white elephant. Offensive speeches made at the foundation demonstration were followed by the dismissal of a Catholic workman who happened to get employment at carting bricks, and by other acts of a mean and petty nature. Fathers Cleary and Merde and their people have not been inactive. Using the local Press and other agencies, the nature and effects of Orangeism have been fully exposed, with the result that the opening ceremony was also a fiasco, and now a "completely successful boycott" stares the rabid Orangemen of Ararat in the face. "We are anxious," writes an esteemed correspondent, "to teach our rabid local L. O. L. that there are occasions on which it does not pay to indulge in savage attacks on our Church." Evidently the Ararat Irishmen have been successful. Even concert and dramatic companies shy clear of the hall. The place was long a congenial soil for people of the Chiniquy and Biddy O'Gorman stamp. Times are changing there as elsewhere. The beating of the July drum and playing of the "Boyne water" no longer draw a crowd. Orangeism is a diminishing quantity. The action of determined Catholics and the attitude of sensible Protestants will compel the Orange tag-rag-and-bobtail to keep their abuse of fellow citizens and denunciations of the Pope for the dark recesses of their own Lodges.

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE Brains of the Sensitive Plant.—The sensitive plant fairly enamels the earth in Ceylon, growing wild from Adam's Peak to Point de Galle, multiplying its dainty, bell-like, pink blossoms, mingled with the delicate, feathery acacia. Growing so exposed and in weed-like abundance, it is natural to suppose that it would become hardened, as it were, to rough usage; but it is not so, as it retains all its native properties in exaggerated form, if possible. Our little hothouse specimens are not more delicate or sensitive to the human touch than is this Ceylon mimosa. It is the most impressible of all known plants, and is appropriately named. Curious experiments will prove this. If a person will fix his eyes upon a special branch and slowly approach it, the plant is seen gradually to wilt and shrink within itself, as it were, before it is touched by the observer's hand. It is endowed with an inexplicable intelligence or instinct, and what appears to be a dread as regards rude contact with human beings. A few years since the writer was at Cereto, in the island of Cuba, where he was the guest of an English physician who was also a coffee-planter. While sitting with the family on the broad piazza which formed the front of the bungalow, a thirsty sensitive plant was recognised and made the subject of remark. The doctor called his daughter of eleven years from the house. "Lena," said he, "go and kiss the mimosa." The child did so, laughing gleefully and came away. The plant gave no token of shrinking from contact with the pretty child! "Now," said our host, "will you touch the plant?" Rising to do so, we approached it with one hand extended, and before it had come fairly in contact the nearest spray and leaves wilted visibly. "The plant knows the child," said the doctor, "but you are a stranger." It was a puzzling experience, which seemed to endow the mimosa with intelligence — Exchange

A priest in charge of a country parish down South, says the Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph*, tired of trying to get a satisfactory housekeeper among women folk, advertises for a "middle-aged man, single, and experienced in cooking, to keep house for a priest; a good home to the right party." Woman has been driving man out of so many occupations that it is only fair that man should compete with woman on her native hearth.

I will not doubt, though all my ships at sea
Come drifting home with broken masts and sails;
I will believe the Hand which never fails,
From seeming evil worketh good for me;
And, though I weep because those sails are tattered,
Still will I cry, while my best hopes lie shattered,
"I trust in Thee."

I will not doubt, though all my prayers return
Unanswered from the still white realm above;
I will believe it is an all-wise love
Which has refused these things for which I yearn;
And, though at times I cannot keep from grieving,
Yet the pure ardour of my fixed believing
Undimmed shall burn.

I will not doubt, though sorrow fall like rain,
And troubles swarm like bees about to hive;
I will believe the heights for which I strive
Are only reached by anguish and by pain;
And though I groan and writhe beneath my crosses,
I shall see ever through my bitterest losses
The greater gain.

I will not doubt. Well anchored in this faith,
Like some staunch ship, my soul braves every gale,
So strong its courage is, it will not quail
To breast the mighty unknown sea of death.
Oh, may I cry, though body parts with spirit,
"I do not doubt," so listening worlds may hear it,
With my last breath!

