

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- August 15, Sunday.—Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost.
Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
„ 16, Monday.—St. Roch, Confessor.
„ 17, Tuesday.—Octave of St. Lawrence.
„ 18, Wednesday.—St. Hyacinth, Confessor.
„ 19, Thursday.—B. Urban II., Pope and Confessor.
„ 20, Friday.—St. Bernard, Confessor and Doctor.
„ 21, Saturday.—St. Jane Frances de Chantal, Widow.

St. Roch, Confessor.

Montpellier, in France, was the birthplace of St. Roch, as well as the scene of his death. The devoted charity which he displayed in assisting, at the risk of his own life, persons suffering from a virulent and contagious disease, has caused him to be regarded as a special patron in time of pestilence. He lived in the 14th century.

The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The Church has always believed that the body of the Immaculate Virgin was, after death, assumed into Heaven, and reunited to her spotless soul. Without being an article of Faith, this belief, first expressed obscurely by the early Fathers, has gone on developing, like so many other truths; so much so that it is now formally held by all Catholics. It seems indeed appropriate that the reunion of soul and body, which in the case of the generality of men will take place on the day of final resurrection, should have been anticipated on behalf of her who had been, by Divine intervention, preserved from that original sin of which death and corruption are the consequences. To-day, therefore, we honor the glorious assumption of the Blessed Virgin, both body and soul, into Heaven, where her intercession is a power to succor us in our wants, comfort us in our trials, and protect us from the dangers to which we are exposed during the course of our mortal pilgrimage.

GRAINS OF GOLD

A RESOLUTION.

Let me to-day do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favoured as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed
Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend;
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,
Or sin by silence when I should defend.

However meagre be my worldly wealth,
Let me give something that shall aid my kind—
A word of courage, or a thought of health,
Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to find.

Let me to-night look back across the span
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say,
Because of some good act to beast or man,
'The world is better that I lived to-day.'

It has done me good to be somewhat parched by the heat and drenched by the rain of life.—Longfellow.

Do not burden yourself with too many devotions; rather undertake few, and persevere with these.—St. Philip Neri.

Be constant to your purpose, and desirous only of the praises which belong to patience and discretion.—Ruskin.

To judge of the real importance of an individual, one should think of the effect his death would produce.—Lewis.

We reduce life to the pettiness of our daily living; we should exalt our living to the grandeur of life.—Phillip Brooks.

An honest reputation is within the reach of all men; they obtain it by social virtues and by doing their duty. This kind of reputation, it is true, is neither brilliant nor startling, but it is often the most useful for happiness.

It is told of St. Aloysius that he applied the standard of eternity to all his actions; that is, before he did a thing he considered how he would look at it before the bar of God, where every one shall answer for the deeds done in the body. If he could defend his action before his judge, he would carry out his intention; if he could not defend it to the satisfaction of his own conscience and judgment he abandoned his intention. Applying the rule of eternity to his acts, it is believed that he never was guilty of any serious sin.

The Storyteller

'WHAT DOTH IT PROFIT?'

The great financier sat at his desk in his private office and watched with impatient disgust the figure standing on the mat by the door. It was a gaunt, dishevelled figure that stood there, with hollow cheeks and bent shoulders, while trembling fingers nervously picked at the ragged cap they held. The mass of nondescript rags which formed his clothing, the worn and battered shoes, in fact the entire appearance of the figure by the door, proclaimed him what he was—the wreck of what might once have been a man. And, indeed, that was the only name by which he had been known for many a day; it was the only name by which he cared to be known, 'The Wreck.'

The great man's face spoke unutterable disgust, and his voice cut like cold steel as he spoke to the figure by the door:

'Well, what brings you here to-day? Did I not tell you the last time you honored me with a call that I hoped never to see your face again?'

'Yes, Dick, I know, I know,' replied a shaking voice from the doorway. 'I know I ain't nothin' to be proud of; I know I've been a disgrace to ye all my life, an' ye ain't got no call ter be glad ter see me. I know I'm nothin' but a wreck what has just been driftin', driftin', always driftin' from bad to worse. But I'm yer brother still, Dick, an' she was yer sister, an' it's a message from her that brings me here to-day. Oh! yes; I know what ye mean by that look on yer face. Ye think I lied to ye that last time I come here (almost a year ago now, warn't it?), when I told ye she was dyin', just dyin' from cold an' hunger an' neglect, and I begged ye ter do somethin' ter try an' save her. Ye thought then I was lyin' to ye an' ye told me so, an' ye turned me out without listenin' to what I'd come ter say. Remember that day, Dick? You may have forgotten it, but I never will. There you was, sittin' just where y'are now, with yer fancy cigar between yer lips, yer rugs all over the floors, them pictures on the walls, the room so warm an' cosy, an' everythin' that money could buy all around ye. Then there was she, yer own sister, dyin' in a miserable little attic, so cold, so hungry, an' ye told me I was lyin' to ye, an' ye wouldn't do a thing to help her. No, Dick, ye needn't start to interrupt me, an' ye needn't ring that bell to have me put out. Ye did that once before, but I've a message ter give ye now, an' I mean ter give it before I leave. When I've said my say I'll go an' ye'll never see my face again, but ye've got ter listen ter me this time, for it's a message from the dead I'm bringin' ye. Yes, from the dead, Dick, for she died that night after I was here before.'

The figure by the door had unconsciously straightened itself, and something like the spark of a lost manhood glistened in his eyes as he came a few steps nearer to the man at the desk. A strangely tender note crept into his voice as he went on reminiscently:

'Ye remember that day, Dick, when I had come ter ye for help for her, an' ye had me turned out into the street an' threatened ter have me arrested as a drunken loafer. I had been drinkin' that day, but I wasn't drunk, an' what I went through after I got back to the leaky little attic we called home would have sobered a man much worse than me. An', Dick, I've never touched a drop from that day to this.

'Well, when I got home an' see her lyin' there on the bed, her poor, thin face an' hands all blue with the cold an' she dyin' for want of food an' medicine, my heart just raged within me, an' I would have cursed ye with all the black curses I could think of. But she wouldn't have it so. She made me sit beside her, an' she took my hand in both of hers, an' she talked to me so kind an' gentle. Ye know how she used ter talk to us, Dick, when we was little lads back there on the farm, an' she the only father an' mother that we had. Well, it was just like that until she made me feel I was a little child again. I saw that she felt so, too, an' seemed ter think we was all young again an' back in the old home. By an' bye, I knew her mind was wanderin', for she was livin' the past all over again. She spoke of things I had long forgotten, an' she spoke of things what I never knew, an' it broke my heart ter listen to her. She was a girl again, an' we was two little scraps of boys, an' she was bringin' us home from father's funeral. She had always been the only mother we ever knew, an' now she would have to take father's place as well. We was too little to understand it all, but the sight of the coffin or the black clothes or somethin' must have frightened us, for we had cried ourselves to sleep. She carried us up one at a time an' put us in our little bed, an' was kneelin' down beside us an' prayin'. I wish ye could have heard her, Dick; even your heart would have

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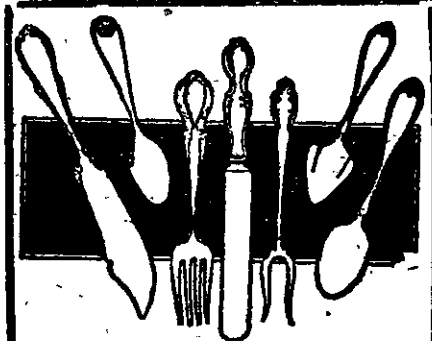
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broken. She was prayin' God ter help her be father an' mother ter the two of us, prayin' Him ter keep us always as good an' innocent as we was then, an' make us grow up into good, brave men. Oh! Dick, as I sat an' listened to her an' thought of her prayin' over us as we lay asleep in our little bed, an' then thought of all I'd been since, an' the kind of a man I'd grown into, I could have crawled in the dust like the worm that I was.

'She went through it all that night, Dick; all our school days, all the days that followed when you had gone down into the city to make yer fortune an' I was the black sheep an' terror of the village. She went through it all over again; her days spent in constant drudgery, her nights spent in prayin' for her two boys; the one down in the great city makin' his way in the world, mountin' step by step up the ladder of fame an' fortune, but slowly, slowly forgettin' the folks left behind in the country town; the other, a good-for-nothin' scamp, the village scandal, who was wastin' his youth and manhood in drink an' gamblin'.

'Then she went on talkin' about that time when her eyes began to fail an' she had to give up the sewin' an' was gettin' poorer an' poorer every day. Her blindness sorter sobered me for a while, an' we came down to the city, she an' me, hopin' that I could find somethin' to do an' begin all over again; hopin', too, to find you an' have her eyes attended by some good doctor, who might cure her, perhaps. You had long ago stopped writin' to us, but ye was pretty famous by that time, an' t'warren't hard work to find ye. She had me write to ye; an', Dick, I never knew until that night she was dyin' what was in the letter ye sent her in answer. Her eyes were pretty bad, but she made out to read yer letter, an' only told me that ye wouldn't have nothin' to do with us. I never knew until that night she was dyin' that ye offered ter take her into yer home an' provide for her if she'd leave me an' promise never ter see me again. Ye never liked me, Dick, even when we was little chaps, perhaps because she seemed ter like me best. But, Dick, she only did that because I was always the wild one, an' I guess she thought I needed her most. That's always the way with women like her; it ain't the strong one that's on the top; the one that'll take care of 'em an' do for 'em, they'll stick to. It's the weak one, the one that's underneath, the one they think needs 'em most. She knew I wanted ter do better, an' she wouldn't leave me, not for anything ye could offer her.

'I don't blame ye for what ye done, Dick. Ye knew what I was an' ye didn't want me disgracin' ye in yer grand home with all yer fine friends an' the great lady who was yer wife. No, Dick, I don't blame ye for not wantin' me, but I wish I'd known what was in yer letter. Things would have been very different for her, poor girl.

'Well, I didn't know, an' she stuck ter me an' we tried ter scrape along somehow. 'Twas hard work, mighty hard, for her eyes grew worse an' worse, an' then she took sick an' was failin' day by day. I done what I could for her, an' I tried ter let the drink alone, but sometimes it would get the better of me. I tell ye what, Dick; them were the black days for both of us.

