

very welcome—needing some moral courage for its utterance. He was loud in his praises of Father Stone.

Among the better signs of the times is to be reckoned the recognition that is generally made of the merits of Catholic saints and heroes. For example, the honour that is paid by Protestants and infidels to the memory of Joan of Arc is most likely to result in good. Some of them have even now got the length of admitting that her "voices" were not the effect of hallucination. We find, again, that the Rev Dr Strong, of Melbourne, the other day delivered a lecture on Sir Thomas More's Utopia, in which he showed a very high appreciation of the character of the saintly writer. He seems, indeed, to have misrepresented the cause of his martyrdom, which was his heroic adherence to the authority of the See of Peter, and not merely his opposition to the iniquitous divorce—some misrepresentation, however, is, under the circumstances, inevitable. The removal of prejudice, nevertheless, and the attention which is directed towards the lives and deeds of saints and heroes must have useful results.

We sincerely hope that the report given by the cable of certain avowals made in Dublin by Mr J. E. Redmond may be, from its beginning to its end, invention pure and simple. It would be bad for Mr Redmond to try to discredit the Government by a declaration that he and his party supported it only to obtain amnesty for the political prisoners. It would be worse for him to declare that he was bent on embarrassing Mr Gladstone seriously next February. Worst of all would be his resolution to absent himself with his party from Parliament during the fateful English legislation of the autumn session, for the purpose of organising in Ireland resistance against Mr Gladstone's efforts in aid of the country. Conduct like this would deserve for Mr Redmond the severest reprobation of all Irishmen. We cannot believe that, in his sober senses, he has committed himself to any such course.

Our contemporary the Dundin *Evening Star* is out again with an unlimited shrieking. Our contemporary led off the scream by quoting in his issue of Thursday the 12th inst, our leader of last week. Then, in due course, followed the clamour of his anonymous hangers-on. "Lavengro," Mr Borrow's gipsy, began. There too came

DUNEDIN CATHOLIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

On Wednesday evening, the 11th inst., the Society brought its session for 1893 to a close by a drawing-room entertainment in St Joseph's schoolroom. The services of the lady friends of the members had been graciously accorded, and the room was transformed into a complete palace of beauty. Flags, surmounted by religious pictures and emblems, draped the lower end; paintings and floral devices decorated the wall, and at the foot of the stage, at the upper end, three or four pianos, a tribune concealed behind a trophy of flowers, and seats for the orchestra had been placed. The arrangement of the furniture was remarkably tasteful. Chairs and lounges, of many forms and choice materials, were placed in groups, suggestive of pleasant conversation, around tables on each of which stood a handsome vase of flowers. The guests were numerous, and the suggestion of the cunningly set chairs was freely taken. There was a complete absence of formality, and unceremonious enjoyment was the order of the evening. A well-chosen programme of vocal and instrumental music and recitation, concluding with a play, had been prepared. Indisposition, however, unfortunately prevented one or two of those who were to have taken part in the performance from appearing. Miss K. Moloney was so detained, and Mr J. B. Callan also was obliged to send an apology. Those, however, who were to the fore seemed to excel themselves so as to make up for the unavoidable shortcoming. Miss Mary Morrison sang "Killarney" in such good style as to merit an encore, in response to which she gave with equal sweetness and charm "Ever of thee." Miss Rose Blaney, the laurels still fresh on her brows which she had won so plentifully by her singing in the late performance of Rossini's "Barber of Seville," sang "Salva nos Domine," and, in response to an encore, "Last Night." Miss Murphy sang "In Happy Moments." The young ladies in each instance were heard at their best, and the effect was necessarily very charming. Mr Carolin was most successful in the song "Never More," and Mr J. Woods, who possesses a fine bass voice, from whose full development a great deal may be expected, sang "The Voice of the Ocean." The recitation was "Bingen on the Rhine," effectively

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our acquaintance of a year or two ago, Jeremy Diddler—again suppressing his other name, and signing instead of it the initial, "T." There also came "Nemo," as insipid as usual. What they all said we need hardly repeat. They all said what they had all said before, and that, in all, was not much—even although our gentle "Nemo" has picked up, among his manifold scraps of the lighter English literature, more logic than Bishop Moran had ever acquired in his regular studies, and has a more intimate knowledge of the mind of the Catholic electors of the colony than the Bishop and his priests. Of course the education question is the chief question of the day, and swamps by its excessive importance all other questions of colonial policy. It is, indeed, the chief question throughout the world, and that on which, with sinister motives, godless politicians are insisting the most. Of course also, in a religious question like this, the hierarchy and clergy are the natural leaders of the Catholic people. Our "Nemo's" smart attempt to saddle Dr Moran with a charge of Toryism, therefore, is absurd, and all his display of a smattering of logic must go for nothing.

THE LATE MR MICHAEL SHEAHAN.

The following letter has appeared in the *Cork Examiner* :—

House of Commons, 21st August, 1893.

To the editor *Cork Examiner*. Dear Sir,—I would be very much obliged if you would make mention of the death of a veteran Cork man, Mr Sheahan, who died recently at Auckland, N. Z. I forward you of New Zealand TABLET for your information and I may add that Mr Sheahan was one of our most loyal sympathisers in New Zealand, while his son, Mr M. J. Sheahan, J.P. is the life and soul of the Auckland branch of the Irish National Federation. To his exertions was mainly due the success of the great meeting Mr John Dillon and I addressed in that city in '89 at which some £600 were collected for the evicted tenants.—Yours, etc.

THOMAS H. GRATTAN ESMONDE.

given by Master C. Wilkins. The chief instrumental performances were the overture to Flotow's "Martha," and that to Bellini's "La Sonnambula," excellently played by a very efficient orchestra—the Misses J. Macedo and M. Drumm respectively taking the piano. An arrangement of Irish airs was admirably played by Miss M. Martin. This performance had not found a place on the programme, and consequently, not being expected, the conversational suggestion of the chairs in some degree marred its effect. The famous List is said in playing before the Czar to have stopped suddenly when his Majesty began to talk to some one near at hand. "Because, sire," he replied to the question why, "all should listen when the Emperor speaks." But pianists who continue to play while the hum of voices goes on are to be praised for their good temper.

The farce, "An Ugly Customer," was played with spirit. Indeed the number of local hits introduced into it showed that the actors were thoroughly up to fun. The audience also enjoyed the jokes immensely—particularly those of them who escaped the shaft of satire. Miss J. Macedo showed a very pretty appreciation of what was required of her as Sophia—a young lady on marrying whom without a moment's delay, whether she will or no, the ugly man insists—and he was very ugly. On attaining that pink of perfection Mr J. Hally, who acted the part, may be sincerely flattered. Sophia's chagrin, for example, at being disappointed in proceeding to White Island to exhibit her new hat and feather had all the appearance of truth. Possibly a little reflection may have consoled the young lady, since, with the exception of a chance seal or two, or possibly a sentimental fish, mistaking her for a mermaid, there would not be a soul there to admire her. Miss C. Macedo as the traditional smart *soubrette* played capitally, expressing all kinds of unutterable sentiments by knowing whisks and shrugs. Mr T. D. Waters was very much at home in the part of a rather soft young lover. Of Mr J. Hally we have already spoken. His ugliness was necessarily the chief thing about him, but his impudence came very near to equalling it. Mr W. E. Davis as a retired grocer displayed anything rather than a due penitence for certain tricks of trade for which he had been accountable, more

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