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AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A POSSIBLE
GOOD.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. If the benefits to arise from prohibition are more than doubtful, and if even a more moderate reduction fails to be attended directly by the vast amount of good expected, the disrepute into which the business of the publican has fallen is still not without its advantages. The great drawback—we use the definite article advisedly—to success in the colonies, and the great hindrance to colonial progress, are the false views generally entertained as to the line of settlement to be followed. Most of the people who have come here were at Home working people. In the case of the Irish immigrants, for whom we especially write, they were people brought up to country work—men and women, or boys and girls, who had from their childhood been accustomed to work in the fields. Naturally they came to the colonies with the intention of raising themselves in life, but, unfortunately, in the greater number of instances, when they were in a position to do so, they took the wrong turn. Instead of making use of the money they had earned to settle themselves on the land, the true source of independence and prosperity to the individual, and the source whence safety and welfare to the country must proceed, they turned their thoughts to trade and business. In doing this, however, the Irish settlers, for whom, as we have said, we especially write, laboured under comparative disadvantages. They came from a country where they had had no opportunity of acquiring business habits. They had not, to any extent, even had an opportunity of seeing, from a distance, business carried on. All their experience was confined to agricultural pursuits. It must be admitted, in passing, that with these they had become acquainted under difficulties. This, and not the want of schooling as has been sometimes supposed, for, as a rule, the Irish publicans are quite as much masters of the three "R's" as their neighbours of other nationalities, who are otherwise engaged in trade, this it was that inclined the Irish settler who had made a little money to seek for its investment in a public house. Here was a business that could be conducted without any particular training, and for which the tact and geniality with which Nature had endowed his race exceptionally qualified him. As to the agricultural pursuits in which he had been engaged at home, he had seen the worst side of them. There was hard work and little for it. If it was on his own or his father's farm he had to put in his twelve hours a day, barely to make as much as—when the claims of the landlord were settled—kept a miserable roof over his head and supplied him scantily with inferior food and insufficient clothing. If he worked for an employer he was even worse off than the farmer and his son. People have wondered that on coming to America or the colonies the Irish immigrants, a people of agricultural breeding and habits, have herded together in the towns and not sought the labour to which they had been accustomed and for which they were well fitted. But they had been hardly pardoned in the fulfilment of that labour, and no wonder they were glad to feel themselves free of it once for all. What the Irish immigrant failed to see was that it was one thing to work for a landlord or a master, but quite another to work for himself. What of those publicans, for example, who are now about to lose their licenses? When they entered the business, at least, they had some money. Possibly, and most probably we fear in most cases, they have since lost it. Had they taken up land and spent their capital and labour there how different would be their position. The calling of the farmer, it may be, had its drawbacks. It involved a life of more or less loneliness. There was a trudging about in the mud and an exposure to the weather, and many unpleasantnesses, if not hardships, peculiar to the pursuit. But were there not drawbacks and unpleasantnesses in the other line of life?—late hours and sleepless nights, whims to be endured, and patronage to be courted, and, now, finally, the mercies of the "wild women" to be experienced? If, therefore, the business of the publican has been discredited and placed in such a position that no one can any longer look upon it as an easy means

of living, or even one by which he can be secure from year to year against total ruin, so much good ensues that people who have eared money will no longer risk it in this way. The Irish settler, too, must turn his thoughts to some other opening—and for him, more than for any other, that opening is the land. It would be well, indeed, if our settlers would consider this matter in its proper light, and recognise that here lies the point to determine not only their own future, but that of their children. The people who own the land must be the real masters of the country. All our fortunes will lie in their hands. They must be the men to save us, for instance, from the spirit of communism now growing in the towns and certain to increase there. The temper of the age is such that without their restraining influence the Colony must become the plaything of wild or unscrupulous theorists guided by folly or designing ends. And is not the life of personal independence and useful influence over public affairs, that settlement on the lands offers, the life that any sensible father would choose for his children? What, in fact, is there to be compared with it? The civil service, with its scanty pay and expensive obligations of a shabby gentility—liable, too, to reduction at a moment's notice for any cause or no cause? The clerkship with its scores of applicants for a paltry place, and the risk of instant discharge at the first hint of an increase to starvation wages? The whitest of hands and the best made up of collars cannot compensate a man for the loss of his independence or for being—under the false appearances of a gentleman—no better placed or more manly than a flunkey. Or, in cases where there are means to aspire to the proud standing of the learned professions, shall the boy gain, who might, if his parents desired it, be a land-owner? The law is already overstocked. The danger is, so numerous are the learned gentlemen, and so slender the chances of their being able to make both ends meet, that the profession may become degraded. There was a time, for example, when the name of "attorney" had gained in the old country such a signification that men refused any longer to be known by it, and adopted instead that of "solicitor." Filling the ranks with starvelings, may, perhaps, renew the past. We do not know that anything much more brilliant is to be expected from overcrowding the ranks of our medical men. We do know that, quite commonly at Home, the country and the lesser town doctor was a person of no very affluent means and no very distinguished social standing. He did not rank with the gentry, nor was he admitted, even as a medical attendant, into their houses. For the gentility of the average medical student we may consult Bob Sawyer. Men therefore, who have the true interests of their sons at heart—even men who have money, and who might educate their boys for the learned professions—will turn their thoughts for them to the land. Here is the certainty of independence and prosperity, and the sure ground of safety and defence against an uncertain future. And now is the time; the chance is lessening every day. If, then, as we have said, the closing of the public houses has the effect of placing many of those, who would otherwise occupy them, as settlers on the lands, the measure will be of great benefit—first of all to those people themselves, but also to the community in general.

To have to blow your own trumpet is bad enough. A MELANCHOLY When the tune you have to play is equivalent, STAVE. for example, to that which the old cow died of—*abail omen!* we refrain from saying jigs played to milestones—it is plain that the need becomes much worse. Such, however, is the task that now devolves upon us. We have got to blow our own trumpet, and we have got to play upon it a most lugubrious tune. In this case, however, our readers need not be afraid. It is we, not they, who stand in the place of the old cow. We are more likely to die, if not of the tune of something quite as bad, than they are. It is they who, if they are cruel and hard-hearted, may act the part of the milestones to whom the trumpeter vainly plays his jigs. We do not, however, so harshly judge those with whom we have to deal. We have known them now for a good many years, and we have no reason to complain of their treatment of us. All we have to do is to jog their memory a little as to the good turn they owe us. We may safely say that the NEW ZEALAND TABLET has been faithful to the duty undertaken by it at the outset. It undertook to defend

Catholic and Irish interests, and it has unflinchingly done so. That a Catholic paper is necessary in every Catholic household appears a fact that no one can question. The secular papers—even the best of them—abound in statements regarding Catholic matters that, to say the least, are not exact or true, and that sometimes are glaringly false and grossly calumnious. How, then, are Catholics to know the truth of the matter—for their own satisfaction or the information of their neighbours—if they have not access to newspapers in which it is given, and in what newspapers will it, or can it, be given, except those that are Catholic? As to matters connected with Ireland, the secular Press has not generally very much to say. Those papers that are favourable to Home Rule it is true, now and then, publish a leader or an article bearing on it. But, even in these papers it is not uncommon to find paragraphs or articles that reflect adversely on the country or its people, and, in any case, the information they give on either subject is as scanty and as unreliable as it well can be. It has always been the effort of the TABLET to furnish its readers with a sufficiency of Catholic news—to report truly on anything connected with the Church, and to correct or refute statements misrepresenting her. It has further been its duty to keep its readers well-informed as to Irish affairs, to place before the public right views of them, and to meet the bitter attacks or the would-be witty ridicule of assailants. Both duties we have unflinchingly carried out—and not always without paying the penalty. Journalists who misrepresented or calumniated Catholic affairs have not liked to find their statements challenged or their good faith questioned. The bigoted anti-Catholic or anti-Irish partisan generally has fallen foul of us, and we have, in one way or another, been subjected to a good deal that was very uncomplimentary. Honestly and boldly to conduct a Catholic and Irish paper in the midst of a non-Catholic and non-Irish community, in fact, requires a temperament that can dispense with popularity. What, meantime, cannot be dispensed with by those who conduct such a paper is the support of the people in whose interests they labour. Failing that, it is all up with them, and under they go, carrying down with them the whole system of defence of Catholic and Irish interests. Is it any wonder, therefore, if, with such a fate staring him in the face, a man is obliged to do anything, however unpleasant—even to blow his own trumpet, as we have said, in notes equivalent to those that, according to a time-honoured tradition, the old cow died of? In plain prose, and to speak without the aid of the trumpet, we are in straits because our subscribers are backward in sending in their subscriptions, and we are obliged to appeal to them for better treatment. We cannot send a collector round to the houses of all those who are in our debt; the expense is far too great. Nor can we afford to wait indefinitely for our money. Hence we make our appeal. Our confidence is, we repeat, that we have not whistled *jig-t* milestones. The result will be, not a response of the inanimate, not a stony silence, but a reassuring and reinvigorating shower of Post Office Orders. So shall we live to blow our trumpet in a more cheerful strain.

OUR friends the Orangemen, we perceive, have been SENTIMENT AND once more protesting their determination never, COMMON SENSE never, to submit to Home Rule. This, however, we presume, is a pleasing Orange pastime, of which it is necessary to take but little account. It is impossible that any Protestant capable of sane perception can believe that under Home Rule he, as a Protestant, would stand in any danger whatever. There are two lights in which the matter may be considered—a sentimental light and a common-sense light. The sentimental light is that in which it has most commonly been viewed, and we do not say that it is not sufficient and convincing. The common-sense light, nevertheless, seems to us to be that which should be the more insisted upon. The sentiment to which we refer is that involved in the declaration of Catholic good will. It is pointed out to Protestants that they have nothing to fear from their Catholic neighbours, whose disposition towards them is not only just but affectionate, and many proofs of this are placed before them. Still the Protestant is at liberty to accept or reject this declaration as he will. We can hardly find fault with him if he remains distrustful and suspects the old traditional trick of the spider and the fly. The sentimental plea may be perfectly sincere and reliable in the mind of the Catholic; he knows himself and is assured of his disposition. But if the Protestant doubts him, he is within his rights in doing so. As a matter of fact, no man is called upon to put himself absolutely in the power of any other man, and if Home Rule involved any such position for the Protestants of Ireland they would be completely justified in rejecting it. The common-sense view of the matter, on the other hand, assures us that nothing of the kind is involved in the system. Under it the Protestant would remain as independent of his Catholic neighbour as he is now. His independence and safety would be guaranteed as they are at present by the whole force of the Empire. They would, in fact, be stronger, because as things are a demonstration of Catholic hostility, were it made, might have some show of excuse and public opinion might be divided with regard to it; but,

then, it would be seen by all to be an outcome of mere wickedness, to which no quarter should be given. Besides all this, there is a force outside the three kingdoms that would be brought to bear upon the matter, and against which Catholics in Ireland could not hold out for an hour. There are few families in Ireland—hardly one perhaps—that have not a son or a daughter or some other near and dear relative or friend in one or other of these colonies or in America, and these emigrants may be looked upon as hostages given to a Protestant people. Catholic intolerance in Ireland, if such were to arise there, could not stand one hour against the outcry raised in condemnation of it by the Ireland beyond the seas. If it were to be manifested there, indeed, how could we complain if the Protestants among whom we are scattered were to retaliate on ourselves? The sentimental plea, as we have said, may be strong and sound. It may be to the Catholic all that is needed, but the Protestant, nevertheless, cannot be required to accept it against his will. The common-sense plea, on the contrary, is so clear and so convincing that no sane Protestant can reject it. Even the Orangemen themselves must see its force. Therefore protests on their part, like that to which we have alluded, may be looked upon as a mere pastime. There is, of course, no accounting for tastes, and, at any rate, the Orangeman enjoys a privilege of peculiar amusements.

On the 13th of May will be celebrated the Centenary THE CENTENARY of the birth of Pope Pius IX. A movement is on OF POPE PIUS IX. foot in Italy, and now approaches completion, to give due splendour to the celebration. The reign of Pope Pius IX. was one of the most momentous epochs of the century—nay, of all the ages. He was the Pope on whom the force of the revolution fell, and who bore its onset with unflinching courage, giving by his noble bearing, even in the darkest hours of the storm's violence, an earnest of the triumph to which the Church must sooner or later attain. Pius IX. had met the revolution in the spirit of conciliation. It was his disposition to yield every thing that the interests of Christianity and civilisation would permit him to yield. Representative Government and the administration of laymen, everything that wisdom would counsel him to grant was granted by him. With the eye of a statesman, while yet inexperienced in ruling, he had seen what was desirable to restore peace, and to provide for the independence and welfare of Italy. His proposal for the formation of a defensive league of the Italian princes, for example, was one that, had it been accepted, would have opened the way for all the reforms desirable, and saved the country from the lamentable fate—with a promise of much worse—which has now come upon her. The rejection of the proposal by Charles Albert on the pretence—or, perhaps, the sincerely meant but unwise plea—that a league of offence was what was required, must remain as a blot upon the memory of that monarch. Sympathisers with the revolution themselves have acknowledged the error. In an offensive league the Vicar of Christ necessarily could have no part. But moderation, or wisdom, was not for the men with whom the Pope had to deal. Their desire was not for the peace or the welfare of their country, but for the fulfilment of their own riotous or ambitious ends. Their ferocious murder of Rossi fully opened the eyes of the Pope to what their nature truly was.—The example of fortitude under subsequent events which the Pope gave to the world remains within the memory of the elder members of the existing generation. The *non possumus* of the old man, feeble by length of years and bodily infirmity, but immovable in spirit, was powerful with a force beyond that of the earth. Alone in the midst of his enemies, and with a guard as helpless, in effect, as if they had been the painted soldiers in a child's pic ure book, he defied their might, and with an unflinching voice, shaken by neither persuasion nor threats, asserted the rights of the Church. Dull must be the heart that does not beat more quickly in admiration of this glorious attitude, and little reverence for high or holy things is in the soul that, in this presence, does not perceive the majesty as well as the beauty of holiness. And in his holiness we may believe that Pius IX. still remains with us. His sanctity had been foretold by prophetic voices before he was elected to the Chair of Peter. One of the prophecies attributed to the Venerable Anna Maria Taigi, for instance, was to the effect that he would work miracles. Already in Rome they are speaking of the process for his canonisation, and witnesses have declared what they had seen themselves or heard reliably from others. Among those who bear such testimony is the Bishop of Larino, who has written an account to Leo XIII. of a cure worked by his great predecessor on Cardinal Macchi, Dean of the Sacred College. Very fitting is it, therefore, that the approaching celebration should be one of great splendour, and that Catholics throughout the world should have their part in it. It will be a protest against the evil that has been done against the spoliation and oppression of the Church; it will be a pledge that Catholics have not consented, and never shall consent, either tacitly or otherwise, to the existing state of things, which they look upon as unendurable and not to last. It will be a demonstration in support of the Papacy, and an act of homage to it that must console and strengthen its

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present illustrious and most worthy occupant. It will be an act of devotion to the memory of a saint, which must recommend all those who take part in it to his particular patronage. We may add by way of postscript—and for the information of those who desire to participate in the celebration, that contributions may be forwarded by them to Er Conte G. Aquaderni, via Mazzini 94, Bologna, Italy. I they do not arrive at their destination by the day fixed, they will be quite in time to help towards defraying the expense of the tomb of Pope Pius IX. which is being erected in the church of San Lorenzo, at Rome, and which will be a monument of great beauty—and as nearly as possible worthy of the memory it records.

A WRITER in the February number of one of the ODDS AND ENDS. London reviews, who, with one exception, evidently understands what he is writing about, gives a graphic description of the condition of Italy. He represents the country as driven by tyranny to revolution, and although he believes, as events seem to justify him in believing, that the strong hand may now suppress a general rising, he predicts this as certain to take place with aggravated developments in a future of no distant date. He draws a striking contrast between Crispi the revolutionist, and Crispi the dictator and millionaire. The receptions accorded to the King in different towns, he shows as preceded by the arrest and imprisonment of numerous men suspected as malcontents, and whose freedom might mar the appearance of popular enthusiasm. The Government, in fact, he tells us, is a military despotism, under which all sorts of plunder and dishonesty are practised by officials, and in support of which the country is reduced to desperate straits and the people are barbarously ground down. All, moreover, he declares, is done under the patronage of the German Emperor, whose most obsequious and devoted servant King Humbert is, and alliance with whom has been zealously promoted by Signor Crispi. The point in which the writer, otherwise truthful and well-informed, seems to make a mistake, is his suggestion that, had the men of the red revolution, who were the instruments of the kingdom's union, remained in command, instead of being made, as they were, a cat's paw for

power and the fulfilment of his duty. An extreme case, though not probable, is still possible, that is that an attempt might be made to force the Pope to take action positively. The Pope, however, had previously shown his independence by his instructions to contending parties in France to give in their allegiance to the Republic. This was a step tending to strengthen a power in opposition to the interests of all the members of the Alliance, and possibly some of the bitter attacks lately made in Italian newspapers on the Papacy, and their evil design in pointing out to the mob the Vatican as a hostile centre, may be explained as an outcome of the resentment so excited. It is plain that, in the face of all odds and whatever may be the consequences that threaten, the Pope will continue to fulfil the duties of his state. Wherever the interests of Catholicism require his direction, and we may be convinced that it is in the interests of Catholicism, and for the welfare of the Catholic people, both in France and Russia, that the instructions to which we have alluded were issued by his Holiness, he will speak out. Whether the Catholic world can settle quietly down, leaving the Pope in a position where his exercise of the duties that devolve upon him may encounter hindrance or vengeance, remains for them to determine. Or have they not already determined that their demand for the freedom of the Papacy shall never cease until it has been fully conceded? It would seem, however, that in the instance to which we especially allude, Germany and Austria are also concerned. Nevertheless, an expression of thanks on their part for a favour conferred on Russia would not seem out of keeping with the demonstrations of friendship in words that are the order of the day, while, at the same time, every nation is exhausting its resources in hostile preparations. Deceit and falsehood, as we have said, too open, however, to deceive, alone afford a key to the existing situation.

There seems no longer to be any doubt that the New Australian scheme has proved a *fiasco*. Rumours that such was the case have prevailed for some time, but—although from the first we foresaw and predicted the result—we did not care to allude to it until it appeared undeniable. We foretold that this settlement would be the *reductio ad absurdum*. So far, nevertheless, as absurdity involves ridicule

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the despotic monarchy, things would have been better and the prosperity and happiness of the country would have been assured. On the contrary, we may adapt the old saying and affirm that things would have gone from the frying-pan into the fire. Take, for example, the notable revolution at who remains. Who could be redder than was the Crispi of Aepromonte to whom the writer reproachfully points? Who, to-day, as he also suggests, is more ready to shoot down his countrymen—in support of despotism, in servility to a foreign power, and in the preservation of his millions *Et uno disce omnes*. Signor Crispi is a red revolutionist who has gained his ends. Those who seemed less interested, including Crispi himself at the time, were men who had still their fortunes to make. Woe betide the country that finds such saviours, whether they remain themselves in the ascendant, or are tricked by more cunning thieves.

The cablegram to the effect that the Emperors of Germany and Austria had thanked the Pope for his late encyclical to the Poles seems to show that the Polish subjects of these potentates were included in the instructions given, as well as those of the Czar. Had this not been the case, the expression of thanks referred to could only be looked upon as a more flagrant instance of the deceit which we must accept as a key to the present situation of Europe if we at all aspire to understand it. To the third member of the Triple Alliance, meantime, the instruction given with regard to Russia could hardly be very welcome. The other day, for example, we found Signor Crispi accusing that power of encouraging revolution in Sicily, with a view of seizing on Italian ports. To see the hand of a power so suspected strengthened by the submission of a disaffected portion of its subjects could hardly be pleasing to the statesman in question. But it is a chief danger that besets the Papacy, and a point in which the position of the Pope concerns the whole world, that it is his office to instruct and advise the Catholics belonging to every nation. At a time in which his doing so, in some particular case, might work against the interests of a Government to whose interference he was exposed, as, notwithstanding the law of guarantees, he actually is to that of the Italian Government, the probability is evident, that steps would be taken to hinder the exercise of his

there is little that is absurd about the matter. It is, under every consideration, a matter to be lamented rather than ridiculed. It is, first of all, a subject for regret that a man of ability, sincerity, and integrity like Mr Lane should be led to form such false conclusions and should find no better means of fulfilling his good intentions towards humanity than that of leading so many men and women on a wild-goose chase. The experience of nearly two thousand years has shown that successful communistic settlements are possible, but possible only on the lines on which the Church has founded and encouraged them in the shape of her religious Orders. It is a very fond conceit which imagines that now, at last, it has discovered the meaning of Christianity, and that it alone is now at length commissioned, by a superior intellect and enlightenment, to return to the institution of the first Christians and carry them out in a true spirit. We cannot certainly say that such was the motive by which Mr Lane was actuated, but, at least, it is that professed by many who are in sympathy with him. It is, again, a lamentable fact that, in a new and capable land like Australia, such discontent should exist—and, doubtless, should reasonably exist—as to make Mr Lane's enterprise possible. Lamentable is it, too, that so many people should have expended their money, incurred the unpleasantness of a long voyage, and undergone the hardships of rough travel merely to encounter the bitterness of disappointment, and to find themselves in a place whence they would be all too happy to return. That any good is to come of the matter also seems very doubtful. The people who have suffered will certainly be taught by experience, and, for the most part at least, will have lost their taste for such adventures. But what of the warning to be taken by the world in general? It is vain to expect that it will be of much effect. Similar attempts had failed before, and the lesson was unheeded. The blame will fall on the individual, not on the false principle, and no benefit to speak of will accrue. All we see, therefore, is a lamentable *fiasco*—loss to many people and gain to none, except, perhaps, to the few who, in one way or another, may profit by the money spent.

If anyone desires to see an illustration of the disposition of the slave-holder, he will find it in an account of his imprisonment in a

confederate dungeon contributed by the President of the Swiss Republic to the *North American Review* for February. These colonies are particularly interested in the disposition in question now that a determination exists to renew slavery in a portion of their territory. Such, of course, was the meaning of the paper read the other day in London by Miss Shaw, and so loudly applauded by colonial "swells," anxious, by their airs and graces, to recommend themselves to the sympathy of high society. President Frey, when a young man, had gone on a visit to America, and had taken service in a farmer's family living in a Swiss settlement. While he was there the war broke out, and he enlisted. After various adventures he was taken prisoner, and confined in a Southern gaol. He gives his readers to understand that he leaves untold a good deal, but what he does reveal is enough to horrify those who read it. Among the rest, to such extremes of hunger were the prisoners reduced that they were glad to catch rats, with which their cell swarmed, and to have them cooked for their food. It is unfortunate for the fame of the slave-holding aristocracy that a man of such prominence survives to give testimony against them. It was not, however, their fault if he did live to tell the tale. His narrative should go far, moreover, to discredit the complaints of cruelty on the part of the Federals by the rebels of the South. General Butler's record, for example, must seem much lighter to those who read these details. If, meantime, something of the old ferocity remains, it is but what might be expected. It takes more than one generation to obliterate the traces of such an inheritance. That something of it, and even a good deal, does remain is evident in the atrocious punishments inflicted on negroes who have committed, or are supposed to have committed crimes. And we are now told of an unhappy woman put to death by horrible torture for a murder of which she was innocent. Some classical student among the mob had avidly recalled the treatment given by the Carthaginians to Regulus. Like him, this negress was shut up in a barrel among the points of nails and rolled about until she died. But these were the people who had their coloured fellow creatures at their complete mercy, and who, we are sometimes told, Mrs Beecher Stowe notwithstanding, treated them with the greatest possible loving-kindness. President Frey reveals to us the true disposition of the men, and gives to all who would preserve humanity from brutalising influences an additional reason to cry out against the establishment, on any pretence or under any appearance, of slavery in Australia.

In turning over the leaves of Cardinal Newman's "Apologia" we have come across a passage that is of some pertinence with regard to one of the favourite arguments of the period. The passage runs as follows:—"From the age of fifteen, dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion. I know no other religion. I cannot enter into the idea of any other sort of religion; religion, as a mere sentiment, is to me a dream and a mockery. As well can there be filial love without the fact of a father, as devotion without the fact of a Supreme Being." What, however, Newman could not understand is as plain as daylight to many pundits of the day—who even, if they had their will, would force upon us all a religion without dogma. They acknowledge that such a religion is taught in the public schools, which they impose upon us—acknowledging also, albeit unconsciously, that they are talking nonsense, by way of an excuse for tyranny.

Our Contemporary the *Triad* for March completes his first year of publication. Our contemporary shows signs of the advance of time and of a maturer age. His tone this month is more subdued, if not more solemn; his matter is more solid, and generally the seriousness of life seems to have dawned upon his more reverent gaze. We do not know whether, for our part, our contemporary ranks us with those who, he says, have pinched him on the sly or pulled his baby hair—but we are aware of having now and then tried to pick a hole in his contents. Had we perceived that we were dealing with the tender flesh of a baby, perhaps we should have been less vicious. Our excuse must be that we dealt with an infant Hercules, whose skin was as leather to the touch and yielded but little satisfaction to the spiteful finger. May our esteemed contemporary proceed and prosper according to the promise of his completed year.

