

hands." On our arrival at Milford Sound, three carrier pigeons were despatched to Dunedin bearing news of our safety. The messages were securely attached to their legs and then the gentle creatures were let loose. Rising vertically from the steamer, they circled in mid-air for a short time, then, having found their bearings, they sped on the wings of the wind to their destination. On our return, we ascertained that they had completed the journey in four hours.

A party of excursionists, consisting of fourteen in number, determined to give scope to the sport of adventure which they felt urging them on to glorious exploits, by visiting the famous Sutherland Falls. Discovered in 1888 by Mr. Sutherland, who acted as our guide on the present occasion, and who lives at the head of Milford Sound, this cataract was supposed to be the highest in the world—its actual measurement being 1,904 feet. It is now known, however, that it is entitled only to take the fourth place. Yosemite, in California, is 2,548 feet; the Roraina, in Guiana, and the Grand Falls of Labrador, are 2,000 feet respectively. The official account tells us that the Sutherland Falls are only fourteen miles from the head of Milford Sound. If such be the case, the surveyors must have adopted Irish measurement, for, without a doubt, they are the longest fourteen miles I ever travelled over. The outfit for each member of the expedition consisted of a "swag" containing provisions for two days, and a blanket in which we were to enfold our wearied forms at night and sleep as best we might. Thus equipped, we started for our destination. After walking two miles, we were rowed across Lake Ada, which is dangerous for navigation on account of its numerous snags, and then commenced a most adventurous journey. Our route lay through a deep valley, walled on both sides by tremendous mountains, which were here and there streaked by tiny cataracts, like threads of silver. Portions of the track were good, but we came across others which it was not easy to negotiate. In spite of all obstacles, we pushed steadily onwards, our march being accompanied by the silver notes of the bell bird and the shrill cry of the weka. Towards evening a continuous roar like distant thunder greeted our ears. The noise increased in volume until we stood at the foot of a mountain 6,000 feet high, from which issued, with a tremendous report, a magnificent stream of water which descends in three leaps over a frightful precipice and falls into a huge basin, sending showers of spray in all directions. For over an hour we stood fascinated, watching the extraordinary phenomenon.

That night, like the patriarchs of old, the male portion of our party lived in tents. Sleep was out of the question. About midnight, to our terror, the rain began to come down in torrents. It poured uninterruptedly all that night. We began to get uneasy. At the appearance of dawn we bestirred ourselves, and, after a hasty breakfast, resumed our "swags" and blankets and started on the return journey. Some idea of the sufferings we had to endure in the interests of exploration may be conceived from the fact that not an inconsiderable portion of the way homeward was passed over, not by walking, but by *waden*. The rain had converted the brooks into rivers, and the tiny waterfalls into foaming cataracts. We could not retreat. Onward at any cost was the order. To add to our misfortunes, the sandflies, which appeared to have retreated or placed themselves in ambush during our advance, now fell upon us in countless numbers and, regardless of the rain, castigated us most unmercifully. When at length we arrived at the steam launch, we were objects of pity to the most adamant heart. Our clothes were saturated. There was rain in our hair, rain in our eyes, rain in our ears. Our hands and faces had been so artistically operated upon by the untiring energy of the sandflies, that if the Board of Health medical officer had happened to appear on the scene at the time, the evidences of smallpox of a very virulent type were so manifest that we might have been relegated to the quarantine station for an indefinite period, to bewail at leisure the fatuous impulse which impelled us to exchange the comforts provided for us by the genial Captain Anderson and his courteous officers to avail ourselves of the ephemeral pleasure of a passing glimpse of the Sutherland Falls.

With the kind thoughtfulness which has made him so popular and esteemed by all who come in contact with him, Captain Anderson had sent the steam launch to await our arrival. Refreshments of all kinds, in solid and liquid form, soon restored us to our usual equanimity. We forgot our trials and forgave the sandflies. Our fellow-passengers who had remained on the ship evidently regarded us as martyrs in the cause of exploration, and received us with as much enthusiasm as if we had discovered the South Pole. On the following day we renewed our acquaintance with our old friend the Bluff, who was blowing harder than ever. Next morning we reached Dunedin, well pleased, on the whole, with our excursion, which many of us regarded as the most unique experience of a lifetime.

LENTEN PASTORAL.

