

CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

There are strong indications that Christchurch is going ahead. Buildings are going up in almost every direction, and, although nothing in the nature of a "boom" is visible, one cannot help feeling convinced that the "City of the Plains" is steadily marching on to the premier position among New Zealand's chief towns. Prominent among new buildings may be mentioned the Brookfield Roller Flour Mill, a large and commodious brick building in Addington, close to the railway line. The Press Company's new building, also of brick, has considerably improved that particular part of Cashel street in which it is situated, and the Press is now issued, not from the wooden, weather-beaten ruin of days gone by, but from a structure which imparts to this well-known paper a sense of dignity and conscious magnitude.

Mr H. O. Forbes, of the Canterbury museum, recently paid a scientific visit to the Chatham Islands. Some interesting discoveries have resulted, the chief being the finding of the bones of an extinct species of the rail family of birds.

The meeting of the Catholic Literary Society, on March 29, took the form of a social. Readings, recitations, etc., were given, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. His Lordship the Bishop takes a great interest in this Society and is anxious to see its members greatly increase.

The usual services were given in the Pro-cathedral on Sunday. The statues being veiled, the church presented a somewhat mournful appearance. At High Mass the Rev Father Cummings preached a most eloquent sermon appropriate to the solemn occasion, explaining why the Church concealed her statues at this particular time, and exhorting the whole congregation to attend to their religious duties not later than Easter Sunday. There was an exposition of the Blessed Sacrament all the afternoon, and the Rev Father Bell preached at Benediction service.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

MR LATHROP, in a paper read at the meeting of the Apostolate of the Press in New York, said a very true thing among other hopeful things. He declared in substance that the efforts of a Catholic reporter on a great daily newspaper were ineffective so far as the proper presentment of the truth was concerned, if the people in control of that journal were either bigoted, ignorant, or indifferent to the presentment of truth. And nothing can be more true.

It has always seemed to me to be an insidious and dangerous opinion that the energy of Catholics should not go into their own Press, but into the secular Press. The cleverest reporters on many of the great "dailies" are Catholics; but they are no more free to say what they will, or what their convictions urge them to say, than a lawyer is free to declare that he is advocating a bad cause. A reporter whose zeal has not been tempered by experience soon learns that "space" is limited on questions of religion; and that, while unlimited space may be given to the most insignificant function of other denominations—according to the proprietor's views or affiliations—his will be carefully reduced. As to the editorial writer, the book-reviewer, or the assistant editor, the position is much the same; he must obey the policy of his paper.

At one time it suited the New York Times to be amiable to Catholics. What sweetness filled the air! The remotest parish was searched for news, and the Pope was referred to in respectful terms previously applied only to Martin Luther. Allusions to Fox's "Book of Martyrs" and the Inquisition were laboriously cut out; and it was beautiful to see how the Times played the lion and the lamb act until after the election. But all this passed with the election. What influence, for instance, have Catholics on the Chicago Tribune? This paper does not want to be well informed on Catholic matters; and since John Hazzard died, the opinions on Catholic matters that creep into the New York Tribune are sometimes very bigoted.

The proprietors of the great daily papers know very well that if they want any important news, they can get it for the asking from Catholics. They are not dependent on the Catholic journals for news of an important event. As a rule, the Catholic journal is dependent on them; it copies, a few days after, the news which the people most concerned gave eagerly to its secular rival at first hand. While this continues, the Catholic Press must necessarily lack some of the influence it ought to have. There is no remedy at present, the expert assures us, except the establishment of a Catholic daily.

With the secular daily paper, as a rule, attention to Catholic affairs is gauged by the condition of politics. True, there are exceptions—the New York Sun, the Philadelphia Ledger, the Baltimore Sun, and a few others. But there is no newspaper in Chicago which can be thoroughly trusted to give the Catholic point of view on any subject. Take educational subjects, for instance. To take the Daily News, as an example, one would get the opinion that there is not a Catholic institution in the East or West capable of teaching the Latin declensions. But its columns actually teem with accounts of the minutest establishment, co-educational or otherwise, which the eye of the

managing director can detect. And yet, there are, no doubt, excellent Catholic reporters on the Daily News.

When we adopt the theory—tacitly advocated by the supercilious creature in New York who never reads a Catholic paper "because his confessor does not oblige him to" that our interests are sufficiently looked after by the daily Press, and that the Catholic Press is superfluous, we deliberately deprive ourselves of staunch defences, which, even if destroyed, must be built up again: But, after all, the New York man and his sneer must not be taken seriously. His speech was, no doubt, one of those perfunctory bits of persiflage which the habitual after-dinner speaker emits and regrets—long after dinner. There ought to be among thoughtful men but one opinion on the Catholic Press—it must be supported.