'At last, in despair, I came to you that day, an' then went home an' sat an' watched her dyin'. All night long she talked on an' on, all about the past an' about you an' me. Then, towards mornin' she fell into a kind of doze, an' when she woke her mind was all clear again, but she was so weak she could hardly speak to me. I saw there was somethin' she wanted ter say, so I leaned over close to her an' then she gave me the message I've come ter bring ye to-day. Her voice was only a whisper an' her hard breathin' an' the wicked cough kept stoppin' her, but she couldn't rest until she'd sent her message ter you. These was the very words, Dick, just as she spoke 'em:

"Tell him," she says; "tell him I've watched him an' followed him along every step of the way. I watched him when he first came down ter this great, cruel city. I watched an' prayed for him in them days of struggle an' homesickness when he was fightin' so hard to make his way in the world. I watched him when he first began to climb up, step by step, an' I was proud of him an' glad of his success. But, oh! the little worm of bitterness that began to creep in when I saw him slowly but surely forgettin' not only me an' the old home, but everything he had once held dear. Oh! the pain in my heart as I watched the cares of the world, the strivin' after fame an' fortune, the thirst for money an' power gradually drivin' out of his life all thought of his God and his religion. Still I kept watchin' him an' prayin' for him even when his letter stopped comin', and I knew we was all put outside his life for evermore. Tell him I've never quit lovin' him; I've never quit prayin' for him, an' now when I know I'm dyin', my last thoughts are of him. He has won a great place in the world, he has money, friends, a grand home, everything the world can give, but what will all these do for him when he comes to lie as I'm lyin' now? Can he take his home an' gold an' silver with him? Can any of

his fine friends go with him into that awful world beyond? Will all his money buy him a place in Heaven? Tell him to look back on the first pages of the little catechism I taught him so many years ago, an' read just one sentence there: What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? That's my dyin' message to him; that's all I have to leave him; my love, my blessing, an' them words from the holy book."

'She was quiet then for a little while, so quiet I thought she was gone, but soon she roused herself and began to speak again:

"Tell him, too," she says, "tell him I'm leavin' this world with all its cares an' worries, but I'm goin' to a better an' a brighter one; an' I'll still keep watchin' him an' prayin' for him there. Tell him when the day comes to him, as come it must, when he sees all his friends, all his money, everything, slippin' away from him an' he stands all alone facin' the end, he will still have a soul to save. Tell him to remember that. He may gain the whole world, but the day must come when he will lose it all. Bid him remember that on that day he will still have a soul to save."

'She never spoke no more, but fell into a stupor-like, and just as the day came peepin' in through the cracked window panes, her poor, tired heart stopped beatin', that kind, lovin' heart that I had helped to break. I tell ye what, Dick, when the day o' reckonin' comes, you an' me will have a pretty big pile to answer for, an' her death there in that cold, freezin' attic, her death brought on by want an' fret an' worry, won't be the least among our sins. I realised that as I knelt beside her that winter mornin', an' I promised her solemn that I'd never touch the drink again, an' I'd try to live as she would want me to. I've kept that promise, Dick, though it's been pretty hard. I tried to get work to do, but there's no one'll trust the likes o' me. A little snow shovellin', a little wood choppin', the Lord alone knows how I've picked up a few cents here an' a few cents there. I've begged my bread from door to door, an' I've slept on a bench out in the public parks when I hadn't a penny to pay for a night's lodgin'. I tried ter see you, Dick, tried again an' again, for I wanted to bring ye her message. They'd keep tellin' me ye was away an' I couldn't see ye; they thought I was a tramp just come a-beggin', I suppose.

'Lately, I've come to realise that I'm goin' the same way she did. The doctors at the dispensary told me so, an' I guess ye need only look at me ter know they spoke the truth. They've found a place for me ter go to—a home for just such wrecks as I be, where I can wait for the end in peace. I'm goin' there to-day, Dick, but I made up my mind to see you before I went an' give ye her message. Last night as I lay out under the stars (an' it's pretty cold these autumn nights out there under the stars), I got ter thinkin' of her and of how I'd see her soon again. I couldn't face her if I hadn't brought her message, so there it is, Dick, there it is.

"What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world an' lose his own soul?"

The man at the desk was sitting now with his head bowed upon his hand, his face concealed from view. 'The Wreck' had drawn gradually nearer and was standing close behind him. Stretching forth his hand, he continued, in trembling tones:

'Dick, old man, we've never been very good friends, you an' me, but I'm goin' on a long journey, a journey there'll be no comin' back from. Death is beckonin' to me, lad, and I'll be answerin' the call pretty soon now. This is the last time I'll see ye in this world, an', after all, we're brothers, Dick. Won't you—shake hands—before I go?'

Slowly the man at the desk raised his head; slowly he turned and looked his brother in the face. Then, without a word, he rose to his feet and grasped the outstretched hand of 'The Wreck.' For a moment they stood so, hand clasping hand, eye speaking to eye, but tongues strangely silent. Then 'The Wreck' turned away, and with bent head and slouching gait drifted out through the door down the stairs, and into the noisy street below, where he was soon lost to sight among the bustling throng.

As the office door closed on the departing figure of his brother, the financier dropped heavily into his chair and sat gazing into space, buried in deepest reverie. A picture rose up before him of the little attic room and of the woman dying there, and half unconsciously he repeated aloud the words of her message to him:

'What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world? Yes, what doth it profit? What does anything profit, for that matter? I have gained a world and I have lost it; I have won place and power, and I have lost them; I have had wealth and fame, home and friends, and to-day I sit here alone and penniless, facing ruin and disgrace. Tomorrow the world will know me for what I am, a thief, a defaulter; the finger of scorn will be pointed at me; the very newsboys will cry my shame upon the streets. Those who have been my friends will be friends no longer. Truly,

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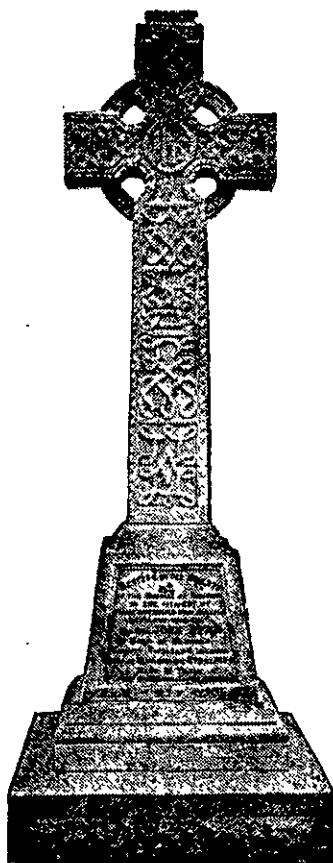
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the day has come, as she said it would, when everything is slipping away from me and I sit facing the end of all things.'

He glanced at the desk, and his eyes fell on the letter he had been writing when interrupted by the entrance of his brother. It was his farewell to his wife, in which he confessed the ruin and disgrace he would not live to face. To-morrow his shame would be published to the world, but he would not wait to see that to-morrow. To-night, almost any moment now, they might come to arrest him, but he would escape them. In the drawer of his desk lay the revolver with which he meant to end it all. These had been his thoughts, while writing that letter several hours ago, before 'The Wreck' had stood there on the mat by the door. Since then something had happened, a message had been sent him, a message from the dead. What was it she had said?

'He may gain the whole world, but the day will come when he must lose it all. Bid him remember that on that day he will still have a soul to save.'

He picked up the unfinished letter and commenced slowly tearing it into tiny fragments, repeating to himself as he did so: 'Bid him remember he will still have a soul to save. What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, and after all, a soul can be saved even through ruin and disgrace; yes, a soul can be saved even in prison.'

A little later, when the officers of the law came to take him, it was with a smile that he rose and went forward to meet them.—*Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

A RISING FAMILY

At first the Minturns, the head of which family was a struggling lawyer, had few social aspirations, being considered 'poor.' The Allenders, on the other hand, were persons to be looked up to; pater familias was a prosperous hardware merchant. But now, ten years elapsed, and the Minturns were on a level with the Allenders, as far as external things were concerned.

Five years more reversed the relations between the two families. The Minturns still went up, and the Allenders commenced going down. One day, about this time, Mr. Minturn came home from his office, and said to his wife:

'I've got bad news to tell you about our friends, the Allenders.'

'What is it?' inquired Mrs. Minturn, evincing a good deal of interest, though not exactly of the right kind.

'He's stopped payment.'

'What?'

'He failed to meet his notes in bank yesterday, and to-day, I understand, he has called his creditors together.'

'I never thought there was a great deal of life about him.'

'Where are you going, Emeline?' asked Mrs. Minturn of her daughter, who came down, with her hat on, one afternoon about this time.

'I'm going to run around and see Clara Allender,' was replied.

'I'd rather you wouldn't go there, just now,' said the mother.

'Why not?' said Emeline.

'I have my reasons for it,' returned Mrs. Minturn.

Emeline looked disappointed. She was much attached to Clara, who was a sweet-tempered girl, and felt a week's absence from her as a real privation.

In the course of a few years the relations of the families were further strained by the failure in business of Allender and the affluence of Mr. Minturn, who as the most successful lawyer of the community had been elected to Congress.

Removal to the capitol city was a boon to Mrs. Minturn, especially now that she had a daughter approaching the marriage age. And the opportunity was not lost. A young congressman named Erskine was selected by the resourceful matron as a fit son-in-law.

Upon their return home, the Minturns showed themselves not to have lost any of their self-esteem. They promptly ignored an invitation to the Allender home, as unfitting a family of their rising standing. It developed, however, that this was the most serious mistake of all. For one of the guests was Mr. Erskine, whose father and Mr. Allender had been old friends.

On the next day Mr. Erskine called upon Mrs. Minturn and her daughter, as he intended leaving the city in the afternoon.

'We looked for you all last evening,' said Mrs. Minturn. 'Why did you not call around?'

'I was at a select party last night,' replied the young man.

'Were you, indeed?'

'Yes. At Mr. Allender's. Do you know the family?'

'At Allenders!' The tone of surprise, not altogether

unmingled with contempt, with which this was uttered by Mrs. Minturn, put Erskine a little on his guard.

'Do you know them?' he asked, with some gravity of manner.

'Not very intimately. We had some acquaintance in former years, but we have broken it off. They sent us cards of invitation, but we did not notice them.'

'What is their standing?'

'Not high. I believe none of our first people visit them.'

On the day after, Mrs. Minturn and her daughter called at Mrs. Allender's, and offered verbal regrets at not having been able to attend the party.

'We wanted to come very much, but both Emeline and I were so much indisposed that the doctor said we mustn't think of going out'—forgetting at the moment the tenor of the note she had written only the day before. But scarcely were the words out of her mouth, when a glance of uneasy surprise from Emeline brought a recollection of this fact, and caused the blood to mount to her face.

A sudden change in the manner of Mrs. Allender was conclusive evidence that she, too, was laying side by side the two conflicting statements.

'But even,' added Mrs. Minturn, in a voice that betrayed some disturbance of mind, 'if we had not been indisposed a previously-made engagement would have been in the way of a pleasure that we shall always regret having lost. You had a highly select party, I understood.'

'Only a few old and much esteemed friends, that we invited to meet a gentleman who was passing through the city, whose father and Mr. Allender are old acquaintances.'

'The Hon. Mr. Erskine, you mean,' said Mrs. Minturn, whose vanity led her to betray herself still more.

'Yes. Have you met him?'

'Oh, yes,' was replied with animation. 'We were very intimate at Washington. He showed Emeline very particular attention.'

'Ah! I was not aware that you knew him.'

