

Christ Church, Canterbury, very lightly for a century before the prior had laid on pure water from the hill to the monastery." That the members of the priesthood were not wanting to the people in their distress we may gather from the fact that "the disease made havoc among the secular and regular clergy, three Archbishops of Canterbury dying of it in the first year. The frame of mind due to the pestilence, we may add in conclusion, seems hardly that derived from listening to penitential sermons:—"The novelist Boccaccio dwells on the effect which the mortality caused in the character of the survivors, and how panic or despair made men callous, reckless, superstitious, heartless, cruel, and licentious; and Sismondi, in his great history of the French people, and of the Italian Republics, has collected contemporaneous evidence to the same effect." Our quotations are taken from "Six Centuries of Work and Wages" p p 219 to 224.

DITTO AND  
DITTO  
REPEATED.

THE periodical trudging abroad of fish-wives to cry "No Bishop" is still in full swing. We have given an echo of the roar in our columns, but all our space would not suffice for half the reverberations. We must cut it short whether we will or not.

There are leaders and correspondence and the efforts of funny men. But let us, for example, take local extremes. The Auckland *Star* imputes it as a grave fault to Bishop Grimes that he does not know a word about fair electors. The Invercargill *Times* imputes it as a grave fault to Dr Moran that he understands them all too well. The *Star* says the women do not care a fig for the one Bishop; the *Times* says that they are the slaves of the other. Each of our contemporaries thinks that he himself can read the mind of the fair elector as if it were an open book. The northern luminary says that she will not use her power to carry out the fads and schemes of any extremist; the southern luminary relies upon her to bring about Bible reading in the schools. Our northern contemporary, however, is far too expansive in his views and far too deep for us to comprehend him. He sees a broad wave echoing around the world, on which woman stands like Venus emerging from the foam. Can it be a wonder if conceit of his discernment has a little affected his manners, and made him presumptuous and rather rude? Our southern contemporary is much less expansive and profound but, then, he is ever so much more canny. He is not the man, like Dr Moran, to nail his colours to the mast and go straight on full sail towards an all-important end. He will keep his colours easily moveable, and dodge them up and down, as it suits his purpose. He will arrive at the end if he can do so cannily. He is not consciously dishonest—but he sees the advantage of remaining on good terms with the mammon of unrighteousness. Our southern contemporary, we may remark in passing, seems to mistake Dr Moran's meaning in his Lordship's comment on the labour party. It was not the cause of labour, but the particular action of the party that the Bishop condemned. He certainly meant to express no disapproval of the co-operative system, to which our contemporary especially refers. And if this system, as our contemporary argues, engenders a spirit of dependence in the minds of the labouring class, is it not still to be preferred to the system of secular education, which engenders such a spirit also in the minds of well-to-do people? However, our space is limited, we cannot echo all the cry. The profundity of our Auckland contemporary, though on some points it contrasts with the canny of our contemporary in Invercargill, has still a good deal in common with it. The echo, in short, of the fishwives' traditional cry must still be ditto and ditto repeated.

If we are to judge by the condition of things at Mr Fish's meeting the other night in Dunedin, the excellent effects of the women's franchise have not yet shown themselves. We are not prepared, of our own motion, to say positively that any other effects of the female franchise showed themselves on the occasion. It may be supposed, nevertheless, that the young men in the corner, shared the ordinary lot of colonial youth, or, indeed, of 'Atry anywhere, and had each his "girl." Is it outrageous then to argue that every knight carried his lady's colours, at least in his mind's eye, and tilted in her cause. If we are to believe the Auckland *Star*, everyone who is not convinced that the female franchise holds a chief place in the thoughts of every female in the Colony, is as blind as a bat, and as stupid as an owl. Therefore it is prudent for us to conclude that that uproarious corner was, at any rate in spirit, as much female as it was male. The day, perhaps is, approaching when such a corner may be materially so. In passing, we may point to the testimony borne by such an unmannerly, and, as it is hinted, venal, mob of juveniles to the moral influences of the godless schools. We find, meantime, that Mr Fish has no more perception than has Bishop Grimes of that great wave that echoes around the world with woman emerging from its foam. Mr Fish also says that in his belief the majority of the women of the Colony did not want the franchise. Let us, in conclusion, be thankful even for small mercies. Women are not yet qualified to serve as Parlia-

mentary representatives, though their day is probably not far off. How would it have been, for example, had a woman stood in Mr Fish's place, when one of the corner lads addressed him as "You cunning old dog?" If however, we think any scandal concerning the meeting in question where fair electors are concerned, we must escape the censure passed by the Auckland *Star* on all who are capable of harbouring such an idea as that women are not one and all passionately devoted to their new rights and privileges. We are bound, according to our Auckland contemporary, to believe that every youth in that corner was most warmly congratulated by his "girl," on relating his exploits to her. Self-defence, in a word, leaves us no other course than to admit that the effects of the female franchise really were in evidence. Larrikinism certainly was so in a very disgraceful manner.

