore, will be an unmitigated gain to the cause of irreligion.

TEMPERED WITH SATAN.

IT is a pity this writer of notes in our contemporary the *Dunedin Evening Star* seems affected in some degree after the manner of the famous Mr. Dick, in respect to the head of King Charles I. If the writer for his part could only manage to keep the devil out of what he has to say the improvement would be marked. We must, however, take things as we find them, and, on the whole, devil and all as it is, worse notes than the following have been penned:—"In these days of irreverence and impiety it is refreshing to see such a welcome as Bishop Moran has just received from his flock. It was so hearty, so full of genuine enthusiasm, that the right reverend, or most reverend (we are not well up in ecclesiastical titles, but we dislike to hear 'a chief pastor'—a successor of the Galilean fishermen—addressed as 'your Lordship'; and as a matter of fact there are no lord bishops in the colonies, except by courtesy)—the welcome, we say, was so overwhelming that Dr. Moran was compelled to regard it as given to the bishop rather than the man. But the man is evidently as much loved as the bishop; and though we confess our sense of the fitness of things is somewhat offended to hear imperfect human beings lauded as if they were demigods, we are quite sure that Dr. Moran will take no harm from the loving adulation of his faithful people. A man who is so devoted to his calling has no time to think about himself. Bishop Moran deserves a hearty welcome. An old English bishop once asked who was the most