'Intimately. He called to see us yesterday, on the eve of his departure for New York.'

'Oh, mother!' exclaimed Emeline, as soon as they had stepped beyond the street-door, on leaving the house of Mrs. Allender, 'why did you say anything at all about Mr. Erskine, and especially after blundering so in the matter of apology?'

The next winter came round, and the Minturns repaired again to Washington. Emeline had hoped to receive a letter from Mr. Erskine, whom she half believed to be in love with her; but no such desired communication came. But she would meet him at the capitol; and to that time of meeting she looked forward with feelings of the liveliest interest. On arriving in Washington, at the opening of the session, she repaired, on the first day, to the capitol. But much to her disappointment, a certain member from New York was not in his place.

'Where is Mr. Erskine?' she asked of his colleague, whom she met in the evening.

'Has not arrived yet,' was replied. 'Will probably be along to-morrow or next day. He stopped in your city as he came along; and I shrewdly suspect that he had in contemplation a very desperate act.'

'Indeed! What was that?' returned Emeline, endeavoring to appear unconcerned.

'Taking to himself a wife.'

'You surprise me,' said the young lady. 'Who is the bride?'

'I don't know. He said nothing to me on that subject.'

It required a strong effort on the part of Miss Minturn to keep from betraying the painful shock her feelings had sustained. She changed the subject as quickly as possible.

On the next day, it was whispered about that Mr. Erskine had arrived in company with his newly-made bride.

'Who is she?' asked both Mrs. Minturn and her daughter; but no one to whom they applied happened to know. Those who had seen her pronounced her very beautiful. Two days passed, and then a bridal party was given, to which Mrs. Minturn and Emeline were invited. They had been sitting in the midst of a large company for about ten minutes, their hearts in a flutter of anticipation, when there was a slight movement at the door, and then Mr. Erskine entered with his bride upon his arm. One glance sufficed for Mrs. Minturn and her daughter—it was Clara! While others were pressing forward to greet the lovely bride, they, overcome with disappointment, and oppressed by mortification, retired from the room, and, ordering their carriage, left the house unobserved.

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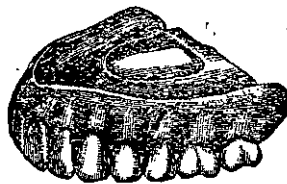
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Current Topics

Why Night Prayers

'Psychologists,' says the *S.H. Review*, 'tell us now that the mind of the child is in a peculiarly impressionable state just before sleep. The Catholic Church's teaching and practice about night prayers show that she always knew this. Catholic parents should be careful to inculcate by precept and example the saying of night prayers—the uplifting of heart and soul to Almighty God in thanksgiving at the end of the day. Put the thought of Jesus Christ and His love into the child's mind at night. The lessons a child thus learns from father and mother are traced indelibly upon his mind, and are bound to influence his after life.'

Parents would do well to frame this and set it up in a conspicuous place in their households.

Modernists That Have 'Left'

A Wellington contemporary copies from a London newspaper the statement that several Continental ecclesiasts, with Modernist views, have during the present year 'left the Church of Rome.' We know of several whose exit from the Church of Rome took place as the result of the conscious eliminative action of the Church herself—she spat them out. Others left in anticipation of a similar impetus—they found in the Church no rest for the soles of the feet of those who would empty of real meaning some of the fundamental mysteries of the Christian faith. The implied suggestion that they left of their own full accord reminds us of a German fable which runneth thus: A great and venerable old church once harbored, in various holes and crannies, sundry bats and sparrows and jackdaws. The pastor of the church set at length about an overhaul of the massive walls. When the workers had gone, the bats and the sparrows and the jackdaws came back in search of their old dwellings. But every hole and cranny was filled up. Then said the bats and the sparrows and the jackdaws: 'Of what use now is this great building? Come, let us forsake this useless heap of stones.' And they left the ancient church.

Pius X., the Chief Pastor on earth, closed up, by his Encyclical on Modern Errors, the holes and crannies in which sundry flighty intruders to our faith had taken shelter in the walls of the Church of the Ages. And this is how Modernists came to 'leave' the Church of Rome.

Queensland's Jubilee

Brisbane has been since Monday—and will be till the close of the coming week—what Venice was in the Italy of *Childe Harold*, a 'pleasant place of all festivity.' For there, as in other centres, Queenslanders are celebrating in holiday mood the happy day, fifty golden years ago, when their far-spreading territory became a separate colony, under the name which it still bears. Earlier in the same year Brisbane was made the centre of a vast new diocese which covered 668,497 square miles. Its first bishop was the Right Rev. James Quinn, whose foresight and zeal in introducing Irish Catholic settlers, with the aid of the Immigration Society, raised the clamor that the young colony would soon deserve to be called, not 'Queensland,' but 'Quinn's Land.' There were in all Queensland fifty years ago two priests, two churches, two small parish schools, and about seven thousand Catholics. Towards the close of 1908 the little seven-thousand flock of half a century ago had grown into some ninety and seven thousand, with 57 parochial districts, 111 churches, 98 priests, one archbishop and two bishops, 25 religious brothers, 362 nuns, 3 colleges for boys, 23 boarding-schools and 9 superior day-schools for girls, 67 primary schools, 10 institutes of charity, and 12,075 children receiving the blessings of religious education in Catholic schools. Catholics in Queensland to-day can look back with pride to the active and honorable part which they and their spiritual kith and kin have taken in building up the great Northern State. We wish Queensland, and the faith there, 'happy days, unclouded to the close.'

Topers—the Morning After

Planché's toper of the old 'three-bottle-man' school sighed for the days when intemperance was a 'gentlemanly' vice—

'When underneath your table you were bound your guest to land,
And no man rose to go till he was sure he could not stand.

'We drank champagne from glasses long, and hock from goblets green,
And nothing like a cup of tea was ever to be seen.
All night we passed the wine, nor dreamed of hyson or pekoe,
In the days that we got tipsy in—a long time ago.'

Times are happily changed, and nowadays the man would be ostracised from all decent society who would exhibit the coarse spectacle of fuddled sottishness that was considered 'gentlemanly' in a day that is not, after all, a very 'long time ago.' The heartless selfishness of such criminal folly, the false and evanescent joys of the flowing bowl, were made—from personal experience—the subject of a warning lay homily by the Premier of Victoria at Brunswick on a recent occasion. 'There is,' said he, 'no greater hell to be pictured by the human mind than that for the drunkard who has not lost every atom of his self-respect. Besides, it is a most selfish habit. A man leaves his home, his wife, and his family to go and enjoy himself—alone, or by pouring down the throats of himself or his companions the raiment of his wife and children. It destroys any natural feelings a man may possess. You know, I have tried it all myself. I have drunk in three continents (I am not proud of the boast, mind you), and found it all much alike. The misery of waking up is just the same after champagne as after the she-oak juice of the back blocks. They say champagne is the "nectar of the gods." The gods never thought anything of the kind—they had more sense. Anyway, whatever it is called, it is all the same next day.'

Evolution

One of the most interesting of the articles in the fifth volume of the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, just to hand, deals with the whole subject of evolution in the light of the latest discoveries of science. It closes with the following 'general conclusions' (we add, in square brackets, a few explanatory words for the benefit of the general reader): (1) The origin of life is unknown to science. (2) The origin of the main organic types and their principal subdivisions is likewise unknown to science. (3) There is no evidence in favor of an ascending evolution of organic forms. (4) There is no trace of even a merely probable argument in favor of the animal origin of man. The earliest human fossils and the most ancient traces of culture refer to a true *Homo sapiens* [Man] as we know him to-day. (5) Most of the so-called systematic species and genera were certainly not created as such, but originated by a process of either gradual or saltatory [sudden] evolution. Changes which extend beyond the range of variation observed in the human species have thus far not been strictly demonstrated, either experimentally or historically. (6) There is very little known as to the causes of evolution. The greatest difficulty is to explain the origin and constancy of "new" characters and the teleology of the process [i.e., the use or purpose which it was designed to serve]. Darwin's "natural selection" is a *negative* factor only. The moulding influence of the environment cannot be doubted; but at present we are unable to ascertain how far that influence may extend. Lamarck's "inheritance of acquired characters" is not yet exactly proved, nor is it evident that really new forms can arise by "mutation." In our opinion the principle of "Mendelian segregation," together with Darwin's natural selection and the moulding influence of environment, will probably be some of the chief constituents of future evolutionary theories. ['Mendelian segregation,' it may be added, is based upon the discoveries of the learned Augustinian friar-scientist, Father Gregory Mendel, in connection with the hybridisation or crossing of plants and the laws of their variation, etc. Other investigators have followed up the great Catholic friar's lines of investigation, and out of it has arisen 'Mendelism' or the science of genetics, which has led to the reconsideration or abandonment of sundry theories formerly held by the upholders of evolution as it is commonly understood. An account of the Mendelian theory appears elsewhere in this issue.]

Paganism and the School

A cable message from Melbourne in our daily papers of last week read as follows: 'The coroner, when holding an inquest on three infants whose death in each case was due to suffocation, declared that Melbourne was drifting into a condition similar to what existed at the worst period of the Roman Empire, when infanticide was so common that its punishment was neglected altogether.'

And this after eight-and-thirty years of the 'benefits' of a 'free, secular, and compulsory' system of public instruction! Is this new and revolting form of paganism—this out-Heroding of Herod—one of the coruscating constellations of 'blessings' for which, in their eagerness to hit 'Rome,' the Reformed faiths in Victoria acquiesced in the banishment of God and religion and religious influences from the public schools?

'A little while they strove, and much repented,
And, whispering they would ne'er consent, consented.'

A few months ago, in the *Australian Schoolmaster*, Miss Mabel L. Conklin wrote of the 'appalling amount of immorality' among small children, especially school children.

'One teacher,' she says, 'told me recently that last year the state of immorality in her schoolroom was such that the authorities thought seriously of discontinuing school in that room for the rest of the year. . . . While parents sleep or deliberately close their eyes to these conditions teachers and purity workers are driven almost frantic by the many devices that the devil is putting forth for the destruction of our boys and girls, and the thought presents itself—Where are our morally, mentally, and physically strong men and women of the future to come from if this thing goes on? The occasional teacher who buckles on the armor of courage and wades through prejudice and opposition to go to the rescue of her pupils with purity literature and personal effort is all too soon, in the majority of cases, confronted by the virtuous parents, who demand to know by what authority she presumes to destroy the innocence of their children? Ten chances to one those innocent children know more of sin and wickedness than their parents, who, because they "don't like to hear about such things," deliberately close their eyes and ears to the conditions about them. To ignore sin is not conquering sin by any means, and silence and false modesty on the part of parents is simply aiding and abetting the Evil One in his work of destroying boys and girls.'