THE following pastoral letter has been issued by the Most Rev. Dr. Redwood, Archbishop of Wellington and Metropolitan of New Zealand, to the clergy and faithful of his diocese:—

Dearly beloved brethren and dear children in Jesus Christ: The holy season of Lent, which begins this year on Ash Wednesday, February 23, and ends on Easter Sunday, April 10, again affords us a favourable opportunity of dealing with a very important and practical subject, viz.: *bad and dangerous reading*. According to the Encyclical of our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. in February, 1897, the publication and spread of wicked, infidel, and unwholesome literature is one of the innumerable crafts of the enemy, and most pernicious in leading to the contempt of religion and the increase of immorality. Hence the Catholic Church, which is the divinely-constituted guardian of faith and morality, has the right and duty to censure and prohibit such writings, and to warn her children against such bad, rash, and indiscriminate reading. Now, in order to discharge this duty adequately, it will be useful to us, in the first place, to accurately understand how we Catholics, in a non-Catholic country like this, find ourselves, and what duties our inevitable position imposes upon us. No matter what good and fair intentions we ascribe to non-Catholic authors, they invariably, when treating of religion, fall into many serious errors against Catholic faith and morality; and we must note that errors introduced incidentally and without advertence are often the most pernicious. When the bigotry is too glaring and the travesty of Catholic tenets too gross, the Catholic reader is instantly upon his guard, and the effect upon him is either null or positively repulsive; but if, in an affected tone of friendship, the innuendo supplies the place of open attack, and under the plausible garb of literature or science Catholic doctrines are misrepresented, then the ordinary reader is thrown off his guard, and may easily and unconsciously imbibe the fatal poison. In such cases the novel treatment of the subject disguises its religious aspect; rank blasphemy clothed in decorous and ornate language ceases to shock; mere sophistry passes for argument when it flatters vanity, and the reader is half won over unawares. Then spellbound, he is hypnotised so to speak—seeing hearing, thinking with the eyes, ears, and mind of the hypnotiser. In this respect English-speaking Catholics are at a peculiar disadvantage, as slight consideration will easily show.

It may be truly said that, in a certain sense, the

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is Protestant. "Certain masters of composition," writes Cardinal Newman, "as Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope, the writers of the Protestant Bible and Prayer-book, Hooker and Addison, Swift, Hume, and Goldsmith, have been the making of the English language. . . . Men of great ability have taken it in hand, each in his own day, and have done for it what the master of a gymnasium does for the bodily frame—they have formed its limbs and developed its strength; they have endowed it with vigour, exercised it in suppleness and dexterity, and taught it graces" ("Idea of a University," *English Catholic Literature*, 3). Most of these have been Protestants, and they have stamped the language with a distinctive Protestant character, exactly as the great pagan masters of Latin composition impressed the literature of ancient Rome with a decidedly pagan character. This Protestant character shows itself, negatively, by a dearth of fit words to express with precision Catholic ideas on Catholic subjects; and positively, in the presence of words designedly offensive to Catholic feeling, such as "Romanist," "Popish," "Papist," which not merely imply bigotry and contempt, but which appeal forcibly to inherited prejudice and pass as arguments admitting of no reply.

And if this is true of language, still more so is it of literature, which may be defined in our time as the thought of past ages preserved in print. Literature is not the fleeting word cast upon the air and gone, but a force stored up in the library as the electric spark is stored in the battery, ready to explode and do its work in any fit material. So Rousseau's mad paradoxes in print kindle revolutions, and Proudhon's communistic maxims raised a storm not long since in the Chicago Haymarket. Refuted a thousand times over, they are still there at hand, and any clever daring demagogue, repeating them with fiery eloquence to an excited mob, will reproduce their disastrous effect. A people's literature, as a rule, is the exact reflection of their social, moral, and religious condition. Like an element in solution it may be neutralised, but never destroyed. Accordingly,

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in English literature, has been, and is mainly Protestant. "We Catholics are but a portion of the vast English-speaking world-wide race," again writes Cardinal Newman, "and are but striving to create a current in the direction of Catholic truth when the waters are rapidly flowing the other way. In no case can we, strictly speaking, form an English literature; for by the literature of a nation is meant its classics, and the classics have been given to England, and have been recognised as such long since. . . . We must take things as they are, if we take them at all. . . . We Catholics, without consciousness, and without offence, are ever repeating the half sentences of dissolute playwrights and heretical partisans and preachers. So tyrannous is the literature of a nation; it is too much for us." (*Ibid*)

We read of an ancient general who conquered and almost destroyed a nation by

POISONING ITS WELLS

and water-courses. Doubtless such tactics are now reprobated in civilised warfare, but in English literature they have been a systematic and regular practice up to recent date. The English Press and pulpit, becoming from the very dawn of the so-called Reformation the ready tools of royalty, heaped falsehood, calumny, and

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