

DUNEDIN AND DISTRICT.

THE splendid new church at South Dunedin is to be re-opened on Sunday next. At 11 o'clock his Lordship the Bishop will celebrate Pontifical High Mass, the Very Rev. P. O'Leary will act as deacon; Rev. Father McMullen, as sub-deacon; the Very Rev. Dean Mackay as assistant priest, and the Rev. Father Murphy, master of ceremonies. The sermon will be preached by the Very Rev. Father O'Leary. The glorious music of Mozart's 'Twelfth Mass' will be produced by St. Joseph's Cathedral choir, with full orchestral accompaniment. In the evening Pontifical Vespers will take place, and on that occasion the sermon will be preached by Dean Mackay. A description of St. Patrick's appears elsewhere in this issue together with a large picture of the interior, reproduced by the photoinc process. Next week we propose publishing a view of the church as it will be when completed.

A QUANTITY of correspondence from Wellington, also an account of the tour of the St. Patrick's College football team, reached us on Wednesday shortly before we went to press and consequently too late for insertion in this issue. They will appear in our next issue.

NEW ZEALAND: GENERAL.

WE have received a package of used stamps for the Rev. Father Kreymborg's mission from Miss Mary Ellen Kevenig, Otautau; also a parcel from Christchurch, which does not contain the name of the sender.

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF BRO. J. C. DOWDALL.

THE old pupils of the Christian Brothers' School, Dunedin, will be sorry to hear of the death of Bro. J. C. Dowdall, the announcement of which has just arrived by the 'Wakatipu.' The deceased came to the Dunedin establishment in 1879, where he laboured with marked success until 1888, when he was transferred to the mother-house of the Order, the Victoria Parade College, East Melbourne. His health gave way in the beginning of 1895. He was removed to Brisbane, where he quietly passed away on the 12th inst.—R.I.P.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY, DUNEDIN.

ANNUAL CONCERT.

THE great assemblage, which crowded out the City Hall on Friday night, when the annual concert in aid of the St. Vincent de Paul Society was given, must have indeed gladdened the hearts of the members of that deserving institution. The St. Vincent de Paul Society has long been in our midst, and although the extent of the funds at its disposal has ever been limited, it has succeeded in doing an immense amount of charitable work in the city, in a quiet and unostentatious though energetic and zealous manner. It may be added that the payment of the small and almost insignificant sum of sixpence per month entitles to membership, and as the objects of the Society should appeal to every Catholic heart, we hope to hear of a large augmentation in the ranks of its supporters. Anyone desirous of becoming a member can do so by communicating with the editor of the TABLET.

His Lordship the Bishop of Dunedin was present at the entertainment, and, at the interval in the proceedings, on behalf of the members of the Society, he took occasion to express his thanks for the generous patronage which had been bestowed upon the entertainment that evening, and also to those performers who had so willingly contributed to make the concert such a success. 'The concert,' he said, 'had been a very enjoyable one all would admit (applause). Every item had deserved the cordial demonstrations of approval that it had evoked. Judging by the well-filled benches the receipts of the concert would gladden the hearts of the good ladies of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. These ladies deserve the warmest encouragement. They were doing a noble work, and they had been doing a noble work during the past years. They had assisted a very large number of families, they had saved many a poor helpless creature from destruction, and had sent many orphans to happy homes (applause). The members of the Society were actuated by the true spirit of self-sacrifice, their names were not known to the public, and they had not sought applause in any way for the work which they had done, but the thanks of not only the Catholics but of the whole of the citizens of Dunedin were due to them. He was very much pleased at the thought that the concert would be the means of placing at the disposal of these ladies such a large sum of money to continue their great work (applause).'

The programme drawn up for the occasion composed a choice selection of musical items, which were rendered by some of our leading musicians. That the performers succeeded in affording pleasure to all present, was most manifest, for the applause which so freely interspersed the entertainment was of the most cordial character. Miss Mary Morrison, who has long occupied a warm place in the affections of Dunedin concert-goers, was tendered a hearty welcome, and her numbers—'The gift' (Behrend), and 'Venetia'—were received with many demonstrations of approval. Miss Rose Blaney's numbers were 'She wandered down the mountain side' (Clay) and 'Staubert song' (White). The favourite *cantatone* met with great success in both,