Our Aerial 'Scareships'

You can create a scare, as you can create a calumny, out of a trifle light as air. And the recent German scare in England found a curious echo in New Zealand, in connection with trifles still lighter than air—sundry hoax fire-balloons, to wit, that have lately been sailing through our midnight skies, and phantom 'airships' (one of them manned by Teutons) that have been cavorting through the airy imaginations of half-awake and timid (or tipsy) people and of the practical jokers who, like the poor, are always with us. These periodical spasms of scare and 'nerves' to which various countries are subject are the results of the modern 'peaceful' international commerce which Cobden dreamed would cement the peoples of the world together. Instead, it has produced a disturbing effect. Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, America, Japan, have all swarmed over their racial and national boundaries, in a fevered struggle for foreign markets, annexing territories here, creating spheres of influence there, going perilously near a world-war in a scramble for supremacy in the Far East, piling Ossas upon Pelions of expenditure on navies, and evoking—over the sale of pots and pans and cotton nightcaps—a spirit of rivalry, of suspicion, and of mutual hate which (as a recent author has well declared) 'throws civilisation back to the barbaric age.' We are indeed back to the menagerie theory of national life, and to the gospel of Force in its most repulsive form. Nevertheless, there are sundry things which England may well learn as the lesson of the recent scare. Some of them were set forth in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*. 'More distinctly,' it says, 'from the Continental events of the last few weeks than from our own naval crisis, we have learned that the one solid and overmastering fact of its kind in Europe is the fact of German preponderance. Nothing else on the Continent can compare for a moment with the combined massiveness and efficiency of German organisation; and unless we can learn in time to imitate the mental and practical thoroughness of that great people, we shall give place in empire and in trade, as well as in sea power, to an abler and more virile race, seizing our prizes from us by the same relative energy which enabled us to wrest them from others.'

*

Germany's secret is organisation, education, concentration, a patriotism which burns with a flame akin to that of religious devotion, and which has been cultivated to a point of intense and self-sacrificing enthusiasm. Among the Great Powers there seems to be nothing quite on a par with the German patriotism of our time. Even in the Fatherland it has, perhaps, never been surpassed since the days when, in 1813, young Theodore Körner stirred the souls of his countrymen to emancipate themselves from a foreign yoke, and in his bivouac hut on the battlefield of Slesknitz, penned the spirit-stirring ode which moves the hearts of Germans to this hour. A translation of a single stanza will suffice to illustrate its spirit:

'The land is roused, the storm breaks loose—
What traitor hand now shrinks from use?
Shame on the pale-faced wretch who cow'rs
In chimney-nooks and damsels' bow'rs;
Shame on thee, craven, recreant sot!
Our German maidens greet thee not;
Our German carols joy thee not;
Our German wine inspires thee not.
On in the van!
Man to man!
Whoe'er a faulchion's hilt can span!'

Atheism v. Religion in France

The war of official atheism on religion in France goes on apace. As before, the vast horde of 962,000 public functionaries—whatever their conscientious convictions may be—know full well that attendance at any sort of religious service spells certain dismissal. Quite lately (as we learn from Mr. Richard Davey in the London *Tablet* of June 26) the Minister of Marine ordered all religious emblems (prayer-books, crucifixes, rosaries, etc.) to be taken from the men of the navy. No religious picture or emblem of any kind may be exhibited in the streets or on the wayside. A pretty little picture of the Annunciation—used for advertising purposes by a firm of artificial flower makers at Nice—was duly 'suppressed' by law and the manufacturers were ordered forthwith to remove it from railway stations and other public places. The picture of Christ or of the ever Blessed Virgin—'our tainted nature's solitary boast,' as a Protestant poet styles her—is *anathema maranatha* to the French atheistic rulers. But (says Mr. Richard Davey, who knows France like a book, and whose article we are in small part summarising) 'an abominable figure of a nude woman, blatant, vulgar, and demoralising (it advertises some soap or other) is tolerated everywhere. It would therefore appear that, whilst a Catholic may not affix an image of the Savior, or of the Virgin Mother, or of any saint, to the corner of his house, anyone who chooses may put up a picture so obscene that (as a writer in the *Echo de Paris* recently remarked) "it would scandalise a hippopotamus," for nothing could exceed the insidiousness of many of the big advertisements exhibited at the present time all over France.'

*

When the pagan Roman Emperor Severus lay dying, he commended his two sons to the protection of the lawyer Papinianus, who shone among the men of his time for his eloquence and his integrity. The two sons (Caracalla and Geta) were made joint emperors of Rome after their father's death. But the ambitious Caracalla had the life hacked out of his brother and reigned alone. The murderer desired Papinianus to extenuate the foul deed of blood to the senate and the people of Rome. 'No, sir,' replied Papinianus, 'it is easier to commit a fratricide [murder of a brother] than to justify it.' Whereupon Caracalla had the head of his incorruptible guardian lopped off. The reply of the brave old lawyer might—with only a change to indicate the nature of the crime—be applied to the latest effort of M. Briand to justify the persecution, plunder, and expulsion of the religious Orders from the hospitals and schools of France. It was easier to perpetrate than to extenuate this high crime of French atheism dressed in a little brief authority. 'As to the nursing Orders,' says Mr. Davey in the article already quoted, 'the state of confusion in the hospitals is quite indescribable, and in a vast number of them the authorities have been obliged to expel the hastily summoned and quite incapable lay nurses and to implore the nuns whom they had recently turned away to return at once, "if only out of charity for the sick." Thus the Sisters have all returned to the hospitals at Lyons, Vichy, Nevers, Nice, St. Raphael, Brest, Cherbourg, and other places, and it is said they will soon be restored to most of the military and naval hospitals at Toulon, where the secular nurses have been found to be not only incapable, but drunken and immoral. The fact is, that in France the nursing and teaching professions have been so long in the hands of the religious, that the average French layman or woman has never considered teaching or nursing as a profession worth entering. Thus the recruiting of teachers and nurses has, since the removal of the monks and nuns, become very difficult and the supply, ever since the secularisation, has continued to be below the demand. "I cannot see," said the other day to me a French gentleman who is by no means a pious Catholic, "why on earth the Government wanted to trouble about them at all. They did their work fairly well—at least, as well as the secular nurses who have succeeded them—and, after all, a Government which reaps an immense tax from authorised congregations of bad women (*maisons de tolérance* [houses of ill fame]) is not in a position to suppress houses of prayer and education, which evidently satisfied the parents and guardians of generations of children entrusted to the nuns.'"

*

It is, presumably, no mere coincidence, that a grave increase in juvenile crime and vice has rapidly followed the suppression of religion in the schools of France. The problem has recently been made the subject of a work by M. Duprat entitled *La Criminalité dans l'Adolescence*. So much we learn from *America* of June 26. The author shows that, in 1890, the number of criminals of sixteen to twenty years old was one-sixth of the total adult criminals. It is now one-fifth. And yet there is a steady decline in the proportion of these young people in the population—in 1900 there were, for instance, 4,045,000 young men of sixteen

If you are interested in the quality of the tea you drink, just try Hondai Lanka 'Cock o' the North.' It's prime!

'Hech, McPhairson, but you's gran' tea you "Cock o' the North." It's as sweet as the skirl o' the pipes hersal.'

to twenty years old; in 1905 their number had dropped to only 3,250,000. 'It must be added,' says the author, 'that the prosecution of youthful criminals is very frequently omitted in France. As a rule, persons of that age are not punished before they have been caught ten—nay, fifteen—times by the police.' In connection with this subject we might briefly refer to the testimony given by a correspondent, who writes from Osaka (Japan) in regard to the demoralisation produced in the Land of the Rising Sun by the materialistic teaching of the Imperial University of Tokyo. 'For these thirty years,' he writes, 'it has not ceased forcing materialism upon the nation. But the bitter fruits of the system have already begun to appear: widespread discontent, rampant corruption, dire despair; as testified by nine thousand suicides a year and innumerable scandals that unceasingly turn up in the world of politics, business, and education. Frightened by the evils of their own work, the Japanese statesmen seem to have come to admit tacitly that religion of some kind is, after all, perhaps, not so very antagonistic to education, at least for the common people, and that a certain dose of it might prove more effectual than materialism in curbing the wild passions of the human heart.'

'N.Z. TABLET' PUBLICATIONS

A LEARNED ARCHBISHOP'S APPRECIATION

The following exceedingly kind appreciation of the N.Z. Tablet publications—especially *An Impeached Nation* and *Secular versus Religious Education*—has been received from the brilliant and scholarly Prelate who bears the pastoral staff of the Archdiocese of Hobart, the Most Rev. Dr. Delany:—

'My dear Dr. Cleary,

'Your exposition and defence of many points in Catholic and Irish history, and in the line of action adopted by the Church to meet the various and pressing urgencies of contemporary life, stand conspicuous amidst the best and most brilliant achievements of our present-day advocates. I account your vindication of the Irish Catholic nation as not merely unanswerable, but, what is perhaps rarer, peculiarly persuasive.

'Your treatment of the education difficulty, as it besets Catholic leaders, and bewilders not a few honest men who are not Catholics, is very opportune, and I augur happy results from its wide diffusion. In our situation a first need is the cultivation of that calm, unimpassioned frame of mind in approaching a subject so peculiarly apt to arouse temper, and the spirit in which the great organ that put its columns so unreservedly at your disposal, likewise appraised your arguments, furnishes a pleasant example of the "sweet reasonableness" which is the best harbinger of "peace with honor." For this precious achievement you deserve our lasting gratitude. . . . Believe me to be, my dear Dr. Cleary,

'Yours very sincerely in Xt.,

✠ PATRICK DELANY,

'Archbishop of Hobart.'

[The reader is referred to the notices with reference to these books which appear in our advertising columns.]

CATHOLIC CONGRESS

The following circulars have been issued in regard to important matters connected with the Catholic Congress:

St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, 26th July, 1909.

Dear Madam,—The executive of the Sydney Catholic ladies' committee have been accustomed to meet at 3.30 p.m. on the first and third Mondays of the month in St. Mary's Chapter Hall, St. Mary's road. As Monday, the 2nd August, will be a public holiday, the ladies have arranged their next meeting for Tuesday, the 3rd August, at 3.30 p.m.

The ladies have the arrangements well in hand for the conversazione and the grand musical festival, both to be held at the Town Hall. They have also made preliminary arrangements for the Schools' Exhibition of Work in the Cardinal's Hall during Congress Week. Tenders for the catering and all other important particulars must be definitely settled at the next meeting, at which his Eminence the Cardinal has promised to preside. All those ladies who intend to be the hostesses of the Hierarchy and of the other guests at the conversazione, etc., should attend the meeting on Tuesday, the 3rd August, and the three following meetings on the 16th August, the 6th and 20th September, in order that all may advise how best to make arrangements

to receive also his Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Dudley, who have already signified their intention to join in our Congress celebrations.—Yours sincerely,

DENIS F. O'HARAN.

SCHOOLS' EXHIBITION WORK.

His Eminence the Cardinal has emphasised the desirability of holding a Schools' Exhibition of Work in connection with the forthcoming Catholic Congress. It is intended by our Congresses to show the Church in action. The activities of our religious communities are best seen in the variety and excellence of the work done in connection with our schools. We are anxious, therefore, to learn, with the least possible delay, to what extent the schools and communities under your care will join in this part of our Congress celebrations.