Our contemporary the *Dunedin Star*, rather to our surprise, and altogether out of keeping with the general tone of his columns, some little time ago published an excellent sketch of the Trappist community in South Africa from the pen of the agent who accompanied Mr Santley in his recent tour there. As a set off against the favourable description given, and by way of a return to what is more congenial to his tastes, our contemporary now publishes a sketch of a Trappist convent in Bosnia. It had been written by the Vienne correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. It purports to be favourable and appreciative—nay, there are one or two passages in it that might be taken as showing that the writer really understood and valued what he saw. On the whole, however, the traces of the supercilious sneering visitor who looks contemptuously about him, and even to himself caricatures all he beholds, are evident. The kernel of the matter is that in which the writer suggests the conditions on which monks may be received into monasteries, and this it was, no doubt, that recommended the extract to the kind attention of the *Evening Star*.

The writer, in a word, came on a very curious sort of monk:—"A tall, well-built, intelligent hermit of some thirty-eight or forty years stood opposite me, gazing earnestly, wisely into my eyes. His face was both striking and prepossessing, a sort of Fra Angelico countenance characterised by a mystic sweetness and a holy melancholy that were captivating." This monk, though silence was strictly enjoined by the rule of his Order, begged a hearing of the visitor, and poured forth a plaintive tale into his ear. He was a novice, he explained, who wanted advice as to whether he should remain in this convent or try some other. A monk he must be. So his conscience and his confessor told him, but he was not happy here. To quote the writer's words:—"I am not happy here. The Novice Master is ever finding fault with me. I am wanting in alacrity, in obedience, he says. am slothful, inclined to self-indulgence. You cannot realise how these rebukes drive me to despair. Oh, what I suffer! And that is not the worst. Yesterday the bell rang for prayers, and I did not come in time. I am a little hard of hearing, and I did not know it had rung. When I told him that he actually said he doubted whether I was really a Catholic! I not a Catholic! I, who forsook the world, my country, friends, family, and children to devote myself wholly to the service of God in a monastery." "What, are you married, then?" I asked. "Certainly; and, after having left my wife and children to—" "But you don't mean to say that your wife is living?" "Yes, poor thing, and a hard time she has of it, with five children wholly unprovided for, in Moravia. And the man, who, to follow his vocation, has not hesitated to—" "But, but your wife—I mean, your children." I did not know what I meant or was saying, so astounded was I at these revelations. However, I collected my thoughts and resolved to give him a bit of my mind: "Well, in my opinion, the person who leaves his wife and five young children without any means of subsistence, and who hopes—" "Brother, I see the Father Novice Master coming. Good-bye. Praised be Jesus Christ." And he was gone." We do not believe the tale to be an invention. The description appears too realistic for that. Where we doubt the writer's good faith is in his probably having withheld the explanation that it seems hardly possible he did not obtain. He had simply met with a madman, possibly neither monk nor novice, but some poor fellow imagining himself to be such and charitably humoured by the community. Whether the visitor was deceived by the wild imaginings or yielded to the correspondent's temptation and made a sensational story of them is the doubtful point. As he does not otherwise write like a fool, we fear it was his honesty rather than his wit that was at fault. Our contemporary the *Star*, in borrowing the tale, possibly failed on both points.

Mr P. J. O'Regan, M.H.R., in a letter which we publish elsewhere, refers to the utterance on the social problem recently made at Sydney by the Cardinal Archbishop. Mr O'Regan, as we all know, is an ardent disciple of Mr Henry George, and consequently insatiable by anything except land nationalisation in its extreme forms. We, nevertheless, hail Mr O'Regan's enthusiasm as a favourable symptom. No young man is worth a straw who is not enthusiastic on some subject. The condition gives evidence that stuff is in him which can eventually be shaped into what is good and useful. Mr Henry George's theories are very fine to read—more especially for people in the towns, to whom they suggest a life of ease and comfort to be enjoyed at the expense of somebody else. In fact we see Mr George's theories adopted by no man of any practical experience or tried common sense. Mr O'Regan, we are sure, has plenty of common sense, not tried as yet but worth a trial. We may add that their being feverishly taken up by Dr McGlynn, an ecclesiastic whom we for our part hold in no very reverent estimation, in our opinion tells strongly against them and of itself proves their unsoundness. It is just such sensation-mongers, popularity-hunters, and would-be leaders of a mob, whose purposes they are calculated to serve. If, in fact, as Mr O'Regan argues, the day of small holdings is past, so much the worse for the world. We have entered upon a period of difficulty for which there is no solution. We know, of course, that times are changed since the Mosaic code was in force or men submitted to the laws of Licinius. No doubt his Eminence was accountable also for so much knowledge when he spoke. But human nature remains the same, and full scope must be left for individual effort to develop the full resources of the land, on which both town and country depend. Small holdings worked by men encouraged by the full enjoyment of their fruits are what is necessary. This also will be effectual in securing general prosperity and abundance—if not in altogether doing away with poverty and bringing about a condition of equality—that can exist only in the imagination of dreamers or the mouths of charlatans or schemers. Mr Henry George we class with the former. We are convinced of his perfect honesty of intention, as we need hardly say we are also of that of Mr P. J. O'Regan.

The death of Lord Hannon is reported. Lord Hannon was better known to us as Sir James Hannon, the Judge who presided over the Parnell Commission. The appointment of his Lordship there, as our readers are of course aware, was with the intention that he should pass sentence on men prejudged. His being forced, on the contrary,

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to pronounce a verdict of not guilty was no fault of his. The facts were too strong even for a packed bench. Of the feeling of disgust and disappointment that was the consequence in certain quarters, we find a feeble though spiteful remnant in a leader in the *Otago Daily Times*, whose writer pretends to recollect that, although by the unfortunate accident of the betrayal of Pigott's agency Mr Parnell was acquitted, a great deal that was very bad was still to be discovered in his Lordship's judgment, concerning Irish agitation in general—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. It may be to the credit of Lord Hadden's memory that he did his best to serve his party. At any rate, as we have said, if he failed, the fault was not his.

A TERRIBLE EXAMPLE.

THIS is the only ghost story that I know. It is a true story, and I have never seen it in print, and never heard it explained away; for though the ghost is never seen now-a-days, for good reason, the evidence that it was seen once is almost incontestable. But here is the story as I heard it:—

It is a Brasenose ghost, and it was seen in the early part of the century, at a time when the Brasenose undergraduates were conspicuous among their fellows for profane iniquity. The most audaciously iniquitous of them had banded themselves together into a club. The name of the society was the Hell Fire Club, and its avowed purpose was the promotion of all manner of wickedness by means of song and jest and story. The club met in the rooms of the different members in turn, and a notable feature of its gatherings was that there was no chairman. At the head of the table stood a vacant chair, and the theory was that it was occupied by our ghostly enemy, the invisible Prince of Darkness. The dons knew something about the club, but not enough to warrant their interference with its proceedings. But one night the truth was revealed, suddenly, tragically, and supernaturally, to the principal. It happened in this way.

The principal had been dining at the adjacent college of Exeter. The hospitality of the Exeter common room is agreeable, and he had lingered late; but about midnight he started on his homeward way. His route lay down a narrow thoroughfare called Brasenose lane, which separates Brasenose from Exeter. The ground floor windows, looking out upon the lane, are barred, so that undergraduates may not issue through them upon prohibited nocturnal rambles; and as the principal of Brasenose pursued his path along the lane, a strange thing happened and a strange sight appeared to him.

The college clock solemnly struck 12, and while the air was still vibrating with its tones, a sudden flash of lurid light illuminated one of the ground floor windows. The principal looked, and an awful vision met his eyes; for first a weird and feeble figure—a figure with horns and hoofs and a girdle of fire—the figure of one he recognised as Apollyon, the enemy of man. And then he saw that Apollyon had hold of an undergraduate—an undergraduate whom he knew—and was dragging him violently through the window bars.

Then suddenly as it had come, the vision had passed, and Brasenose lane was once more in darkness. But the Principal had the vague sense that something horrible had happened and he hurried on to the college gate and rang the bell.

The porter opened to him, and as he stepped inside he heard the sound of many footsteps streaming down the corridor. He questioned the men, and by degrees they stammered out their story.

There had been, it seemed, that very night a meeting of the Hell Fire Club in the rooms from the window of which the principal had seen his vision. They had sung their blasphemous songs and told their ribald stories; then an undergraduate—the undergraduate whose face the principal had recognised—had stood up in their midst to make a parade of special blasphemy, and as he blasphemed—like Ananias as he lied—he had suddenly been struck down dead.

That is the ghost story, and there is a wealth of evidence testifying to its truth. For myself, I had it from an old man—a clergyman—who was in residence at the college at the time. He told me of what the man had died; but it is something too horrible to write down here.

"And I remember something else," he added. "I remember how the coffin was laid out before the funeral in the college hall, and all of us undergraduates were assembled there to look at it, and to find warning for our own lives in the horrible fate that had overtaken our contemporary."—"Lyric" in the *Sun*.

Mr Clifford Toon, of Christchurch, herbalist (late of Kempthorne, Prosser and Co.), has opened business opposite his old employers' establishment, Lower High Street, Christchurch, being thoroughly trained in the mysteries of herbs and their remedies. Mr Toon can thoroughly recommend any of his mixtures, &c., as a great boon to all sufferers of different diseases. Medical men throughout the colonies have always held up herbal remedies as the most beneficial cures for all diseases, and therefore those people who are affected with any complaint should now take advantage of this golden opportunity and consult Mr Toon before going elsewhere. His advertisement appears in our advertising columns.

PROTESTS AGAINST THE GODLESS SCHOOLS.

A NOBLE protest has been made by the Flemish people against the godless schools, inaugurated for proselytising the youth, by the so-called liberal party.

No, no, they declare, the Free masons will never get possession of the pure souls of the children whom God has given us, while a single Flammand remains in Flanders; no, they will never get possession of them while God looks down from heaven upon us and our homes, and while a single penny remains in our purses with which to procure their moral instruction.

The school is the battlefield; the devil is trying to wrest from the Church the souls of our innocent children. We Flemish Catholics, will never tolerate such high-handed oppression: the same blood now runs in our veins that was, long since, shed by those ancestors who gave their lives for the faith.

We do not want to see Flanders turned into a den of wild beasts; what we desire is, that, faithful to God and His Church our children be not poisoned with the morals of socialists and communists; not forged into nails with which to fasten the lids of our coffins.

We will perish, if it be necessary, but we will never consent to leave the faith. With our last breath, and with one foot in the grave, we will not cease to cry out; our children will never go to a school in which the cross will not shine in the place of honour. Our children were not born to be buried in the ditch like dogs.

Well said, descendants of Flemish heroes!

Collect all your strength to resist the threatening danger! From Madrid, says the *Revista Catholica*, we have received a sheet signed by Fray Jean de Miguel Montero. It begins, by declaring that the education and religious instruction of the children is the most important subject for Catholics to consider; it supersedes all others that can engage the attention of those who desire to dignify it, to elevate it, but it is most dishonourable and debasing in those who prostitute it to corrupt the minds of innocent children, and to sow the seeds of vice and irreligion in the hearts of the youth entrusted to their care. It is a matter of such overwhelming importance that it is a duty to call the attention of all interested especially the ecclesiastical authorities, and of the healthy and well instructed Catholic journals, those whose principal aim is to raise the moral standard among the people, and to banish from Catholic homes and institutions of learning many of the books used for elementary instruction, and especially those books and papers that are destined to corrupt the morals of youth and destroy civil society. It then invites attention to a publishing house in Madrid, known as Tradicion Immaculada, directed by a Mason, named Calleja, who issues Masonic sheets, at a low price, filled with the most pernicious doctrine.

This Calleja has published some of the most disgraceful statements with which the mind of the young have been secretly poisoned. This is the plan of the Freemasons, they use every means available to corrupt the youth in order to destroy the Church and to uproot society, the school, the Press, the workshop, even the pulpit. If they can gain the adults, the parents in the community, so much the more are they satisfied, but they are deterred, cost what it may, to have the children. Banish religion from the schools, is the watchword, 'tis the battle cry of Satan. They make the youth feel that liberalism, patriotism, education are to be placed above religion, above virtue, above God; six days in the week for the State, get religion and the knowledge of God on the seventh day, if you can; the Masons and the socialists will rejoice if you are not successful.

The *Moniteur de Rome*, which has been re-established, on issuing its first number, was sequestered by order of the Procurators of the King, and all the issue that was not yet distributed—and that was very limited indeed—was taken away by the police. I have read over the whole journal without seeing or imagining what particular phrase or argument expressed a wish for the destruction of the kingdom, or constituted an insult to the King or Italian institutions. The lynx-like eyes of the royal Procurators see destruction in the most harmless phrases. An uneasy legal conscience creates for him mountains out of molehills. Anyhow, liberty of the Press does not exist for Catholics, and even license of the Press exists for anti-Catholics. Such is one of the most marked triumphs of modern Italian civilization.—*Pilot*.

The stories advanced for some months past that Mgr. Satolli, or Mgr. Jacobini, was to be appointed to the Archbishopric of Bologna are all rendered false by the certainty that the nominee to this See is Mgr. Domenico Svampa, Bishop of Forli, who will be preconized in the next Consistory, to be held in the latter half of March. The occupant of this See is generally raised to the Sacred College, hence the importance attached by the public to the nomination. Another interesting fact connected with Bologna is the difficulty that the Archbishop of this See has to contend against. The late Cardinal Gaudi, of the Dominican Order, with whom I had the honor of being well acquainted, though an able and holy man, was obliged to resign this See. The Vicar of Rome, His Eminence Cardinal Parocchi, was also obliged to resign it after having occupied the See for some years.

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We have made special arrangements for large deliveries of Colonial Blankets, and our prices will be found the lowest. Best Qualities only kept in Stock.

SPECIAL.—Over 500 pieces of Flannelette, in various qualities and latest designs, at lower prices than ever. Intending purchasers would make a considerable saving by writing for patterns and prices

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Large shipments of all the latest Dress Materials for the coming season, comprising Whipcords, Cheviot and Estamene Serges, Cheviot Tweeds, French Foule Serges, Diagonal Stripes &c., also a very special line of Black and Coloured French Merinos, and Black and Coloured French Cashmeres.

Our prices for these will be found much below what is usually charged for the same goods.

Immense Shipments of the celebrated Louis Velveteen in all the newest shades, also in Black.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

A splendid assortment of trimmed and untrimmed Hats and Bonnets in both Straw and Felt.

A lovely lot of little girls' and boys' Hats in Beaver, Felt, Straw, Plush, and a variety of other new Materials.

Latest novelties in Wings, Birds, Feathers, Beaver Mounts, &c. Jet and steel ornaments and trimmings in endless variety.

A choice lot of Sealskin Hats with Beaver and Sable brims. Lovely goods.

Newest shapes in Ladies' Gem and Sailor Hats.

Ladies Aprons, Plain and Fancy, newest styles and Materials.

UNDERCLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

A lovely lot of Walking Costumes, suitable for little boys and girls, in Plush, Friczeeloth, Lambswool, and other new and rich materials.

A rich lot of Pelisses in newest materials and shades.

Baby Linen—including Robes, Gown, Bibs, Headsquares, etc.

A large and varied assortment of children's Wool Hats and Hoods.

Ladies' Underclothing, Flannelette Underclothing.

SILK DEPARTMENT.

We respectfully ask Ladies' inspection of our large range of Evening Silks, in Armure, Merveilleux, Surah, Faille Francaise, Shot Sarab, Bengalene, etc. In addition to above a job line in Broché, Pongee in evening shades, marked low to clear. Special purchase, a German Manufacturer's stock of plush, in Cardinal, Olive, Emerald, Peacock, Gold, Navy, Brown.

FANCY DEPARTMENT.

Novelties in Ribbon, Roman Striped, Ombre Velvet and Satin. New shades in Double-faced Satin, Moiree, Velvet and Satin

Lace for Evening Wear, Beaded Trimming, Fur Trimming in Raccoon, Bear, Fox, Skunk, Oppossum, Imitation Beaver, Astrachans in Cream, Black, etc.

Our Umbrella stock is unusually attractive, the handles very pretty, the material excellent, and the prices low.

COBSET DEPARTMENT.

We have a choice stock including those well known makes, viz Thomson's True Fit, Izot, Y and N, Dr Warner's "Coralina," D Corner's "Centarion," Crossine, Thomson's Glove Fitting, Bronn' "Dermethestic," and other makes, sizes 18 to 39.

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Novelties in Ladies' Beaver Top Gloves, Fur-lined Gloves, Dogskin Gloves, Doeskin Driving Gloves, Children's Lined and Unlined Gloves.

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Ladies' and Children's Knitted Hose, Ladies' and Children's Cashmere Hose, Children's Plain and Fancy Cashmere Socks.

Also a large shipment of Haberdashery at our usual low prices.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT.

10 Cases of Ladies' and Children's Ulsters in all the leading materials and styles.

3 Cases of Ladies' Tweed and Cashmere Waterproofs with three Capes in all colours.

2 Cases of Novelties in Ladies' Plush and Seallette, Jackets and Capes.

6 Cases Ladies' and Children's Jackets with the new Capes in Black, Navy and Brown.

2 Cases Ladies' Fur-edged Cloaks in Black, Navy, etc, with the new Butterfly Capes.

1 Case Ladies Tea Gowns in Maroon, Cardinal and Fancy Flannels (Latest Styles)

1 Case Novelties in Furs in the New Butterfly Capes, New Boas, Pleated Pe'erines in Bear, Fox, Mountain Goat, Thibet, etc.

MEN'S MERCERY DEPARTMENT.

New Goods for this department have just arrived in faultless condition, and at value. Have only room to note a few lines :—50 DOZEN WHITE SHIRTS in all sizes up to 18in. For this class of goods we are particularly famed—being made of the most reliable material, and of superior make. For all other kinds of shirts in Boy's, Youth's, and Men's, we offer the best values in the Colony.

FLEXIBLE HATS.—Our present shipment comprises the newest shapes, and are all of excellent value, and are offered at our usual cash prices. **UNDECLOTHING** in Cotton, Merino, and Wool in large assortment, at prices to suit all. **TWEEDS.**—Our stock is very extensive in Home and Colonial, and no better value can be obtained. Umbrellas, Braces, Ties, Gloves, Hose, and Half-hose, and all other goods pertaining to a mercery stock as to satisfy our numerous buyers.

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In addition to our usual extensive stock in this department we have purchased for cash the following large lines of Men's, Youth's, and Boys' clothing, which we commend to our customers for quality and value :—500 Men's Colonial Tweed suits, 750 do trousers, 250 do trousers and vests, 450 Youth's do suits, 650 Boy's do, 475 do knicker suits, 950 Men's, Boy's, and Youth's Colonial Mole Trousers. Also just landed, ex Maori :—125 Men's Black Worsted Suits, 250 Men's Blue Serge Suits, 750 Boy's Sailor Suits.

CARPET DEPARTMENT.

The latest novelties in Brussels and Tapestry Carpets and Art Squares, all qualities and sizes, also new Plushettes and art Serges; all newest shades. Chenille Art Curtains, and Best Swiss Guipure Curtains. New Cretonnes and Art Muslin in all the newest designs. Linoleums and Floorcloths all widths and qualities. Also a very beautiful lot of fancy Plush and plushette Embroidered Mantel-piece Borders, Hearth Rugs in endless variety. Fancy Madras Curtain Muslin, all the newest colourings.

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We have just landed 100 Trunks and Cases of Boots and Shoes superior in value to anything ever offered in Dunedin, viz :—New Walking Shoes, New Evening shoes, New Shippers, New Children's Boots, High-class and medium quality Men's Boots; all at the lowest possible prices.

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All the Latest Specialities in Electro Silver-Plated Goods, Brushware of all kinds. Dinner Bells and Gongs, Enamel and Agate Ware, Chairs and American Novelties of all descriptions.

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Furniture, Good, Artistic, and Inexpensive; Wringers, Mangles, Travelling Boxes, Wringing Scales Filters, Lamp Stoves, Outlets, Fenders and Fire Irons, Crockery and Glassware. In fact everything that is required either for Cottage or Mansion.

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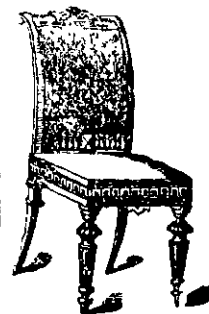
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ST PATRICK'S DAY IN CHRISTCHURCH.

April 1, 1894.

The social for the celebration of St. Patrick's Day was held on Easter Monday evening in the Hibernian Hall, and was a great success. Great regret was expressed at the absence of the president who worked very hard up to the Saturday previous when he was taken with a severe illness which confined him to his bed, where he lies still. He forwarded the usual apology and requested that Bro James Nelson should take the chair in his absence. The following was to have been his address which, I am very sorry, he was unable to deliver, for I think it a very good one, and which I hope you will find space for:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—In my position as president of St Patrick's Branch of the Hibernian Society a very pleasant duty devolves upon me this evening, namely, that of wishing you all a most cordial *Cead Mille Faoithe*, and of thanking you sincerely for the liberal patronage you favour us with. Our celebration of St Patrick's night could not for many reasons be held on the 17th March. We were therefore obliged to follow the example set us by the Church, when for good reasons a festival cannot be celebrated with unbounded joy on its proper date, namely, to transfer the celebrating to an occasion when we may rejoice with that full heartedness for which our race is celebrated. That our society should be true to its traditions, its love for the dear old sod and all that reminds us of it or tends to keep alive the memory of dear Erin every one has a right to expect. A regret is sometimes expressed that the celebration of St Patrick's Day is not of a more genial character. Well, we should be only too pleased to see such a celebration. If your social status as individuals does not entitle us to take the initiative in the matter, we certainly enjoy a privilege as members of this Society to celebrate the national festival. We have done so in the past, and we intend doing so in the future. If the Irishmen of this district will only rally round us we will be able to give a celebration which will be a credit and a pleasure to the Irish exiles in this remote corner of the globe. We earnestly wish all here present will spend a happy and pleasant evening and the celebration of St Patrick's Day by the Hibernian Society will be one of the pleasant remembrances of this year."

The following were apologies received from prominent men of the city:—Mr R. P. Lonergan, J.P., Mr J. A. Clarke, Past Provincial District Grand Master of Oddfellows, Mr W. Hoban, barrister and

selector. These gentlemen regretted being unable to attend, and wished the social every success. The following is the programme:—First toast was the "Pope," proposed by the presiding officer and drank with musical honours; "The Queen and Royal family," proposed by the same and responded by the singing of the National Anthem; song, "Gently does the trick," by Mr E. Bagely; "The day we celebrate," proposed by Mr M. Donnelly and responded to by Mr M. Nolan; song, "Fiddle and I," sung by Miss E. Gamble; "Irish men at home and abroad," proposed by Mr A. H. Blake and responded to by Mr E. O'Connor; recitation, Irish, selected, by Mr J. Finlay; "Our adopted country," proposed by Mr J. Nelson, and responded to by A. H. Blake; song, "The dear little sharrcock," sung by Mrs J. P. Kelly (encored); "Kindred societies," proposed by Mr J. P. Henley, and responded to by Mr W. Langford; song by Mr M. McNamara; "The ladies," proposed by W. Courtney and responded to by J. Finlay; "The Press," proposed by W. O'Shaughnessy and responded to by M. Donnelly. The most attractive item on the programme was the four-handed Irish reel by Messrs O'Callaghan, Delaney and Misses O'Callaghan, which was received with great enthusiasm, and fairly brought down the house. The song "Come back to Eric," was sung by Miss A. Cunningham; Mr E. Bagely danced a sailor's hornpipe; pianist, Mrs D. Scrimgeour. At half-past eleven the tables were cleared and dancing was indulged in till the small hours of the morning. Great credit is due to the hon secretary, Mr G. E. Dobbs, who worked most zealously to make the affair a success. Everybody was well pleased. Thanks are also due to the following for contributions to the success of the social:—Mr J. McNamara, Mr F. Arenas, Mr Molloy, Mr Burke, Mr J. O'Neil, Messrs Lees and Evans, Mr Gaffney, Messrs Courtney and Courtney. Also to the ladies for laying the tables, etc.

The well known firm of Voice and Peat, coachbuilders of Christchurch, beg to announce through the columns of this week's TABLET, that they are always ready to welcome their friends at the Central Carriage Works, Lichfield Street. This firm are well known as being one of the best in New Zealand at turning out high class work. Amongst some of their patrons are the late Governor, Lord Onslow, and the Hon Larnach, Dunedin and others too numerous to mention. They were the first to build the celebrated racing sulky, and have now an improved patent pneumatic tyred sulky which is giving great satisfaction to all the principle trotting men in New Zealand. Mr Voice is of the late firm of Bryant and Voice and Mr Peat is well known amongst a large circle as a celebrated Irish comedian.

Irish News.

(From Contemporaries.)

