

Why are our Brothers and Nuns so solicitous about the placing of pictures of our Divine Lord and His saints in conspicuous and honoured places in every schoolroom? The following poem gives the answer:—

THE FACE.

A master artist of the Christian School,
Held all his pupil's to the lofty rule;
"Who sketches Mary, Christ, a child, or saint,"
Must live above reproach, and free from taint."

One day there came a youth of noble name
(But sin's dark visage shadowed now his fame).
And begged the master give him place and time
To purge away the blackness of his crime.

The master asked if be the rule did know,
And would he bide it! Bowing very low,
While crimson blushes showed his direful guilt,
The novice said: "It shall be as thou wilt."

"Then sketch this face!" was all the artist said.
And placed before him guilty Judas' head,
Appalled by what the master there had wrought,
The pupil stood with troubled mein and thought.

That night the master reading, found this truth,
"Things often seen will change the life in youth,
And what we most admire will often be
The very things to shape our destiny."

"My rule is wrong!" the artist slowly mused;
"I'll change my plan, my pupil I've abused!"
So when, next day, the pupil took his place,
Instead of Judas, there was Jesus' face.

He could not lift his brush, but stood abashed
Before the matchless love that canvas flashed.
Day after day he pondered o'er his art,
Till that sweet love of Christ had won his heart.

Then, when the vision of his Lord had come;
And all the darkness of his life had gone;
He copied, not the lines the master made,
But those that on his very heart were laid.

Report has it that the Queensland police are shortly to be supplied with a new uniform—white trousers, neat coat, and white helmet.

The river Clyde, of which the Scotch are justly proud, was at the beginning of the century but a small, shallow stream, but by magnificent engineering at a fabulous cost it to-day floats the great ships of the world. An American sea captain at Glasgow was listening to a resistent dilating upon the Clyde, when he interrupted him rather contemptuously: "Rivers? Why, you haven't room enough in this country for rivers! The Mississippi, the Missouri, the Hudson, the Columbia are what we call rivers." "I know that," said the Scotchman, perfectly undisturbed, "but God Almighty made your rivers; we made the Clyde."

"What can you tell me about St Paul?" asked an examiner at Oxford. "He was also called Saul, and was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel." "Quite right. And who was Gamaliel?" This was too much for the budding B.A. "A mountain in Galilee," was the brilliant rejoinder.

The very latest "record" which the Yankees claim to have broken (says the *Glasgow Mail*) is for the biggest man on earth. The Yankee giant has been found dead at San Diego, Cal. He must have been about nine feet high in life. This makes allowance for the shrinkage, which may be pretty closely calculated. The mummy is that of an Indian. Its preservation is no matter for surprise. In that arid region the atmospheric conditions are such that a corpse buried in the dry season might very well become perfectly desiccated before the arrival of the rains, and thus be rendered perfectly proof against decay. The body was found in a cave by a party of prospectors. It has been stated that this man must have surpassed in height any giant of whom there is historical record.

Costaki Pasha Anthopoulos, who has been appointed to succeed the late Rustem Pasha as Ottoman Ambassador at the Court of St James's is like his two predecessors—Musurus and Rustem—a Christian. A Greek by extraction, he was born at Constantinople in the thirties, and was educated in that city.

The latest surgical feat.—We learn from a contemporary that a piece of steel was driven into the eye of Joseph Brown, of Plainfield, New Jersey. It was embedded deep in the eye, and could not be extracted by cutting without the entire loss of the eye. At the Eye and Ear Infirmary of New York they applied a powerful magnet, which will hold up one hundred pounds. When the magnet was

brought near the eye the piece of steel was drawn from its bed, and attached itself to the magnet, and the eye will be saved. That is scientific surgery.

