

A PLEA FOR PATRICK AND BRIGID, AND THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

(Sydney Freeman, May 4.)

His Lordship the Right Rev Dr Doyle, Bishop of Grafton, speaking at the breakfast of the Hibernian-Australasian Catholic Benefit Society, held at St Peter's Surry Hills, on Sunday morning last, said he had noticed one or two weak points in the Australian-Hibernian character. He had never found Scotchmen ashamed of the name of Sandy, or a Frenchman denying St Denis, and he had never known an Englishman ashamed of anything appertaining to his country. But he had this to say, that often when asking the name of Irish parents in the Colony at a baptism, the answer came—"Horatio Albert Septimus Patrick." The Patrick—a name associated with the faith and traditions of Ireland—is kept to the last, and breathed in a whisper. And so with Brigid. If he asked the name of a female child the answer was "Euphemia Albertina Juliana Bridget." The Bishop, continuing, said this was not a general practice, but in too many cases there was room for complaint. "What's in a name?" was current as a popular phrase, but he would like to say there was a good deal in a name. Not only were Irishmen in the Colonies dropping the old names, but one seldom heard the Irish salutations, "God save all here," "God and Mary with you," "God and Mary and Patrick with you." He felt that in that company he could, as an Irishman, speak freely. Why was it that his countrymen had been made ashamed of those two names, Patrick and Bridget? From their enemies' point of view, it was a good thing that these two names should be forgotten. In Ireland every effort was made by their enemies to cause the names of Patrick and Brigid to fall into disuse. This was part of the attack on Irish faith and Irish patriotism. But Irishmen and Irish women and their descendants should glory in names which were, so to speak, racy of the soil, and which carried the true Irish and Catholic ring in their very sound. He did not mean to say that in every case the names should be used, but at least they might place Patrick and Bridgid on the list as being as good as any others. Here was another matter in which he would like to say a few words—and he was speaking now principally to Irish-Australians. Many of their fathers had not had the opportunity of learning the English language—many, in fact, knew only one language, and that was their own native Irish. Now, he had frequently heard young people who had been listening to their parents speaking in broken English or with what some were pleased to call a strong brogue, say "They're talking Irish." Nothing of the kind, for if they were talking in Irish they would be talking in a perfect language—a language which was purity itself compared to the mixture called English. He did hope something would be done in Sydney to teach and preserve the old tongue. Would it not be well to establish a school in which their youth would be instructed in the language of their fathers?

Mr Daniel O'Connor (who might have told the assemblage had he wished that one of his sons was named after Patrick Sarsfield, another after Daniel O'Connell, and a third after Wolfe Tone) did not share in the remarks of Dr Doyle. He begged to assure his Lordship that as far as his experience went, the grand old Irish names were "kept up" in Australia. There were a few "shoneens", who affected English names, but they were not worth talking about. He was in agreement with his Lordship as to the desirableness of establishing a school for the study of the Irish language in Sydney.

ST BRIGID'S CHURCH, WAITATI.

THE opening of the new church at Waitati took place as announced by us, on Sunday. A large congregation was present at the ceremony, several of whom had taken advantage of the means of conveyance provided in Dunedin. The celebrant was the Very Rev Father O'Leary, who was assisted by the Very Rev Father Lynch, and the Rev Father Newport. The preacher at Mass was Father Lynch, who took for his subject the good Samaritan, introducing also a brief but pithy panegyric of the Patron Saint. In the evening at Vespers Father O'Leary preached, delivering an appropriate and instructive sermon on the Real Presence. The music in the morning was Farmer's Mass, which was admirably sung—soprano, Mrs Sandys and Miss Horao; alto, Miss K. Blaney; tenor, Mr E. Eager; bass, Mr W. Woods;—Cherubini's "Ave Maria," sung by Mrs Sandys; Luzzi's "Salve Maria," sung by Miss K. Blaney; and "Consider the lilies," sung by Mr E. Eager. In the evening the Misses Horan sang as a duet an "O Salutaris." Miss D Horan, with her well-known ability, acted throughout as organist. The church is Gothic, with a belfry, the dimensions inside being 36ft by 18ft—which includes 10ft of a sanctuary. The height of the walls is 12ft, and there is a steep roof, surmounted by a handsome iron cresting, the gift of Mr O'Connell. There is seating accommodation for 100 people. The material of the building is red pine, on a concrete foundation—and within, the walls are plastered above a varnished dado. A Gothic arch divides the sanctuary from the nave, and there is a neat altar rail. The sanctuary is very tastefully and richly carpeted. The architect was Mr W. F. Petre, and the contractor, Mr D. W. Woods.

