

churches, some competent person be appointed to expound and interpret the Sacred Scripture, and in churches where the annual revenues are so small that a lectureship on theology cannot be conveniently held therein, let them at least have a master (approved of) to teach grammar gratuitously to clerics and other scholars, that so they may afterwards with God's blessing pass on to the said study of the Sacred Scripture.

Most desirable it is, and most essential, that the whole teaching of theology should be pervaded and animated by the use of the Word of God. This the Fathers and greatest theologians of all ages have desired and reduced to practice. Chiefly from the sacred writings they endeavoured to proclaim and establish the articles of the faith and the truths contained therein, and it was in them, and in tradition, that they found the refutation of heretical error, and the reasonableness, the true meaning, and the mutual relation of the truths of Catholicism.

#### THEOLOGY,

the science of the Word of God, holds all other sciences as its hand-maids, but draws from the Scripture its first principles. We have to contend against those, who, making an evil use of physical science, minutely scrutinise the Sacred Book in order to detect the writers in a mistake, and to take occasion to vilify its contents. Attacks of this kind, bearing as they do on matters of sensible experience, are peculiarly dangerous to the masses and to the young. There can never be any real discrepancy between the theologian and the physicist as long as each confines himself within his own lines, and both are careful, as St. Augustine warns us, 'not to make rash assertions, or to assert what is not known as known' (St. Aug. in *Gen. ix.*, 30). Whatever they can really demonstrate to be true of physical nature, we must show to be capable of reconciliation with our Scriptures; and whatever they assert in their treatises, which is contrary to these Scriptures of ours, we must either prove it as well as we can to be entirely false, or at all events we must, without the smallest hesitation, believe it to be so. To understand how just is the rule here formulated, we must remember, first, that the sacred writers, or to speak more accurately, the Holy Ghost; 'Who spoke by them,' did not intend to teach men these things—to wit, the essential nature of the things of the visible universe. Hence they did not seek to penetrate the secrets of nature, but rather described and dealt with things in more or less figurative language, or in terms which were commonly used at the time, and which in many instances are in daily use at this day, even by the most eminent men of science.

(Conclusion in our next issue.)

### IN MEMORIAM.

#### SIR GEORGE GREY.

A GRAND old sage has passed away,  
A noble soul has fled for aye,  
Great Britain's heart is sad to-day,  
But sadder still New Zealand's.

Before the world his greatness grew—  
A noonday glory to the view,  
And round thy shores a halo threw,  
Eushriuing thee, New Zealand.

He loved thee well, he spoke thee fair,  
He watched thee with a father's care.  
He gave to thee the largest share  
Of his big heart, New Zealand.

A scholar and a statesman he,  
A prophet of the time to be  
When fame shall come to bide with thee  
And crown thee queen, New Zealand.

But not for this alone we raise  
To-day the anthem of his praise,  
And speak his worth in divers ways.  
No, not for this, New Zealand!

We mourn for him, the chief who led  
The people to the goal ahead  
Where purer laws their radiance shed  
For thee and thine, New Zealand.

For 'his his mem'ry shall be blest,  
For this his name shall ever rest  
Green in the love of every breast  
That throbs for thee, New Zealand.

No need for him—no need at all—  
The sculptur'd pile we honour call;  
Thy spacious breast a shrine too small  
Would be for him, New Zealand.

The people whom he loved and well  
Within their hearts there let him dwell;  
And be it thine his fame to tell  
To other days, New Zealand.

P. E. NOLAN.

South Dunedin.

M. Marinoni, the principal proprietor of the famous Parisian newspaper, *Le Petit Journal*, which has a circulation of nearly 1,250,000 copies a day, commenced life as a factory lad.

## Friends at Court.

### BIOGRAPHICAL GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

(Written for the N.Z. TABLET.)

- OCTOBER 9, Sunday.—19th after Pentecost. Feast of the Maternity of the B.V.M.  
 " 10, Monday.—St. Francis Borgia.  
 " 11, Tuesday.—St. Canice or Kenny, Abbot.  
 " 12, Wednesday.—St. John Leonard, Confessor.  
 " 13, Thursday.—St. Edward, the Confessor, King of England.  
 " 14, Friday.—St. Callixtus, Pope and Martyr.  
 " 15, Saturday.—St. Teresa.