Cavan.—In the Belturbet district of the County Cavan, says the *Freeman's Journal*, Catholics are five out of six of the population. There is not a single magistrate in the district who is either a Catholic or a Nationalist. In the adjoining district of Ballyconnell there is only one Catholic magistrate. According to our correspondent the Town Commissioners some time ago recommended their worthy and respected chairman as a fit and proper person for the position of magistrate. Our correspondent states that the petition was not even acknowledged. The indignation of the county at the maintenance of the magisterial bench in its present condition by a Liberal Lord Chancellor is growing, and we are not surprised.

Cork.—Fahy, John, left Derragh, Banteer, County Cork, for Queensland, Australia, 12 years ago, last heard of working at Culcairn, New South Wales, supposed to have gone to Clarence River, cane-cutting; sought for by his parents. Reply to Dublin *Freeman* office.

Leebane, Ellen, left Cork city for Australia in 1882, arrived at Rockhampton per ship Melpomene in 1883, last heard of at Queen's Hotel, Rockhampton; left, and supposed to have gone to Sydney; sought for by her cousin. Reply to Dublin *Freeman* office.

Very severe cold weather was lately experienced in the south of Ireland. At a place called "The Pike," just outside Mallow, a man was discovered frozen to death. He is supposed to have been some poor fellow who was in search of employment.

There was a melancholy case of shipwreck at Balycotton recently whereby ten lives have been lost. The vessel was the iron barque

window and killed instantaneously. The deceased was a son of the late Mr James Doherty of Drimroosk, near Donegal, who left home when about 16 years of age, for the land of his adoption, and by his energy, integrity and sterling qualities attained to wealth and eminence. The sad news of Mr Doherty's end will be read with profound sorrow and regret by his numerous relations and friends in the old country and in America.

Down.—William Maxwell, who received an injury to his leg some time ago while playing football at Hollywood, died from lock-jaw during the week. The wound had partially healed, when blood poisoning set in.

Dublin.—O'Reilly, Thomas, of Virginia, County Cavan, left Dublin for Australia; last heard of at Union street, Gate, South Brunswick, Melbourne; sought for by his mother and sister. Reply to Dublin *Freeman* office.

Hayden, Thomas; went to Queensland 16 years ago; last heard of from Bundeburgh, Rockhampton, Queensland, 12 years ago; sought for by his brother. Reply to Dublin *Freeman* office.

Dwyer, Mary and Anne, left Dub'in for Glasgow, and sailed from thence to Brisbane, per s.s. Indian Ocean, arrived in Brisbane on September 15th, 1893, where they were last heard of; sought for by their mother and sister. Reply to Dublin *Freeman* office.

Mulqueen, Mrs (maiden name, Fanny M'Mahon); last heard of at 57 Blair street, Brunswick, Melbourne, three years ago; also John M'Mahon; last heard of at Edward street, Melbourne, Victoria, three years ago; sought for by their brother. Reply to Dublin *Freeman* office.

Edmund D. Whelan, the American correspondent, recently visited the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin. Of the treasures contained therein he says:—"I saw the Moore Library, containing all Moore's works, the poet's harp, and a picture of Lord Charlemont, command-

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Colleen, Captain Bartlett, 629 tons register, from Talcahuano, wheat laden. She was driven on the land by the heavy gale. Unable to make Queenstown, she ran for shelter towards Ballycotton, and, when entering, she struck the rocks and became a total wreck. The captain, who was drowned, was to have been married to the owner's daughter on arrival at Queenstown.

Derry.—There is living in the townland of Umrican, between Park and Feeny, David Little, who has attained the remarkable age of 116 years, having been born in the year 1777. He was 21 years of age in 1798, was a member of the corps of United Irishmen of Dooigiven and Banagher, whose chiefs were Walter Grames, Horner, and McSparron. Grames was hanged, and his head spiked above his own door. McSparron was flogged at the cart tail in the street of Feeny till his entrails could be seen through his ribs and back, all to extort information; his mother followed close to his torturers, calling to "Die like an Irishman before he'd become an informer." Horner escaped before he could be arrested. David Little is a living witness to the terrible scenes that followed the rising of '93, and all that followed till the passing of the Act of Union, to which he would still prefer the Penal Code and Grattan's Parliament. He still holds fast to the principles of his early life, the only regret he has is that the rising wasn't successful. His eyesight is as strong and perfect as ever; he never used glasses, and his mind is as clear and health as good as at any period of his life.

Donegal.—On December 9 Mr John Doherty, ex-Sheriff of Mora County, Mexico, was assassinated and buried on Tuesday, 12th. He was sitting in his office reading the papers, with five of his little children playing around him, when he was fired upon through the

ing the Irish Volunteers, and founder of the Academy. I saw the 'Leabhar Breac,' or 'Speckled Book,' which contains the famous 'Callender of Aengus,' written at Talla, near Dublin, being an ecclesiastical manuscript, or the original 'Annals of the Four Masters,' with their autographs. A manuscript of St Columbkil in Irish and Latin, kept in a casket or jewelled case; the famous Stowe missal, kept in a shrine, made by Lonagh O'Brier, son of Brian Boru, who fought at Clontarf in 1014; a manuscript in Irish, or a genealogy of all the Irish families. I saw the renowned 'Leabhar na-b-Uidhri,' or 'Book of the dunce,' containing the Pagan history of Ireland, written by St Kieran. This is the oldest volume now known, entirely in the Irish language, and is regarded as the chief surviving native literary monument—not ecclesiastical—of ancient Ireland. It is greatly and justly valued for the beauty and purity of its language. The 'Leabhar Breac' is supposed to have been written by one of the family of MacEgan. It is the oldest Irish ecclesiastical record extant. The famous poem, 'The Burial of Sir John Moore,' is in the library. The reading-room contains the largest collection of books relating to Ireland and Irish history in the world. I was next ushered into a fire-proof strong-room, which contains 2,000 valuable volumes of Irish MSS, Irish history by John O'Donovan. I saw a manuscript supposed to have been written by St Patrick. This strong-room also contains the John Windle, Charlemont, Smith O'Brien, Ordnance Survey Department and Stowe collections—all in Irish. The 'Leabhar-na-b-Uidhri,' or book of the dunce, was copied from the original by Mr Joseph O'Lougan, father-in-law to the present sub-librarian, from which 200 lithographed copies were struck off. Mr O'Lougan also made a beautiful volume copy of the 'Book of Leinster,' previous to his becoming the Academy's Irish scribe, after the death of O'Curry."

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Mens' Carpet Slippers	1s 11d
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A Good Billiard Table. Night Porter specially engaged.
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NOTICE.

All communications connected with the Commercial Department of the N.Z. TABLET Newspaper are to be addressed to John Murray, Secretary, to whom also Post Office Orders and Cheques are in all instances to be made payable.

To insure publication in any particular issue of the paper communications must reach this office not later than Tuesday morning.

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REMOVAL NOTICE.

H. LETHABY, in thanking his Customers and the General Public, for their liberal patronage accorded to him, during the 19 years he has been carrying on business in the Arcade wishes to inform them, that he has been successful in securing these large and Central premises, called the "Queen's Buildings," situate in Princes street, opposite Braithwaite's Book Arcade. The whole place has been entirely altered, and fitted up with the latest machinery for the purpose of manufacturing umbrellas and portmanteaus, and as we have been successful in getting the duty removed off all umbrella materials, we are able to make and sell direct to the public, a better and cheaper umbrella than it is possible to import.

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Ladies' Ribbed Cashmere Hose, 1s 9d—usual price, 2s 3d; 1s 3d—usual price, 2s 9d; 2s 6d—usual price, 3s.

TAILORING.

Just received a Choice Assortment of all the Newest Designs of Tweeds—West of England, Bannockburn, Scotch Serges, and Coatings in Great Variety. Special Attention given to this department.

Galway.—The Very Rev. P. F. Kavanagh, O.S.F., of the Abbey, Galway, has just had produced by Messrs Sealy, Bryers, and Walker, a poem entitled "Alcohol; A sermon in verse," the moral and patriotic purpose of which it is impossible to praise too highly. Father Kavanagh's work is devoted to describing the evils and destruction produced by the abuse of alcoholic liquors, and he has, undoubtedly, succeeded in presenting many vivid and impressive pictures of the sorrows caused by drink.

A branch of the Gaelic League will be established in Galway to further its work in the locality. The National teachers are being urged by the League to elect as their delegates to the next congress gentlemen who will support strong resolutions in favour of the Irish language.

With very sincere regret we announce the death of the Very Rev. Jeremiah (Canon) McEvelly, who was brother to his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. McEvelly, and one of the oldest and most respected priests in the diocese of Tuam. He was born at Louisburg, and ordained priest in the year 1853. The earlier years of his priesthood were spent as curate in the parishes of Newport, Knock, Annagh and Robeen, where he left after him many lasting monuments of his piety and zeal. Augingower was the first parish committed to his pastoral charge. Here he built a parochial residence and erected several schools. From Augingower he was translated to the parish of Dunmore in 1882. In this parish he laboured in season and out of season to promote the temporal, as well as the spiritual, welfare of his people.

Kerry.—The population of the County is 179,136, of whom 4,481 speak Irish only; 69,701, Irish and English; the remainder, English.

At a Petty Sessions Court held at Waterville last week, Constable Edward West, now stationed at Ballyduff, County Waterford, was prosecuted by the Crown for having on the 8th of October last in the Abbey of St. Finian, near Waterville, maliciously damaged an ancient chalice stone and altar in the ruins of the abbey. The matter having been brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Sexton, a fresh prosecution was ordered. The Bench, having heard the evidence on both sides, were unanimous in convicting Constable West, and imposed a fine of £5, with costs and compensation.

The following recently appeared in the *Kerry Post*:—"A young man named Lynch, a native of Listowel, is reported to have very cleverly effected his escape from Cork gaol a few days ago. Lynch was arrested on a charge of desertion from the Munster Fusiliers, and was temporarily detained in the gaol pending the arrival of a military escort. While the warden was inspecting Lynch's cell the latter slipped out, and almost got out to the corridor when the warden sprung upon him. Lynch, then getting the better of his soldier, pushed him back into the cell, and having in the twinkling of an eye shut the door, quickly turned the key, and thus locked the warden securely in the cell. By the means of a pass key Lynch gained the open air, free. He then made for Listowel, where, however, he was again apprehended and conveyed to Dublin under a military escort from his regiment."

Kildare.—The Kildare Archaeological Society, which is doing excellent work, has elected the Earl of Mayo to the office of president, rendered vacant by the death of the Duke of Leinster. The society is turning with earnestness to the task of preserving the ancient monuments of Kildare from utter disappearance. One Celtic cross has been rescued on its inspiration. And now a committee has been appointed to call the attention of the Board of Works to those that need its protecting, but not its restoring, hand.

King's County.—John Adye Curran, the County Court Judge, addressing the grand jury at Tullamore Quarter Sessions, said there were only two bills to go before them. He was happy to be able to congratulate them on the satisfactory state of King's County.

Colonel Robert Hackett, familiarly known in the neighbourhood of Birr as the "Blind Colonel," recently died rather unexpectedly at his residence, Rivers'own, County Tipperary. His death at the age of 54 is due to the effect of fearful injuries received in the Zulu campaign. Besides quite a host of minor wounds, he received a shot in the head which took rather a remarkable course. The bullet, entering the outer corner of the right eye, passed out by the left, destroying both organs. He was at the time leading the Nineteenth Regiment at the battle of Ulundi, which, it will be remembered, brought to a close the Zulu campaign. He was for some hours among the dead on the field, and it was by accident that he was not in his unconscious state buried alive. He was a brother of Lieutenant-General Simpson Hackett, and another brother, Colonel Thomas Bernard, who won the Victoria Cross, and was accidentally shot in 1880.

Limerick.—Limerick suffered considerably by the severe storm of January 12. Portions of the roof of the railway factory in Limerick city were blown off, breaking down the telegraph wires, which, however, were repaired previous to the arrival of the night mail. A high sea was running in the Shannon all night, and steamers had to remain in port. From the lower portion of the river reports came that the storm was the worst experienced for many years. A

ship almost went ashore, but managed to put into the Shannon in a disabled condition, her boats, sails, and masts having been carried away. In the neighbourhood of Adare many of the roads were rendered impassable by fallen trees, and in one instance an old man, driving a donkey and cart, had a most miraculous escape. He had only just got off the cart to walk when a huge elm fell and smashed his conveyance to pieces.

Longford.—Ford, Bernard, of County Longford, went to Queensland 20 years ago; last heard of in the employment of the Australian Gas Company, West Maitland, New South Wales; sought for by his brother. Reply to Dublin *Freeman* office.

Louth.—The population of the county is 71,038, of which five speak only Irish, 2,671 Irish and English; the remainder English.

A letter from the Board of National Education was recently received by the Drogheda Corporation in re the adoption of the Compulsory Act. Mr. P. Reilly pointed out that the principal teaching body in Drogheda was the Christian Brothers, and until their claims were acknowledged they should have nothing to do with the Act. Mr. Downey supported this view. The Mayor said the Education Board might appoint the committees themselves. After some discussion it was decided that a committee, consisting of the Mayor, Mr. Martin Buttery and Mr. Patrick Reilly, be appointed to confer with the Right Rev. Monsignor Murphy, St. Peter's, and Very Rev. John Curry, St. Mary's, and report.

Mayo.—A fearful hurricane passed over Castlebar on January 12. It raged with unabated fury for several hours, unroofing houses and uprooting trees. Not for the past twenty years has such a storm prevailed there. Surrounding districts have also suffered, and telegraphic communications to the different towns was for some time suspended.

Meath.—The canal between Drogheda and Navan will soon be re-opened, and two new screw steamers will be constructed for the purpose.

Queen's County.—A public meeting of the Knights of the Plow was held on the Market Square, Maryborough, one week ago. The speeches were delivered from the Town Hall window. The object of the meeting was to establish a branch of the Knights of the Plow, and was organised by Mr. Benjamin Pelin, of Narraghmore, in conjunction with the Castletown labourers, but without any consultation with the local labourers. Mr. J. Shelly, Castletown, occupied the chair, and speeches were delivered by Messrs J. C. O'Neill, Carlow; Benjamin Pelin, Tyrell, and Leahy, Dublin; and G. Nanston, town clerk, Maryborough. Resolutions were passed calling on the Legislature to grant pensions of £20 a year to labourers who have passed the age of 65 years; to place a tax of £1 on every acre of uncultivated land; and to shorten the hours of labour on Saturday. Deputations were present from Mountrath, Castletown, and Stradbally.

Roscommon.—The population of the county is 114,397, of which only 21 speak Irish only; 11,864 Irish and English; the rest English.

Mr. Michael Cunningham, auctioneer, Boyle, put up for sale five roods of reclaimed bog land at Croghan, the property of Mrs. Cunningham. The yearly rent is 7s, and Mr. Cunningham knocked it down to Mr. Bernard Carroll, Caramore, Croghan, at the extraordinary sum of £40—for five roods of bog land!

Sligo.—Recently five families, numbering twenty-six persons, were evicted on the Montgomery and Evans estate in Killoman and Coolgrove. The evicting party consisted of sub-Sheriff Harrison, Carrick-on-Shannon; bailiffs Longmoor and Hetherington, Dromahair, and a large force of police. One and a half year's rent was offered a short time ago by the tenants in settlement, but it would not be accepted.

Tyrene.—Fifty years a total abstainer from all intoxicating drinks. This is the grand record made by Mr. Harvey, tailor, of Omagh, who took the pledge in the days of Father Mathew. Mr. Harvey took the pledge in Beragh Church from Father Lennon, January 1, 1844, and during all the succeeding years of vicissitude and change faithfully kept it, and celebrated its half a hundred anniversary on Monday, January 1. Mr. Harvey is a great advocate of the cause, having experienced during that long period the many blessings which attend a life such as he has lived. He vividly remembers when the Apostle of Temperance preached in Brook street chapel, Omagh, in 1849. Father O'Kane was the parish priest then, but died in 1866, and was succeeded by Very Rev. B. McNamee. Mr. Harvey possesses the Father Mathew medal, of which the following is a description: On one side is a shield, surmounted by a cross, with a male figure at one side and a female figure at the other, each bearing a bannerette. On the obverse is the pledge, surrounded by a circular inscription, "The Total Abstinence Society of Ireland, Very Rev. T. Mathew, President." The *Irish World* has ever taken the deepest interest in the cause for which Father Mathew did so much, and heartily congratulates Mr. Harvey on this glorious record, wishing him many happy years of life, as a bright and living example to his fellow-citizens of Omagh to go and do likewise.

H. J. SMITH,

The People's Bootmaker, 127 Manchester St. (opposite Burke's Hotel), Christchurch.—Men's Shooters from 8s 6d, Shoes from 8s 6d, Bluchers from 5s 6d, Canvas Shoes from 2s 6d, Ladies' Boots and Shoes from 6s, Children's from 2s. Remember H. J. SMITH'S 127 Manchester street.

THE LARGEST IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF LADIES' MANTLES IN THE COLONY.

HERBERT, HAYNES & CO.

LADIES' MANTLE, JACKET AND CLOAK SPECIALISTS,
PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.

H. H. & CO. have now on exhibition in their extensive Mantle Saloon an immense variety of all the Latest productions of the British and Continental markets. These goods were bought early in the English season, thereby ensuring the daintiest and most fashionable garments procurable. In all better class goods we only import single garments of any one design, so that ladies who pay high prices for their Mantles can make their choice with every confidence that their selection will be confined to themselves.

New Cloaks	LOVELY BERLIN JACKETS!	CHARMING PARIS MANTLES!	New Capes
New Cloaks	New Mantles	New Jackets	New Capes
New Cloaks	New Mantles	New Jackets	New Capes
	RICH COSY FURS!	NEWEST TWEED ULSTERS!	

H. H. & Co. make a speciality of the Mantle trade in its entirety, conducted on the same principles and holding the same magnificent stock as the great Mantle warehouses at Home, being the first in the Colony to adopt this system.

HERBERT, HAYNES & CO, MANTLE SPECIALISTS.
See Displays in Windows and Show-rooms.

THE Favourite KITCHEN RANGE

IS SHACKLOCK'S "ORION."

It burns Lignite, Coal, or Wood, REQUIRES NO SETTING.

Most Economical and Durable Range made. Supplied with High or Low Pressure Boiler.

Prices and Advice given for all kinds of Cooking and Heating Apparatus.

Tomb Railing, Fretwork, & General Castings. Repairs Effected.

H. E. SHACKLOCK,
Foundry: Crawford Street, Dunedin.

JOHN GILLIES

Furniture, Carpet, Floorcloths, and Linoleum Warehouse,

8 GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

Has just landed Brussels and Tapestry Carpet of magnificent designs, Floorcloths and Linoleums, all widths up to 12 feet in new designs and various qualities.

Bedsteads and Bedding all kinds fresh and new.

A large assortment of Bamboo Tables, Whatnots, Brackets, Screens, Stools, new colourings and designs.

A large stock of New Furniture of latest new styles.

Houses Furnished on the Time Payment System. Terms very easy. Everybody in town and country cordially invited to visit and inspect our Immense Stock.

VENETIAN BLINDS

VENETIAN BLINDS!
At Moderate Prices.

PATERSON BURK & CO.,
STUART ST.
(Opposite St. Paul's Church.)

KITTO AND GRAHAM,

PRACTICAL TAILORS,

18 MANNERS STREET,

WELLINGTON.

RAILWAY HOTEL

THORNDON QUAY, WELLINGTON.

JAMES DEALY ... Proprietor.

This well-known Hotel is in close proximity to both railway stations, thereby offering great facility to the travelling public of being able to leave by the early trains.

Guests may depend upon being called in time, a porter being kept for that purpose.

The Bedrooms are all well and comfortably furnished, and the Fittings and Accommodation throughout is all that could be desired.

The Wines and Spirits are all of the choicest and Best Brands. Dunedin XXXX Beer always on tap.

Table d'Hote daily from 12 to 2, and Meals at all hours for travellers.

Free Stabling.

THE BEST CEMENT EX-

HIBITED—MAORI BRAND.

Vide Jurors' Report N.Z. Exhibition. The above was given, with TWO FIRST-CLASS AWARDS, after most thorough tests by experts, proving our CEMENT to be equal to the best the world can produce.

Having recently erected extensive works, supplied with the most modern plant obtainable, which is supervised by a Skilled Cement Maker from England, with confidence we request Engineers, Architects, and others to TEST our CEMENT side by side with the best English obtainable.

Milburn LIME at Lowest Rates.
MILBURN LIME AND CEMENT COMPANY (LIMITED), Dunedin.
FRANK OAKDEN, Manager.

SOUTH END MONUMENTAL WORKS
Established - 1865.

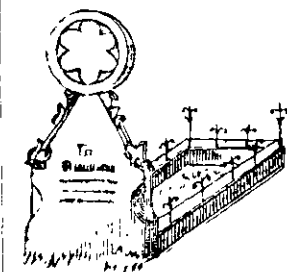
H. PALMER,
STONE MASON & SCULPTOR,
Princes Street South, Dunedin.

Monuments and Tombstones erected of New Zealand Granite, Scotch Granite, and Italian and American Marble.

Tomb Railings in great variety.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED.
Town and Country Orders promptly attended to.

S. MCBRIDE
"Sophia Street", Timaru.



Just received, ex Banghura, a shipment of Red and Grey Granite Chisels and Headstones direct from the best Scotch quarries.
Inspection invited.

CORBETT AND CO

PLUMBERS, &c., OCTAGON,
DUNEDIN.

PATENTEES and SOLE MANUFACTURERS of the CORBETT PATENT EXHAUST COWL AND VENTILATOR.

Best and Cheapest in the Market
Telephone: 263.

PRINCE ALFRED HOTEL

GREAT KING STREET NORTH,
DUNEDIN.

EDWARD KIRK ... Proprietor.
(Late of Zeehan, and formerly of the Botanical Gardens Hotel, N.E. Valley).

Having purchased the above well-known commodious and centrally-situated hotel, and having made extensive alterations, the proprietor is now in a position to offer first-class accommodation to private families, boarders, and travellers.

Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths.

The very best of Wines, Ales, and Spirits kept in stock and supplied to customers. Suites of rooms for families. One of Alcock's prize billiard tables.

Terms strictly moderate.

J. RHODES & CO

DUNEDIN
STEAM DYEING & CLEANING WORKS
116 George Street, Dunedin.

We would respectfully solicit orders for Dyeing and Cleaning. Every description of Damask, Tapestries, Lace, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel, Feathers, &c., Cleaned or Dyed carefully and well. Terms moderate. Goods to be dyed Black for Mourning receive prompt attention.

H. B. KIRK

MANUFACTURER OF
Building Bricks, Well Bricks and Round Chimney Bricks, Salt Glazed Sanitary Drain Pipes (from 3in. to 21in. diameter, with all the necessary junctions), Stench Traps (of all sizes), Chimney Pots and Air Bricks (all sizes), Fire Bricks, Bakers' Blocks, Flower and Seed Pots.

Also in Stock—For Sale—
Lime, Cement, Plaster of Paris, Cow Hair, Fireclay (ground and raw), Sand, Shingle, etc., etc.

Agent for Rutherford Bros. Hydraulic Lime.

CHRISTCHURCH DEPOT AND OFFICE,
193 TUAM STREET.
TELEPHONE: No. 432.

MESSRS THOMSON AND CO.

Gentlemen,
Please forward one case of your Soda Water per New Zealand Express Company. I daresay you may think it strange of me writing for this small order, but it is for a sick person, and the doctor expressly stipulated for your brand, and will have no other which I look upon as a great compliment to your manufacture.

I am, yours truly,

A. J. S. HEADLAND.

Oamaru, September 11, 1893.

SANITARY PIPE AND STONWARE FACTORY, KENSINGTON.

THE undersigned having purchased the above Work is prepared to sell at Lowest

Current Rates

J. H. LAMBERT,
NORTH-EAST VALLEY AND KENSINGTON.

Caterer to the Canterbury Saleyards' Co.; Canterbury Yeomanry Cavalry; Agricultural and Pastoral Association.

BURKE'S HOTEL

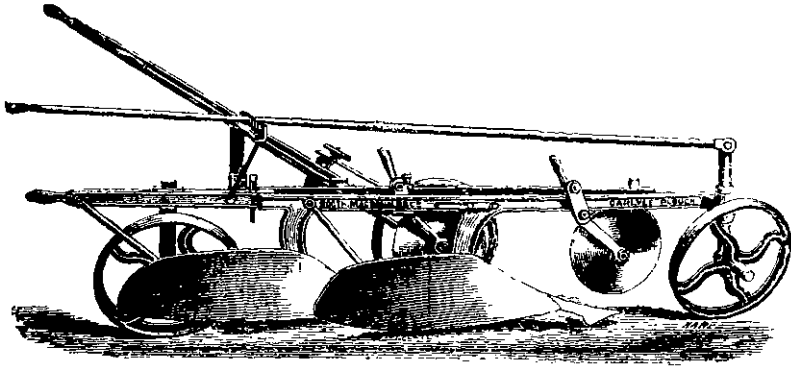
Corner of High and Manchester Streets
CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z.

