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PRIOR 6D

MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE N.Z. TABLET.

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitię causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.
Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

LEO XIII., P.M.

TRANSLATION.—*Fortified by the Apostolic Blessing, let the Directors and Writers of the New Zealand Tablet continue to promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.*
April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII., Pope

Current Topics

The Syllabus

On next Saturday a conference consisting of an equal number of school inspectors and members of the New Zealand Educational Institute will meet in Wellington. Their business will be to take the new school syllabus into hand and lease it out and shape it into a workable system of instruction. The result of the labors of the conference will be awaited with much interest by all who are concerned in educational matters.

True Patriots

One Lenten day in the early eighties the writer of these lines—then a pale and gracile youth—sat among a crowd that thronged the grand old pile of Notre Dame in Paris. The famous preacher, Father Monsabre, was in the pulpit. He spoke with voice and eye and hand, and the rushing tide of his eloquence poured in a high flood over his packed audience, surged through their brain-cells and (metaphorically, of course,) lifted his hearers off their feet. Before hard agnostics—lawyers, budding medicos, university students and professors, and cultivated worldlings of every sort—as well as before the devout of Paris, he set forth the claims of the religious Orders to the respect and gratitude of every true son of France. Among other things, he told in glowing terms the story that was fresh and green in the recollection of many of his hearers—the magnificent devotion of monk and Sister and priest to the sick and wounded and dying in 1870, during the country's long life-and-death struggle with the enemy from beyond the Rhine. And then, in a magnificent burst of moving eloquence, he told them how, if France should ever need it again, patriots in the black soutane, patriots in religious habits of brown and grey, patriots in the black veil and the white cornette would again march in thousands from school and cloister and hospital all over the land and cheerfully toil and die for their beloved country and their fellow-men. As Pere Monsabre smote them with his burning words, the audience rose to their feet, and, when the last word had been uttered, made the storied walls of Notre Dame resound with vibrant applause.

M. Combes and his Radical and Freemason following have chosen to forget the splendid services which the religious Orders have rendered to France from the days when the Benedictine monks set about reclaiming its

swamps and civilising its inhabitants after the barbarian invasion, down to the present time. The Bishop of Perigueux sums up as follows the war which the subverters of public order have been waging against religion in France. 'I saw,' said he at the Catholic Congress of Lille, 'the war of 1870: I saw happy homesteads set on fire by shells. I saw the house of my father and mother destroyed by the German shrapnel, and I saw all our fields and vineyards laid waste. It was fearful and saddening, but I never suffered during that war as I suffered last year. In 1870, we were face to face with the hereditary foe. Now French Catholics are persecuted and tormented by their own fellow-countrymen. It is the revival of the inhuman struggles called the wars of religion. For the past fifteen months the Freemasons have caused floods of tears to flow in France, and if the Catholics do not rise energetically and unanimously against their enemies the country is finished. France will be at the mercy of the first foreign sword whose wielder is ambitious enough to invade the territory. The Catholics are now enslaved; thousands of them will lose their places if they go to Mass, and the Freemasons will soon prevent the priest from giving the last consolation to the dying.'

France, under Combes's infidel regime, is running fast for a fall. It is

Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom.'

The hapless country's star of hope lies in the patriots in the black soutane and the white cornette and the dark veil who have been installing into the youth of France those principles of righteousness that exalt a nation. But to Combes and his fellow-enemies of religion, they represent the idea of God and of moral responsibility to a great Creator and Judge. And for this they are to be banished as enemies of the political atheism that now rules in the high places in France.

War and Trade

When Robert d'Insula was raised to the See of Durham in 1624, he provided his crotchety old mother with a retinue of servants and with all manner of bodily comforts that were known at the time. But the old-dame's happiness made her misery. 'In short,' said she, at the close of a long and bitter lamentation to her son, 'all things go on so abominably smooth, that my herte is bursting within me for something to spite me and pick a quarrel withal.' The nations to-day are like querulous old Mistress d'Insula of Durham. They are never at peace unless they are at war. Commerce rules the political roast nowadays. The nations



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