ness being to open it in the morning and lock it up at night, in addition to posting letters and delivering light parcels through the city during the day. He would not very much care to exchange his humble employment for the most lucrative "job" in the gift of "Tammany"—unless, indeed, the exchange might enable him to add sufficient to the £300 sterling safely deposited in a bank, which the Archbishop himself had assured him was not more likely to "burst up" than any other bank in the United States. People sometimes wondered, when they looked into Martin Dwyer's aged and worn face, to hear him always talking of "taking a farm"—"as if," they would say, "he expected to live for ever." But the simple old farmer would like to turn up the soil and sow the seed in the spring time even if never expected to see the ripened ear. For it would be a pleasure if some one sat by his bedside and told him how the corn looked—was it free from smut, and "how many barrels to the acre" was it likely to produce. And then our old friend would think with a smile, that when the golden harvest was falling before the sickle, the reapers, one and all, would remember him and pray God rest his soul.

"Troubling himself about his harvest, when he should be thinking of eternity," you say. But heaven help the man who cares nothing about the harvest he is leaving behind him.

Martin Dwyer would not be less resigned or less fit to die, even if he did "cast one longing, lingering look behind" upon his beloved fields."

Rody Flynn was not only resigned, but happy, "after being anointed," when he was sure and certain he'd never see another sun rise or set, the time he caught the typhus fever staying up at night with old Dan Morris, who had caught the fever himself from nursing his daughter and six grand-children, "before one of them was strong enough to get him a drink of water."

"I didn't get a bit in the world sorry," Rody said, in reply to his friend Davy Lacy. "Instead of that, I thought every minute was an hour till I'd be in heaven. But," he added, raising his eyebrows, "I remember it crossed my mind that if God Almighty would given me leave to come back for five minutes—some time in July—just to see the potatoes in blossom—they were comin' over the ground so beautifully the last time I saw 'em—I thought if I could get that privilege I'd feel very thankful!" And Rody Flynn's round black eyes twinkled, and his chubby face laughed all over at the childishness of such a wish. But when the melancholy shoemaker asked did he think it showed too great a hankering after the things of this world, Rody Flynn became serious, and answered emphatically, "No"—that the first question in the catechism was, "Who made the world?" and that the answer to the question was "God." And Rody Flynn forthwith proceeded to illustrate his argument by a "somewhat similar case" that came under his observation "in the Queen's County." We rather lean to Rody Flynn's theology in this matter; and don't think that Martin Dwyer either expected or wished to "live forever," because he talked very often about "taking a farm." His son remarked, however, that he never mentioned the name of Corriglea by any chance until the evening before this, upon which we find our little friends, Nannie and Nellie, reading a letter of six-and-twenty pages quite in a flutter of excitement. It happened that two officers of the "Sixty-ninth" dropped in to "have a talk with the Captain," as they explained to Mr Dwyer, and in the course of the talk the old farmer remarked—"I think Corriglea ought to be given back to me." Martin Dwyer was convinced that he had laid Corriglea on the altar of his country as surely as Robert Emmet laid his head upon the block. And would it not be only right that his country should give it back again—particularly as, "if they mounted him upon a horse," he thought he could still strike a soldier's blow for old Ireland.

The Captain, who was all but quite recovered from his wound, and his two blue-coated visitors laughed heartily. "But," added old Martin Dwyer earnestly, looking straight into the three bronzed and bearded faces, "but I'd give back Ned Cormack his hundred pounds. Then Tom's dark eyes glistened, and a very little thing would have brought a couple of big tears rolling down the bronzed cheeks and over the great black beard. What a fine, simple, honest heart that old father of his had!

That was the only time Martin Dwyer was ever heard speak of Corriglea since he waved his hand to the old house at the Cross of Tubberluce.

(*To be continued.*)

SECULAR EDUCATION AND CRIME.

(*Wairoa Guardian*, May 13.)

OUR Napier morning contemporary recently published some extracts from criminal statistics, with a long commentary designed to prove that the secular education system of New Zealand has tended to diminish crime and promote morality. The article in question was called forth by a speech from Archbishop Redwood, reported in the *Evening Post*. The *Herald* proceeds to define the issue between itself and Archbishop Redwood in the following terms:—"The two principal assumptions underlying his address are that the educational system of the Colony is rendering the population less moral, and that those trained in Catholic schools are more moral than those who are not." And then the statistics are quoted to which we have referred. Wonderful results may be achieved with figures when readers are content not to look below the surface. The conclusion to which we are asked to agree is so startling, however, to those who have carefully watched the habits of the rising generation trained in our public schools, that we are tempted to further inquiry, which clearly shows the fallacy underlying the *Herald's* train of reasoning. We do not challenge or care to verify the figures. Here they are, as quoted, to be taken for what they are worth:—"Last year, according to Captain Hume's report on the police force, there was a decrease in the number of offences dealt with of 441, a decrease of 71 for the North Island, and 370 for the South Island. In the report for 1892 on the Department of Justice (Parliamentary paper H.—13), paragraph 8 states that there was for 1891 a daily average of prisoners of 459 22 males and 58.39 females, a decrease as compared with 1890 of 50·79 males and 9.31 females." The report says:—"This cannot be looked upon as otherwise than eminently satisfactory." The percentage of prisoners of all creeds to population was only ·079, a decrease of ·006 as compared with 1890. On the general question of the decrease of crime, however, the official "Statistics of New Zealand" gives a table p. 154) showing, from 1881 to 1890 inclusive, the proportion of criminal convictions to the population. In 1881 there were 39·11 per thousand of the population convicted before the magistrates, and ·43 per thousand of the population convicted in superior courts. In 1891, owing to a gradual decrease in crime, the magistrate's cases were down from 39 11 to 29 30, and the convictions in superior courts from ·43 to ·31." But how can these figures prove that the education system is rendering the population more moral? In the first place the record of convictions cannot be considered an unerring index to the amount of crime committed. Educated criminals are more rarely found out, and it is quite possible that intellectual education might increase crime whilst diminishing convictions. But, again, in what way can records of crime, as crime is defined by our laws be regarded as a final or conclusive test of the state of morality of the people? Surely it will be admitted that there are offences and, vices of which the law takes no cognisance, but which are even more destructive of the peace and happiness of society. If we want statistics as a test of morality, let us collect a recrd of breaches of the Decalogue instead of offences against any code of human laws. This view is not put forward in support of any system of theological teaching. We are content to regard the matter from the standpoint of what is sufficient for the safety of society. Our legislators have hitherto satisfied themselves with the punishment of those who directly attack life and property. But the growing sin of covetousness, with its developments of gambling, is a greater danger to the stability of society. The Anarchists and Socialists of to-day are not always the poor and outcast of society. Often they have a sufficiency of this world's goods, but, like gamblers, are prepared to risk it in their fierce struggle and greed for more. Secular education instils no principle of regard for *meum* and *tuum*. Again let anyone attend our law courts, note the conflict of evidence, the hard swearing, and observe how seldom there is a conviction or even a prosecution for perjury. Will the *Herald* contend that the convictions for perjury are an index to the amount of that crime? Here, again, the educated criminal has an immense advantage. And how often does the law reach the adulterer? We can only just glance at the growing disregard of the Sabbath, of parental restraints and injunctions, and at the increase of profane language—things of which the law takes no account, but which must be considered in any fair estimate of the morality of the rising generations. Doubtless a large number pass through the ordeal of secular education