Hot, cold, and shower baths. The best accommodation in Christchurch on the Most Reasonable terms. Special Arrangements made with Theatrical Companies, Associations, and others, on application to P. BURKE, Proprietor. All communications promptly attended to.

P.O. BOX, 364

TELEPHONE 428

MAKE FARMING PAY



THIS YEAR by using the LATEST and BEST IMPLEMENTS.

We shall be glad to send you our 1894

CATALOGUE,

which will please you. Kindly hold over your Orders till you have seen it.

Mention this paper when writing.

BOOTH, MACDONALD & CO., CARLYLE IMPLEMENT AND IRON WORKS CHRISTCHURCH

Waterford.—Died, November 30, at Dungan, Mrs Mary Butler, aged 70 years, mother of Mr Patrick Butler, Reefton, New Zealand—R I P.

Westmeath.—Hall, Mary, widow of the late Mr J. C. Hall; left Dromany, County Westmeath, 35 years ago for Australia; last heard of in Hokitika, New Zealand; sought for by her sister. Reply to Dublin Freeman office.

White, Elizabeth; left Griffinstown, County Westmeath, for Australia, twenty-seven years ago; last heard of three years ago in Thornberry Park, Melbourne; sought for by her uncle. Reply to Dublin Freeman office.

Of the population of 111,788 not one speaks Irish only; 320 speak Irish and English; remainder speak English only.

Commercial.

A. TODD, on behalf of THE NEW ZEALAND LAND ASSOCIATION LIMITED, report for week ending April 5, as follows:—

Store Cattle.—A moderate number of these change hands weekly, and owing to the very steady demand existing, prices for all sorts remain firm.

Store Sheep.—A very fair business is being done, and transactions under this head are now more numerous; a good demand is experienced for young sheep, both cross bred and merino, all of which fetch very fair prices, though not quite up to those ruling the previous season.

Sheepskins.—We held our weekly sale on Tuesday as usual before a good attendance of the trade. Biddings were spirited and the catalogue was cleared at prices for half and crossbred, dry and green on a par with last week's rates. Merino skins, however, have not the same attention, and prices for these are relatively lower. Country dry crossbreds, inferior to medium are fetching 1s 11d to 2s 10d; do do merino, 1s 4d to 1s 9d; medium to full woolled crossbreds, 3s to 4s 2d; best do, 4s 3d to 4s 6d; extra heavy 4s 9s to 5s 4d; full woolled merino good, 2s to 2s 9d; best, 2s 10d to 3s 9d; extra heavy, 3s 10d to 4s 3d; dry pelts, 1d to 1s 5d; best green crossbred pelts, 2s 3d to 2s 6d; extra heavy, 3s to 6s more; medium to good, 1s 10d to 2s 2d; green lambskins, best, 2s 2d to 2s 10d; medium, 1s 9d to 2s each.

Rabbitskins.—There is very little doing in these in the meantime, but a good demand is experienced for the few offerings, and this week prices obtaining show a slight advance, especially for best skins. We submitted a moderate catalogue last Monday, best autumn skins fetching 7d to 8 1/2d; summer, 1 1/2d to 6d; suckers and inferior, 1 1/2d to 3 1/2d per lb.

Hides.—A moderate demand exists and late rates readily obtaining, say, for heavy, free from cuts, well saved, 60lbs and over, 2 1/2d to 3d; medium, 1 1/2d to 2d; inferior and light comprise the bulk of the offerings, 1d to 1 1/2d per lb.

Tallow.—The market shows slight indications of a receding tendency, buyers are evidently less keen to operate at prices lately ruling, owing, doubtless, to the less firm tone of the market at Home. Local manufacturers have very full stocks on hand. Quotations for prime rendered mutton, L20 to L21 6s; medium to good, 17s 6d to 19s 6d; inferior to medium, 15s to 16s 6d; rough fat, best fresh can, 13s to 13s 6d; medium to good, 12s to 12s 9d; inferior to medium, 10s to 11s 9d per cwt (ex store).

Wheat.—This market presents no new feature. Home advices continue to report a quiet tone at Mark Lane, with no indications of any reaction in the meantime at any rate. Business in the local market is only to a very moderate extent, owing chiefly to the fact that the quantity of really good milling is in very few hands, and not much of it, also that sellers are not disposed to accept lower prices, in the meantime, than those being lately quoted. We quote—Prime milling, Tuscan and velvet, 2s 7d to 2s 8d; choice, a shade

more; medium to good, 2s 5d to 2s 6d; inferior to medium, 2s to 2s 4d (ex store, sacks weighed in, terms).

Oats.—The market is quite void of animation, the small business being done is confined to the requirements of local consumers, and as the quantity still being put on the market for immediate disposal is a long way more than sufficient for present needs, there is no show for prices to improve.

Barley.—Consignments are now coming forward, mostly inferior to medium quality, very little prime malting offering. Beally good has some enquiry, but there is no demand for any other sorts. Quotations for prime malting, 3s 9d to 4s; medium nominally, 3s to 3s 3d; milling, 2s 6d to 2s 9d; feed has no enquiry; ex store, sacks extra, terms.

Grass Seeds.—There is no improvement to note in the demand for ryegrass seed. Short, heavy, clean seed is saleable at late rates, while undressed large seed is somewhat difficult to quit. Quotations for machine dressed, good to best, 3s to 3s 3d; choice perennial, 3s 6d to 4s; ex store, sacks extra, net. Cocksfoot has lately met with more attention, and now with diminishing stocks prices are firmer. Quotations for best dressed, 4 1/2d to 5 1/2d; medium, 3d to 4 1/2d per lb.

Potatoes.—Consignments lately have been in excess, prices in consequence have further receded. Quotations for best, L2 12s 6d to L2 17s 6d; medium, L2 5s to L2 10s; kidneys, for seed, L3 per ton; ex store, sacks weighed in, net.

Chaff.—The market has been glutted during the past week, and to effect sales very much lower prices have to be accepted, best selling at L2 2s 6d to L2 7s 6d; extra prime, L2 10s to L2 15s 6d; inferior to medium, L1 10s to L2 per ton (ex truck, sacks extra, net).

Dairy Produce.—Prime salt butter, dairy-made, only in very moderate demand at 4d to 6 1/2d; medium, 3 1/2d to 4 1/2d; factory, 9d to 10d per lb. Factory cheese has a little more inquiry, medium being worth 4 1/2d to 4 3/4d; 1 at do, 4 1/2d to 5d; dairy-made, 2d to 4d per lb.

Flax.—There is no material alteration to note in the position of the market, which still remains inactive. Quotations for medium to good, L13 10s to L14 10s; inferior, nominally L10 to L12 per ton.

STEBONACH BROS AND MORRIS report as follows:—

Fat Cattle.—Best bullocks, L9 10s to L10 10s; medium do, L8 to L8 15s, light do, L6 10s to L7 12s 6d; best cows, L6 10s to L7 17s 6d; medium do, L5 10s to L6 10s; light and aged, L2 17s 6d to L5 5s.

Fat Sheep.—Best crossbred wethers, 12s 9d to 14s; medium do, 10s 9d to 12s 6d; best crossbred ewes, 11s to 12s 9d; extra prime do, 13s 6d to 13s 9d; medium to good do, 8s 6d to 10s 9d.

Lambs.—Best, 9s to 10s 6d; others, 4s to 8s 9d; one pen, 12s 6d. **Pigs.**—Suckers, 8s to 12s 6d; slips, 14s to 16s; stores, 18s to 23s 6d; porkers, 31s to 35s; baconers, 37s to 46s 6d; do, extra heavy, 63s.

Store Cattle.—All lots offering are readily sold at satisfactory prices.

Store Sheep.—There is little improvement to note in buyers' idea of values.

Sheepskins.—Country dry crossbreds, 1s 10d to 5s 3d, according to quality and growth of wool.

Rabbitskins.—We disposed of a small catalogue on Monday last at up to 10 1/2d.

Wheat.—Quotations: Prime milling, velvet and Tuscan, 2s 7d to 2s 9d (extra choice velvet a little more); medium to good, 2s 5d to 2s 6d; inferior to medium, 2s to 2s 4d (ex store, sacks weighed in terms).

Oats.—Buyers ideas of values are: Best feed and milling, 1s 4d to 1s 5d; medium to good 1s 3d to 1s 4d (sacks extra, ex store).

Grass Seed.—Quotations.—For machine-dressed, good to best, 3s, to 3s 3d; extra choice, perennial, 3s 6d to 4s (ex store, sacks extra, net).—Cocksfoot.—Very little is doing in this. Prices from 3 1/2d to 4 1/2d per lb.

Potatoes.—Best, L2 15s to L3; medium, L2 7s 6d to L2 12s 6d per ton (ex store, sacks weighed in, net).

Chaff.—Best old sheaf, well cut and screened, L2 15s to L3; best new, L2 7s 6d to L2 12s 6d; medium to good, L2 to L2 5s; inferior to medium, 30s to 37s 6d per ton (ex truck, sacks extra, net).

VOICE & PEAT COACHBUILDERS
(Late Bryant & Voice) By Special Appointment.

Central Carriage Works. Manufacturers of Fine Carriages, 2 and 4 horse Prag, Hansson Cabs, Tandem Carts, Polo and Pajjal Carts, Ring and Road Sulkes a specialty. Business Carts and Waggon. Written Guarantee with all new work. Write for Prices to Lichfield Street, Christchurch.

FURS. FURS. FURS.
IMPORTANT NOTICE.
I. BALOS, FURRIER
 (late of the Octagon) has REMOVED to 153 GEORGE STREET, Dunedin, where he will be pleased to receive orders for all kind of Furs. Rugs, Hearth Rugs, Mats, Capes, Victorias, Boas, Tippets, Muffs, Handbags, etc., always on hand. Ladies' Sealskin Jackets, Re-cut and Re-lined, also Rugs and all kinds of Furs, Repaired and Refined. All work finished in an artistic and superior style—Unequaled.

SCOTT AND WILSON
 MANUFACTURERS OF
VENETIAN BLINDS, SELF-COILING SHUTTERS.

S. & W. hold the only **FIRST AWARDS** at the New Zealand and South Seas Exhibition for above Manufactures.

REPAIRS IN ALL BRANCHES
 Promptly and thoroughly attended to.

ST. ANDREW STREET, DUNEDIN
 (Between George and Cumberland streets.)

NEW AUTUMN AND WINTER GOODS.

M. FRAER AND SONS,

CASH DRAPERY DEPOT,

GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

Inspection invited. No one asked to buy.

NEW DRESS MATERIALS—All the Latest Novelties in Hop, Sacs, Serges, Amazons, Diagonals, Tweeds, Cashmeres, Fancies, Cretonnes, etc., etc.,—a grand range.
LOUIS VELVETEENS,—All the Newest Shades and Best Qualities

THE SHOW ROOM

Replete with all the **LATEST NOVELTIES MILLINERY**.—The Latest Parisian Bonnets, Hats, etc., in endless variety.—Birds, Feathers, Lace, etc., etc., For and Fancy Boas, Corsets, Umbrellas, Trimmings, etc., etc.

WE CALL SPECIAL ATTENTION to our Stock of Ladies' Mantles, Capes, Fur-lined Cloaks, Jackets, Macintoshes, etc., etc. The Value and Quality not Equalled in Dunedin.
DRESSMAKING—Latest Styles, Moderate Prices.

OUR HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT Contains Blankets, sheetings, Quilts, Cretonnes, Curtains, Towels, Tablings, shirtings, etc., etc. All Special Value.

AN EARLY CALL WILL REPAY YOU.
 Our Prices all round are the cheapest in Dunedin. Our Goods are all Superlative Quality.

M. FRAER AND SONS, GEORGE STREET.

SANITATION.

J. AND R. SCOTT
 SANITARY ENGINEERS,
RATTRAY STREET, DUNEDIN
 (Opposite D.I.C.)

PLUMBERS,
TINSMITHS,
BELLHANGERS,
GASFITTERS,
ZINC & IRONWORKERS.

J. SCOTT having made a special study (while in the Home Country) of Sanitation Heating and Ventilation, and also gained Diploma from the Worshipful Company of Plumbers, London, is now prepared to fit up Dwelling Houses and all kinds of Public Buildings with the latest Sanitary Plumber Work.

People entrusting them with their work will find it done only in that style which emanates from practical men.

JOBING WORK DONE BY COMPETENT MEN.
 Charges Moderate. Estimates Given.

COMMERCIAL AND FAMILY HOTEL.

Close to Railway Station,
THE SQUARE, PALMERSTON NORTH.

The Palmerston Club has its rooms in this Hotel.

A porter meets every train.

MISS CRAWFORD - - Proprietress.

MESSAGERIES MARITIMES.

DUNEDIN, SYDNEY, or MELBOURNE to LONDON.
 Overland from MARSEILLES via PARIS, Steamers under Postal Contract with the Government of France,
 Calling at MELBOURNE, ADELAIDE, KING GEORGE'S SOUND, MAHE, SUEZ, and PORT SAID.
 Passengers Booked to BOMBAY, REUNION, MAURITIUS, & EAST COAST OF AFRICA

Steamers	Tons	Leave Sydney	Leave Melbourne	Leave Adelaide
Armand Behic	6537	Mar 27	Mar 31	April 2
Anstrahlen	6428	April 27	May 1	May 3
Ville de la Ciotat	6537	May 27	May 31	June 2

PASSENGERS BOOKED THROUGH FROM DUNEDIN.

Rates of passage money to Marseilles, from £24 to £65, including table wines and Suez Canal dues on passengers.
RETURN TICKETS issued at the following rates:—

Available nine months	1st Class	2nd Class	3rd Class
	£105	£70	£42

Saloon Passengers booked through to London, via Paris. Best railway accommodation, luggage conveyed free, and a fortnight allowed from Marseilles en route. First-class, £70; Second-class, £50.

By special arrangement an **ENGLISH INTERPRETER** will attend on board upon arrival of steamer at Marseilles, to give passengers every assistance in disembarking, passing their luggage through the Customs, etc. He will also accompany them in the train to Paris and Calais.

NEILL & CO., LIMITED,
 Agents, Dunedin.

NORDDEUTSCHER - LLOYD IMPERIAL GERMAN MAIL.

SYDNEY, MELBOURNE and ADELAIDE to SOUTHAMPTON, ANTWERP, and BREMEN,
 Via Colombo and Suez Canal,
 Taking Passengers for London,
 Connecting from Alexandria by Direct Mail and Passenger Line
 To BRINDISI and GENOA.
 Will be despatched as follows (if practicable):—

Steamers	Tons	Leave Sydney	Leave Melbourne	Leave Adelaide
Hohenstaufen	4364	Mar 29	Mar 31	April 4
Oldenburg	4264	April 26	April 28	May 2
Karlsruhe	4364	May 24	May 26	May 30

And thereafter every four weeks.

Passage from Dunedin to Southampton, Antwerp, and Bremen ... £18 to £67 10s.

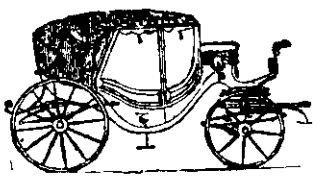
SPECIAL RETURN TICKETS TO EUROPE
 Passages from Europe can be prepaid in the colonies.

For freight or passage apply to
NEILL & CO., LIMITED,
 Agents, Dunedin.

PLANTING SEASON, 1893
 Great Reduction in Price, owing to Expiration of Lease.

KERR & BARNETT
 Have on Sale—
 Fruit Trees, Ornamental Trees and Shrubs.
 Contract planting done by experienced workmen. Contractors and large planters liberally dealt with. Catalogues free on application.
STANMORE NURSERY, Christchurch.

MARK SINCLAIR,
 COACHBUILDER AND IMPORTER,
GT. KING AND ST ANDREW STREETS, DUNEDIN.
 AND AT BURNSIDE, GREEN ISLAND.



Country Orders receive Special Attention.
 Correspondence Invited.

Every Description of Carriage and Buggy built to order; also Farm Drays, Waggon, and Spring Carts.
 All kinds of Repairs at Lowest Prices.

Largest Prize-Taker in Carriages until Prizes were discontinued.

PARKER, FINLAY, & LEED-HAM'S RINK
LIVERY, LETTING, and COMMERCIAL STABLES

(Formerly Royal George),
MORAY PLACE, DUNEDIN,
 Will OPEN on WEDNESDAY, 21st March.

Carriages and Buggies for Hire.
 Carriages for Wedding Parties on the Shortest Notice.

Superior Saddle and Harness Horses for Sale or Hire.

Commercial Travellers liberally dealt with.
 Four-in-Hand Teams a Speciality.
 Horses Bought and Sold on Commission.
 Gentlemen favouring the Proprietors with charge of their horses at livery will receive Every Attention.

In connection with the above, the **SHOEING FORGE** has been leased to Mr. PHIL. WALSH (late of Criterion Forge), who is so well and favourably known in his business as not to require further comment.



UNION STEAM SHIP COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND, LIMITED.

The above Company will despatch steamers as under:—

FOR LYTTLETON, WELLINGTON, — PENGUIN, s.s., on Monday, April 9. Passengers from Dunedin Wharf at 3 p.m. Cargo till noon.

NELSON VIA LYTTLETON, WELLINGTON. — PENGUIN, s.s., on Monday, April 9. Passengers from Dunedin Wharf at 3 p.m. Cargo till noon.

FOR AUCKLAND, VIA LYTTLETON, WELLINGTON, NAPIER, and GISBORNE. — (Transhipping at Lyttelton) ROTOMAHANA, s.s., on Wednesday April 11. Passengers from Dunedin by 2.30 p.m. train.

FOR NAPIER WHARF, VIA OAMARU, TIMARU, & LYTTLETON—KAWATIRI s.s., early.

FOR SYDNEY, VIA LYTTLETON, WELLINGTON, and AUCKLAND—(Transhipping at Lyttelton) ROTOMAHANA, s.s., on Wednesday, April 11. Passengers from Dunedin by 2.30 p.m. train.

FOR MELBOURNE, VIA BLUFF AND HOBART—MANAPOURI, s.s., on Thursday, April 12. Passengers from Dunedin by 3.35 p.m. train.

FOR SYDNEY, VIA LYTTLETON, WELLINGTON. — TARAWERA, ss., on Tuesday April 10

FOR WESTPORT, VIA TIMARU, AKAROA, LYTTLETON, AND WELLINGTON. — OMAPEBE, s.s., on Friday, April 13. Passengers from Dunedin Wharf at 6 p.m. Cargo till 2 p.m.

FOR GREYMOUTH AND HOKITIKA, VIA OAMARU, TIMARU, LYTTLETON, and WELLINGTON — HERBALD, s.s., about Tuesday, April 10. Passengers from Dunedin Wharf at midnight. Cargo till 4 p.m.

FOR FIJI, from AUCKLAND. — TAVUNI, s.s., about Thursday, April 26.

FOR TONGA and SAMOA, from AUCKLAND. — OVALAU, s.s., about Wednesday, April 11.

OFFICES:
 Corner Vogel, Water, and Cumberland streets.

NEW CYCLE BUSINESS Christchurch.—**BECKWITH & CO.** beg to announce that they have Commenced Business as CYCLE Manufacturers, &c., in premises next Mr. Horsley's, TEAM STREET, opposite Nelson, Moate's, and trust to receive a share of public support. Repairs receive best attention. Charges moderate. Victory Cycle Works.

Mr F. MEEHAN, King street, reports:—Wholesale prices:—Oats: New feed, 1s 3d to 1s 6d; old, 1s 7d to 1s 9d. Wheat: Milling, 2s 6d to 2s 10d; fowls' wheat, 2s 0d to 2s 3d. Chaff: Inferior to medium, 30s to 40s; good to prime, £2 5s to £2 15s. Hay: Oats, £3 0s; ryegrass, £2 5s. Potatoes: Kidneys, £2 10s; derwents, 4s to 5s. Flour: Stone, £6 10s to £7 0s; roller, £7 10s to £8 0s. Oatmeal, 25lbs, £9 0s; bulk, £8 10s. Butter, fresh, 6d, 7d to 9d; salt, 6d, poor demand. Eggs, 1s 3d per dozen (market fair supply.)

DUNEDIN HORSE SALEYARDS.

Messrs. WRIGHT, STEPHENSON AND Co. report as follows:—The entry of horses for our sale on Saturday was composed, for the greater part, of medium-class hacks and harness horses, the balance being made up of inferior draughts and light horses. The demand from start to finish was very slack, and only about half the horses forward changed hands. Next week we shall offer a large number of very useful draughts, of which full particulars will appear in the *Otago Daily Times's* advertising columns. We quote—First-class draughts (extra heavy), L25 to L30; good ordinary do (young), L18 to L22; medium do, L12 to L16; aged do, L6 to L10; good hacks and harness horses, L12 to L16; medium do do, L7 to L9; light and inferior do do, L2 10s to L5.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

(From Contemporaries.)

FATHER CLARKE, S.J., has resigned the editorship of the *Month*, and is succeeded by Father Gerard, S.J.

Father Holweck, an American priest, has classified and innoted a calendar which shows that there is no day in the year on which the Blessed Virgin is not somewhere publicly invoked under one of her numberless titles.

Hoffman's Catholic Directory of last year gives the Catholic population of the United States as 8,806,000. This year it reports the number to be 8,902,000—an increase of 96,000 in one year. This does not look as if the Church were losing ground.

A committee has been formed to celebrate the first centenary of the birth of Pius IX. One of the objects of the committee is to complete the baptistry at Sinigaglia Cathedral, where Pius IX. was baptised. With the approval of Cardinal Vaughan and the Archbishop of St Andrews and Edinburgh, a committee has been formed to represent Great Britain in the carrying out of this work.

Dr Knowles, a priest who some years ago seceded from the Catholic Church in America, has just made his submission, and begged to be re-admitted to the Catholic fold. Dr Knowles is a man of considerable literary ability, and his return to the Catholic Church has caused considerable stir in the United States.

The last words of Manning were reproduced at Whitehall during the week from a phonograph. They were—"To all who come after me: I hope that no word of mine, spoken or written, will be found to have done harm to anyone after I am dead."

As a result of the recent Eucharistic Conference at Jerusalem twenty-three of the schismatical Syrian bishops have returned to the Catholic Church. They are probably but the heralds of a greater host. In England, within a few months, fourteen Anglican ministers have become Catholics. So come the tokens from East and West of a great movement for the re-union of Christendom on the only possible basis—re-union with Rome.

Archbishop Ireland believes that the anti-Catholic party, popularly known as the A.P.A., would die out if it were not noticed. Many other Catholics, both of the clergy and the laity, believe it wiser to kill off the secret anti-Catholic societies by forcing their membership into the light. Here is a case where good men, working towards the same end, must agree to disagree as to the best route and methods.

Mr Pringle Nichol, a distinguished Oxford student, and the son of a Glasgow professor, has been received into the Catholic Church. The conversions are also announced of Mrs Badley and her daughter, who belong to an English family of high position, and who were received into the Church recently in Rome.

It is proposed to hold a series of Catholic meetings in South London after Easter for the purpose of answering several statements made by anti-Catholic lecturers. The Guild of Bazem has the matter in hand, and the lecturers will include Father O'Brien, O.S.B.; Father Croke Robinson, M.A., and Father J. S. Vaughan.

The new Church of St Joachim, which has been built by donations of the faithful of all parts of the world, was formally handed over to his Holiness on Saturday, February 17. A cardinal represented the Pope on the occasion. There was a numerous concourse of people. One of the last presents to the church were some magnificent blocks of cedar trees from Lebanon, from the Patriarch of the Maronites.

On the anniversary of the death of Pius IX., his Holiness the Pope assisted at the Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Pontiff. The whole Papal Court were present, besides twenty-two cardinals, several archbishops and bishops, the Diplomatic Corps, and many of the Roman nobility. After the Mass, his Holiness was robed with a large red cope—red being the mourning colour of the Popes—and gave the ablutions.

Efforts are being made both at home and abroad to encourage devotion to Our Lady under the title of "Our Lady of Light." Though not much known just now among English-speaking people the title was common enough in the earlier ages. The *Ave Maria* looks forward to the day when the title will find its place in the Litany of Loreto, and, meantime, the Holy Father has enriched it with an indulgence of a hundred days.

The Vatican is waiting. That is its force. For nineteen centuries the Church has observed the movements of the nations and striven to advise them to justice. It has been rarely listened to. But it has seen the nations grow, and wax strong, and decline, and pass into a state of feebleness. It would be a difficult task to predict Italy's future; but, whatever it be, the Vatican, or rather the Papacy—for the very material existence of the Vatican has been threatened over and over again—will, as before, aim at guiding the nations to justice.

Cardinal Parocchi presided at the final sitting of the eleventh Italian Catholic Congress, which was held on Sunday, February 18, in the Church of San Carlo. About a thousand delegates were present. Resolutions were carried affirming the necessity for strict discipline in the Catholic Church, recommending, as regards the attitude of Catholics to the social question, that assistance should be given to the agricultural classes by means of rural banks, urging that a federation of Catholic journalists be formed, and demanding the freedom of religious instruction at any rate in Communal schools.