but Clay's beautiful composition was so much appreciated that an encore was insisted upon, and in response the ever delightful Killarney was sung. Miss Lucy Connor, a highly promising young vocalist, created a distinctly favourable impression by an artistic interpretation of 'It was a dream' and 'The Kerry dance,' and in response to an emphatic recall for the former, sang 'Love-Tide.' The compliment of an encore was also most deservedly awarded Miss Kitty Blaney for her tuneful singing of 'Call me Back' (Denza), and as an added number the young lady sang with charming archness 'Two is company.' The popular baritone, Mr. J. Jago, met with his customary cordial welcome and sang 'The Bugler' (Pinsuti) and 'The village blacksmith' with excellent effect. His effort in each instance evoked enthusiastic applause, and encores being insisted upon the last verse of the second number was repeated and 'Pray for me' was sung as an additional number. Mr. P. Carolin also met with much success in 'My Queen,' which elicited warm, demonstrative applause. Mr. J. Woods was heard to fine effect in 'The gladiator,' while Mr. E. Fagers' singing of 'A My morning' is deserving of the warmest encomiums. Mr. J. Deakr was evidently a favourite with the audience, and his humorous contribution evoked quite vociferous encores. A number of Christian Brothers' pupils went through a song and chorus, and their singing was quite a feature of the entertainment. That it elicited unmistakable demonstrations of approval was not at all surprising, as the performance not only reflected credit on the pupils themselves but on their devoted teachers who had trained them. Misses S. and N. Hall gave an exhibition of their undoubted skill as pianistes in the duet 'Guillaume Tell,' while an instrumental trio, in which Misses M. Blaney, G. Stokes and K. Moloney took part, was also an acceptable item. Special credit is due to Miss Moloney for the manner in which she acted in the capacity of accompanist, while Mr. Albert Vallis, the cathedral organist, who acted as musical director, should also be singled out for special praise.

DEAN FITCHETT, ZOLA, AND THE PAPACY.

ZOLA, A NEW AID TO SOME CONTROVERSIALISTS.

PEOPLE seldom stop to consider the geological formation of the stone they throw at a dog. There is no particular reason why they should. There are people who pay just as little attention to the stone they throw at Rome. In other words: they think it quite unnecessary to test the value of the evidence or the credibility of the witnesses they bring to testify against the Grand Old Enemy—the Catholic Church. It was with a shock of pained surprise we learned that the Very Rev. Dean Fitchett of Dunedin—a man of wide reading and, it is said, of cultivated tastes, has pinned his faith in Zola, the apostle of pornography, as an authority on the life and manners of what he had never seen—the Papal Court. We are grieved, though not astonished, when the rill-raff of controversialists bombard us with stifling accusations on the authority of real and bogus 'expriests' and 'ex-nuns,' etc. It apparently does not detract from the value of the evidence of this malodorous fraternity that a large number of them never were Catholics, and that a big percentage of them—like Widdows, Slatery, Ruthven, and ever so many more whose histories have appeared or will duly appear in print—were well-seasoned jail-birds. One class of controversialists are evidently very thankful for even small mercies, and it is no small mercy to get even a convict to testify to the general perversity and hopeless chuckle-headedness of Catholics. In this matter the word of even the lowest criminal is evidently preferable to that of the most respectable Catholic or Protestant, be he man, boy, or hobbledoy, layman or cleric, priest, bishop or Pope. This is one of the adamant axioms of the low-class controversialist. Another is, that Catholics either know nothing whatever of their own Church and creed, or that they are abominably incapable of telling the truth about it. A third is that Rome is to this hour the Mistress of Abominations, and Catholics—well, her children.

A NEW ALLY.

We do not know how far Dean Fitchett has accepted these axioms. He has, however, added a new and valuable ally to the broad-arrow band of testimonies against Rome. The pornographic novelist now finds himself among other congenial company besides that of Flaubert, Bourget, Pierre Loti, and Daudet. According to the *N.Z. Herald*, the Dean lectured at the Young men's Christian Association Rooms, Auckland, on—'one of Zola's novels.' The *N.Z. Herald* reports says: 'What the lecturer considered of importance in this book was the minute account of the morals, principles, and characters of those residing in the Vatican. . . . In the main, he believed that the account given by Zola was a true one.' The lecture was, in brief, an attack on the Pope and his court, with Zola as the witness-in-chief. Since reading this account we have taken the trouble to wade through that book which we should not otherwise have touched, and which nothing would have induced us to recommend to others. Its hero is a fine creation of Zola's—a priest who does not believe in several fundamental doctrines of his religion, who lives in—well, very queer surroundings, and who stands coolly by the bedside of a dying man without uttering a prayer or dreaming of attempting to administer a single rite of the Church! The book would, of course, not be Zola's if it had not its *deus-mundanties*, its divorce matters, its marital infidelity, and its too frequent play of what the translator terms 'frantic sensuality,' and running through all, an incandescent hatred of the papacy—a hatred which was by no means lessened by the stern refusal which met his every manoeuvre to gain admission to the Pope's presence, or to that of the members of his court.

ZOLA ON THE POPE.

It is well that we should know where Dean Fitchett stands. It would be impossible to convey to the reader a proper idea of what he terms Zola's 'mainly true' account of the dignitaries of the