ST ANTONY. ST ANTONY is one of the saints whom "Curmudgeon" in the Napier *News* brings forward as a lover of dirt.

"Curmudgeon" quotes the authority of St Athanasius. We have not at hand the life of St Antony written by St Athanasius, but we have copious extracts from it translated by Dr Newman. We find in them no suggestion of anything of the kind. Here is an example. "He (St Antony) was the more earnest in chastising his body and bringing it into subjection, lest triumphing in some things, in others he might be brought low. His vigils were often through the whole night. He ate but once in the day, after sunset; sometimes after two days, often after four; his food was bread and salt—his drink water only. He never had more than a mat to sleep on, but generally lay down on the ground. He put aside oil for anointing, saying that the youthful ought to be forward in their asceticism, and, instead of seeking what might relax the body, to accustom it to hardships, remembering the Apostle's words—'When I am weak, then am I powerful.'" Of the person formed in such a school here is a picture:—"His countenance had a great and extraordinary beauty in it. This was a gift from the Saviour; for, if he was in company with a number of monks, and any stranger wished to have a sight of him, directly that he came to them, he would pass by the rest, and run to Antony, as being attracted by his appearance. Not that he was taller or larger than others, but there was a peculiar composure of manner and purity of soul in him. For being untroubled in soul, all his outward expressions of feeling were free from perturbation also; so that the joy of his soul made his very face cheerful, and from the gestures of the body might be understood the composure of his soul, according to the text, 'A glad heart maketh a cheerful countenance; but by grief of mind the spirit is cast down.' Thus Jacob detected Laban's treachery, and said to his wives, 'I see your father's countenance, that it is not towards me as yesterday.' Thus Samuel too discovered David; for he had beaming eyes and teeth white as milk. In like manner one might recognise Antony, for he was never agitated, his soul being in a deep calm—never changed countenance, from his inward joyfulness." Finally of the saint's intellectual powers the following passage, relating his answer to certain heathen philosophers who came to jeer at his ignorance of literature, will inform us:—"Antony said to them, 'What do you say? which is prior, the mind or letters? And which gives rise to which, mind to letters, or letters to mind?' When they answered that mind was prior, and invented letters, Antony replied, 'He, then, whose mind is in health, does not need letters.' This answer struck all who were present, as well as the philosophers. They went away surprised that an uneducated man should show such understanding. For, indeed, he had nothing of the wildness of one who had lived and grown old on a mountain; but was polished in his manners and a man of the world" (*Church of the Fathers* p p 184 to 217). We learn, nevertheless, from "Curmudgeon," that there is one Rev Dr Momerie who has to say of St Antony only that he had dirty feet. Similar remarks made by his reverence concerning other saints may be taken as equally valuable. But as for those heathen philosophers "Curmudgeon," had he been there, could have entertained them for hours with the most brilliant literary sallies. His mind comes a long way after the ABC.

THAT gushing specimen of Know-nothingism, THE KEOKUK "Ulysses," who writes an American letter for the DUST-CARTAGAIN, Dunedin *Evening Star* has lost the hopes he had foolishly founded on the mission of Monsignor Satolli. Consequently he sends his paper a rigmarole of very melancholy views as to the attitude and influence on education of the Catholic Church in America. The rigmarole contains the claptrap proper to the act to which the writer belongs and is unworthy of further notice. The opinions of a Know-nothing must necessarily go for what they are worth. We find, meantime, in glowing contrast with the croakings of Know-nothingism, that so brilliant has been the success of the pupils of Catholic schools in recent competitive examinations held in New York, public attention has been forcibly attracted to it, Mr Joseph Howard, for example, a prominent member of the secular Press of that city, accounts for it as follows:—"The reason for this remarkable showing is easily explained. The teachers in the Catholic schools are inspired by a higher motive than