It was a story of severe trials and adventures among the natives of icy Alaska which a member of the Jesuit Order told in a Catholic Church here last Sunday, says the New York *Sunday Sun* of January 5. He described the life of the Jesuits and the Sisters who have carried their faith to the Yukon River and the shores of the Behring Sea. They become as Eskimos, build huts, wear the Eskimo dress, eat seal flesh or frozen meats, endure all the hardships of the Arctic weather, and have communication with the outer world but once a year. They carry a knowledge of Catholicism to the Pagans, teach them to sing in Latin, and make them acquinted with civilisation. Archbishop Seghers was murdered by a madman, but recruits for the mission can always be obtained. It is a noble tale of suffering and bravery for the sake of religion. Self-sacrificing women and men, truly, are these missionaries in Alaska. Their labours remind us of those of the early French missionaries in the wilds of Canada and in the frosty regions beyond Hudson Bay, though we must say that the climate of Alaska is even more trying at some seasons than that of Upper Labrador. We hear so often that we live in an age of selfishness, mercenariness, and earthly-mindedness that it is invigorating to learn of the Jesuit missions on the Yukon. There are men and women of our generation who are ready to brave the tropics or the poles, the jungles or the deserts, for the sake of their religion, as ever were the men and women of any other generation of our race.

A SUBMARINE VESSEL.

AN IRISHMAN THE INVENTOR.

MANY of our readers who are acquainted with the scientific stories of Jules Verne will remember the Nautilus of Captain Nemo in "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." The "dreams" of Verne are turning in this progressive age into actualities. In *Harper's Round Table* Mr Franklin Matthews gives a most readable account of a boat "to sail under the sea" invented by Mr John P. Holland, an Irishman:—

Every boat, no matter what its object, must have a certain amount of buoyancy to make it float. This vessel has the usual amount for one of its size. In its hold are a certain number of air tanks, in which are stored thirty cubic feet of compressed air at a pressure of 2,000lb to the square inch. There are also 620 electric storage batteries for propelling the ship when steam is shut off under water. Let us take the little vessel under water. We have been running along under steam on the surface and have seen the enemy. Al the hatches are closed water-tight, and the captain goes into a little armoured turret. He gives the word to run awash. At once the valves in the bottom of the boat are opened, and certain apartments are allowed to fill with water. This sinks the boat at once so that only the turret is visible. The enemy is near and has seen us. It is necessary to dive. Quickly the word is given, and the smoke-stack is dropped down into the ship and a thick plate is clamped over it. The fires are banked, and the engine is disconnected from the screw, and the electric power is attached. An indicator tells the depth we have reached, and the mechanism is set at the required depth, and we are soon skimming along under the water in absolute safety. The air in the tanks is being released as fast as we need a fresh supply, and we are dry and comfortable.

The captain decides that he wants to look around. He steers the boat up to within four feet of the service, and then he pokes up out of the water what looks like a stovepipe. Its real name is a *camera lucida*. It is an arrangement whereby those inside the turret can get a good look around by means of mirrors. The captain decides to go under again, and makes for his target. He is soon passing under a ship. The darkened water tells us so. He makes a short turn, or stops, and then backs away and gives a signal to discharge a torpedo. It leaves the boat with a rush, and in a few seconds there is a muffled roar. A great warship has been struck. It lurches and staggers. Pandemonium reigns on it, the order is given for every man to save himself, and in less than five minutes after the torpedo has been discharged a five-million dollar battle-ship, the most powerful engine of destruction man ever made, is lying at the bottom of the channel, and the enemy has received a mortal blow. We come up to look around again. David has struck Goliath with a stone in the forehead and killed him.

How is the diving done? If you will look at the boat you will see at the stern two horizontal rudders. They stick out behind like the feet of a swan as it swims about a lake. When it is necessary to dive, these flat rudders are tipped down in the rear, and the ship is forced under, the bow at an inclination. When the required depth is reached the ruddors are flattened out, so to speak, or held at the inclination to keep the vessel on an even keel, the tanks having been filled to overcome all but a very small reserve buoyancy. An automatic arrangement allows the water to press on a rudder diaphragm and keeps the boat at an even depth.

Propelling the boats under water until recently had been an unsolved problem. Sometimes chemicals have been used, and sometimes the stored-up heat of the engine has been tried. Electricity