The French-Canadians of Father Point, Quebec, every one of whom are Catholics, have again shown their liberality and tolerance, by unanimously choosing for the fifth consecutive time a Protestant, Mr J. McWilliams, for Mayor. Mr McWilliams, besides being the only non-Catholic in the parish, is also the only English-speaking person there. What a lesson the members of the Protestant Protective Association and also their American confederates might learn from these Catholics! But this noble example will be lost on these bigots just as surely as that of the Catholics of Ireland, who show similar generosity, is lost on the Orange fanatics.

THE NEW ABBOT OF MOUNT MELLERAY.

THE appointment of a new Abbot of Mount Melleray—Father Delaney, who has been Prior for the last thirty years—reminds me (a writer in *United Ireland*) of an amusing passage in Duffy's "Young Ireland," describing the visit of the author, John (afterwards Judge) O'Hagan, and Dennis Florence MacCarthy to the monastery in 1844.

"Have you ever visited Mount Melleray?" writes Duffy to Davis. "Do. The monks show what industry and security could make of the waste lands of Ireland. It is very solemn up yonder in the mountains, and the organ in the little church playing a *Te Deum* for our victory [O'Connell and the other State prisoners had just won their appeal in the House of Lords and been released from prison] moved me as music never did before. It was like a chorus of exulting angels. We were delighted to find the 'Voice' (of the *Nation*) in their library, and when we reached Cappoquin celebrated our visit by six and thirty rhymes on Melleray, which are duly recorded in O'H.'s journal. . . . Somebody started the idea of finding a rhyme for that puzzling noun proper Melleray. It was at first assumed that there was no English rhyme but celery. The travellers, however, soon hit upon others, and agreed to fabricate a couplet in turn till one of them broke down. They succeeded in turning out three dozen jingles, and each new success was welcomed with a chorus of huzzas and laughter louder and heartier, of course, when the success was only won by a hair's breadth. After a lapse of a generation some of the couplets linger in my memory, with other reminiscences of that pleasant time. This was the first and the worst:—

From O'Connell and Steele and that jolly good fellow Bay,
I've scampered away to the monks of Mount Melleray.
And this, perhaps, the most audacious, when one of the competitors was driven to extremity for the sixth and thirtieth rhyme:—

They tunnelled a road would have puzzled Brunell, E.E.,
Such adroit engineers are the monks of Mount Melleray.
Long before each man had completed his round dozen it became necessary to shift the accent from the antepenultimate syllable; *ez* 97:—

I met a young maiden, but straightway down fell her eye,
She took me for one of the monks of Mount Melleray."

Messrs Herbert, Haynes and Co., Princes street, Dunedin, call special attention to their mantle department. Exceptional circumstances enable the firm to offer to ladies a choice not to be found elsewhere, and which must meet the most exacting requirements. Messrs Langdown and Steele, Colombo street, Christchurch, will be found always supplied with a large and excellent stock of meat of every description. Orders will receive prompt and satisfactory attention.

MR. J. S. ATKINSON
Surgeon Dentist,

Late Partner of Mr HOBBS, Wellington having Purchased the PRACTICE of the late Mr THOMAS, MAY BE CONSULTED daily at his late Rooms No. 11 CATHEDRAL SQUARE next Post Office. Telephone 602.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

TO THE READERS OF THE TABLET.

MOTHER MARY JOSEPH AUBERT,

JERUSALEM, WANGANUI RIVER,

Writes as follows:—

"Having won my case against Orlando I. Kempthorne, in the Supreme Court of Wellington, and our agreement having been since cancelled, I intend to put the Remedies again on the market.

"In order to ensure perfect keeping, and as a guarantee against imitation, I intend to bottle the Remedies myself."

Persons desirous of acting as Agents for sale of above will please apply to

REV MOTHER MARY JOSEPH AUBERT,

JERUSALEM,

WANGANUI RIVER.

DOMINICAN CONVENT BUILDING FUND.

The time is now approaching which has been fixed for holding

A B A Z A A R

in

AID OF THE ABOVE NAMED FUND.

It is therefore hoped that the friends of religion and education will kindly give their assistance in promotion of the good work.

FULL PARTICULARS WILL BE GIVEN IN AN EARLY ISSUE.

Our readers are also reminded
Of the

A R T - U N I O N,

For which books of tickets have already been issued,
and whose success is a matter of
great importance.

H I T A K E R B R O S . NEW LIST OF BOOKS.

The Blessed Virgin in the Fathers of the First Six Centuries, by Father Lavius 13s
Life of St. Joseph Benedict Cottolengo. 5s
Lights in Prayer of Ven. Fathers Pueri, Colombier and Segneri. 5s 6d
Jesus the All-Beautiful. 7s Saturday Dedicated to Mary, 6s 6d
Life of A. H. Law, S.J., by Ellis Schreiber, 5s 6d
Life and Teaching of Jesus Christ, Avancino, 2 vols. 11s 6d
Analysis of the Gospels from the Italian of Angelo Cagnola. 6s
Words of Wisdom from the Scriptures, 6s
Some Lies and Errors of History, by Rev R. Parsons, 4s 6d
Practical Meditations for Every Day, chiefly for the use of Religious, by a Father S.J. 9s 6d
Crown of Jesus Music, complete, half-calf, 2 vols. 14s
Christian Anthropology, by Rev John Theim. 12s 6d
Lourdes: Yesterday, To-day, To-morrow; coloured illustrations, 6s 6d
The Hail Mary, by J. P. Val D'Erimao, D.D. 4s
Compendium Sacre, Wapelhorst. 11s 6d

For complete list, please send for Catalogue.

W H I T A K E R B R O S ., CATHOLIC BOOKSELLERS,
Wellington & Greymouth.

HASTINGS CATHOLIC ART-UNION.

The following are the winning numbers of the Catholic Art-Union, drawn on Saturday night last at Hastings:—

Ticket	Prize	Ticket	Prize	Ticket	Prize	Ticket	Prize
826	36	2936	50	2466	28	2396	21
2015	13	3407	42	5517	39	5355	30
633	32	3477	12	3745	22	240	18
817	2	109	31	2595	27	4146	44
2937	7	1202	17	2410	33	639	7
1778	37	1753	43	4482	26	2130	25
1210	47	1784	14	1805	16	335	40
2907	49	4369	3	15	34	4323	8
5560	20	1074	41	5546	6	3467	48
337	51	1547	23	5604	77	5444	46
5526	35	814	19	4573	45	2572	4
5512	29	2928	24	2661	5	4113	38
4560	15	6	9	2931	1		

Sunday Corner.

CALENDAR—APRIL 8—15.

Sunday, April 8—Second Sunday after Easter.
Monday, April 9—S. Benedict, abbot (from 21st March).
Tuesday, April 10—S. Frigidian, bishop, confessor (from 22nd March).
Wednesday, April 11—S. Leo the Great.
Thursday, April 12—S. Julius, pope and confessor.
Friday, April 13—S. Hermenegildus, king, martyr.
Saturday, April 14—S. Justin, martyr.

The special devotion of the month of April is the Passion of our Lord. Each month is dedicated to a particular devotion. Thus, January to the Holy Infancy, February to the Holy Family, March to S. Joseph, April to the Passion of our Lord, May to our Lady, June to the Sacred Heart, July to the Precious Blood, August to the Heart of Mary, September to Divine Providence, October to the Holy Angels, November to the Souls in Purgatory, December to the Immaculate Conception.

The Church makes use of different colours in the various ornaments and vestments in order to excite the required dispositions in the breasts of the faithful, according to the occasions and festivals celebrated. There are five colours used—white, red, purple, green, and black. The white reminds us of innocence, and is made use of on all grand and imposing festivals, such as Easter, Christmas, the feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and upon all solemn and special occasions. Red reminds us of charity, and is used especially upon the feasts of saints who are martyrs—the red also recalling to mind the blood that they shed for their faith, the great, loving sacrifice of their lives, which they willingly made in order in some way to merit the still greater sacrifice of the life of Christ for them. The purple reminds us of penance and hope; it is used during Advent and Lent, those seasons when we are expected to prepare for the great festivals of Christmas and Easter by fasts, vigils, prayers, and penance; and it tells of the hope that we have held out to us by the coming into the world and the death and resurrection of Christ. The green represents faith, evergreen and lively, and is used from the Octave of the Epiphany to Septuagesima, and from the Octave of Pentecost to Advent, when there is no reason for any other colour. The black, the sign of mourning, recalls the thought of our destiny upon earth—the grave. It is used in all services for the dead, and upon Good Friday. It speaks the union beyond the grave, the power of prayer, the communion of saints, the temporal punishment after death, the darkness of the tomb, the hope beyond it. The sombre pomp of the funeral service gives to the Catholic rites a special meaning, tells the mourners of their own last end, warns the erring that Divine mercy has yet reserved for them moments for repentance and preparation, proclaims to the thoughtless that they, too, sooner or later, must be brought to the same spot; for them also one day the priest must don the vestments of black, and chant the *Liberia*. Yes; everything in the Catholic Church speaks. The ornaments, the very colours of the vestments, and those vestments themselves.—Exchange.

JAMES LOGIE, 233 Cashel Street West, CHRISTCHURCH, has just received his Summer Stock of Boots and Shoes which he recommends to his customers and the public. CANVAS SHOES in great variety.
Bespoke Work a speciality. REPAIRS NEATLY EXECUTED.

MARRIAGE.

MARTENSEN—BEECH.—On the 28th March, at the Catholic Church, Lower Hutt, by the Rev Father Doonelly, Peter Martensen to Agnes Josephine Beech.

DEATH.

FOLEY.—At Tokana, on Saturday, March 31 Agnes, the beloved wife of Daniel Foley, junr., farmer, Levels Plains, and second daughter of Mathew O'Driscoll, farmer, Levels Downs, in her 24th year; deeply regretted.—R.I.P.

The New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1894.

PROGRESS AND JUSTICE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE Catholics of New Zealand provide, at their own sole expense, an excellent education for their own children. Yet such is the sense of justice and policy in the New Zealand Legislature that it compels these Catholics, after having manfully provided for their own children, to contribute largely towards the free and godless education of other people's children!!! This is tyranny, oppression, and plunder.

ADVANCE CATHOLIC EDUCATION.



THE laying of the foundation-stone of the new Catholic school in St Mary's parish, Christchurch, his Lordship, the Bishop of the diocese, made a telling speech on the education question. Dr GRIMES, believing with St JOHN CHRYSOSTOM, that "learning is of relatively small value in comparison with integrity of soul," has devoted himself, with marked zeal, since his arrival in

New Zealand, to the extension and perfection of religious schools. Year by year new schools are opened in his large diocese, the status of existing schools is improved, and the standard of Catholic education raised higher and higher. A system of competent diocesan examination gives the assurance that while religious knowledge is sedulously imparted, instruction in secular matters is kept well abreast of the times. Triune education—mental, moral, and physical—education in the true sense of the word, is fostered throughout the diocese of Christchurch, and the faithful laity have shown their appreciation of the noble efforts of their hard-working clergy by generously maintaining Catholic schools. As in other parts of Australasia, the motto of Catholics is the saying of the golden-tongued Bishop of Constantinople: "We must not give up literature, but we must not kill the soul." Catholics realise with the great NAPOLEON BONAPARTE that "society without religion is like a ship without a compass, uncertain as to whither it is going." They are alive to the necessity of preparing youth to creditably take their place in society, but they will not tolerate a system which, ignoring God and His Revelation, leads to indifference and practical infidelity. Catholics are fully in accord with HORACE MANN, the great patron of common schools, when he says, "If the intellect, however, gifted, be not guided by a sense of justice, a love of mankind, and a devotion to duty, its possessor is only a more splendid as he is a more dangerous barbarian. We are fully persuaded that the salt of religious truth can alone preserve education from abuse." Society is moulded by education. If education be not morally good, we must not expect to find society morally pure. If society becomes irreligious or indifferent we naturally trace the cause to the defect of religious training, which, because of the incapacity or neglect of parents, should be imparted in the school. The Catholics of Christchurch are true to the faith of their fathers and the best traditions of the past. They see in their own city lamentable evidences of the trend of a pernicious public-school system. They have shown for very many years, by supporting good Catholic schools, the determination to give their

children a true and Christian education. They now give an additional proof of devotion to the great cause by providing extra accommodation in the erection of a new school. Success to the good work. The building of a temple of God is of great importance. The erection of a school so closely approaches it in importance that both should be linked together. It is said that Cardinal MANNING would not entertain the idea of building a Cathedral until every parish in his diocese had not only a church but a school, so important is it that Catholic parents should be able to send their Catholic children to Catholic schools. We have no doubt that the Catholics of St. Mary's, and of Christchurch generally, will respond to the appeal of their beloved Bishop and their zealous priests, and soon add one more "nursery of piety and hive of learning" to the many homes of true education in this young land. We are quite sure that the Catholics of this Colony will never, to use Dr GRIMES' words, "so long as they have a penny with which to build schools, accept the present godless system of State education." The facts placed by the Bishop before his congregation would cause a feeling of shame to be experienced by our fellow-colonists were they not, in too many instances, hardened by the shamelessness of sectarian rancour and long-continued injustice. "There were eighty teachers employed in the Catholic schools in the Christchurch diocese, and their salaries would amount to £7000 a year." "During the last seventeen years they had spent over £150,000 in school buildings in Christchurch diocese alone, and had also been called upon to pay one-seventh of the amount raised for State education." Dr GRIMES contended that in justice Catholics were entitled to a very large sum, which had been paid for education in Catholic schools since the present Act had been in force. The Bishop loses no opportunity of making a strong presentment of the claims of Catholics to simple justice. But the injustice continues. Downright bigotry stands in the way. It is folly for Protestants to say, as they generally do, that if Catholics got aid, others would demand it. In Canada there is something like justice. In Lower Canada—now the Province of Quebec—the Protestant minority has always been treated fairly. In Ontario—Upper Canada—it was with very great difficulty after the union of Legislatures that the Catholic minority could get even a measure of justice. Now they have their system of separate schools. The promoters of separate schools have the power to create a board of management and to collect the school rate from those, who so desire, for the maintenance of separate schools. Catholics have availed themselves of the provisions of the Act, and separate schools attended by Catholic children, taught by Catholic teachers, managed by Catholic trustees, are everywhere to be met with. In 1811 there was only one separate school in Ontario. Fifty years afterwards, in 1861, there were 289 separate schools manned by 630 teachers and attended by 36,168 pupils. While separate schools for Catholic children show a decided yearly increase, while others can, on demand, obtain the same privilege, we have it on the authority of a prominent Canadian educationist, that "no Protestant denomination has demanded separate schools for itself." There is constant agitation on the part of Protestant bigots to nullify the arrangement which permits Catholics to avail themselves of the separate school system, but no attempt to create in Ontario a Protestant separate school system. Protestants on the whole are satisfied in Canada, as they are in New Zealand, with public schools. All they want at most is Bible-reading, with a conscience clause. If they could compel the separate school law—the outcome of union with Catholic Quebec—to be abrogated they would be content. "Down with Catholic schools," and not "Give us Protestant schools," is the cry all the world over. The shibboleth which is effectively used at election times is a sham. The Protestant laity, who dominate the Protestant clergy, do not really want separate schools. Even if Catholics got their own money back and had their schools officially recognised, the vast overwhelming majority of non-Catholics would adhere to the common school system. Well do the astute secularist leaders know that this is so, but it suits their book to parade a bogey and an effective shibboleth.

TO-DAY (Wednesday), the Feast of St Joseph—postponed from Monday in Holy Week—the Feast of the Patron Saint and the eighth anniversary of the opening of St Joseph's Cathedral are being celebrated. The ceremonies in the church are Mass at 7 a.m.—With a sermon by the Rev Father Murphy and the music of the Cathedral choir, High Mass at 10 a.m. Vespers at 7 p.m., with

ANGUS & O'CONNELL,
SADDLERS and HARNESS MAKERS.

Manufacturers of all kinds of Saddlery and Horse Clothing, also the celebrated Trotting Boots as used by all leading horse-owners in Canterbury. £2 A Trial Solicited.
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sermon by Rev Father Hunt, and Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

THE Mother Mary Joseph Aubert is still carrying on her work of devotion and benevolence on the remote banks of the Wanganui River. Were it only to enable the good nun to perform her work of mercy and charity that she was, at the same time, busy in the preparation of her famous medicines, distilled from native trees and plants, her effort would be deserving of support. The medicines, however, are of real value, and their discovery and preparation have conferred no slight boon on suffering humanity. They are prepared and bottled by Mother Mary Joseph herself, and no doubt can be felt as to their being perfectly genuine. They are warranted, too, to keep for any length of time, and no deterioration in their virtues need be apprehended. As to the efficacy of the cures, abundant testimony exists in support of it. All good motives, therefore, combine to bring these cures into general use and to recommend the enterprise to the patronage of the public. In this instance, charity is accompanied by its own temporal recompense.

THE Catholic picnic (says the *Oamaru Mail* of March 27) was held yesterday on the grounds of Mr John McLean, at Redcastle, and was well attended. The sale of goods left over from the bazaar was very successful and a large number were disposed of at satisfactory prices, Mr Christie wielding the auctioneer's hammer. Mr James Quinn, of Ashburton, who purchased largely, gave away a large quantity of purchases to be competed for by the ladies in races, etc.

THE following paragraph occurs in the news by the San Francisco mail:—The Pontiff celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday anniversary on March 2. In reply to congratulations he said he would continue to the end of his life the work of carrying on the beneficent action of the church, adding that the need of this is great, for all the old conceptions of honesty, justice, authority, liberty, social rights, and social duties have been overthrown, and the church must seek to recall the nations to the principles of moral faith, to point out the true causes of existing evils, to denounce the designs of Freemasonry, to imbue the different classes of society with a feeling of equity and charity, to inspire rulers with rectitude, and to govern with submission, and intel in all ardour for peace. Father Kneipp, famous for his advocacy of his so-called water cure, had an audience with his Holiness on February 28. After examination Father Kneipp expressed the opinion that the Pope will probably live beyond the end of the century.

TOPEES in South Carolina, it would appear, take their cups rather seriously. Prohibition there has been met by riots in which several people were killed. A special provision of the law is that no man is to treat his friend. Licenses to be drunk on the premises are strictly forbidden. The spirit of hospitality, then, for which the Southern States are said to be famed has, perhaps, entered into the matter and caused bloodshed. In any case, the detecting of sly grog—for which proceeding twenty men have been driven into the swamps at Darlington and killed, is rather a hazardous undertaking. We hardly expect that hospitality in New Zealand will produce similar results. P.S.—We now learn that some of the detectives at Darlington were only half killed, and survive for further detection. Detecting a Tartar, meantime, must be nearly as bad as catching him. Things in the State continue very threatening—and all as the result of fanaticism—that of the Governor, who forced the law through. They may well dispense with the female suffrage in South Carolina if they have a man at the head of affairs who in himself includes all its virtues.

THE ceremonies of the Pope's episcopal jubilee were brought to conclusion on Sunday, February 18, with a Mass celebrated by His Holiness in St Peter's. Some 50,000 people are said to have been present, and there was great enthusiasm. At night the basilica, many other churches, and a great part of the city were illuminated.

ON March 8 an explosion of dynamite took place at Monte Citorio, close to the Italian Chamber of Deputies. The intention, evidently, was that of making a body, whom the anarchists with some show of reason regard as traitors to their cause and renegade, recognise a power that they must deal with. But with the enthusiasm shown for the Papacy on one side, and the ferocity of anarchy on the other, the monarchy and its interested partisans can hardly feel very comfortable. The possibilities arising from such explosions among the unique monuments of Rome, meantime, are not a pleasant subject of contemplation to the world in general.

We are pleased to learn that Dr Cahill of Wellington, who has been suffering from typhoid fever is pronounced by his medical attendants to be in a fair way of recovery.

THE infamous Le Caron is dead. The London *Times* fills up the cup of its degradation by declaring that the scoundrel was a patriot

and his mission a noble one. This, however, is consistent in a paper that availed itself of the services of Pigott. Toryism, indeed, is duly honoured by its apotheosis of the informer and the spy.

THE first edition of Mr James J. Moran's famous novel, "A Diformed Idol" (says the Edinburgh *Catholic Herald*), has been exhausted, and a second edition is in the press. This success is not wonderful when one recollects Mr Justin McCarthy's criticism of the work, "The central idea of the story is strong, original, and splendidly worked out." It is a matter of some gratification that a Catholic writer, and one of our own staff particularly, should at the very outset of his literary career produce a novel which so high an authority as the *Athenæum* declared to be "a masterpiece in its way."

AN old member of the Dunedin Catholic congregation passed away last week in the person of Mr Dennis MacDonnell, who had acted as organ-blower at the old church and St Joseph's Cathedral for many years. Mr MacDonnell had been in the employment of Mr Hardy, architect, of this city, and had proved his fidelity to his employer by resuming his service, from a more lucrative situation, when that gentleman returned some little time ago from a visit to the Old Country. The funeral, which took place on Sunday, was numerously attended, the local branch of the H.A.C.B.S. of which the deceased had been a member, marching, in regalia, before the hearse. Deceased had also been a member of the Confraternity of the Holy Family, and the funeral ceremonies in the Cathedral were conducted by the Very Rev Father Lynch, spiritual director of the Confraternity, the Rev Father Murphy officiating at the grave. Mr A. Vallis, organist of the Cathedral, performed on the occasion Chopin's "Funeral March" and the "Dead March" from Saul.—*R.I.P.*

LOWER HUTT.

THE services during Holy Week this year were much the same as that usually held on other years. On Wednesday Mass was said by the Very Rev Father Lane, who also preached an eloquent sermon both morning and evening. Holy Thursday, Mass at 9.30 and sermon by the Rector. At the conclusion of the Mass the Blessed Sacrament was taken to the Altar of Repose, which was exquisitely decorated for the occasion by the ladies of the Altar Society, who kept watch during the day and night with large numbers of the congregation. Amongst the constant stream of visitors during the day who came to adore our Blessed Lord in the sacrament of the altar, might be seen more than once Sir Patrick Buckley, whose high office and numerous duties never keep him from Mass or devotions on Sundays or holidays. This model Catholic and sterling Irishman is always to the front in every good work, substantially, when occasion requires it, and otherwise both by word and deed. During Holy Week Sir Patrick Buckley was to be seen daily in his accustomed place in the church fulfilling the customs and traditions of the Church and showing good example to all. Good Friday, Mass of the Presanctified was sung by Father Donnelly, and an impressive sermon preached on the Passion and death of Jesus Christ, after which there was adoration of the Cross, Stations at three and devotions and sermon in the evening by the Very Rev Father Lane. On Easter Sunday *Missa cantata* at 8.30 and sermon by Father Donnelly on the Resurrection. Farmer's Mass in B flat was sung most beautifully by a well-trained choir, under the able guidance of Miss Ida Cudby, the gifted organist, who took the soprano solos. In this Mass her beautiful and well-trained voice was heard to great advantage; Miss McGurk, alto; Mr De Rosa, baritone; and Mr Bunney, basso. The choruses also were splendidly rendered. Vespers, Benediction, and sermon at 7 p.m. by Father Donnelly. The church was full both morning and evening, and crowds approached the altar. The church was beautifully adorned with the rare flowers which are to be had at all seasons in the Hutt. On Good Friday devotions were held at the Upper Hutt; Easter Sunday, *Missa cantata* at 11 a.m., and sermon by the Rev Father Donnelly, and Haydn's Mass was well rendered by an efficient choir under Mr John Golder, the accomplished organist, who not only played well, but sang with the true meaning of the composer. Mr Golder has a fine baritone voice and knows how to use it. The tenor solos were taken by Mr Charles Cudby with devotion and feeling, the soprano by Misses Paul and Macrossen, and the alto by Mrs Andrew Brown. Each rendered their parts well. The choruses were full and well sung, and the Easter hymns were delightfully sung. The church looked beautiful, with fern trees, choice flowers, and shrubs. This church is most devotional, and splendidly finished, furnished, and arranged. It was crowded to overflowing. The grounds about this handsome church are superb, and well kept. *Missa cantata* was sung at St Joseph's, Pahautanui, and at the Sacred Heart, Ohau, on Easter Sunday, by the Very Rev Father Lane, a sermon being preached after each Mass on the Resurrection. Benediction and sermon in the evening at Pahautanui. The

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choirs at the above churches are well organised and making good progress, and the Sunday-schools are well attended.

On Easter Monday there was a social and concert at Lower Hutt for the benefit of the convent schools. Among the crowded audience were Sir Patrick and Lady Buckley, who seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. The Petone Brass Band, which consists of some 30 performers, played several selections in first-class style before the doors were opened. Soon the hall was well filled, and the performance opened with an overture, well played by Miss Finch; songs, duets, vocal and instrumental, by Misses Ida Cudby, McGurk (2), and McKane, and Messrs McLean, Johnston, Finch, and Sheehan. A violin solo by Mr Finch was a masterpiece of artistic playing and execution. Master Jones, a bright little Maori lad of about ten summers, danced a sailor's horopipe in a most graceful manner. He was encored, and favoured the astonished audience with an Irish jig, to the surprise and delight of all. Miss Ida Cudby presided at the piano with her usual taste and ability.