We might point out that we have reserved the Cardinal's Hall free from any public entertainment. The space will be very limited, and we would recommend that the work be shown in cases, and that it be restricted to samples of special merit—not quantity so much as quality being aimed at. The solemn opening of the Congress has been fixed for Sunday, the 26th September. The work should be on exhibition on the previous Friday or Saturday.

At some recent Catholic entertainments at the Town Hall, tableaux vivants were introduced with great success. It has been suggested by our ladies' committee that at the conversazione in the Town Hall on Monday, September 27, some of our Catholic communities might desire to get their schools to represent some scenes realistic of Catholic life. The tableaux vivants might be accompanied by illustrative recitals, music, or song. Should any of your schools desire to do so, it would be necessary we should have timely warning, so that our Catholic ladies' executive may be enabled to make their arrangements accordingly.—For the Catholic ladies' committee, yours sincerely,

DENIS F. O'HARAN.

St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, 24th July, 1909.

The Mendelian Theory

It will interest our readers, especially those engaged in agriculture, to know that extensive experiments have been carried out in England in recent years with the object of improving the grain crops, especially wheat. Professor Bateson, of Cambridge, is working most assiduously in this direction, his experiments being based on what is known as Mendelism. The result (says the *Catholic Weekly*) has been that what was formerly a game of chance played between man and plants has now become something of an exact science.

Mendel was a Catholic priest of Silesia, in Austria. He was born in the year 1822 and died in 1884, and thus was contemporary with Darwin and Wallace. At the age of 21 he joined the Augustinian Monastery of Königenkloster, at Althbrunn. His ability as a teacher marked him out for special attention. He went to Vienna for an extra course of studies, then returned to his monastery, where he taught and carried out his experiments. Being the son of a farmer, he had from childhood possessed the taste and opportunities for the botanical studies which afterwards made him so famous. During the last sixteen years of his life he held the office of Abbot, the duties of which seem to have put an end to his scientific work.

What He Discovered:

By experimenting in the cross-fertilisation of plants, Mendel discovered two great laws of heredity. His chief experiments were with peas. Taking two races, the tall and the dwarf, he found that the first generation of hybrids were all tall. But when these hybrids in their turn were sown, the resulting plants were mixed, some being tall and some dwarfs; and they were mixed in definite proportions, three tall specimens for every one dwarf. To the quality which appears in the children of the first parents is given the name of 'dominant,' whilst to the quality which disappears in the children, but reappears in the grand-children, is given the name of 'recessive.'

Similar experiments have been made with mice. The Japanese waltzing mouse is one that will spend most of its time running round after its tail. This peculiarity is due to a malformation of an organ connected with the internal ear, which has to do with the balancing power. Now, if a normal mouse be crossed with a waltzer, the children will be all normal, but the grandchildren will be normal and waltzers in the proportion of three to one. The normal organ acts as a 'dominant,' the malformed organ as a 'recessive.' The first law, then, is this: when two races, possessing two antagonistic peculiarities, are crossed, the hybrid exhibits only one, and as regards this character the hybrid is indistinguishable from its parent.

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There are no intermediate conditions. The second law is that in the formation of the pollen or egg-cell the two antagonistic peculiarities are segregated, so that each ripe germ-cell carries either one or other of these peculiarities, but not both.

Of course, the above is only a rough statement of the main idea, which is quite easy to understand. Indeed, anyone having a small garden may make the experiment and verify the laws. Its bearing on the question of Darwinism is also easy to understand. This is its importance from a scientific point of view—it makes the theory of natural selection look very small. Some eminent scientists declare that it has finished it altogether. Darwin believed that development was continuous, whereas Mendel has shown it to be discontinuous. There is discontinuity in inheritance as well as in variation.

Its Practical Value.

So far the practical value of the theory has been mostly observed in agriculture. The farmer with its aid can obtain a pure stock much more easily than hitherto. Wheat is now being produced on land that previously was quite unsuitable. The quality of the wheat itself is also being improved so as to meet the competition of Canada, the United States, Russia, and other countries.

There is quite a number of lessons to be drawn from the little history of Mendelism. It shows us first that science not only can, but does, flourish in the Catholic Church. It teaches us, secondly, to be prudent with regard to scientific hypotheses. The echoes of the brazen trumpets which told of the triumph of evolution and decline of religion can now scarcely be heard; and as 'natural selection' and 'survival of the fittest' were words to conjure with in the past, so 'dominant' and 'recessive' will be words to conjure with in the future. It teaches us, thirdly, to be humble with our pet opinions. It was not until fifteen years after his death that Gregor Johann Mendel was discovered. For at least eighteen years of his lifetime he knew his own theory, and must have seen the contrast between it and evolution. Now he, or, rather, mankind, enters into the reward of his labors. He is proclaimed the hero of the most absorbing problem of modern biology.

RETURNING TO THE FOLD

An interesting list of converts to the Catholic Church in the United States during 1908 is given in a recent issue of *St. Peter's Net*, a quarterly journal published in South Omaha, United States. Many of the names in the following list have appeared from time to time in the columns of the *N.Z. Tablet*, but as this appears to be a fairly complete list of prominent persons received into the Church during the past year we publish it as a convenient form of reference:—

Clergymen.

Rev. James Bourne and the Rev. Edward Hawks, of the P.E. diocese of Milwaukee, members of the Companions of the Holy Saviour, and instructors at Nashotah Seminary.

The Rev. Edgar N. Cowan, acting chaplain of the Sisters of St. Mary, Peekskill, N.Y., and at one time curate at St. Mark's, Philadelphia, Companion of the Holy Saviour.

The Rev. James Belton Haslam, curate at the Church of St. Elizabeth, Philadelphia, and member of the Community of the Holy Saviour. Mr. Haslam was formerly in charge of the Episcopal Cathedral, Chicago. He was ordained in Canada.

The Rev. Henry A. Yost, rector of St. Timothy's Church, Roxborough, Philadelphia, and graduate of the University of Virginia.

The Rev. John G. Ewens, rector of Holy Trinity Church, Manistee, Mich., and late a curate in St. Clement's, Philadelphia. In this connection it is interesting to know that the predecessor of Mr. Ewens, the Rev. Mr. Jewell, is now a Catholic priest of the diocese of Grand Rapids.

The Rev. Otho W. Gromoll, rector of St. Joseph's Church, West Pullman, Ill., Companion of the Holy Saviour.

The Ven. Russell Jones Wilbur, Archdeacon of the diocese of Fond du Lac, and Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral; graduate of Northwestern University, and Western Theological Seminary, Chicago, now at the American College, Rome, a candidate for the priesthood from the archdiocese of St. Louis.

The Ven. Sigourney W. Fay, B.A., Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, Fond du Lac, Companion of the Holy Saviour, and 'William Adams,' Professor of Theology at Nashotah Seminary.

The Rev. William H. Sloan, for over twenty years in charge of Baptist mission work in the city of Mexico,

and formerly pastor of a church in Toledo, Ohio. Author of several works of a religious character in Spanish, the chief of which, *A Concordance of the Holy Scripture*, was the work of seven years; editor of the Baptist paper, *Luz*. Here is an example of a man who has been reduced to almost poverty by his change of religion.

The Rev. Maurice L. Cowl, assistant at St. Elizabeth's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, late chaplain to the Sisters of St. Mary, Peekskill; graduate of the General Theological Seminary, New York; Companion of the Holy Saviour.

The Rev. William H. McClellan, assistant at St. Elizabeth's Church, Philadelphia, Companion of the Holy Saviour; graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and the General Theological Seminary, New York. Relative of the Mayor of Greater New York.

The Rev. William Hayward, assistant at St. Elizabeth's, Philadelphia; graduate of Nashotah Seminary; son of an Episcopalian clergyman; Companion of the Holy Saviour; author of a book on the burial of the dead.

The Rev. William McGarvey, D.D., rector of St. Elizabeth's Church, Philadelphia. He was graduated at the General Theological Seminary with the degree of B.D. in 1904. In 1891 he was largely instrumental in the formation of the 'Congregation of the Companions of the Holy Saviour,' which gathered together a number of clergymen living a celibate life, only a part of whom were in the mother house. Dr. McGarvey was chaplain-general of the Sisters of St. Mary from 1902 until a few months ago. He is the author of a number of important liturgical and doctrinal works. It is not too much to say that Dr. McGarvey is the most important recruit we have received since Father Maturin 'went over.'

The Rev. Charles Bowles, irremovable rector of All Saints, Ravenswood, Chicago, Companion of the Holy Saviour.

The Rev. William Emery Henkell, rector of St. Barnabas' Church, Reading, Pa.

The Rev. Francis McFetrich, a graduate of the Philadelphia Divinity School, and lately a curate at St. Simeon's Church. He was born in Philadelphia, educated at the Friends' Central High School, St. Stephen's College, Anandale, and the Philadelphia Divinity School.

The majority of these gentlemen are now studying for the priesthood at the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Overbrook, Pa.

P.E. Seminary Students.

Henry L. Kendall, Benjamin Musser, Julius Mason, William P. James—all four from Nashotah.

Grover Harrison, student at the Western Theological Seminary, Chicago.

John Albert Sherman and Albert M. Ewin, candidates from Baltimore.

Anglican Nuns.

Sister Edith Pardee, Mother-General of the Sisters of St. Mary, Peekskill, now Sister Edith, of the Sisterhood of the Blessed Sacrament, Cornwells, Philadelphia.

Sister Elizabeth Montgomery, of the Sisters of St. Mary, grand-daughter of the late Governor Phelps of Missouri; now Sister Mary of the Cenacle, of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament.

Sister Marina Bullock, of the Sisters of St. Mary, and one other member of the same community whose name the writer has forgotten.

Miss Sarah Hovey, of the P.E. Sisterhood of All Saints, Baltimore, daughter of the Rev. Henry E. Hovey, rector of St. John's Church, Portsmouth, N.H.

Miss Gertrude De Wolfers. For several years Miss De Wolfers was a Sister in the Protestant Episcopal Order of St. Mary, Peekskill, N.Y. About two years ago she founded the Protestant Episcopal Order of Mercy at New Rochelle. On Easter Sunday of last year she made her First Communion in the Catholic Church, and was received into the Order of St. Ursula on May 24. Miss De Wolfers is a daughter of the late Baron Anthony Francesco De Wolfers.

Laity.

Mrs. Edward Creighton, Omaha, daughter of the Hon. W. J. Connell, late member of Congress from Nebraska, and grand-daughter of a Congregational minister.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, the famous Southern writer. Miss Edith Fay, Chicago, late a member of All Saints' P.E. Church, Ravenswood.

The late Mr. Calvin Burr, St. Louis, art authority, and collateral descendant of Aaron Burr.

