

commentaries of the Fathers, Doctors, and best interpreters. This is inculcated by St Jerome (*ibid.*, 6, 7) and emphatically by St Augustine, who justly complains "if every study, however humble and easy in order to be understood requires a teacher or master, what greater presumption can there be than to be unwilling to learn the inspired books from their interpreters" (*Ad Honorat, de util it, cred. scrip.*, 50). This was felt and confirmed by the example of the other Fathers "who sought to understand the Divine Scriptures, not by their own presumption, but from the writings and authority of their predecessors, who themselves, it is certain, received the rule of interpretation by Apostolic succession" (Rufin, *Hist. Eccl.*, ii., 9).

(To be continued)

MASSACRE IN A RUSSIAN CHURCH.

(Liverpool Catholic Times, January 5.)

At the end of last month a report reached Berlin that a terrible massacre had occurred in a Catholic Church at Krosche, in the Russian province of Kovno, near the German frontier. It was stated that the Catholic community, hearing that their church was to be closed, assembled and remained there day and night, and that finally the troops forced their way into the building, killing 20 members of the congregation, and wounding upwards of 100. This account of the affair was subsequently officially denied from St Petersburg, and it was declared that four police officials were slightly injured, while none of the Catholics were harmed.

The *Koelnische Zeitung* now publishes a detailed narrative of all the circumstances bearing out the original story. At two o'clock on the morning of the 10th November, Prefect Klingenberg, of Kovno, arrived at Krosche, accompanied by forty strongly-armed policemen. There were about seventy persons in the church. Cursing and yelling, the police rushed at the worshippers, beat them with the knout, and struck them with their swords, so that the church echoed with the cries of the wounded. Some succeeded in fleeing to the belfry, where they rang the bells, thus summoning the rest of the inhabitants, who crowded into the building. When the day began to wane 300 Cossacks arrived at the place, armed with rifles, lances, and knouts. The Cossacks' knouts have wire and iron twisted in at the end, so that every stroke tears the flesh. They divided themselves into two groups, and a great massacre began. The blood of the defenceless inhabitants who were trying to protect their sanctuary stained the walls of the church and flowed on the floor. Some of the Cossacks flew at the altars, smashed the crucifixes, candlesticks, and images of the saints, and dashed them on the ground. The broken vessels and images were thrown into a cesspool. Some corpses found in the church were tossed by the Cossacks into the limepit in the churchyard. The people, who fled in all directions, were pursued by the Cossacks and taken prisoners. Many sprang into the swollen river and were drowned. The rest were surrounded by Cossacks and driven by them to the front of the Town Hall on the Market place. Every inhabitant of Krosche was to receive a special punishment. A doctor was fetched, and was to say how many strokes with the knout each victim could bear. They were brought up singly, and their clothes torn off their bodies. Then they were made to lie down naked between two rows of Cossacks, and flogged with the knout. Nobody was spared, not even delicate women. This inhuman work lasted till sundown, when the poor wretches were taken off to prison. Then the Prefect allowed his Cossacks to "enjoy themselves."

Mr George W. Cable tells two excellent stories of Southern generals in the December *Century*. This is his view of the gentler side of Lee:—"One morning President Davis, Secretary Cooper, General Lee, and others of only less rank came down the steps of—if I remember the story aright—the War Office, to the sidewalk. Their horses stood saddled and bridled at the curb-stone. Except General Lee, the company were about to visit the fortifications. He in weather-beaten uniform, and General Cooper wearing the particularly beautiful hat to which he was accustomed, were already on the sidewalk; and President Davis, in an elegant new gray and drawing on a pair of snowy yellow gauntlets that reached to his elbows, was coming down the steps, when through the group of accidental passers that stopped to look at this bunch of distinguished personages, a messenger pushed forward and delivered to Secretary Cooper a telegram. It seemed to be of a serious import, for when the secretary had read it he handed it to General Lee. General Lee read it, and moving somewhat aside, lifted a beckoning glance to the President. Mr Davis joined him, and elbow to elbow, in what they evidently intended should be complete privacy, the general was holding the despatch for the President to read, when the former suddenly became aware that an urchin of the strongest *gamin* type had slipped up behind and with uplifted face was reading between their elbows the tidings which they deemed necessary to hold secret. General Lee—the same General Lee who on another day of that momentous epoch frowned the President and his staff off the battle-field with a single curt question as to what might be their business there—turned to the little rogue, and in a gentle voice and with a kind gesture of dismissal said:—"My little son, this is not for you; run away."

A WEDDING IN WELLINGTON.

(From a Correspondent.)