The convent school at the Lower Hutt is in the able hands of the good Sisters of Mercy. They have over 120 in daily attendance. The Sisters of Mercy are able teachers, and have been most successful here. Several non-Catholic children attend the school here, as well as in other parts of Wellington, thereby showing that even Protestants appreciate the excellent training received in convent schools from the Sisters of Mercy.

The Prohibitionists, who are chiefly Wesleyans and Salvationists, worked hard here and in Petone on Wednesday, the 21st ult., from early morning to late at night driving furiously about to solicit votes to close all the hotels. They managed to get a majority on the licensing committee. The hotelkeepers are greatly annoyed with these fanatics constantly watching and hovering about the hotel doors to see if they can get the publicans into a scrape, either to have them fined, or to put them to some inconvenience or other. It seems unjust and foolish that the law allows these crazy or zealous fools to be such a nuisance to the community, who are in no way interfering with them.

Hundreds of women are out on election days with perambulators and babies squalling and shouting from daylight to dark. They leave their prams on the footpaths or streets while they go inside voting. And serious accidents have occurred all over the country to these uncareful-for babies and vehicles. Lately a run-away horse and trap ran into some dozen of baby-carts at an election, and such a noise and wailing never was heard from babies and mothers. Such is the effect of the Women's Franchise, an evil which, we fear, will not end here.

WELLINGTON.

(From our own Correspondent.)

March 31, 1894.

THE most important event of the hour in Wellington, at least to Catholics of both sexes, is the mission and the almost superhuman labours of the good missionaries. The mission for the women of Te Aro closed on Palm Sunday, and, to quote the words of the Rev Father Hanley, with singular and almost unexampled success. The mission for the men of Te Aro opened at Vespers on the same day, and throughout Holy Week the church was literally crammed at the evening service, with the result that on Easter Sunday at the 7.30 Mass in Buckle street, the church was absolutely filled with communicants.

Solemn High Mass on Easter Sunday was celebrated at the Cathedral by his Grace the Archbishop, with the Rev Father Bower, deacon; Rev Father O'Meara, sub-deacon; Very Rev Dr Watters, assistant priest; and Very Rev Father Dawson, Adm., master of ceremonies. His Grace also preached a most eloquent and erudite sermon on the festival of the day. The choir was under the leadership of Mr R. A. Loughnan, and the orchestra under Mr MacDuff Boyd. Haydn's "Imperial" Mass was performed with fine effect. Madame Rosalie Metz sang at the offertory in brilliant style. Miss Millard's "Ave Verum," the other soloists being Mrs Allen and Miss Gibbe, Messrs Loughnan, Bower and Green. Mr MacDuff Boyd played two magnificent marches on the violin in his usual graceful and finished style. The Cathedral was beautifully decorated with flowers and eikau palms. At St Mary of the Angels, Boncott street, High Mass was celebrated by the Rev Father McCarthy, the eloquent and popular Vincentian missionary. Rev Father Goggan was master of ceremonies. Gounod's "Messe Solennelle" was rendered by the choir under Mr Oakes; the orchestra was under the leadership of Mr J. Spackman, and Mr Kearsley, junr, presided at the organ. At Buckle street church, where the mission is being held, High Mass was sung at 9.30, the celebrant being the Rev Father Aubrey; Father Hickson, deacon; Father Tymone, sub-deacon; and Father O'Sullivan, master of ceremonies. Cagliero's Mass was excellently interpreted by the choir, Mrs Taylor taking the solo parts. The Rev Father Hanley, the oldest of the Vincentian Fathers, preached a sermon, which was a beautiful word painting of the grand feast, and he did not forget to praise the Catholic men of Wellington for their zeal and devotion;

and one could easily see that the good missionary, although looking pale and worn from his labours, was rendered most happy by the generous response those labours had met with.

An error crept into the report which I sent you of the extent and numbers of that admirable Association, The Holy League of the Cross. It should have read: The League numbers upwards of one hundred thousand souls in Australia alone. On Monday evening last, after an earnest, eloquent appeal from the Rev Father Hanley to the congregation of men of the Te Aro parish who crowded the down-stairs part of the Buckle street church, all present, with very few exceptions, were enrolled. Each member will procure a Maltese cross, which his Grace the Archbishop will bless and hand back to the owner. The rev missionary told his hearers that the pledge which they had taken they could be released from by a priest in confession.

The Australian Squadron has paid a short visit to Wellington since I last wrote. Our city has been enlivened by the Liberty men from the fleet, and the upper ten thousand have welcomed the officers, entertaining them in various ways. The wife and daughters of Rear-Admiral Bowden-Smith have also visited Wellington and the two Misses Bowden-Smith were the guests of the honourable Dr and Mrs Grace while in the Empire City. The men-of-war have sailed and the Rear-Admiral's party have departed for the Hot Lakes prior to returning to Australia.

The Hon J. G. Ward, Postmaster-General and his lady and Mr Gray, secretary and permanent head of the New Zealand Post and Telegraphs and Mrs Gray were, I notice, the recipients of flattering testimonials from the members of the late postal conference when at Auckland. The presentations consisted of, to the Hon J. G. Ward and Mrs Ward, a silver tea set, and to Mrs Ward from the ladies, wives and daughters of the members of the conference, an address and a strawberry and cream set; and to Mr and Mrs Gray, a silver mounted spirit stand and claret jug. The Australian members of the conference were treated right loyally while in New Zealand, and that they were grateful is shown by the presentations to the Minister and to Mr Gray, so now that when those gentlemen have returned to the colonies they represented they will not forget to speak of the glories of New Zealand nor that they were received with a *ceda mille fuithe*.

This popular Irish gentleman and Catholic, Dr Cahill, is, I regret to say, now lying dangerously ill of typhoid fever at the residence of Sir G. Whitmore, Clive, Napier, where he went about a week ago to attend the meeting of the Medical Association. Sir Patrick Buckley, the close friend of Dr Cahill, left Wellington on Thursday morning, and with him went an eminent medical man, Dr Henry of this city, and a trained nurse to assist the Napier physician, Dr Moore, in his treatment of the patient. Dr Cahill, by his great ability and genial *bonhomie*, has won hosts of friends in Wellington who sympathise sincerely with him in his sickness, and who hope to see him soon among them again fully restored to health.

An extraordinary *contretemps* occurred at St Peter's Episcopal church here on Thursday last. A young couple were being married, and when it came to that part of the service where the lady was asked whether she would take the gentleman for her wedded husband, etc, she replied distinctly, "No." On being further interrogated, the answer came again short, sharp, and decisive, "No; I won't have him." There was nothing for it but to adjourn to the vestry; and afterwards the clergyman announced to the assembled friends that, owing to the sudden indisposition of the young lady, the marriage had to be postponed. However, yesterday morning she was in another frame of mind, and the marriage was duly solemnised. This, I believe, is the first case of its kind that has occurred in New Zealand.

A terrible example of the effects of over indulgence for years in intoxicants came to light in this city a day or two ago, when a man named Smith was brought before the S.M. and fined £5 and costs for supplying drink to an old man and his wife, named Mulligan, who had had a prohibition order issued against them. The facts revealed in the R.M. Court were the saddest imaginable. At one time the unfortunate couple had property which brought them £105 per month; but through their drinking this sum had dwindled to £36 per month, and the property carries a mortgage of £1,500. They lived in a house described as a human sty; their only child died alone and neglected about a week ago, and when told of her death they could not understand it. The R.M., who is a humane gentleman as well as eminently practical, ammadverted strongly on the conduct of the man Smith, who acted as agent for the Mulligans; and advised that an order be obtained from the Supreme Court to have the unhappy pair removed to a lunatic Asylum.

The City Boot Palace, George and St Andrew streets, Dunedin, still remains unrivalled among institutions of its kind. Free inspection of a stock that speaks for itself is invited.

Mr James Allan, house painter and decorator, Manchester street, Christchurch, is ready to execute in the most satisfactory manner possible all commissions entrusted to him in connection with his branch of trade. His stock of paperhangings, panels, and glass is of the best possible qualities at moderate prices.

A FAVOUR OF OUR QUEEN.

(From the *Ace Maria*)

A RECENT number of the *Ostschweiz*, a newspaper published at S. Gallen, Switzerland, relates the following remarkable occurrence:—

Three years ago Eugénie Bron, aged twenty-three, the daughter of poor parents, living in the Bernese Jura, was attacked by a distressing malady. Her jaws were held together as if the teeth were hooked into one another. It was impossible to open her mouth, and the physicians, to save her from starvation, were obliged to take out one of her teeth. Through the opening thus made liquid food was given her by means of a tube. The food consisted of tea or coffee, for her stomach would not retain either milk or broth. For two years the patient could not leave her bed, and during this time she suffered the most agonising pains. Her pitiable condition soon touched many hearts, and means were found to put the young woman in the hospital at Bern. She derived no benefit from the treatment there, and was afterward removed to Basle, where the best physicians interested themselves in her case; but their efforts were of no avail; the poor girl returned worse than she went.

More dead than alive, the poor sufferer resolved to go to Lourdes, and seek a cure in that blessed spot, since human science had proved entirely powerless. Toward the end of August she started, with other pilgrims, on the long journey; and her friends declare that several times they feared that the poor young woman would die on the way.

Having reached Lourdes, she was bathed in the piscina on two successive days, but without any result. At three o'clock on the afternoon of September 1, she was again carried to the Grotto. Having arrived there, she signified a desire to be taken up to the hallowed rock. At first no one ventured to comply with her request, the attendants fearing that she would die in their arms; but at last one of the gentlemen in attendance took courage and bore her in his arms to the spot.

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A DEVILISH MISSION.

(Irish World, March 3.)

A LAWSUIT in the Toledo court throws a strong side light on the character and aims of the A.P.A. The suit was for the recovery of a certain sum on a contract for a lot of rifles sent to a council of the A.P.A. One witness testified that he was appointed by a committee of five of the council to investigate various styles of rifles and make a contract for a certain number. Accompanied by the committee, the witness purchased the required number of rifles, which were afterwards distributed among members of the A.P.A., the Mayor of Toledo being one of the first to purchase one.

The motive that prompted these anti-Catholic bigots to arm themselves supplies us with a good criterion wherewith to judge of their intelligence. It does seem impossible that persons living in an American city could be so ignorant as to allow designing knaves to persuade them that their Catholic fellow-citizens, with whom they come in daily contact in business and social relations, were plotting to cut their throats. And yet such is the case. Here we are within hailing distance of the twentieth century, and still there are men, born in this country so incrustated with anti-Catholic prejudices as to be made the dupes of A.P.A. emissaries to the extent of believing that American Catholics are plotting to murder them!

Listen to the testimony, given in court by the witness we have already referred to:—"There were a lot of members of the A.P.A. who were afraid to go to bed last August, fearing they would be attacked in the night by the Catholics. We expected the uprising to take place first in Chicago and prepared ourselves accordingly. We heard, also, that there was a large quantity of arms concealed in several Catholic churches of Toledo, and once we came near getting a search warrant." This statement, which was made under oath, shows the sort of work the agents of the A.P.A. are engaged in. The poor dupe who gave this testimony believed the atrocious lies told him about the Catholics. The wretches who so grossly deceived

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After remaining there a few minutes in earnest prayer, Eugénie uttered a piercing cry. The people in the neighbourhood rushed toward her, expecting to behold a corpse. But the young woman suddenly rose, stood erect, walked, opened her mouth, and in a few moments her countenance assumed its natural expression. The girl herself was overwhelmed with joy, and shed torrents of grateful tears. The Swiss pilgrims, as well as many others from all parts of the world, were deeply moved, and burst forth in a hymn of thanksgiving to God and His Holy Mother.

She who for years was unable to move now walked to the office of the medical examiners, where a number of physicians, believers and unbelievers, examined her, and pronounced her cured. The doctors then dismissed Eugénie till the next day. She returned to the church, and afterwards partook freely of refreshment. Some days later a thorough investigation was made by the medical examiners. There were more than twenty of them present, and all pronounced the cure supernatural.

Too much caution cannot be used in publishing such happenings; but when, as in the present case, the complete and sudden cure is scientifically verified in detail, it seems almost a duty to make it known to the world. We trust it will have the effect of increasing devotion to her who is the Help of Christians, and in a special way the Comforter of the Afflicted.

Messrs Beckwith and Ditport's Victory Cycle Works, Tuam street, Christchurch, may be visited with advantage by all who need anything connected with the business. New machines may be purchased of the firm at the lowest prices, and containing all the most recent improvements. Repairs are also neatly and promptly executed.

Mr J. Couston, Princes street, Dunedin, is supplied with a large stock of gas appliances of all descriptions. All the newest inventions or improvements for lighting or cooking by means of gas will be found at the establishment. In every branch of the plumber and tinsmith's trade Mr Couston is also well provided, and all orders entrusted to him will be efficiently executed.

him counted on making him a staunch member of the A.P.A. by playing upon his fears.

In other communities they have practiced similar tactics in the hope of thereby carrying out more successfully their programme of sowing the seeds of discord and strife between American Catholics and American Protestants. Their mission is a devilish one, that deserves and should have the condemnation of every Christian and of every lover of American institutions.

Mr J. S. Atkinson, surgeon dentist, will be found at his rooms, those lately occupied by Mr Thomas, 11, Cathedral square, Christchurch, where patients will receive every attention that care and skill can bestow upon them.

The University of Minnesota is the latest collegiate institution of its character to possess a Catholic Club. There are about thirty Catholic students at this university, and they have recently followed the example of Catholic students at other non-Catholic colleges, and formed themselves into a club, which meets every two weeks, and already purposes a course of lectures by distinguished Catholic speakers.

We beg to notify the public that Bock and Co., manufacturing chemists, have opened a depot at 82 Tory street, Wellington. The following are a few lines tested with most satisfactory results:—Fire-proof cement, 1s, for mending china, glass, metal, etc. Water-proof cement, large bottles, 1s, to cement leather, delf, glass, wood, etc. will resist hot or cold water. Non-mercurial plating fluid, 1s 6d unequalled for cleansing gold, silver, or replating brass and copper. Campbylene Balls in air-tight jars, 1s, to keep moths out of clothes. Herb extract, 1s, an infallible cure for toothache, guaranteed harmless to the teeth. German cure, 1s, for burns, warts, and chilblains. We are sole agents for A. Hoolbreck's Mortein insect powder and spreaders, 1s each, this will kill all the flies and mosquitoes in any room within five minutes and destroy all vermin, but is quite harmless to animal life. All these things will be sent post free to any part of New Zealand on receipt of postal notes and 1d or 2d stamps. A trial solicited. Please address: Paul Bock, 82 Tory street Wellington, N.Z.—[ADVT.]

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Dublin Notes.

(From contemporaries.)

THE residence of Mr John Gairdner, J.P., Lisbeg, county Galway, has been totally destroyed by fire. Lisbeg was one of the largest and most imposing residences in the county, and beautifully situated in the midst of picturesque surroundings. It was more of a castle than a house and contained endless suites of reception and bedrooms, all furnished in modern style. Its cost when erected 25 years ago was £20,000.

I have just seen a letter which helps to show how apt is D'Arcy M'Gee's oft-quoted refrain in his "Salutation to the Celts":—

"One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels."

It is from the island of Jersey, where, as in the other Channel Islands the inhabitants enjoy Home Rule, but having no representation in the British Parliament are unable to help the Irish cause by their votes. They manage to do so in other ways. From the letter we learn that a large force of Irishmen in Jersey had arranged to meet to consider how best they could help the London executive in clearing off the heavy liability incurred in connection with last year's registration. A collection has been determined on, and, in addition, in order to further help the executive with the proceeds, a celebration of the national anniversary is to be held in the largest hall in the island.

The following letter from "An Irish nun in England" has appeared in the *Irish Catholic*:—"Will you allow me, through the columns of your valuable paper, to make one request to the Irish clergy who, at home or abroad, leave nothing undone to promote the welfare of the people; and to Irish parents, to warn off and keep away from the polluted shores of Great Britain the young, simple, innocent girls of Ireland? They come to this country as pure as angels, yet homeless and destitute of friends and money and unacquainted with vice, they easily become the prey of those who are raised above the level of the brute creation only through fear of the law of the land. These young girls are then piteously cast aside to want and shame, although their falls may be one per cent to those of other nations, for they still retain too much conscience to do away with the offspring of their guilt. I write from experience, as I am a member of an active Order for nearly 32 years in these countries, and I never fail to impress upon people of other nationalities that things are not as they say amongst the Irish in their own land nor would they be tolerated there."

The Most Rev Dr MacCormack in a pastoral says:—"It is said that there has been a loosening of the firm old bonds of love and loyalty that kept the Irish clergy and people together in weal and woe during the ages of trial and persecution. A strain there has been, no doubt—but, thank God, that strain has not led to sundering. Scenes were enacted, and language used during the general election that brought the blush of shame to every true Irish Catholic at home and abroad. True it is that hostile newspaper literature, anti-clerical harangue, and free liquor bars were contributing causes of that disgraceful conduct; but even these causes could not stir up such a sink of iniquity if its foul elements had not pre-existed. We refer to this matter now, even at the distance of time, because we had no earlier opportunity of doing so in this form, and because the scandal deserves the reprobation of all times. We exhort the faithful then to keep to the old landmarks of their forefathers, and not to be led away from their allegiance as true and loyal children of the Church, to be respectful to their pastors and obedient to the laws of our Holy Mother the Church. The reading of bad journals is another source of danger to which we would call your attention. We beg of our flock not to receive or retain publications gratuitously distributed through the post, publications which propagate heretical opinions and assail Catholic doctrines. We cannot wonder that the anti-Catholic Press of Dublin and Galway have been borrowing from the *Diritto* tit-bits so much in keeping with their well-known hostility to everything Catholic. We would suggest to our people not to receive such publications, but to return them to the Post Office as contraband parcels.

Much of the old joyousness of the Irish has vanished. The old stories and legends are rarely told now; politics and trade absorb all the conversation. The crossroads are deserted where in the long summer evenings the boys and the girls gathered to dance to the fiddle's never-tiring music. You may still see the girls milking the cows in the crofts morning and night, but you hear no more the plaintive ballad and come-al-ye to make the *dhrimin dhu* let her milk down easily. To the non-politician it seems as if this were due to the all-pervading political taint. It appears as if the plan of campaign has banished the "good people," the rise and fall of the butter market put the milking song out of tune, and discontent made the heart too heavy for the heels to be light. To the less sentimental observer

the signs are of brighter omen. If the people have less of the old gaiety, they are growing steadier. If they are discontented, it is not mere grumbling siffleness; they want something higher than they have, and that, with the power of saving money, is what brings men and nations to the top of the tree.

Alluding in a recent speech to some arguments of the London *Times* Mr John Dillon spoke as follows:—"Whenever," said Mr Dillon, "the people are quiet and there is no agitation, no matter how great the grievances of the people, no matter how many evictions and how great cruelties are practised on the people, then the Tory newspapers say: 'Oh, they have nothing to complain of. They are not murdering anybody. Everything is quiet. Land agents are not shot and, therefore, the people are perfectly content.' It is impossible to please these English gentlemen. If you shoot agents, or if there is a disturbance in the country, they say: 'It is a nation of savages; they must get no concessions at all.' If the people keep quiet, they say they have nothing to complain of, and, therefore, they must get no concessions. Now, let me tell these gentlemen in London that, were it not that we believe the present Government intends to do justice to the people, they would hear a good deal of agitation in Ireland. Why is Ireland quiet to-day? Not because of the landlords. I don't think there ever was a year when the landlords were more unreasonable or outrageous in their conduct. We are quiet in Ireland and we are patient in Ireland because we believe that Mr Morley and Mr Gladstone mean to do justice; because they have pledged their honour, and they are doing their best to give Home Rule to Ireland, and to reinstate in their homes the evicted tenants of Ireland; but if the English Parliament or the House of Lords reject these measures, then there will arise in Ireland an agitation such as the landlords never had to face before."

In a Pastoral Letter his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Armagh says:—"I should fail in my duty to those with whose spiritual welfare I am charged, did I not warn them against a danger which appears to me present and real. Though, through God's blessing, there is still much good to be found among men, still, we may say with St Paul, that the 'Days are evil.' Of all the causes which tend to propagate and intensify this evil, none appears to me more active than indiscriminate and dangerous reading. There seems to be much self-deception in this matter. Many, relying on their strong faith, their tried virtue, their superior intelligence, their ripe judgment, believe they can read with impunity anything and everything which comes in their way. When there is question of literature of an openly immoral or doubtful tendency they very soon find that tried virtue is very little protection. But literature of this class is not the chief danger, as there are very few indeed, still calling themselves Christians, who would voluntarily and unnecessarily indulge in it. The real danger is in publications which, while preserving an appearance of decency, conceal a secret poison which is insensibly instilled into the mind; in publications which, if they do not openly assail the truths of faith, treat them with ridicule or openly ignore them as myths which are not to be reckoned with; in publications which endeavour to bring religion and its ministers into contempt, to destroy the salutary confidence and mutual sympathy which should exist between the faithful and those who are divinely appointed to instruct, direct, and guide them. Such publications cannot fail to undermine virtue, weaken faith, breed contempt for sacred things, shake the hold which religion has on the minds of the people, turn them into scoffers, and, as a consequence, into apostates: for the apostate is ever found next door to the scoffer. Let no one say, whatever be his knowledge, his intelligence, his judgment, that he can habitually give himself to the perusal of such productions without experiencing the pernicious effects which they are calculated to produce."

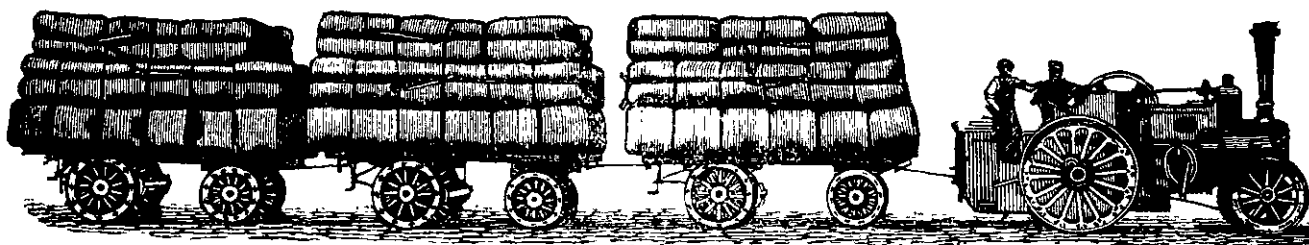
The London *Speaker*, in an article on "Balfour and Home Rule," says:—"Does any capable political thinker believe that the Irish people, having seen a bill conferring self-government upon them passed through the House of Commons under the auspices of an Imperial Government, will ever be satisfied until at least the experiment of autonomy has been tried; or that a question which has gone so far as this can be stopped moving until it has gone further? We make bold to say that Mr Balfour, who is educated in the science of politics and who is a man of intellect, believes no such thing. Mr Morley's present peace is simply an object-lesson of what we may hope for in the future under the due conditions. He enjoys tranquility because he is governing with the consent of the governed. But he does not boast of his state, or say the question is settled, because he knows he only holds that consent upon a promissory note, and that until that note is honoured by the establishment of a Constitution in Ireland satisfactory to the wishes of the majority of the Irish people, the future will be as menacing and doubtful as Mr Balfour assured his constituents it was this week. Here is one of the arguments which are bringing Mr Balfour to the position occupied by Lord Rosebery, and which Lord Rosebery predicted would be eventually occupied by both political parties. Lord Rosebery says he is not an enthusiastic Home Ruler. The kinsman of Pitt would

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naturally be more reluctant to overhaul the terms of Pitt's settlement than even Mr Balfour could be. But Lord Rosebery has inherited something of his great kinsman's political insight, and he perceives that to-day Pitt's policy—which was the consolidation of the Empire, an Empire much smaller and more widely in Pitt's day than it is now—cannot be effectuated unless Pitt's method is revised. England is now a democracy. Like it or not, there is the stolid fact. And England a democracy will not govern Ireland according to undemocratic methods. You might certainly obtain peace in Ireland for a spell, as Cromwell did, by disfranchising her utterly, and sending over a strong man to rule her as a military colony. But now-a-days, to suggest the remedy is as practicable as to suggest sinking the country to the bottom of the sea. The British democracy will not only insist on treating Ireland according to democratic principles from choice, but it will have to do so from necessity. Each session sees the congestion of the Imperial Parliament growing more intense, and the demands of the people multiplying. A measure of devolution is almost more necessary for England than it is for Ireland itself. We have little respect for the intellect which at this hour of the day still refuses admission to the logic of these facts.

L I S E T T E.

(By HARRIET AGNES ANDERSON, in the *Catholic World*.)
(Concluded.)

II.