Mr. William Burden, St. Louis, a prominent Mason. Mr. David R. Calhoun, St. Louis, millionaire president of the firm of Ely-Walker.

The Baroness de Graffenriel, a Jewess, late a member of Temple Emmanuel, New York City.

Professor Edwin L. Fletcher, St. Louis, son of former Governor Fletcher of Missouri, graduate of Yale.

Mr. Thos. F. Frazer, author and journalist; graduate of University of Michigan.

Mr. Rolla Marshall, an infidel, who was at the time of his conversion engaged in writing a book against the Church. Converted through the example of a Catholic landlord.

Mr. Samuel P. Woodward, Philadelphia, rector's warden P.E. Church of St. Elizabeth, his two sisters and two nieces.

Mr. Blaine Elkins, son of Senator Elkins, of West Virginia.

Mr. C. D. Summy, superintendent of the American Express, Omaha.

The late Mr. Lemuel A. Russell, prominent jurist, Cleveland; son of the Rev. William Russell, of the Congregationalists.

Mrs. Robt. McLane, Baltimore, wife of ex-Mayor McLane, and her two sons.

Miss Elizabeth McClellan, of the Sisters of the Visitation, formerly a tertiary of the Society of the Atonement.

Mr. William L. Van Valkenburg, Mayor of Bergenfield, N.J.

Miss Ida Hitchcock, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, principal of Hitchcock Military Academy, San Rafael, Cal.

Dr. Victor H. Coffman, Omaha, Nebraska, prominent physician and Freethinker.

Dr. William K. Branch, Manistee, Mich.; late a member of Holy Trinity P.E. Church; received into the Church by his former minister, now a priest, Father Jewell. Dr. Branch is a son and brother to Baptist preachers.

Miss Minnie Dodson, newspaper woman, Denver.

Dr. Ellsworth S. Ellis, of Manistee, Mich., late senior warden of Holy Trinity Church. Received into the Church by his former pastor, now a Catholic priest.

Mr. Theodore Ellis, son of the above, and family.

The late Mr. Ira Fisher, Goodland, Kas.; father of Sister Mary Fabian, of the Sisters of Mercy, Omaha, Neb., and Mrs. James Flanagan.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY, DUNEDIN

The annual meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society (women's branch) was held in St. Joseph's Hall on Friday afternoon. The Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., presided, and his Lordship the Bishop was also present.

The following report and balance sheet were presented by the committee:

In presenting our twenty-fourth annual report and balance sheet, we sincerely thank all who have helped us during the past year, especially his Lordship the Bishop, the clergy, the U.S.S. Company, Huddart-Parker, Messrs. Callan and Gallaway, Drs. O'Neill, Hall, and Hastings, also Mrs. Ansell (Society for the Protection of Women and Children), and Mr. Cumming (Patients and Prisoners' Aid Society). In giving a general summary of our year's work, it is hardly necessary to make any comment, for it will show that in no way has the work of the society relaxed. Summary for the year: 38 meetings were held; 9 boys were sent to St. Mary's, Nelson, 4 girls to the St. Vincent de Paul Orphanage, South Dunedin; 12 women to Mount Magdala, 2 infants to the Karitane Home, 1 girl to Auckland, and 2 girls to Wellington. The society has had 12 children baptised. Fifty-six grocery orders and 35 coal orders were given out. A large quantity of made-up clothing was distributed, also 18 pairs of new boots, 120 yards flannellette, 31 yards flannel, 89 yards dress material, 8 pairs new blankets, etc. The society consists of 110 honorary members and 11 active members.

The balance sheet showed that the total receipts amounted to £165 19s 11d, made up as follows: Balance in bank, July, 1908, £41 11s 6d; donations, £21 15s 6d; church collection, £65 0s 11d; poor box, £6 6s 11d; subscriptions, £31 5s 1d. The expenditure was as follows: Groceries, £16 15s; drapery, £37 18s 6d; boots, £6 3s 5d; coal, £11 19s 7d; telephone, £5; offerings, £5; urgent board, £3 7s; U.S.S. Company and Huddart-Parker, £15 8s 6d; sundries, telegrams, school books, train fares, etc., £6 13s 6d, leaving a balance in hand of £57 14s 5d.

The Rev. Father Coffey, in moving the adoption of the report and balance sheet, thanked the members who had so successively worked for the society during the year, and also for many years past. As they knew, the work of the society was not confined to any particular denomination, but assistance had been given to all requiring it. The president, secretary, and the other members had always been ready to assist the priests in helping those in need, and in this and other ways the society had been a great acquisition to the Church. As far as charitable work was concerned, he did not believe that there were any persons who were doing more. Now that they had associated them-

selves with the men's branch both were working hand in hand. Their charitable work was not confined to those who resided in the city, for strangers here, without a home to go to, were assisted. In conclusion, he thanked the members for the good work they were doing among the poor.

His Lordship the Bishop said that he had listened with great pleasure to the report just read, and he congratulated the society most heartily on the success which had attended its efforts. The members were doing a great and noble work, for which they would receive their reward in the next world. As they knew, they did not look for any reward in this life. The ladies of the society, by their work of charity, were giving great edification, and giving a good example to others. They had heard a great deal recently about want of employment. The members of the society had been able to give material assistance where it was needed, and he trusted that they would be able to relieve any cases that came under their notice. There would always be cases of distress, for our Divine Lord had said that the poor would be always with us. The society, year after year, was doing good work; the clergy and laity alike owed them a deep debt of gratitude, and God would reward them for what they were doing.

The report and balance sheet were then adopted.

The election of officers resulted as follows:—President, Mrs. A. Jackson; vice-president, Mrs. Mowat; secretary and treasure, Mrs. Hussey; wardrobe-keeper, Mrs. Swanson.

THE CHURCH IN NEW ZEALAND

MEMOIRS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(Contributed.)

Writings of the Early Missionaries (continued.)

But to return to our Kauaorea. I was greatly pleased with the pretty little chapel which the Maoris have built, and with the liberality of their subscriptions towards its decorations every year. Thus it is that they have procured chalice, ciborium, and monstrance all in silver, handsome candlesticks for the altar, two statues, a bell, and even a harmonium. Our priests have a good house, a school, and a corn mill, which is a great resource to the station and the neophytes. The cultivation of the vine is also likely to become a means of support for the mission. The captain of the steamer which had brought me to Wanganui had with difficulty given me three days for my journey, so that, however reluctantly, I was obliged to bid adieu to my friends next day, the first day of the present year. In less than twelve hours we were back at Wanganui.

While calm and peace reigned along the upper part of the river, a terrible north-east wind prevailed at Wanganui, blowing in a way known only in New Zealand, the land of violent storms. Great uneasiness was felt by the inhabitants, for the Wonga-Wonga had left for Taranaki, having on board a company of the 65th Regiment, with the women and children. It was quite evident that with such a wind blowing it was impossible for the vessel to reach Taranaki and land the passengers in safety. Ten days this state of anxiety lasted, the delay naturally causing it to increase from day to day. At last the Wonga-Wonga reappeared, having been obliged on two different occasions to fly before the wind and take shelter behind the island of Kapiti, and also to repair to Nelson to take in provisions. In a word, a passage of eighteen hours had occupied eight or nine days of suffering for some and agony for others. How much I regretted having left Kauaorea so soon!

During my stay at Wanganui, I had more than one opportunity of coming in contact with and appreciating the English soldiers. I was delighted to see the Catholics amongst them coming to the church unarmed, under the command of an officer, taking their place with the rest of the congregation, and reading their prayers with attention. What an advantage they enjoy, thus praying and hearing the word of God, and learning to vanquish human respect! They likewise come in great numbers to Vespers. During the week they are often to be seen praying in the church; and what pleased me most of all, every Sunday very many of them approached the Holy Table in presence of the whole congregation.

Certainly in New Zealand the soldier does not hate the priest, nor the priest dread the soldier; a kind of family feeling exists between them. Before the departure of the two companies, Father Pezant publicly expressed his gratitude to the good soldiers, whose constant and generous assistance had been so useful to him in bringing his great enterprise to a happy termination. Neither did he forget to wish them from his heart every happiness, and to ask his parishioners to remember them in their prayers. I was quite touched by their visit to the priest, in which tears

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were not unfrequently mingled with their simple farewells, and good advice given with charity and received with gratitude. And when they were on the point of leaving, the priest, who had been present at the farewell dinner, went down to the place of embarkation, to shake hands for the last time with each of the soldiers, who called him their Father, and with good reason, for he loved them tenderly. The scene so pleased and affected me that I could not, dear Father, refrain from telling it to you.

I could not leave until January 14; for the Wongā-Wonga returned to Taranaki, with another company of the same regiment. This time the passage was short and agreeable. On the morning of January 15 I found my dear Father Trésallet waiting for me on the shore. Alas! we had to make good use of our time, for we had only a few hours at our disposal. The captain, tired of the delays caused by the bad weather, wished to leave the same evening for Wellington. Taranaki affords but indifferent anchorage; the situation of the town is, however, agreeable, and the view very beautiful over land and sea. A little to the south the Sugar-Loaf is to be seen, a rock rising 400ft right out of the sea, surrounded by other rocks of lesser dimensions. Then you have directly before your eyes the old Taranaki (Mount Egmont), which, rising out of the plain, rears, 8000ft high, its noble head, perpetually white with snow and frequently covered with clouds. I have been told that in no part of New Zealand is the climate so agreeable as at Taranaki, and that the soil of the province is very fertile.

So soon as Father Trésallet found himself free from the continual journeys and anxieties caused by the war carried on by the Government against the Maoris—a war, during the course of which our dear fellow-laborer never spared himself, and had the satisfaction of seeing his zeal crowned with marked success—he turned his energy and activity to the task of establishing a Catholic station in this little town. There were considerable difficulties in the way, for we had arrived too late, and every spot seemed pre-engaged. St. Joseph, to whose care it is confided, has come to our assistance, and obtained for us a large and well-situated plot of ground. A very pretty little building has just been erected on it, which by and bye will make a nice priests' house, but at present serves as a neat little chapel. I congratulated him cordially on his success, which certainly has not been obtained without trouble and difficulty of all kinds. Like Father Pezant at Wanganui, he has been generously seconded by the Catholic soldiers. Indeed, I may say his congregation is composed nearly altogether of military men; for the settlement, formed principally of English people properly so-called, had very few Catholic inhabitants, and even out of the number several had to fly on account of the war. The Catholic part of the garrison is very numerous, and gives a good deal of occupation to the Father.

Taranaki has been the theatre of the recent and unfortunate war of the Maoris against the Government. I must say a few words upon this subject, and in order to explain the origin of the troubles I must go back some length of time.

In the beginning, a certain number of English subjects came to settle in New Zealand, and then companies were formed for the purpose of founding different settlements in the most eligible situations. But I have been told, and have also read, that this enterprise was not very agreeable to the English Government. Circumstances, however, obliged them to add this new colony to the many already possessed. It was not the intention to allow New Zealand to be the scene of such horrors as had been committed in other English colonies on the Natives. Here, moreover, was felt the presence of a homogeneous, intelligent, warlike, and numerous race. The rising of 1845 and the burning of Kororareka soon proved that the Maoris were not to be despised, and, accordingly, they were treated with consideration and respect.