The church, under the supervision of Mrs Colehan, had been beautifully decorated for the occasion with garlands and other choice floral adornments, and the same taste and judgment had directed a most effective ornamentation of the grounds.

The visitors from more distant parts, in the interval between the ceremonies, found all that could be desired for their bodily needs and refreshment at Mr Colehan's hotel. The weather, too, proved favourable—although the day could not be described as bright and sunny. The temperature was agreeable, and the rain that fell came down while the ceremonies were taking place in the church. The congregation were consequently under shelter. The collection amounted to £50.

The Rev Father Newport is to be congratulated on the successful termination of an arduous undertaking, and the completion of so creditable and convenient an addition to the churches of his pastoral district.

La Prensa of Buenos Ayres, in an editorial, says: "If it be true that German war ships are going to Venezuela to enforce the payment of railroad guarantees the action shows the probability of European powers interfering by force in the affairs of American republics. Europe must not be utilized to endanger the sovereign rights of the independence of South American republics. Foreigners loan money at their own risk. They are aware of the conditions. To menace weak creditors at the cannon's mouth is an insult to republican sentiments."

It looks strange to us, but it is a fact that the pastor of a Protestant congregation in Masillon, Ohio, has the bell of his church rang every day at noon, as is the Angelus in Catholic churches, and requests all citizens on hearing it to devote a few moments to reflection and prayer. Certain Catholic journals note in this a further proof of that recognition by Protestants of the value of the Church's spiritual methods which is gradually but surely awakening.

Half a century ago (says the *Philadelphia Catholic Times*) a little Irish immigrant landed at Castle Garden with money enough to buy a shovel and pick. He crossed to what is now South Brooklyn and began to dig cellars, trenches, anything, for a livelihood in the soft sand along the lower bay there. Quick of wit, he prospered; he bought a cart and horse. Then he bought two carts and hired a fellow of his ilk to help him. He grew apace, became a shrewd contractor, got into politics, and finally persuaded the legislators at Albany to give him a contract for filling in the long sweep of shore along there—nothing save waste sites meadow and marsh land. The little Irish contractor was to have for himself all the land he thus reclaimed. Why not, when he was doing a service to the State by snatching its lands from the waste of marshes and giving stray ships safe and commodious basins wherein to lie in peace while they were shifting cargo? That shrewd little Irishman was Billy Beard.

Japan, on the silver basis, writes Henry Carey Baird, in the *Philadelphia American*, with gold at a premium of 100 per cent, challenges the admiration of the world by her power to carry on war, at sea as well as on land. By reason of this premium on gold, she has a protective tariff of 100 per cent upon all merchandise coming from Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, the United States, Canada, and Australia, and a corresponding bounty upon all exports to those countries. Thus she builds up her industries and at the same time overcoming the blighting effects of the duties fastened upon her, under treaty, by Great Britain—duties so low that they did not produce enough revenue to pay the cost of collection. Thus also has she freed herself from the military and naval domination of that tyrant and robber. What a contrast does Japan now present to the United States, with its prostrate industries and desperate struggles to maintain the gold basis! Asiatic competition by reason of the depreciation of all silver, has, for a decade, confronted the American people, but its future looms up in vast and overwhelming proportions, of which they cannot, too quickly, take note, and taking note counteract by the full restoration of silver to its old place as a money metal.

Through the death of Professor Blackie has disappeared one of those men of whom we have, alas, too few in the latter end of the nineteenth century—a despoiler of puff and utilitarian doctrines, and an enthusiast for that love of country and mankind which is sometimes in derision termed sentimentalism. He was a true exponent of the feeling of the Celt, and his success in collecting £12,000 as a fund for the endowment of a Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh was a practical proof of his zeal for the promotion of Celtic lore. His sensibility to the value of the poetry of the Highlands was of no little benefit to him in the interpretation of the Homeric epic. With the exception of Dr Maginn no one probably has given us an English version more in keeping with the Homeric strains as they sounded in the mouths of the ancient Rhapsodists. By none, too, has the beauty of the dramas of *Aeschylus* been presented in a more scholarly style. It is to be regretted that Professor Blackie was tempted just before his death to enter the domain of religious controversy. He wrote an article for the *People's Friend* in which he maintained the stereotyped Protestant view that Tetzel offered, "unlimited pardon for all sins on the condition of so much prompt cash payment," and that Erasmus was an advocate of Luther's doctrine. Professor Blackie was a sound classical scholar, but his theological knowledge was so limited that we cannot be surprised at his having misunderstood the true character of an Indulgence. He ought, however, to have been better acquainted with the position taken up by Erasmus, whose writings show that though he was a caustic critic in religious matters, he was at the same time an orthodox Catholic, and repudiated Luther and all his works.—*Catholic Times*.

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