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

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiæ 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

Licensing Reform

The Rev. Osbert Mordaunt, an Anglican clergyman, is, perhaps, the only member of the 'cloth' who plays the double role of village vicar and village publican. He is the owner of a cosy little inn at Hampton Lucy (England) and 'runs' it on strict 'reform' lines. A few weeks ago Dr. Potter, Episcopal Bishop of New York, solemnly opened and 'dedicated' a 'reform' saloon at the corner of Bleecker and Mulberry streets in the American metropolis. The new saloon sets out to be a tavern of faultless respectability, excluding women from the bar, stocked with files of newspapers and magazines, and selling drink only in the strictest moderation. Bishop Potter's action in 'dedicating' the new saloon has sent a whirling storm of contradictory comments about his head. One of those who view the new-departure saloon with favor is the great Catholic temperance advocate, Bishop Spalding. 'In general,' he says, 'it seems to me that so far as this new saloon tends to mitigate the old evils it may be accepted as a fortunate compromise measure. . . . It may be looked upon as an indication that the old and righteous battle for a more orderly, a more decent condition of life in our cities is not being suffered to decline in heartiness and sincerity.'

One of the really valuable features in the 'Bishop Potter' saloon is this: that treating is absolutely prohibited within its walls. Some three or four years ago one of our stipendiary magistrates declared up Taranaki way that the treating habit—a colonial, 'shouting'—is one of the curses of New Zealand and one of the worst causes of intemperance. In the year of grace 1901 there was started in the diocese of Ferns, Ireland, a live and vigorous Anti-Treating League. It spread rapidly throughout Ireland, and we hope to see its beneficent influence speedily extended to these countries as well. An esteemed friend of ours, who did yeoman service in setting the movement afloat, urged, in first broaching the scheme, that if the crusade were altogether directed 'against the pernicious custom of accepting reciprocal favors—which is known as "the same again"—the benefit would in every way be incalculable, and a large measure of success attainable. Let us remember,' he added, 'that our endeavor should be directed principally to one class—not to total abstainers, nor to the great multitude whose representa-

tive Father Martin Dunne (God rest his soul!) met going into a public house in his parish. "Luke," said he, "the devil is going in there with you." "Begor, sir," said Luke, "it's not worth his while; I've only tuppence."'

Bazaars

St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, is one of the world's gems of ecclesiastical architecture. The vast sum of £230,000 has been spent upon it during the past fifty years, and, when completed, it will, like that of Melbourne, take rank among the great cathedrals of the earth. At the recent St. Mary's Cathedral Fair the Archbishop of Melbourne touched upon gambling—a subject which was lately raised in Christchurch by an Oamaru clergyman with small knowledge of his subject and, as regards Catholics, with offensive intent. 'Some persons,' said the Archbishop, 'who fail to make bazaars successful oppose them on moral grounds. They claim that they are likely to engender a taste for gambling. Well, I have had a good deal of experience in these bazaars. I never knew anyone who attended them to acquire such a taste. If a person acquired that taste at the first time of going, he soon lost it. He had only to go a second time to have the taste lessened, and if he went a third or fourth time the taste would soon be completely eradicated.'

In the autumn of 1896 the 'Scotsman' (the leading daily paper in the Land o' Cakes) gave a verbatim report of a sermon preached by a Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Blair, to his congregation in St. John's, Edinburgh. In the course of his sermon Dr. Blair said: 'As to those who objected to raffles on the ground that they were calculated to foster the spirit of gambling, he observed that, in this uncertain life of theirs, almost all matters had more or less of the element objected to in raffles—the element of uncertainty, of chance, and of hazard. This precariousness, this doubtfulness in life gave no small zest to existence and entered more or less into all the circumstances of their being. If raffling cherished the spirit of gambling, the same might be said of most of the pursuits of life. And these pursuits were destitute of the spirit of hilarity and fun which invariably accompanied bazaar raffles. One could hardly imagine anyone speculating on raffle tickets at a bazaar with the mercenary spirit of making gain. It was generally done because the purchaser desired to help the object in view, or to oblige a friend, and he seldom cared whether the article subscribed for came to him or not. He (Dr. Blair) might