Little Princess Ena of Battenberg (says the *Bombay Catholic Examiner*) is credited with a rather smart saying. Like other small Princesses, she has begun the study of European languages early, and already speaks French and German with considerable fluency. But the other day, when her patient governess began to teach her some Italian phrases, her Royal Highness very nearly struck. "Grand-mamma makes me say 'Thank you' when she gives me anything," she exclaimed, "and father 'Ich danke Ihnen.' Then you used to tell me to say 'Merci,' and now it's something else! What a lot of different ways there must be of talking!"

MICHAEL DAVITT, M.P., AT HOME.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE ANTIPODES.

OPINIONS UPON THE SITUATION AT HOME.

AN interview which will be read with interest by our readers throughout New Zealand has been granted by Mr Davitt to the *Freeman's Journal*. A representative of that paper called upon the distinguished traveller at his house in Ballybrack, County Dublin, with the following result:—

THE IRISH IN AUSTRALASIA.

Reporter—The readers of the *Freeman's Journal* will be much interested to learn something of your impressions of Australia, Mr Davitt, and your opinions on the situation here.

Mr Davitt—Well, "impressions of Australia" and "opinions upon the situation" make up what might be truly called "a large order." Unless you want me to occupy a whole page of the *Freeman* you must be satisfied with a much less ambitious interview. I could only hope to do justice to the first part of your request by attempting to write a book of travel, while the more pressing question could well demand all the space your paper can spare in these stirring "war" times. Allow me to say, however, that I have had a very good time in Australasia, and that I have come back delighted with these colonies; and especially with our people out there—the Irish part of their population and its offspring. I feel prouder of our grand old Celtic race and more hopeful of its future progress after my experiences at the antipodes. There is not on the face of the earth to-day a warmer-hearted or more generous people than our kith and kin of the colonies. And they are so true to the old Fatherland in feeling and in everything which goes to make the Celtic people conspicuous for their domestic virtues and social qualities, while at the same time they are showing themselves to be at least the equals of the other races represented in the seven Colonies in all the intellectual, professional and industrial pursuits of these new communities. One must come home strengthened and encouraged in the national struggle after seeing the two Irelands of Australasia and America, and counting all that this must mean in our battle for Home Rule.

IRISH FEELING IN THE COLONIES.

Reporter—What is the state of feeling in the colonies on the divisions in the Parliamentary ranks?"

Mr Davitt—Two words will fully answer your question—discouragement and disgust. Let me relate two incidents which occurred in my tour, to illustrate the depth of angry feeling on this matter among our friends. I was visiting some sugar plantations near Port Mackay, in Queensland, one day with the object of studying the Kanaka labour question. Driving along with some friends we observed an old man hailing us from a cane-field. We halted until he came alongside. He was an old Clare man, who had been in Australia for forty years. "In the name of God, sir," said the old fellow, addressing me right off, "have ye no thought for the Irish abroad in your minds at Home? If ye cannot stop your shameful wranglings and disensions on patriotic grounds, do spare us the shame and humiliation which it all inflicts upon the majority of the Irish race in the world outside of Ireland." The other incident happened while I was staying a brief time at Honolulu, in the Hawaiian Islands. Going down the main street of that lovely city I was stopped by a man who said he thought he knew me. He had attended a meeting which I addressed in Drogheda in 1881, which Clifford Lloyd had attempted to suppress. My friend's name was Hughes, I think. He spoke at once about the split at Home and repeated, in other words, the prayer of the old Queenslander, adding, "Surely, sir, all common sense has not left Ireland yet, and if there is any of it remaining in the minds of those who appear to have lost all true national feeling, there must be union soon, with Lord Salisbury and Mr Chamberlain in power." These incidents fully reflect all that is said and thought by our friends everywhere I went in my journeyings through the seven Australasian colonies and on my way home through America. And I can add this comment upon that state of feeling: I am convinced that unless there is union now, when everything seems to work by way of incentive for it, when our deadly political enemies are being arraigned before the bar of universal public opinion; no future constitutional movement here in Ireland will obtain sanction or support from the Irish race abroad.