

and always with the cry of the dominant classes that the granting of those reforms would be ruinous to the State, but time has proved the reverse. Before I again refer to the details it occurs to me that I might here give you a picture from real life of my own experience and what I saw in the few short years I was an Irishman, or rather Irish lad, as I was born in 1841, and migrated to our happy New Zealand early in 1863, where the crow-bar brigade are unknown. My earliest recollections are associated with the famine in 1847 and 1848. You may think I was too young to have any very distinct recollection of those sad times, but I tell you every item I saw of that fearful time of hunger and death, is indelibly burnt on my brain, and will only cease with life. Were I to tell you of all the sad phases of hunger which I could not help witnessing, it would occupy a good many hours, and the story would fill a tidy size volume, but I will refer to just two or three incidents and you may imagine the rest at your leisure. I was born in a country district about twenty miles westward from the city of Cork. Our house was close by the churchyard, and the parish dispensary was attached to the house. I don't know when these institutions were first initiated, but I think they were contemporary with the famine, and must have begun about 1848. Now as destitution always makes for anywhere that relief can be obtained, it is quite probable that I may have seen more than even neighbours living close by. Our dispensary doctor was a very rough, but good-hearted man, and God knows the heart-rending scenes that he had to witness would drive any weak-minded man mad. The poor people, famishing for food, would implore the doctor for medicine to make them strong, as they would express it, but the only prescription he would give them was not in his medicine chest, and he could only recommend nourishing food, which was like throwing straws to a drowning man. The graveyard soon became a busy mart, and the parish authorities had to employ men to put the corpses under ground. The cost of finding coffins for the increasing number of deaths was too much evidently for their slender resources, so they hit on a cheap and equally expeditious plan. A good, large-sized hole was dug, capable of holding some twenty or thirty bodies, and a rough shell, or a substitute for a coffin, built, with the bottom hung on hinges. Into this the corpse was put, and when over the pit the catch was opened and the shell was again ready for another tenant. When the pit was pretty well filled another was prepared. One sight I saw which I well remember; it was just about dusk in the evening. A poor woman carrying a big boy on her back; he had on an old pair of cord trousers and an old cotton shirt, feet and head were bare. She carried an old spade with her, and I soon saw her mission. I don't know how far she brought that ghastly load, but it must have been a considerable distance, as she appeared a perfect stranger. She seemed too much exhausted with hunger and fatigue to dig anything of a grave, but the poor creature covered the body as well as she could, while all the time her heart seemed bursting. Her moans and lamentations were pitiful. It was quite dark when she left. I came back quite early next morning to look at the poor grave, but it was tenantless—the starving dogs scent that prey through the night and held high carnival.

(To be concluded.)

CATHOLIC EDUCATION AND ITS EFFECTS.

A SERMON BY THE REV FATHER HACKETT.

AT St Patrick's Cathedral, Auckland, on Sunday, September 11th, Father Hackett read a very important document issued to the clergy by the bishops of N.Z., assembled at Dunedin. The resolutions embodied in the document clearly show that united action on the part of bishops, priests, and laity will be taken ere long in the matter of our educational claims. Having read the resolutions, the Rev Father preached on the "Necessity of Religious Education." He pointed with pride and admiration to the happy days before religious unity was broken, when the Catholic Church, with her universities and schools, was the teacher of nations. The Reformation aimed at the destruction of those schools. Luther declared "that all high schools of learning were the invention of the devil, destined to obscure Christianity, if not to overthrow it completely." The same movement was carried on in England against Catholic schools. The effect of this warfare was soon felt. For testimony of this he would quote an authority anything but favourable to the Catholic Church: "To the universities the Reformation had brought with it desolation. The once open hand was closed; the once open heart was hardened. The ancient loyalty of man to man was exchanged for the shuffling of selfishness. The change of faith had brought with it no increase of freedom, and less of charity. The creed of one thousand years was made a crime by a doctrine of yesterday. Monks and nuns wandered by the hedge and the highway, as missionaries of discontent; and pointed with bitter effect to the fruits of the new belief, which had been crimsoned in the blood of thousands of the English peasants" (James Anthony Froude's History of England, vol. vi. p. 28). The early Reformers aimed at sacrificing education to the supposed interests of religion, and our modern reformers seek to sacrifice religion