#### ST. CANICE OR ST. KENNY, ABBOT IN IRELAND.

St. Canice, the Patron Saint of Kilkenny, is one of the most illustrious of the Irish saints. He pursued his studies in the famous school of Clonard, under St. Finnian, the 'Tutor of the Saints in Ireland,' in which school there were no less than 3000 scholars at the same time. It might seem that this was a rather extravagant number, and that it would be impossible to find suitable accommodation for so many people in a place that was previously a wilderness inhabited by wild beasts that seem to have made their lairs in the dense shrubberies covering the marshy banks of the Boyne and Kinnegad rivers. But we must not form our estimate according to modern notions; There were no school buildings necessary in our sense—no libraries, lecture halls, or museums. The instruction was oral. There were no books except a few manuscripts and they were highly prized. The instruction was generally given in the open air, and no more suitable place could be selected for the purpose than the green fields around the moat of Clonard. If the preceptor took his stand on its summit, he could be conveniently heard not only by hundreds, but even by thousands. They were easily accommodated, too, with food and lodging. They built their own little huts through the meadows, where several of them sometimes lived together like soldiers in a tent. They sowed their own grain; they ground their own corn with a guern or hand-mill; they fished in the neighbouring rivers, and had room within the boundary lands to graze cattle to give them milk in abundance. When supplies ran short they put their wallets on their backs and went out in their turn to seek for the necessities of life, and the poor scholar was never refused abundant supplies by the people. These scholars had no books to buy, and generally, but not always, received their education gratuitously. The routine of their daily life is seen in the following anecdote: On one occasion the master, St. Finnian, said to his beloved disciple, Senachus: 'go and see what each of my disciples is doing at this moment.' Senachus bowed his head and went: and, lo! he found them all intently engaged at their various occupations. Some were engaged in manual labour, some were studying the Sacred Scriptures, and others in prayer. Especially cultivated at Clonard was the study of the Sacred Scriptures—the most sublime, and, in one sense, the most difficult of all the branches of sacred knowledge. Moreover it is a study in which prayer and meditation can do more for the student than mere human wisdom. It can be best acquired at the foot of the crucifix, and its best teacher is the Holy Spirit of God. But human wisdom, too, is necessary, and all the aids which it supplies, and these too were made use of for the advancement and instruction of the pupils. The Irish, though a newly-converted people had an insatiable thirst for sacred knowledge, and hung on the lips of every teacher who could expound with clearness and with power the mysteries and beauties of God's revelation to man. And we know of our own knowledge that it is so still. There is not a congregation in the wildest part of Ireland that will not listen with the most intense interest to a preacher who can literally and clearly explain the Gospel or Epistle for any Sunday. They will be more attentive than than at any other time; they will catch up his smallest word; they will take it home with them and tell it to their children, and the children will sometimes take it home to the parents. And they are right, for the words of God are far beyond any words of men (*Ireland's Ancient Schools and Scholars*—Dr. Healy).

In the sixth century the saintly scholars of Clonard propagated through Ireland, England, Scotland, France, the knowledge of the Bible and of Christian perfection: in the nineteenth century, the 'Scripture reader' went about among the famine-struck people with the mutilated Bible of the Reformers in one hand, and a ticket to the 'soup-kitchen' in the other, tempting them to give up, so vile a bribe, the faith of centuries, and the Bible that St. Patrick brought to Ireland, to the persevering study and copying of which the renowned scholars of Erin devoted their lives. But the wan, starving, sickened people laid themselves down and bravely died rather than waver in their adherence to the old Faith. 'Tis because of this their love and fidelity that 'the historical muse in writing the history of Ireland, dipt her pen in tears and in blood.'

St. Kenny founded the monastery of Achadbo (or the Ox's Field) which grew up into a town, and was formerly the seat of the bishops of Ossory, who now reside at Kilkenny (Celi, or the church of Kenny) One of St. Kenny's (Caice's) successors in our own day, a Bishop of Ossory, was translated to the See of Sydney, and so, in the nineteenth century, Australia's Cardinal presides in the Church which, in these new lands, preaches the same faith that St. Canice, in the sixth century, preached to people of Erin, and St. Augustine to the people of England.