An event of considerable local interest took place at Pahiata (near Wellington), on Monday the 5th inst., when Mr Alexander Morgan, of the Treasury Department, was married to Miss Lavina Stuart, fourth daughter of Mr Charles Stewart of Judgeford, Pahautanui. The ceremony was performed at the Catholic Church at 9 a.m. by the Rev Father Goggan, S.M., assisted by the Very Rev Father Lane, S.M., after which a nuptial Mass was said by Rev Father Goggan.

The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Annie Stewart, as chief bridesmaid, and was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr Thomas Smith. The bridegroom being attended by Mr James Ward of the Audit Department, as best man.

The wedding breakfast was laid at the residence of the bride's parents, where about 50 relatives and guests sat down. The health of the bride and bridegroom was proposed in eloquent terms by the Very Rev Father Lane. The other toasts honoured were Mr and Mrs Stuart, proposed by the Rev Father Goggin; the bridesmaid's by Mr James Ward, and Mr Kelly; the bridegroom's uncle, by Mr John Holmes of the Treasury Department. In the course of a happy speech Mr Holmes took occasion to refer to the good feeling that existed between the bridegroom and all who knew him, and on behalf of himself and his fellow officers presented the bride with a morocco case containing half-a-dozen silver afternoon tea spoons and sugar tongs.

A few days previous to the wedding Mr Morgan was the recipient of a very handsome present from his brother officers, consisting of cutlery, spoons, forks, cruetts, &c. Mr J. B. Heywood, the secretary to the Treasury, making the presentation.

The large number of costly presents received by the happy couple testified in a marked manner the esteem in which both are held by relatives and friends.

According to a report relating to migratory agricultural labourers in Ireland, showing their distribution and proportion to the population, the total number of migratory agricultural labourers in 1893 was 14,761, or 31 per 1,000 of the population, which in 1891 was 4,704,750. Nearly six-sevenths of the entire number of labourers—namely, 12,589—were natives of Connaught, and of this 8,856 came from the County Mayo, which furnished over one-half of all the Irish migratory labourers. It appears 84.3 per cent of the migratory labourers sought work in England, 13.0 per cent in Scotland, and 2.7 per cent in Ireland. Commenting on these statistics, the *Star* writes:—"The reports just issued on the migration of Irish labourers show a slight reduction on last year. It is Connaught which supplies the bulk of the migratory class. In Leinster and Munster the numbers who left the provinces in June were so small that they could not have had any appreciable effect on the labour market elsewhere. The number who left Ulster rose 6 per cent, and the Unionists would no doubt be prepared to prove that this increase was due to the Liberal Government, but unfortunately for any such calculation the increase was confined to the Home Rule counties of Ulster. If these figures prove anything it is that under a peaceful policy conditions of labour in Ireland are improving."

R. MacS Gordon read an interesting paper on "A Plea for Irish Music," before the Gaelic League of Dublin. He said among other things: "If we allowed our national language to be lost, we should be showing ourselves blind to the true interests and to the true national life of our people. But if the care of the language of the country was a sacred trust, the care of the traditional music of the people was a trust no less sacred, for our music was one of the truest and most honourable marks of our existence as a distinct people. Treating of the power and influence of Irish music, Mr Gordon referred to the tradition common in Gaelic literature of the possession of a music by the ancient Irish, the modes of which were powerful enough to produce in turn tears of sorrow, unrestrained laughter and peaceful slumber. What was this tradition but a somewhat inflated expression of the powers of Irish music? What music was more expressive of joy and gaiety, or more capable of imparting such feelings than "Pieraca na Ruarcach," or "The rocky road to Dublin"? Where did restfulness and peace find happier expression than in "The snowy-breasted pearl," or "Mary of Ballyhaunis"? No music more adequately reflected or imparted the martial spirit than "Cruachan na Fainne," or "Where the slave so lowly," none is more instinct with genuine pathos than "Sa Mhuirín Delis," or "Uilleagan Dubh O." The Gael of old paid the closest attention to harmony and sweetness of language, and it was not wonderful if they held a recognised pre-eminence in these regions for harmony and sweetness in music. For music and language went always hand in hand.

Father Ignatius is one of the most unique figures in the Anglican Church. In the beautiful hermitage which he has erected for himself and his followers at Llanthony, South Wales, he watches with heavy heart the inroads of scepticism and latitudinarianism in the Anglican Church. "What of the night?" this lone sentinel may from his watch-tower ask his brethren of the Church of England. Rationalism has permeated the very marrow of the Anglican Church. Each succeeding Bampton lecturer is more heterodox in his deductions, more scornful in his analyses of the Bible. The Bampton lectures are, in fact, undermining more and more unmistakably the doctrines of faith in the Church to which Father Ignatius still clings. It is only a matter of time until these same Bampton lectures are delivered by the successors of Professor Max Muller or Professor