to the supposed interests of education. During the long history of the Catholic Church she never suffered religion to be divorced from education. The love of learning and the love of religion are the master passions of her heart. Do not be led away by the false reasoning and the calumnies hurled by our enemies against the Catholic schools of the pre-Reformation era. Judge of the Catholic schools by the men they have produced. By whom was the compass invented; that useful little article by which our daily routine is measured, the clock; that great means of communication, the post office? By whom was America discovered, and those long and hazardous voyages undertaken—the benefits of which we are now reaping? Who were the scientists, architects, poets and artists? In every instance, men whom the Catholic schools had given to the world. Take away from England her Shakespeare, Chaucer, Pope, and Drayton, and you remove the very cream of her literature. Yet all of these were educated in Catholic schools. Religious education was sadly needed in our day, for society, though professedly Christian, was Pagan in practice. All that was vile and degrading in the past seems revived to an alarming extent. The men needed in society to-day were not merely the intellectual, but the religious, straight-forward men. The Catholics of the Colony were to be congratulated on the sacrifices they were making towards the maintenance of their schools, and let us hope that the present enlightened Government of N.Z. would see its way to recognise in a true liberal spirit the justice of our claims. The Catholics are most unjustly treated by the Government, and find themselves in the same position as did the Catholics in Ireland before the disestablishment of the Irish Church. In former years every Irish Catholic was obliged by law to contribute annually one-tenth part of all he possessed towards the support of a church in which he did not believe and of a parson whose ministrations he despised. In a certain locality in Ireland a Protestant church was erected. A parson was placed in charge, and the only Protestant in the surrounding county who attended the Sunday services was the parson's wife. Here were Catholics obliged by law to support a church which their conscience condemned. The Catholics of this Colony in the matter of education were in exactly the same condition. No Catholic parent could in conscience send his children to the Government schools, and yet the law of the land obliged him to support that system which he knew to be bad. We were thus doubly taxed in building and maintaining our own schools, while at the same time we were compelled to act likewise towards those of the State. Any system was better than the present one, therefore it behoved all denominations to be up in arms and array themselves against this alarming danger ere it was too late. In so far as the Catholics are concerned in this matter our duty is clear, because the Church our infallible guide, directs. We must obey.

G R E A T T R U T H S .

GREAT truths are very simple truths when finally they are comprehended; but it takes a long while to prepare any mind to comprehend a great truth. For years one may grope in darkness concerning some phase of his spiritual life, or some perplexities of a sacred friendship, or some seeming contradictions in his innermost personal character; when suddenly a light will break in upon the mind, or upon the heart, which instantly makes clear that which before seemed hopelessly dark. A great truth is then perceived in its bearings upon, and so in its explanations of, all that was bewildering and disheartening to one who was in ignorance of that truth. What a new sense of life and hope comes with such a new recognition of a comforting or of an enlightening great truth. In the joy of an experience like this, one can wait and trust in other perplexities which may yet be similarly resolved and dissipated. Thus it is that on the introduction of Clements' Tonic everybody was sceptical of its merits; yet now so popular has it become and so reliable has it proved itself, that hundreds of bogus medicines are placed on the market with which to gull the public. Every genuine article is always imitated, and people will always try to impose on the credulity of their suffering fellow-men. Patients must be on their guard against these swindlers, for their remedies are perfectly useless, and while time is being wasted, the disease increases, and perhaps even beyond the power of so potent a remedy as Clements' Tonic. J. B. Bell, Esq., Postmaster, Upper Simmonds street, Auckland, relates as follows:—It affords me gratification to testify to the good effects of Clements' Tonic. A few months ago I was afflicted with debility, indigestion, pains throughout the body, and sleeplessness, due to overwork. I tried remedies and sought advice without result, until one of Clements' Tonic books came into my possession. I read its columns, and read of a case of a similarly-afflicted person who had been permanently cured by Clements' Tonic. I bought a bottle, took it regularly, and whilst taking it I felt a marvellous change. A few bottles entirely cured me, and under its influence I felt youthful, and forgot my troubles, and now feel as a business man should—well, and able to attend to and gratify my customers.

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