After the parish school come, as means of education, not instruction only, the Catholic paper and the parish library. Heaven help the religion of the young person brought up in the public school, assisted by the daily paper and the current novel, or "hand-book." If our people realise this, there will come a time when the daily itself may look on the Catholic paper as a dangerous competitor in the matter of special news. Then, and only then, will certain great dailies discover that self-interest forces them to a less arrogant policy in Catholic matters. Our duty at present is to strengthen our own Press, not to say: "Oh, I'll send this bit of news to the Herald, and the Catholic rags will have to copy it!"—MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN in the Ave-Maria.

"WHY HE NEVER LOOKED BEHIND HIM."

"After this I never looked behind me."

This is a very common expression. What do people mean by it? Lot's wife looked behind her and was changed into a pillar of salt. A locomotive driver in America looked behind him one day last summer and so didn't see an open drawbridge in front of him. Hence a wreck and great loss of life. A man in London failed to look behind him and was run down by a hansom. What shall we do as a rule? Look behind us or not?

We introduce a man who says he never looked behind him—after a certain time. How are we to take his meaning? Why, by letting him explain it.

He goes on to say that in one day in February, 1890, he was suddenly seized with dizziness and pain in the head. Like all healthy people, under similar circumstances, he didn't know what to make of it. He says he felt strange and queer, he shivered as though the weather had suddenly turned cold, and then flushed with the heat as though it had turned hot again. What ailed him?

His doctor said he was attacked with influenza, and ordered him to bed. He went to bed. A few days later the fever left him, but the illness did not. It merely assumed another form. His tongue looked like a piece of brown leather, and his skin and the whites of his eyes became yellow, like old parchment. We must all eat to live, but when this man tried to eat, the food went against him, and after he had swallowed it by main force, it caused such pain in the chest, side, and stomach that he wished he had let it alone. Then his heart began to palpitate, and he says he felt low, languid, and tired. He had what he calls a sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach and a craving which nothing satisfied.

Being unable to take anything but liquid food he grew weak, so weak that he was barely able to walk. Then his heart troubled him once more, and, to quote his own words, "As I sat in my chair I could hear my heart thumping as if somebody was pounding me on the back."

This showed that the heart had too much work on hand and was struggling under it like a horse trying to carry two men. "I got very little sleep at night," he says, "and would lie awake for hours tossing about on the bed." This sort of thing is very wearing, and we are not surprised to learn that he lost flesh until little was left of him but skin and bone. "My cheeks," he says, "sank in until they were almost drawn together, and people shook their heads and predicted that my time in this world was nearly up. Still I had all confidence in my physician and kept on taking his medicine. From first to last I took some forty or fifty bottles of it (of all kinds) without benefit.

"Finally one day the doctor sounded my lungs and asked me if any of our family died of consumption. He said that the heart palpitation was caused by dyspepsia. Then he said I had better take further advice; he could do no more for me. This was after nine months of his treatment. I gave up all hopes of getting better, and, indeed, no one expected me to.

"It was winter again, December, 1890. One day I found a little book or pamphlet in the house, that I had never seen before. It was about a medicine called Mother Seigel's Syrup, and described a case like mine having been cured by it. Without going into all my hopes and fears on the point, it is enough to say that I got a bottle from Mr Kirkham, chemist, Ellerby Lane. I took the contents of that bottle and certainly felt a little better. I took a second and began to eat solid food, which agreed with me.

"After this I never looked behind me, though my recovery was a work of time, for I was very much reduced. I stuck to the medicine, and with good reason, and at last got back to my work, strong and well, and have remained so ever since. When I went back to the works the foreman and others gathered round me and asked what had wrought the wonderful change. I answered, "Mother Seigel's Syrup had wrought it." When I said I wished to start work they told me I must first be examined by a doctor. The doctor said I was fit for work, and I went to work the next morning and have never lost a minute since.

"I wish others to know what Seigel's Syrup has done for me, and I give the proprietors permission to publish this brief account of my case. I am a cloth presser by trade, and have worked at Messrs Hepworth and Sons, Clay Pit Lane, for four years. Harvey Askew, 2 Back Timber Place, Ellerby Lane, Leeds."