Poor Lisette! After Ambroise's funeral they could not do much with her. She lay on the bed with wide-open eyes, in her little black dress, and she neither moved nor said a word. They spoke to her she did not heed them; they brought her food she would not touch it. The good curé came to see her, but it was not of much avail. So did the old Mère Payot who was so wise, and to whom everybody ran when there was sickness or trouble. But even the Mère Payot's wisdom did not suffice this time. Not even to Pierre, her little boy, would she respond. Pierre knew at first that something terrible had happened, and was very sad and cried. But his baby mind could not fully grasp that his father had gone away for ever. He could not understand that it was death, nor, in fact, what "death" was. And Berthe, when she saw that he could do his mother no good, kept him away and gave him his toys to play with and sweets to eat. It broke her heart to see his little face so sad and pale, as it was breaking already at the sight of her sister Lisette, added to the sorrow and shock of her good brother-in-law's death.

That evening Berthe, who was untiring in her devotion to her sister, said to Mère Payot:—"If she would but cry; but she has not shed a tear since it all happened."

But the Mère Payot sagely nodded her head. "Do not fear," she said, "she will soon sleep. She will become exhausted and sleep without knowing it. Else if she does not and does not cry, she will go out of her mind. Do not look so startled, my child. As I know Lisette, that will not happen. I tell thee she will so n sleep. And when she does, do thou go thyself and take some rest, as thou hast need of it. Thou wilt be where thou canst hear her if she makes the slightest sound, or calls thee. But she will not, for it will be the sleep of exhaustion. Then, when she wakes have a bowl of hot porridge, and something before her eyes—a statue of our Blessed Lady, Lisette is so religious—or something that will touch her, so that she will be moved to tears, for tears will be the best medicine in the world for her.

The Mère Payot had been very good and kind, and had helped put Pierre to bed, and Berthe believed all she said, for she had implicit faith in her wisdom. As it was growing late, the Mère Payot took her departure, and left Berthe alone with her sister. And now it seemed that it was all going to happen as she had prophesied. Berthe noticed a change in Lisette. Her eyelids fluttered and drooped. Then the gray eyes closed. She opened them again afterwards, but looked at Berthe dreamily, the hard expression gone, and Berthe imagined there was almost a half-smile in them, and presently they closed again. A little later, while jumping up to arrange the dripping candle, Berthe was surprised to see them wide open and staring; but after a minute the lids drooped.

And then it seemed that Lisette really was sleeping at last. By-and-by, when the early hours of morning began to creep in, Berthe arose and said quietly "Lisette." No answer. And there was still no answer when she bent over her and touched her softly, saying, "Lisette, Lisette." Then, rejoicing, she tip-toed her way across the floor, where she paused to take a last glance at Lisette, listening to her regular breathing. When she had gained her room she undressed and said her simple prayers. She intended to rest only a little, and to listen to any sound from her sister; but, exhausted from long watching, without knowing it she was soon fast asleep.

But Lisette was not asleep. It is true that for some time after her sister had left her she lay quite motionless. But when all was very quiet she arose suddenly to a sitting posture. Her face was

gray with pain. Never before had she looked as she then did. Her mouth was long and drawn, her cheeks haggard, her eyes stony and staring. She sprang from the bed and rushed to the closed door that led into the road. And she opened it quietly so as not to make any sound; but this she did only through instinct, for Lisette, in her frenzy, but partly knew what she was about. For an instant she stood under the stars, the cool night-wind blowing in her face. Then like a wild creature she flew down the road, running like a hunted deer, swift and straight.

Where she ran the trees cast black shadows across the whiteness that the moon shed. The night odors, sweet, fragrant, dewy, hung in the air. The night was glorious; its magic was incomparable. Where that glimmering shimmering, mystic light was not, dense dark was thrown by the trees and shrubs that of themselves stood out bright and silvered in outlines pure and firm. There reigned a deep stillness, not a sound was heard, and a mystery brooded over all. Above, in the air, near the blessed, star-strewn skies, perhaps that wonderous whiteness was the light from the eyes of the spirits of the holy dead; who knows?

When Lisette came upon an open space there stretched away the interminable line of snow-mountains, radiant now and dazzling, with the Mont Blanc rising above them all, majestic, like death itself—like death itself, so calm, and cold, and white, and still, serene, indifferent, beautiful. Above it sailed the sweet fair moon, holy and calm, untroubled by a single cloud; near by a great star gleamed. It was a sight to make one go down on one's knees with the hand pressed against the throbbing heart, and with a cry of joy to thank God for creating on earth such beauty. But Lisette heeded it not—she heeded not this strange and marvellous beauty. She stood there in the silvered road and flung aloft her arms, and shook them in angry defiance at the smiling Mont Blanc. Treacherous! treacherous! It was terrible, indeed, to see that black figure, so pitifully human in its aspect with uplifted, frantic arms and impassioned face, marring the loveliness of that unearthly and magical night.

Behind her, a few paces on, stood a little shrine. Lisette, turning, saw it, and she ran to it, and stood before it, her head held back defiantly. At its foot was laid a little bunch of flowers.

Lisette's devout hands had placed a bunch there each day as she walked behind La Grise; but now this one was quite faded and dead, as she had not passed for three long mornings. She snatched it up, and flung it fiercely afar; then, as if in contrition, she began hastily pulling up the sleeping flowers that stood near, making them into a bunch, thrusting them crazily, in her half-delirium, at the foot of the shrine. Now, this shrine was very well carved, and really beautiful; something there was so strange and sad in the figure upon the cross, with its drooping head, and mouth drawn and agonised in pain, and half-closed, weary, dying eyes.

Suddenly Lisette, overpowered, fell upon her knees; and she beat her fists against her temples, her face cruelly distorted; and at last an agonised cry broke from her lips: "Oh, my God! my God! let me die—ah—je souffre—Jesu-Christ, ayez pitié de moi!"

She sank at the foot of the cross; and the figure that hung upon it with arms outstretched for the whole world—He who had suffered and died for all poor sinners—seemed to look down upon her in sorrow, and yet with infinite love.

Lisette lay quite still. Indeed, she felt utterly powerless to move; her head fell upon her arm; her eyelids drooped wearily. What was this odd feeling stealing over her, benumbing her senses—this torpor?

She could not notice, in truth, so very imperceptible was it, that the glorious moonlight was dimming; yet it was true—it was dimming. Now, a strange stir, broke the silence—a whisper, a murmur soft and gentle, and so faint as to be scarcely heard, yet a sound that broke the spell of that intense quiet. "The leaves on the trees have moved," thought Lisette, and she opened her eyes, which had closed.

What was that queer thing afar in the skies of the East? It was not light, nor was it shadow—it was nothing; yet something was there. What was it. Pierre's laughing eyes? Ah, Pierre! she must go to him—her poor little son; she should not have left him. But this deadly feeling of fatigue—she could not move. Why, there was Pierre himself sitting on the grass near her! He was roughly pulling up the flowers and flinging them about. "Pierre, thou shouldst not throw the flowers about like that; they must be treated gently, most tenderly, my little one. They are beautiful, and are God's flowers. But now he was making them into a little nosegay to bring home to his father; but his father—his father—Ambroise was dead—dead—dead! Ah, God! this sharp, stabbing pain in the heart, like a knife—like a two-edged knife—oh, do not stab so! And—well—but—this pressure on the eyelids! There was Berthe and Père Fourier standing and looking at her with serious eyes. What were they saying? Now they were coming towards her, smiling. No, they were really not there at all. But there again was that strange thing in the skies of the east! It was colour—no, only the shade of a colour—no, it was certainly light! Why what is this? Had the light in the skies taken a shape? Oh, what is this? Mary, sweet Mother, what is this? . . .

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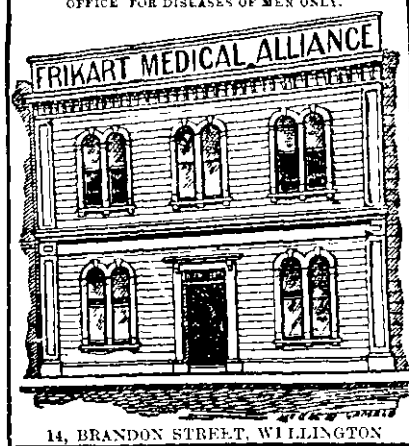
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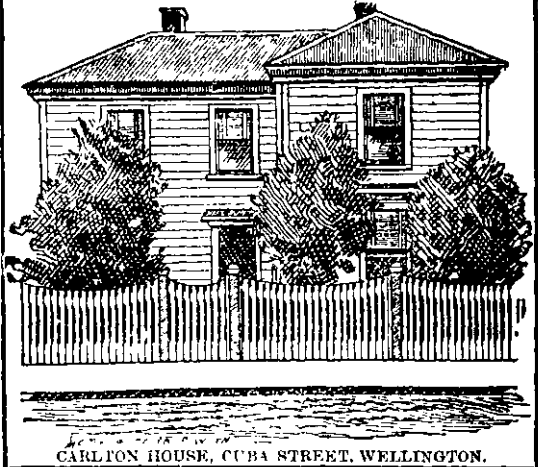
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Overwhelmed, she fell on her face in mute adoration.

When she dared look up again that marvellous figure had gone. That she knew, but he had left another in his place. It was Ambrose. Now she was not at all frightened, not even surprised. It seemed quite natural. Only she could not move, nor speak—only kneel there, staring, with outstretched hands. And she felt completely, indubitably happy; for it was her husband—her own tall, strong, brave Ambrose. He came up to her and took her outstretched hands in his, and began to talk in his same old happy way—very rapidly, slurring over his words at the end of his sentences. Only he said beautiful things which sank deep, deep into her soul.

He told her she must not wish to die; that was cowardly—she who had always been so brave in hours of trial and dismay—and she had much for which to live. There, first of all, was the little Pierre, who must be brought up to become a fine man. There was her young sister, Berthe; and, though she might not know it, many others. And after the first bitterness of her grief had passed away she would be again quite happy—yes, very happy. Who could expect to live long in the world, and go through life without suffering—without keen and bitter disappointments, or without grief? No one. It was but the common lot. Some experienced more, some less; but those who thought to escape it were fools. . . . "Let thy heart be strong. Do not turn and fly in life's battle; be not a coward, but fight and conquer. There are those who do not believe in God—that is sad and terrible; but scarcely so sad and terrible as those who do believe in him, and who, when he sees best to send his burdens upon them, turn against him and rebel; as thou hast almost done, my poor Lisette. I have loved thee. I have never loved thee as I do now. But, loving thee, though it means separation for years, I can only wish to see thee living upon the earth until thy work on it is nobly done, and well. There is Pierre; he will grow from childhood into boyhood, from boyhood into manhood. And life—ah, life, Lisette, is filled with terrible dangers, snares, and temptations! Pierre will need a mother's hand. Thou must be his guardian angel upon earth, and see that he grows up to be a good man, noble and brave. And now—good-by—good-by until—"

He bent and kissed her forehead with infinite tenderness and was gone. There followed for her a period of darkness.

That low, continuous murmur grew noisier. And the waning of the glory of the moon, at first so imperceptible, was now quite apparent. The dense black shadows about began to grow faint and gray. The trees and shrubs that had looked in the weird light so strange took on bolder outlines, became more natural, at last stood out fresh and green. In expectancy of that which was to come, the shy stars paled; one by one they quietly withdrew. Down the heavens crept the moon, timid, too, before the coming of one mightier than she, hiding her fairness behind a veil of mist and light. A few little clouds, white and fleecy, sailed across the sky. And the leaves on the trees were still rustling. A shy little breeze timidly invited them to play. Then, gaining courage, it rushed joyously among them, so that they quivered and shook in tremulous delight at the advent of so boon a playfellow, and turned from him saucily with soft laughter—was it not their sweet laughter, that low, happy murmur? The atmosphere was gray and fresh and cool. Afar in the eastern skies that shadow of a colour had flashed and deepened and flamed to a red, at first dull, then vivid and brilliant—red banners unfurled there in the east to herald the coming of the mighty one. Now little birds, unseen, unheard before, began to appear; they ruffled their feathers sleepily, for they were not yet fully awake. Then they began to twitter and to hop about from twig to twig. Suddenly one winged high up into the air, straight as an arrow; another broke into jubilant song. O glad, O blessed, joyous song of praise! It was Sunday morning.

III.

When Lisette awoke to consciousness the sun had quite arisen; but it was yet very early morning. The little fleecy clouds had

turned to gold; some, lower down, glowed a deep rose. Like good ships before the breeze, swiftly they sailed across a sea of blue. And the young day was deliciously cool.

A bird, flying low, and brushing its wings across her face, a gleam of sunshine in the eyes, had awakened Lisette. At first she was bewildered and shocked to find herself lying on the damp ground; then it all came back to her—how she had run out there in the night in a half-frenzy; how, exhausted, she had fallen in the road; and—the wonderful and beautiful happening. That she could never forget. Its memory brought to her a feeling akin to the serene and perfect happiness that sweet, rapturous music, heaven-like in its felicity, brings to those who love it. She arose to her knees; she rubbed her hands across her eyes and looked up into the sky. Then her gaze fell upon the cross; and a sudden pain shot through her heart such as she had not before felt.

For there was One who had endured infinite tortures and wrongs, Who had borne upon His shoulders the weight of all human woes for the sake of human kind. And this One-Only Sacrifice had been done in expiation for their wrongs and crimes, and through an infinite divine compassion for all who sin and who suffer—He Who had suffered so much and had sinned never. And this had been done for her and her sins, which had but added to this great suffering, compared with which hers was not even as a grain of sand to the great round earth. O bitterest pain! O deepest grief unparalleled! What has she done—what has she done?

All this this peasant woman thought. She burst into a torrent of tears. She buried her face in her hands. Great sobs shook her slight frame from head to foot. Now, it was fortunate that no one chanced that way, else they might have been dismayed at the sight of a woman weeping in the road. But it happened that not a soul had passed during the whole time that she had been there.

But she was weeping, not for her sorrow, but for a cause sent her from heaven. And, as in summer-time the rain descends purifying the overcharged and overweighted atmosphere, so did those chastening tears fall upon Lisette's soul, overcharged, overweighted with pain. And there arose within her infinite peace, as the sun shines forth after the storm and all is calm and quiet. Her sobs checked, her tears dried, she knelt for a moment with clasped hands, praying simply for forgiveness for any rebellious thoughts she had had in the first great anguish of her grief and pain; for strength to bring up the little Pierre as Ambrose wished him to be brought up; in thanksgiving for the wonderful thing that had happened to her. Then she arose and turned her steps homeward.

Berthe awoke early and quickly made her toilet. Then she went to the bedside of her sister to see if she still slept and she found her gone. She stood dumbfounded for an instant, as immovable as a statue of stone. Then she began running hastily from room to room calling, "Lisette, Lisette, Lisette!"

She called quietly at first, pausing, as though confident of a response; but when no answer came, her voice rose higher and higher into one long, frightened scream. Tears of terror stood in her eyes; she panted, and uttered with her screaming little ejaculations of prayer. When she again reached Lisette's room she saw Pierre sitting up in his little bed in the room adjoining and calling pitifully for his mother. The big, wondering baby eyes were blurred; drops trembled on their lids, and trickled slowly down the round cheeks.

In her panic Berthe was about to run out of the house and arouse the neighbours when Lisette stood in the door. Pierre saw her first, and clambered down with a delighted cry, running to her with outstretched arms. Lisette caught him up and strained him to her heart, and he laughed aloud merrily, pulling her cheeks and kissing her. Berthe's expression of mingled fear, regret, reproach, relieved anxiety, and sisterly commiseration changed to one of wondering awe. For Lisette stood in the sunlight, smoothing with a swift, tender, motherly stroke the boy's tressed and tumbled hair. And she smiled, and her smile was as the Morning Star.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE following is taken from a pastoral recently issued by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Sydney:—

What a contrast does the Catholic Church present to the conflicting theories and the ever-varying phases of religious life of those who are outside her pale. She stands before the world arrayed in the comeliness of virtue as the chosen spouse of Christ—her brow adorned with the diadem of divine truth. Fearlessly she proclaims before a hostile world her commission to be the representative of Christ on earth, and to preserve to mankind till the end of time the inheritance of His blessings. Though spread throughout every nation, she yet maintains a perfect unity in her teaching, in her sacramental life, in the worship that is offered to God. Even those who raise their voice in enmity against her cannot fail to recognise this sublime attribute, and they go so far as to commend the unity of the Catholic Church as a model which the conflicting sects of Protestantism would do well to emulate.

Her grand communion spans the whole earth, and yet her children, whilst differing in everything else, are in matters of religion of one mind, one belief, one hope. She is to be found in every known land, leading every tribe and every tongue to give glory to the Most High. In the ice-bound regions of Alaska and Labrador, and on the inhospitable coasts of Terra del Fuogo, as in our own fair sunny lands, her missionaries will be everywhere found spreading the kingdom of our Blessed Lord. In the East and in the West, in the islands of the Pacific and in the forests of Central Africa, in the old centres of civilisation and in the newest republics rejoicing in the freedom and freshness of youth, the Church is ever the same—preaching the lessons of heavenly wisdom alike to the rulers and their subjects, to the rich and the poor, lifting up the fallen, extending to the outcast her merciful embrace, unfolding the beauty of Divine truth to the pure of heart, proclaiming to us all our brotherhood with the Redeemer, and enriching us with the inheritance of His graces. All her children, no matter what their language and condition of life, whether they be free citizens of a Christian State, or receiving in their rude wigwams the first rudiments of civilisation, or suffering all the hardships of exile for the faith in Siberia, all alike obey the supreme spiritual authority of the successor of St Peter, all worship at the same altar, believe the same Divine truths, and are sanctified in the same Sacraments.

In her communion is found every blossom of cheering hope, every richest fruit of peace and spiritual joy for which the human heart can yearn. No other unity like hers can anywhere be seen. The powers of this world have assailed her; all the devices of Satan have been brought to bear against her, yet she has withstood them all. In the ways of men she is weakness itself, yet, strengthened by the promise of Christ, "I am with you all days," she is fearless amid every assault. As she has come forth victorious from every conflict in the past, she serenely advances towards the future, confident that her triumph shall endure from age to age, and shall never cease to give glory to the Most High.

In the Catholic Church, the words of the Prophet have been fulfilled, "Thy gates shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day or night, that the strength of the Gentiles may be brought to thee and their kings may come. . . . And the children of them that afflict thee shall come bowing down to thee, and all that slandered thee shall worship the steps of thy feet, and shall call thee the city of the Lord, the Sion of the Holy One of Israel (Is. lx., 11)." And again: "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that resisteth thee in judgment thou shalt condemn (Is. liv., 17)." It was not after the fashion of human wisdom or of earthly power that our Saviour instituted His Church to be the Channel of the blessings of redemption to man. It is not from the riches of the wisdom of the world, but from Him alone that all her life-giving graces flow; from Him proceed all the authority and dignity with which she is equipped. All merely human organisations are subject to the vicissitudes of time, and to gradual decay, and when they have fulfilled their destiny they, of their own weight, fall to the ground. But the Church is founded by Christ, to whom is given all power in heaven and on earth; and is quickened by the Holy Ghost, who abides with her for ever. Thus she bears with her the seal and sanction of heaven, and holding aloft the standard of redemption, till the end of time her mission cannot fail.

By a singular feature in the Church's mission God in His mercy so overrules the thoughts and deeds of evil-designing men that all their assaults only add to her strength and give new glory to His name. The persecutions of the first three centuries only resulted in the whole Roman Empire being gathered into her fold. The heresies and sects that went forth from her communion in the fourth century caused her teaching to shine before the world in brighter light. The barbarian nations that rushed in upon the fated Empire to trample out every spark of religion and civilisation little thought that they were being led to receive at the Church's hands the waters of regeneration and the birth to Christian life. The fierce tempests that swept over the domain of

Holy Church at the Reformation period only served to clear the atmosphere, and to separate the chaff from the good grain. So that it is from age to age the Church pursues her onward course, unfolding more and more the merciful designs of God in regard to man. During the present century how many times have her enemies foretold that her course was run and that her end was at hand? Their wish, indeed, inspired their prophecy, for it is a glorious prerogative of the one true Church that when wicked men seek to spread corruption around them, their deadliest shafts are aimed at her destruction. Yet now, at the close of the nineteenth century, who will say she has been overcome? Is she not as fearless to-day and as confident in the Redeemer's promise as when the legions of Imperial Rome first bowed down before the standard of the cross? As in the past, so in the present, her energies are devoted to uphold the principles of Christian civilisation, and to strengthen the foundations on which morality and social order rest. Even the sovereigns and statesmen that have combated against her have been forced to acknowledge her power and to fear her if they do not love her.

Through the same marvellous unity of the Church we may regard as our own the victories and triumphs of the Faith in past ages. The countless martyrs who joyfully offered up their lives in witness to their fidelity to our Blessed Lord are our brothers; their heroism, which won the admiration of their Pagan persecutors, their love, which was stronger than death; their patience, which overcame the world; their hope, which amidst the most cruel torments intoned canticles of glory to the Most High, form part of our rich inheritance. So, too, we rejoice in the general achievements of the missionaries of mediæval times. They went forth from their tranquil abodes of piety to bring into the fold of Christ nations that knew not God, and they imparted to them together with the teachings of heavenly truth all the purest blessings of true civilisation and of Christian life. "How beautiful are the feet of those who evangelise good tidings, who evangelise peace." Those champions of the cross are our fellow-citizens. Their trophies and their triumphs are ours. And so it is through the marvellous unity of the Church that all that was best and brightest and most glorious in the past eighteen centuries, the virtues of the cloister, the austerities of the desert, the peace and perfection of domestic life, the motherly charity extended to the poor, the mercy shown to sinners, the loving care of the widow and the orphan, the shelter of the oppressed, the repose found in her sanctuaries by the weary of heart, the untiring watchfulness in the education of youth; all these form part of the Church's rich store of merit, and are our inheritance as coheirs of our Blessed Lord.

We should never cease to return thanks to God for the manifold blessings which He has thus vouchsafed to us in Holy Church. It should, moreover, be our constant prayer that those who are separated from us may, through the mercy of our Blessed Lord, be made participators of the same priceless blessings, so that the truths of Divine faith may shine the more brightly before men, and all who profess to be followers of Christ may offer to God the homage of their hearts in "one fold, under the one Shepherd."

Correspondence.

[We are not responsible for the opinions expressed by our Correspondents.]

CARDINAL MORAN ON THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

TO THE EDITOR N.Z. TABLET.

SIR,—Words fail to express how pleased I was to read Cardinal Moran's utterances on the social problem, as reported in your issue of March 16. His Eminence's remarks prove conclusively that there is genuine distress in Australia, and that the want of work which obtains there is not due to the lazy habits of the workers, but to a great social injustice. It is, indeed, a sad and humiliating reflection that in the midst of teeming abundance there should be thousands of people clamouring for bread or work; and in that respect these colonies threaten to become as bad as any of the older countries. It is pleasing that the dignitaries of the Church should raise their voices in defence of the homeless people. The plain language of the Cardinal shows beyond all doubt that deep distress exists, and it now remains for statesmen and politicians to apply the remedy. But, while admiring the noble sympathy evinced by his Eminence for the poor and workless, I beg respectfully to dissent from the remedy he appears to suggest by implication. His remarks show clearly enough that the monopoly of the soil has a good deal to do with the existing distress—a fact which none of your readers will deny when I tell them that half the colony of New South Wales is "owned" by 677 people! That this is the primary cause of the trouble is beyond all doubt. But it is as to the nature of the remedy where I differ from his Eminence. Without dealing with the proposal to limit the rate of interest by law, let us see what can be said for the limitation of the area of individual holdings of land. At present

there is a widespread dissatisfaction with large estates, and the idea, that holdings should be limited by law finds ready acceptance amongst a large section of the people. But it should be borne in mind that what was a good law in bygone times may not be at all practicable now. The Mosaic land code, for instance, was an excellent one for the times; but nowadays it would not be advantageous to have a redistribution of land every fifty years. In the times of Moses there were no permanent improvements to be compared with those of modern times. His land system would be excellent amongst a race of shepherds and husbandmen, many of whom lived in tents. But it would not do for a commercial people or with people who lived in great cities. The Lician law, too, were excellent in their day; but the social conditions of ancient Rome were entirely different from ours. Much of the population of Rome and other empires was entirely rural. There were, indeed great cities; but there was nothing like the tendency to concentration in cities which is pre-eminently the characteristic of modern times. Land was, in consequence, of a much more equal value, and hence equality of possession could be secured by limitation of area. In these days, however, it is very different on account of the introduction of steam and electricity and the invention of machinery. Population tends to certain spots, while vast areas of country are but thinly peopled. The inevitable result is that the ownership of a small area of suburban or urban lands confers far greater advantages on individuals than the ownership of large areas of rural land. Three hundred acres would not be considered a large farm, and for pastoral purposes it would be of no use at all. But it would be large enough to contain a city. Whence it follows plainly that to limit the area of individual holdings would be no prevention of land monopoly. Land of little value could not be taken up, because a man could not acquire enough of it, and land of great value—perhaps worth hundreds of pounds to the square foot—would be monopolised. It should be borne in mind that it is not this inherent richness of the soil alone which renders it valuable; the advantages of location must also be considered. Land is very valuable in San Francisco, but San Francisco is built on a sand-bank. The reclaimed land of Wellington will grow about as much as would a paved street; nevertheless, it is far more valuable than any rural land of similar area. People seem to ignore the fact that the monopoly of urban and suburban land cannot be prevented by legislation, modelled on the Lician system. In modern times it

future, Henry George and Father McGlynn will be justified.—I am, etc.,
Beefton, March 26.
P. J. O'REGAN, M.H.R.

CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

ON Easter Monday a howling nor-wester raged over our city, evidently a hint for the citizens to betake themselves a few miles out of town where the weather was far more moderate, which a considerable number did, all outgoing trains and other conveyances being filled in every direction. In the evening there were attractions in every shape and form to bring the people into town. The Hibernian Society celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of the feast of St Patrick. I rather agree with a remark made by a speaker on that occasion, that it is much better to defer the celebration of St Patrick's day till Easter Monday, when the feast can be celebrated with joyous festivity, instead of encroaching on the holy season of Lent. I think the local branch of the H.A.C.B.S. could with very little expense, make a decided improvement to their hall in the way of accommodation in the cloak room. I noticed on Monday night there were about ten hooks on which to hang about one hundred hats, as the hooks refused to hold ten hats apiece and a man cannot always put his tile in his pocket. There was an indiscriminate pile in the corner, from which, first come first served, was the rule on leaving the hall. I feel slightly aggrieved on this point as I myself had the good fortune to part with a new hat and receive in its stead one very much its senior. I am still anxiously watching for "the hat that never returned."—Recent news from Sydney tells us that thirty compositors from one establishment have received a month's notice owing to the introduction of type-setting machinery but the latest idea in labour-saving inventions is the lamp lighting machine for street lamps worked on the eight-day-clock principle, and yet we are told that machinery is a benefit to mankind. If some of those ingenious individuals will invent some new employment for those thrown out of work by machinery, then I will agree with the above argument out not before.

The Catholic Literary Society held their usual weekly meeting on Tuesday, 27th ult. A paper was read by Mr E. M. Carr, entitled

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is not rural land alone which must be considered. The land in and near towns and cities is an even more important consideration.

As old bottles cannot hold new wine, so old land systems cannot apply in our day. I think it must appear plain from the foregoing that the different circumstances of the present time necessitate entirely different treatment. The true remedy will be found by going on in the direction taken already by the New Zealand Government—by taxing the rental value of land, after deducting all improvements. Let this principle be applied in New South Wales, or anywhere else, and land-monopoly ceases to exist. Under such taxation holders of land would either improve or throw their land open to the public, and in either case the result would be the same—landlordism would be killed. With regard to urban land one great advantage would be that house rent—at present exorbitant—would fall on account of the increase in the numbers of houses.

This is the only remedy for the difficulties of modern times. It covers all the ground, for the land question is inseparably allied with the labour question. The one cannot be dealt with without the other. Already the land-grabbers throughout the world see this taxation coming. The sudden resolve on the part of landlords in Great Britain and Ireland to sell their estates in small holdings is the outcome of a fear that in a few years the selling value will be gone owing to taxation. The Betterment Bill has passed the Commons twice. It has been as often rejected by the Peers. The London County Council have refused to make further improvement until the Bill is passed. Its passage is only a question of time; but the delay gives the privileged bandits breathing time. They see in the distance a progressive land tax; hence they must sell as speedily as possible. Perhaps the desire on the part of our own New Zealand landlords to "burst up" their estates has a similar cause.

I feel assured that Cardinal Moran must eventually see that the remedy for land monopoly, and the settlement of the unemployed trouble, can be found, not in the limitation of land, but in the taxation of rent. I offer my opinion in all humbleness, with the profoundest respect for His Eminence and with the deepest pleasure at the sympathy he expresses for those who are the victims of a wicked and pernicious land system. I venture to predict that in the near

"Women," in which the writer deals very severely with the female sex of the present day, and avows that women are, and ever will be, an enigma, unfathomable by every man. The paper was subjected to some varied criticism by the members present, after which the meeting closed in the usual way.

The annual meeting of the North Canterbury Board of Education was held on Friday evening last. The retiring president delivered an address on education. He admitted that the education or smattering of letters administered in the public schools did not prevent the pupils from becoming larrikins. This admission was hardly necessary. We are only too well aware of the painful fact. But, he explained, they refrained from giving religious instruction in the schools in order to allow Roman Catholics to send their children to partake of the untold benefits to be found in the State schools, and be made larrikins of, for the most part, without respect for either the law of God or man. Truly the generosity and unselfishness of the Education Board are boundless. The president also admits that to give a grant in aid of Catholic schools would mean the immediate collapse of the present system. From this we may infer the only way the public schools can keep pace with Catholic schools is by imposing, as they do, a very heavy handicap upon us—another proof of their generosity.

In connection with the above meeting, a report of the travelling expenses charged by members of the Board was laid on the table, which shows how a considerable amount of the money wrung from us in taxes is expended. One member costs us £257 15s for attending 264 meetings; seven members cost almost £1 per meeting for three years; for three months of the present year six members have cost the sum of £53 12s 5d. Certainly we have the finest education system in the world. One of the members dropped a remark some time ago that it was a kind of a hobby of his to be on education boards and such like. No wonder! But I think the working man should have a say in the matter sometimes.

Considerable excitement was displayed in Lyttelton on Tuesday last, when a telegram was received announcing the success of the Lyttelton crew in the championship regatta at Picton, the race being one of the finest ever seen in the Colony. This is the second year the same crew have taken the champion fours, and they well

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deserved the enthusiastic reception which they received on their return home on Thursday.

The latest move in the way of amusements is the Sunday concert, which have just been inaugurated here, and have the effect of materially lessening the congregations in some churches. Evidently the stage has a far greater effect than the pulpit on the minds of our young colonials.

The new school at St Mary's is growing up rapidly, and the faithful are exhorted to make a small sacrifice and not allow it to stand in debt.

As the coming winter is expected to be a severe one, energetic steps are being taken to re-organise the Society of St Vincent de Paul in St Mary's parish, in order to relieve the distress which usually accompanies the severe weather.

The Association of the Apostleship of Prayer has received an impetus from the Redemptorist Fathers at St Mary's. At the close of the mission there some hundreds were enrolled. Friday being the first Friday of the month the monthly meetings will be commenced on that day.

Father Burke and Father Mangan left for Sydney on Wednesday last amid one of the heaviest downpours of rain that has been experienced here for many years. The streets were submerged in many places and the water flowed into shops and dwelling houses.

Father Plunkett and Father Shearman open a mission at Geraldine this week, and will return here and probably remain a few days prior to their departure for Sydney.

A wedding took place at the pro-Cathedral on Thursday, 29th, the contracting parties being Mr W. Hoban, a well-known and popular barrister of this city, and Mrs Kerr of the Chatham Islands. The ceremony was performed by Very Rev Father Cummings, V.G.

N A P I E R.

(From our own Correspondent.

March 27th, 1894.

At St Mary's Catholic Church on Good Friday Mass was celebrated at nine o'clock, and a procession inside the Church took place, the different confraternities taking part. The Very Rev Father Grogan preached a most pathetic sermon, many people in the sacristy building being moved to tears. In the evening Stations of the Cross were held.

On Easter Sunday morning the church was packed at 7 o'clock, when Mass was celebrated by the Rev Father Kerrigan. The greater part of those present received Holy Communion. At 10.30 Mass was again held, the Very Rev Father Grogan being the celebrant, assisted by Father Kerrigan as deacon, and a student from Meaneve Seminary as sub-deacon. The church was decorated in a manner worthy of the feast. The choir, under the direction of Mr Sheath, sang Haydn's 'First Mass.' In the evening "O Salutaris" was sung by Mr Sheath, and "Tantum Ergo" by that gentleman and Mr Madigan. From the text "He is risen," Father Grogan preached an excellent sermon. The good Father has seldom been heard to better advantage than on Good Friday and Easter Sunday evening.

I regret to have to record the death of the Rev Father Kerrigan's mother, who died in Ireland. The Very Rev Father Grogan referred on Sunday to the loss his co-worker had sustained, and said that a solemn Requiem Mass would be offered up for the repose of the soul of the deceased lady at as early date as possible, when the choir would be asked to give their assistance.

A peculiar matter was referred to by Dean Howell at St John's Cathedral on Easter Sunday morning. He said that some person had the night before, or early that morning, without consulting the authorities, placed two brass candlesticks behind the holy table. The Dean was very wrath that such a thing should have been done. But really I don't see that very great harm was done by the incident referred to, especially when it is a fact that the cathedral is in many respects similar to a Catholic church, so much so that I am sure a stranger taking a view of the inside would be led to believe that it was a Catholic church. Then, again, the dean himself is very High Church. However, the authorities thought it was becoming too much like the Church of Rome, and the candlesticks ("ornaments," as the dean designated them) had to be removed in full view of the congregation. This being done, the good people were able to compose themselves and resume their devotions.

Forty medals and seventy diplomas have been awarded by the World's Fair Commissioners to the Catholic schools in the New York Archdiocese.

MYERS AND CO., Dentists, Otago, corner of George street. The guarantee highest class work at moderate fees. Their artificial teeth give general satisfaction, and the fact of them supplying a temporary denture while the gums are healing does away with the inconvenience of being months without teeth. They manufacture a single artificial tooth for Ten Shillings, and sets equally moderate. The administration of nitrous oxide gas is also a great boon to those needing the extraction of a tooth. Read—[ADVT.]

MRS CALAP GOES TO SEE MRS MILLS.

AND it was not for an hour's chat over a cup of tea that she went to see her, but on a much more serious matter. For Mrs Mills had been quoted in the newspapers as having said something which might be of importance to Mrs Calap, and also to others. Now the newspapers print so many things that nobody can make head or tail of, that Mrs Calap thought the only sure way was to go and see Mrs Mills and ask her if it was true what was said. What Mrs Mills told her is contained in the annexed statement made about a year afterwards.

"I, Jane Calap, of 3, Vincent Street, York Road, Leeds, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:—

"In the early part of November, 1887, I fell into a low, weak state. I was tired, languid and weary and felt as if something had come over me. All my bones ached and I had so much pain that I did not know where to put myself. I was constantly vomiting, sometimes a green, bitter fluid came away, at other times frothy water. I had a dull, heavy pain at the right side, the whites of my eyes were a yellow colour, and my skin was sallow as if I had the jaundice. I had an awful taste in the mouth, my tongue and teeth being covered with slime so thick that I had to scrape it away. My appetite fell away, and after eating the simplest and lightest food I had so much pain that it nearly killed me. I had always great pain and weight at my chest and through to my back, also a gnawing sinking sensation at the pit of my stomach. I was greatly troubled with wind which rolled all over me, and gave me so much pain it was like spasms, for I could not straighten myself. I gradually got weaker and weaker, and felt so weak and exhausted that I could scarcely drag myself along. As time went on I wasted away until I got as thin as a match, and could barely walk across the floor. I felt so downhearted that I used to say I shall never get better any more in this world. I took all sorts of medicines, but finding myself getting worse I got a recommendation to the Leeds Infirmary, where I was attended to by several doctors, who gave me medicines which I took month after month, but I got no better. The doctors sounded my chest and lungs, and seemed puzzled with my sufferings, for they frequently changed my medicine. Getting no better I next went to the Dispensary in North street, and persevered taking their medicines, but it was all to no purpose. I now gave up taking physic for I had lost all faith in it, and my sufferings continued until January, 1891, when I heard a neighbour of mine, Mrs Ann Mills, 40, Bread street, having been cured (after the doctors had given her up) by a medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I went with my daughter to see Mrs Mills, who told me that Seigel's Syrup had saved her life, and would do me good. I got a bottle of the medicine, and after taking a few doses I felt relief. I continued with the Syrup, and after taking three bottles all the pain left me, my food agreed with me and I gradually gained strength. I can now take any kind of food and never feel any distress and am as strong as ever I was. After my recovery a lady customer of mine said to me, 'Mrs Calap, whatever have you been taking, for you do look so well.' I told her, as I tell everyone, that Seigel's Syrup has made me a new woman, and but for it I should not be alive. I wish others to know of the benefit I have derived from the medicine, and I give full permission to the proprietors to use this statement as they may think fit, and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true. By virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declaration Act, 1835 (Will. IV. c. 62.)

"Declared before me at Leeds this
 "25th day of January, 1892.
 "(Signed) ALF COOKE J.P.
 "Ex Mayor of Leeds." (Signed) JANE CALAP.

The public may remember the account of Mrs Mills' illness and recovery, published some time ago. We are glad that Mrs Calap heard of it and went straight to that lady herself for the information she wanted. The visit resulted just as might have been expected. Both our good friends had suffered from the same disease, indigestion and dyspepsia, and the remedy which cured in the first case was equally successful in that of her neighbour. No wonder Mrs Calap had lost all faith in physic, and is Mother Seigel's Syrup were "physic," we should not look for people to have faith in it either. But it is a remedy, not "physic." It doesn't upset and digest, it soothes and heals. Men fall ill, to be sure, but women bear most of the pain in this sad world, and when once acquainted they and 'Mother Seigel' are 'ever' the best of friends, like Joe and Pife in Dickens' story.

The death is announced of Mr George Robinson, of Skibbereen, one of the oldest magistrates in the County of Cork, in his eighty-first year. Mr Robinson was at Oxford College with Mr Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, and Cardinal Newman. He was a member of the Irish Bar, and possessed considerable landed property in the County of Cork.

Says Grant Allen in the February Review of Reviews:—John Tyndall was an Irishman. Much of his history is explained by that illuminating fact. The Celt was strong in him. People forget too often how much Ireland contributes to the general life of our complex nationality. How many Englishmen are aware, I wonder, that Lord Kelvin (Sir William Thomson), Lord Wolesey, Professor Bryce, Oscar Wilde, Comyns Carr, Harry Furness, Lord Dufferin—to take a few names at random out of many that occur to me—are every one of them Irishmen. You will find scores of Irishmen bearing English names and boasting an English origin, who are nevertheless as Celtic as the M'Carthy's or the O'Donoghues. How could it well be otherwise? Mothers count in heredity for just as much as fathers; and members of English households, which have settled in Ireland, and intermarried with Irish women, become in a few generations, as Gerald the Welebsman (whom we absurdly call Giraldus Cambrensis) long ago remarked, "more Irish than the Irish"—"Ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores."

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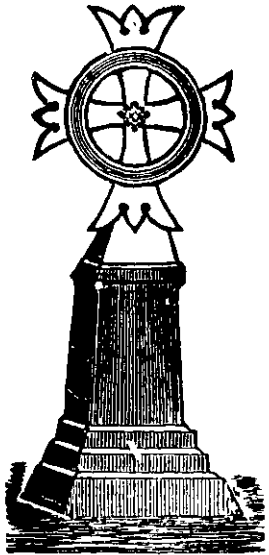
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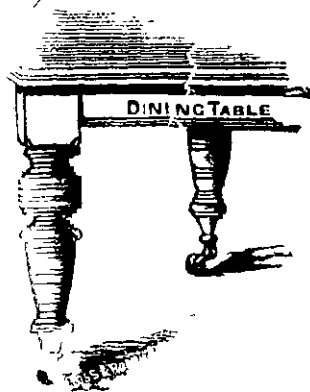
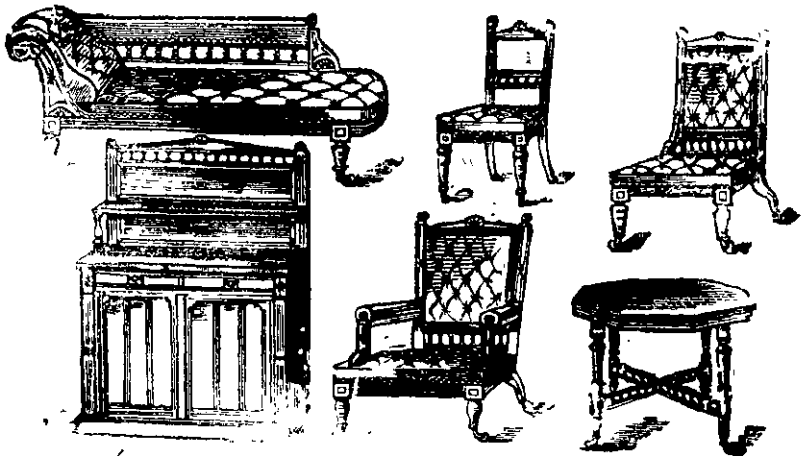
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ARCHBISHOP WALSH ON THE IRISH LANGUAGE MOVEMENT.

THE following appeared recently in the Dublin *Evening Telegraph*:

His Grace the Most Rev Dr Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, has had the kindness to give an interview to a representative of the *Evening Telegraph* on the subject of the Irish language and the movement now on foot to promote the study of it. Our representative started the conversation by asking his Grace how long he has been interested in the work of making our national language more widely known.

It is an old subject of interest with me, replied the Archbishop. I took it up as a student in Maynooth during my theological course there. We had a class of Irish. For the students from certain dioceses, where Irish was at all generally spoken, it was an obligatory study. Students could learn the language so as to be able to preach in it or to hear confessions. For Dublin students the study of Irish was quite optional. But as there was an opportunity of learning something of the old language, I did not like to lose it.

You did not know anything of Irish before you became a student in Maynooth, did you?

No, I did not know a word of Irish when I entered the college, or when I joined the Irish class. I remember it was through the kindness of a senior fellow-student, the present Bishop of Galway, that I got hold of an Irish grammar, a treasure by no means easy then for a student to secure. It was Father Ulick Bourke's Grammar, a book that, I hear, is not thought very much of now. But I found it a useful book. Besides, we had no better. Societies for the preservation of the Irish language, with their numerous primers as helps to the learner, were not as yet in existence. We, students of that time, who knew nothing of Irish, and wished to learn it, had to work hard. Few, indeed, joined the class who were not bound by the college regulations to join it. In my year there was, I think, only another and myself. Somehow we managed to pull through. By the end of the year we were able to perform what we considered notable feats. We could read printed Irish, provided it was not over-difficult. This, of course, included the pronunciation of it. In that, at all events, we had useful help. Our old professor spoke with the pure, soft accent of the West.

How did you progress in the more difficult work of translating from English to Irish?

We had, of course, learned enough of Irish to translate into English any passage of not more than average difficulty. At the end of the year, we were expected to write in Irish a prize essay on a subject given to the class by the Professor. There were very few of us, I think, who did not make some attempt at that. But I fear I must add that, with me, the whole effort was very much in the nature of a *tour de force*. My year in the Irish class at Maynooth was 1862. The knowledge that I gained melted away, bit by bit. In about ten years it was all gone. I had had no opportunity of turning it to account, and no motive for keeping it up.

But though you lost your knowledge of it in this way, Your Grace did not permit your interest in it to die away?

No. I never lost my interest in it. When the "Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language" was formed, I became a member of it, and a subscriber to its funds. Then some sort of "row" or "split" got up between the members. I had not the slightest idea of what it was all about. I was a member of the Council, and did not see my way to take sides with one party or the other. So I withdrew. Then the Society split up into two distinct organisations, one calling itself a Society, the other a Union. I was pressed by each party to join them. Knowing absolutely nothing of the points at issue between them, I did not feel myself free to join either. When I became Archbishop, one of the two conflicting organisations sent me a draft address of congratulation.

Written in Irish, I suppose?

Yes, in Irish. But I declined to receive it. I said that whenever the two societies joined I should be happy to encourage their united work, and to aid them in every way in my power. But so long as they represented conflicting forces, I felt constrained to hold aloof. Mr Maurice Healy, whose recent letters in the *Freeman's Journal* and *National Press* have done so much to awaken the dormant interest in the study of our Irish language, has remarked in one of those letters that, in all the addresses that have of late years been presented to prominent Irishmen, there was not one in the ancient language of our own country. Well, for this I am responsible to the extent I have mentioned. I have in my possession the draft of the address which it was proposed by one of the contending societies to present to me, in Irish, eight years ago. I have never abandoned the hope that I may yet have the honor of receiving that address from a united body.

Your Grace has recently been taking an active part in the Irish language movement; will you tell me in what direction your effort has been directed?

My recent effort has been directed towards the removal of what I have always regarded as the great barrier to the study of Irish.

What use can there be in asking people to learn the language when, if they turn to any Irish grammar, they will find page after page studded over with words like *bheannuighc adar* and *d-teangmhadaois*? I have felt the difficulty in my own case. I have, I may say, all but forgotten the pronunciation of Irish, and so have practically lost my hold upon the language. I am anxious to recover it. I have always felt that I could do so only if the skilled Irish scholars who undertake to teach the language would adopt some easily-understood method of indicating the pronunciation of Irish words. I have always felt satisfied that the thing could be done. I have recently suggested a way of doing it. I am happy to find my view adopted by Irish scholars like Dr Joyce, Mr Maurice Healy, Mr MacNeill, and Father O'Growney, the present professor of Irish in Maynooth.

Your Grace is in favour of a phonetic system? It is something like that with which the name of Mr Pitman is associated.

Yes; my fundamental idea is to work upon Mr Pitman's scale of vowel-sounds. Apart from the niceties of Irish pronunciations, which cannot be adequately indicated in the letters of the English alphabet, the main point to look to is the representation of the vowel-sounds. There is absolutely no difficulty in indicating these by means of English letters, provided always that we work upon the basis of the "Pitman" system. In the *Weekly Freeman* of December 23 I fully explained my view. It has, in fact, now been adopted by Father O'Growney as the way of indicating the Irish pronunciation in his "Practical Course of Instruction in Irish," which he commenced in last week's issue of the paper.

You know a great many difficulties stand in the way of adapting the phonetic system to Irish sounds. How do you propose that this should be done?

My suggestion was to indicate the Irish vowel-sounds by suitable English letters. That, I consider, has now been done. But I may mention to you that within the last few days I have had put before me a singularly interesting suggestion, in which my idea of employing a set of phonetic symbols constructed on the basis of the Pitman system appears in a highly developed form. A working carpenter in Dublin has sent me a page of an Irish book written out by him phonetically, not in Irish or English letters, but in actual shorthand symbols of the Pitman phonography. This particular specimen, I believe, was recently put before a well-known teacher of shorthand in Dublin, and he, knowing nothing of Irish, at once read it off from the shorthand characters so as to be thoroughly understood by an Irish-speaking person who was present. The symbols of the Pitman system of shorthand are, as you know, strictly phonetic. They represent sound, and nothing but sound. Each symbol—straight line or curve, as it may be—always represents the same sound. Every sound is always represented by the same symbol. Hence it is that in this ingenious use of the Pitman Phonography, as applied to the writing of Irish, we find a method, sufficiently accurate for all practical purposes, of indicating the pronunciation of Irish words in an exceedingly simple way. Irish words when so written can be read with very great correctness even by a person who does not know a word of Irish, or, for that matter, a word of English either. The *Telegraph* could hardly manage a reproduction of this, could it?

I think our artist could devise a way of doing it, said our representative.

Then you can have it with pleasure, rejoined the Archbishop. For the purposes of Father O'Growney's weekly Lessons, however, we shall have to be satisfied with the use of the simple plan, now adopted, of a phonetic key, constructed out of ordinary English letters, but on the lines of Mr Pitman's admirable arrangement of the spoken vowel-sounds.

The Holy Father has issued a letter to the members of the Spanish association called the Apostolate of the Press, granting indulgences and his benediction to all the members who will aid it, either pecuniarily or otherwise.

Mrs F. B. Clarke, one of the leading women of Minnesota, both financially and socially, is about to forsake the Protestant for the Catholic Church. Mr and Mrs Clarke live on Summit Avenue, and Mrs Clarke is worth in her own right more than 1,000,000 dollars.

The Indian Mission at Oldtown, Me., attended by the Revs F. X. Trudel and J. J. McGuinness, has flourishing schools for the Indian children under the charge of the Sisters of Mercy. These devoted religious assist also, as their custom is, in the instruction of adults.

The Catholic Bishop of Banjaluka, in Bosnia, while embarking recently at Piume, for Zara, missed his footing, and fell into the sea. He was rescued, but died almost immediately from the shock to the system.

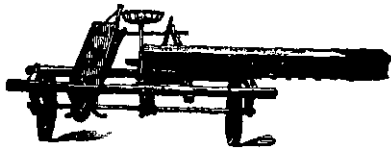
The course of Beatification of Joan of Arc seems likely, despite all contrary rumours, to make a decisive move onward. The first documents for the process having been pronounced insufficient, others were ordered, which, apparently, have proved satisfactory. The Consistorial Advocate, Professor Alibrandi, charged to answer the official objections of the Devil's Advocate, has performed the duty entrusted to him in a way worthy of the interest and importance of the subject. The new documents, compiled by Chevalier Alibrandi, will shortly be distributed to the Cardinals and Consultants of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.—*Weekly Register*.

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cure.—I remain, gratefully yours,

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