The Colonial Government had decreed that they alone should have the right to purchase land from the Maoris, which they could afterwards sell by auction to the colonists, or dispose of on certain conditions; but they would not consider legal such purchases as were made directly with the Natives or without their participation. This was a prudent measure, calculated to obviate many causes of trouble, and to prevent disputes and injustice. The pity is that it was not done from the very beginning, for the first settlers took gross advantage of the ignorance of the Maoris. A colony requires land, and even very extensive tracts, the more so as the great speculation being the rearing of cattle, vast ranges are wanted for the flocks and herds, situated, too, at a sufficient distance from the lands properly speaking devoted to agriculture. According as the colonists increased in number, and their establishments and stations were extended, the need of new possessions became a pressing want. Besides, it became necessary to open up roads for the convenience of travellers and the safe transport of merchandise. Naturally, the aim of the settlers was to per-

suaude the Natives that it was their direct advantage to give up their lands. The latter, who are children, but very formidable ones, understood little at first what was meant by alienating their property for ever, a thing, moreover, quite contrary to their customs, and sold their possessions easily enough. But at last they perceived that their lands were disappearing little by little, that the strangers were considerably increasing in the country, and that in the end they would be absorbed into the foreign population and rapidly lose all influence. The chiefs wished to take measures to prevent this misfortune, and in 1857 the tribes of Waikato held a great assembly. They resolved to try and unite all the Maori tribes in federation, and for this purpose decided on establishing a national sovereignty in presence of the authority of the Queen. A king was elected, declaration being made that all the lands of the Maoris belonged to him, and that they could not be alienated without his consent.

(To be continued.)

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

August 6.

On Tuesday the members of the St. Anne's Literary Debating Society held an essay night. There was a full attendance of members, and the papers read were of an instructive nature.

An organ recital was given at the Sacred Heart Basilica, Hill street, on Sunday evening, August 1, by the choir, assisted by Mrs. Blythe and Mr. John Prouse. The collection realised £14 10s. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by his Grace the Archbishop.

Seventeen years ago the Te Aro Catholic Church authorities started a system of Sunday penny collections in aid of the schools of the parish. Since then the pennies have amounted to the very respectable sum of £3000, of which £320 was given in pennies during the past twelve months ending July 31.

The members of the men's branch of the Sacred Heart Association approached the Holy Table on last Sunday morning at St. Anne's Church, Newtown, and in the evening held their usual meeting, when there were nearly 100 members present. The Rev. Father Gondringer, S.M., gave an excellent discourse on the life of Blessed Joan of Arc.

The second round of the fifth annual debating tournament, under the auspices of the Wellington Provincial Literary and Debating Societies' Union, will take place on Monday, the 9th inst. The debate between the Wellington Catholic Club and the Karori Society will take place in St. Patrick's Hall. Mr. Granville Hunt will act as judge.

The annual social gathering of the Wellington Catholic Club, in conjunction with the Catholic Tennis Club, was held in the Sydney Street Schoolroom on Wednesday evening, when there were about 150 members and friends present. The hall was decorated beautifully with the club's colors. The success of the gathering was in no small measure due to an energetic committee of ladies, and the able services of Messrs. J. P. McGowan and B. J. Devine, the joint secretaries.

Mother Mary Joseph Aubert and the Sisters of Compassion return thanks to Mr. Robert Parker, to the members of the Wellington Liedertafel, to Messrs. Horace Hunt, James Searle, Hugh Wright, Madame C. M. Hector, Misses Phoebe Parsons, Lloyd Hassell, Dorothy Wells, Mr. B. J. Devine, and those who acted as ushers at the Town Hall, and to the Dresden Piano Company, all of whom contributed to make the concert held last Tuesday a success. It is anticipated that, when all the returns are in, the proceeds of the concert will amount to £250.

On August 4, at St. Patrick's Church, Palmerston North, Miss S. E. Mullan, of Palmerston North, was married to Mr. Thomas Quirke, of Pahiatua. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Hickson, S.M., Adm., assisted by the Rev. Fathers Costello and O'Beirne. The bride was given away by her father, Mr. James Mullan. Miss Bessie Mullan (the bride's sister) was bridesmaid, and Mr. Edward Butler best man. A wedding breakfast was given at the residence of the bride's parents in Pitt street, at which a large number of friends and relations attended.

At the annual meeting of the Masterton St. Patrick's Sports Association the balance sheet showed a credit of over £5. The following officers were elected: Patron, Very Rev. Dean McKenna; president, Mr. W. L. Falconer; vice-presidents, Messrs. F. O'Toole and E. G. Williams; treasurer, Mr. F.

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At last Wednesday's meeting of the Upper Hutt Town Board it was reported that the Sisters of Mercy contemplated removing their Industrial Orphanage and school from Hill street, Wellington, to the Upper Hutt. The main reason which has influenced the Sisters, it was stated, is that the school in Wellington is too congested. The proposal is to erect one two-storeyed and two single-storeyed buildings.

Great interest was manifested in the lecture on 'The honey bee,' given by the Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Rector of St. Patrick's College, in the Municipal Concert Hall last Monday evening, August 2. The lecture was included in the series that is being given under the auspices of the City Council. The lecturer told the life story of the bee in such a simple and charming manner that he held the interest of his audience. Aided by a series of splendid micro-photographs shown by means of a lantern, Dr. Kennedy gave his audience a clear idea of the marvellous structure of the bee. Cr. J. J. Devine introduced the lecturer, who was accorded a very hearty vote of thanks.

At the meeting of the Wellington Philosophical Society held on Wednesday night at the Dominion Museum, there was a large attendance of members. Mr. A. Hamilton (president) was in the chair. Master J. B. Gatenby, a student of St. Patrick's College, read his first paper, which embodied his original observations on the structure and habits of an Acarid and of a Podura, two minute species of genera to which little systematic attention seems so far to have been given in New Zealand. The species, though abundant, were unrecorded. The paper was illustrated with colored drawings and anatomical diagrams on a highly magnified scale. Mr. G. V. Hudson, Professor Kirk, and the president congratulated Master Gatenby on his paper, and hoped it would prove to be the first of many. Master Gatenby is one of the youngest members of the society.

On Friday evening, at the Ohiro Home, the inmates were entertained with a capital concert organised by Mrs. J. R. Hunt. The following contributed items to the programme: Misses Frith (song), Greville (song), McCarthy (2) (pianoforte duet), Eileen Scanlon (dances), Nellie and Elsie Strickland (songs), Messrs. T. Falvey (comic songs), Harrap (coon songs), R. Sievers (songs), Masters Cyril Mackay and Frank Walsh (songs), Mrs. Mitchell and Miss Firth also gave a vocal duet. The accompanists were capably played by Misses Frith, Chirside, McCarthy, and Mrs Falvey and Mrs. Mitchell. At the conclusion of the programme all present joined in singing 'Auld lang syne,' and then three cheers for Mrs. Hunt were heartily given by the inmates. Mrs. Walshe kindly donated fruit to the old people. After the concert the performers adjourned to Mrs. Duncan McMurrich's residence, Ohiro road, where supper was provided for by the hostess. Her kindness was greatly appreciated by the guests.

The Hibernians held the second of their winter social evenings after the business of the usual fortnightly meeting on August 2 had been disposed of. Bros. Corrigan and Lawlor (flutes) and J. B. Martin (piano), H. McKeown, Miller, McErlean, O'Sullivan, Schmidt, J. W. Callaghan (songs), and D. McPhee and T. O'Brien (step-dancing) contributed to the programme. A very enjoyable evening was spent. Amongst those present were the Rev. Father Venning, S.M. (chaplain), Bro. McErlean (St. Aloysius' branch), Bro. Kreft (Dunedin), and Bro. J. J. L. Burke (formerly of Greymouth). Bro. Burke has been promoted to the position of assistant land registrar of the Wellington district, and has thrown in his lot with the Wellington branch. Bro. C. J. O'Brien has been appointed to the secretaryship of Sts. Peter and Paul's branch, Lower Hutt, vice Bro. John Hayes (resigned). The Hutt branch during the winter are holding a series of socials. The proceeds are to be devoted to the fund for the entertainment of the delegates to the triennial movable meeting, which takes place in Wellington early next year.

The annual concert in aid of the funds of Mother Mary Joseph Aubert's Home of Compassion was held on Tuesday evening. Although there were not quite so many in attendance as there were on the previous year's concert, the promoters of the entertainment anticipates that the net receipts will be about the same as those of last year. His Grace Archbishop Redwood and the clergy of Wellington were present. The Liedertafel contributed the following four songs: 'The Beleagured' (Sullivan), Tennyson's 'Bugle song,' with organ and pianoforte accompaniment, 'The long day closes' (Sullivan), and Gade's delightful 'Italian salad,' a clever burlesque in the conventional Italian opera finale. Miss Phoebe Parsons in her singing of the 'Waltz song' from Gounod's 'Romeo and Juliet' was very well received;

for an encore she sang Alfred Hill's 'Waiata poi,' and she also sang Mallinson's 'Message and the song.' Miss Lloyd Hassell's two items were songs of Albert Mallinson—'A birthday' and 'Eleanore.' Mrs. C. M. Hector was deservedly recalled for her capable playing of Liszt's 'Sixth Hungarian rhapsody' and a 'Papillon' of Coleridge Taylor's, and Paderewski's 'Polonaise in B major.' Miss Dorothy Wells contributed two violin solos—'Liebestraum (Liszt-Cyril Monk) and a 'Mazurka' of Wieniawski's. Robaudi's 'Alla stella confidente' was Mr. James Searle's item, tastefully sung, with violin-cello obligato by Miss Montague. Mr. Hugh Wright gave a very pleasing interpretation of Behrend's 'My friend!' By way of introduction to each part of the programme, Mr. Horace Hunt, Mus. Bac., played on the grand organ Boellmann's 'Minuet Gothique,' the beautiful idyll 'Le Cygne,' and Holins's 'Intermezzo in D flat.' Mr. Robert Parker was director and conductor, and the accompanists for the evening were Mrs. E. D. Cachemaille and Mrs. Montague.

DIocese OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

August 9.

With a view to augment the funds for erecting an institute at Lyttelton for Catholic seamen, and to enable the local (St. Joseph's) Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul Mission to Catholic Seamen to engage more successfully and conveniently in the meritorious work, the members are so energetically pursuing, a social evening has been arranged for Thursday, August 19, in the Lyttelton Club Hall. Every effort is being made by the Conference and friends in the city to assure a very successful event.

The Art Gallery was filled to overflowing on the occasion recently of a social evening, arranged to aid the funds of St. Mary's Altar Society, Christchurch North. Musical and other attractive items and refreshments tended to make the gathering most enjoyable. The resident clergy were among those present. The Rev. Father Hoare, S.M., intends to repeat his illustrated lecture on the Niagara Falls in the interests of the same worthy object in St. Mary's Schoolroom, Manchester street, on Friday evening, August 27.

The Marist Missionaries, the Rev. Fathers O'Connell, S.M., and Kimbell, S.M., having concluded their present engagements in the Christchurch diocese, have returned to Temuka preparatory to undertaking duties in the North Island, which will keep them occupied well on towards the close of the year. Whilst participating in the ceremonies at the Cathedral on the evening of last Sunday week, the missionaries wore the habit of their Order and emblem of their sacred office, the first seen probably by the majority of the congregation. His Lordship the Bishop, in speaking of their presence, expressed appreciation of the excellent results achieved already by the missionaries.

The quarterly general meeting (coincident with the Feast of St. Vincent de Paul) of the various Conferences of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, in the circumscription of the Particular Council of Christchurch, was very largely attended. The Conferences represented were the Cathedral, St. Mary's (Christchurch North), St. Joseph's (Lyttelton), St. Anne's (Woolston), and the Confraternity of Ladies of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. The Rev. Father O'Hare, spiritual director, addressed the gathering, giving sound practical advice on methods worthy to be followed in the interests both of the workers and clients of the society. Abuses of certain privileges enjoyed by sectarian bodies in connection with public and other institutions were not unknown, and vigilance was necessary to safeguard the faith of those of our people who were unfortunate enough to find themselves, by force of circumstances, inmates. 'Ranting,' which seemed inseparable from, and characteristic of, these ostensibly philanthropic organisations, was repugnant to the Catholic mind; coupled, however, with every attempt at proselytism, it became a positive evil, and as such should be fearlessly combated. The president of the Particular Council outlined the work done since the last meeting, and the correspondence dealt with in the interval. Satisfactory reports concerning the various Conferences were given by Bro. A. H. Blake (president St. Mary's), Bro. H. Anthony (president St. Joseph's), Bro. H. Bell (president St. Anne's), Miss Wally (president Ladies of Charity), and in a general summary of the Cathedral Conference by the president.

He'd had bronchitis several times,
His doctors ordered 'Warmer climes.'
But then, alas! the man was poor,
Or he'd have gone away before.
'Do this, do that,' 'tis easily said,
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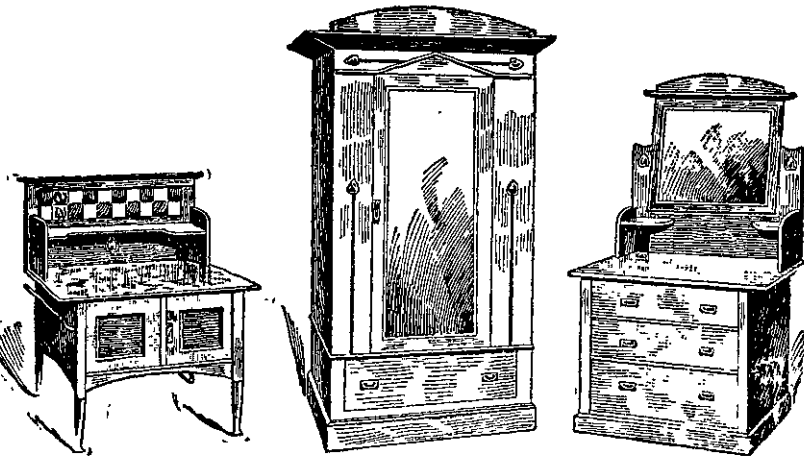
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Hastings

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

August 2.

Mr. Moriarty, the representative of the *Tablet*, was in town to-day, and his presence brought forth an eloquent appeal from Very Rev. Father Keogh at the 11 o'clock Mass on Sunday on behalf of the Catholic newspaper and Catholic literature in general.

Mr. Edmund Moriarty, an old and respected resident of Hastings, passed away at his residence on Tuesday, July 27. Deceased was a devoted member of the Church, and led an exemplary life. He had been suffering for some considerable time from cancer, so that his end was not unexpected. The funeral took place on Thursday, July 29, and the cortege was one of the longest seen in the district for some time. The members of the Hibernian Society, of which deceased was a member, attended in a body to the number of 75. The Rev. Father Quinn officiated at the graveside.—R.I.P.

Very Rev. Father Keogh, S.M., B.A., late rector of St. Patrick's College, arrived in Hastings on Thursday evening last to commence his new duties as parish priest. On Friday morning he was the guest of the pupils of the convent schools at a concert given in his honor, at which a presentation of an address was made by the children to their future pastor. The concert programme was as follows: Welcome song, 'Vivat, pastor bonus,' pupils; action song, infants; club exercises, juniors; song, 'Come to the woodland,' juniors; song, 'The minstrel boy,' seniors; recitation, Miss Alma Poppelwell; song, 'The shamrock,' girls; recitation, Miss Ivy Horne; song, 'In happy moments,' girls; recitation, Master Peter Bridgeman; song, 'Let Erin remember,' boys; flower drill, junior girls. Master Dan O'Brien then read the following address:

'Very Rev. and Dear Father,—We are assembled here to-day to bid you welcome. Welcome to Hastings and to our schools. It is indeed a great honor, which we assure you, dear Rev. Father, we appreciate, to have you with us as our future pastor and guide. We trust that you will find your new children, in their small way, worthy successors to your old pupils, and a consolation and a glory to you. May God bless you with health and strength to fulfil your duties in Hastings for many long and happy years. This is the fervent prayer of your devoted children, the pupils of the Convent Schools.'

Speaking on behalf of the Sisters and children, Rev. Father Quinn extended a hearty welcome to Very Rev. Father Keogh, who, he said, had been his professor for many years at St. Mary's College, Dundalk, where he (Father Quinn) and all the pupils under Father Keogh had reaped the benefit of his wise counsel and gentle rule. The children of Hastings would find him a father and a friend—one who would enter into their little joys and sorrows and help them to fit themselves for their different walks in life.

In replying, Father Keogh thanked the children very sincerely for their warm welcome, and for the kindly motives which prompted their presentations to him. He wished them every happiness and success in their future careers, and concluded by granting them a holiday.

In the evening Very Rev. Father Keogh was tendered a reception by the Catholic congregation in St. Patrick's Hall, which was filled with an overflowing audience, including representatives of the general public. Mr. W. T. Dennett presided, and the visitors included Rev. Fathers Goggan and O'Connor, of Napier, and Rev. Fathers Tymons and Macdonald, of Meeanee. The first part of the programme took the form of a short musical entertainment, consisting of the following items: 'The radiant morn, Sacred Heart Choir; duet, 'Love's nocturne,' Mr. and Mrs. V. R. Roach; pianoforte solo, Master F. Sheehan; song, Miss Hickey; mandolin solo, Miss Cronin; song, Mr. Avison; quartet, Misses Hickey and Vickers and Messrs. O'Sullivan and Vickers.

At the conclusion of the concert an address of welcome was read by Mr. Dennett to Father Keogh as follows:

'Very Rev. and Dear Father,—We, the parishioners of Hastings, beg to offer you a sincere and hearty welcome

to our midst. When it became known to us that we were to lose Dean Smyth sorrow filled our hearts. He had labored long and well for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his flock, and we could not part with him without genuine regret. Our sorrow was, however, greatly lessened by the announcement that his successor was to be Very Rev. Father Keogh. Your fame reached us long before the news of your appointment to our parish. We have heard of the noble and great successes you have achieved in the highest educational institutions during the past thirty-four years in the Old Land and also in New Zealand. To sever connections with your beloved staff, college, and pupils must have caused you a keen pang. Still, we trust our loyalty to you and our fidelity in following your wise counsels will compensate you in some measure for the sacrifice you have made. Once more extending to you a sincere and hearty *Ce ad mile faulte*, we beg to be, your devoted children, the parishioners of Hastings.'

Mr. Dennett also read the following telegrams:—From Dean Smyth: 'Gladly uniting with parishioners in hearty welcome.' From Very Rev. Dean Regnault (Provincial), Wellington: 'With Hastings congregation in wishing you welcome and success.'

Mr. Dennett welcomed Father Keogh on behalf of the congregation, and Rev. Father Quinn and Rev. Father Goggan (who was a fellow-student with Father Keogh in France) also extended their greetings, and wished Father Keogh health and God's choicest blessings in his new work.

In returning thanks for the very cordial reception accorded him, Father Keogh paid a high tribute to the great work accomplished by Dean Smyth in Hastings, which he (Father Keogh) hoped to continue.

Refreshments were then handed round, and Father Keogh mingled with the assemblage, being introduced to those present by Father Quinn.

Invercargill

(From our own correspondent.)

August 10.

For the first time in the history of the Catholic Club its representatives took part in an inter-club debate on Monday, August 2, the other team being the representatives of the local Y.M.C.A. The debate took place in the Catholic Club rooms. The president (Mr. Jas. Collins) was in the chair, and Mr. W. G. Mehaffey (rector of the Central School) acted as sole judge. The subject was 'Leasehold v. Freehold.' The Catholic Club, represented by Messrs. J. Mulvey (leader), T. Pound, G. W. Woods, and L. W. J. Morton, supported leasehold, and the Y.M.C.A. team, consisting of Messrs. McDonald, Ball, Strang, and Rowlands, favored the freehold. There was a large attendance and keen interest was taken in the debate. Rather an unorthodox proceeding took place at what should have been the conclusion of the discussion, when Mr. S. McDonald (Y.M.C.A. leader) claimed the right to reply on behalf of the negative side. The chairman pointed out that such a proceeding was contrary to parliamentary procedure and to the rules of debate. Mr. Mulvey, at this stage, interposed that the representatives of the Catholic Club were quite willing to allow Mr. McDonald to have his reply, recognising, however, that he was not so entitled. Mr. McDonald accordingly replied. Mr. Mehaffey, in giving his decision, complimented both sides on the excellence of the debate, which he characterised as one of the best he had listened to. He hoped that both clubs would endeavor to promote more inter-club debates in the town. It was very pleasing for him to note that the young men there that night thought of other things besides football. His decision was in favor of the Catholic Club, 373 points against 370. Complimentary references were made by both leaders to the judge, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chair. Congratulations are extended to the club on their fine effort, especially as their opponents are 'old hands at the game,' their leader (Mr. McDonald) being at one time a city councillor.

The Hibernian Band has been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. J. McGrath, who is recognised as one of the leading cornet players in the Dominion. He is an Invercargillite, but has been in Wellington for some time past.

Waihi

(From our own correspondent.)

Last night the opening meeting of the newly-formed Catholic Young Men's Club took place in the Hibernian Hall. There was a good attendance, and Mr. J. S. Ritchie occupied the chair. In an introductory speech the Very Rev. Father Brodie explained the aims and objects of such a society. A good programme of songs, recitations, ventriloquial art, and step dances was contributed. Light refreshments were provided.

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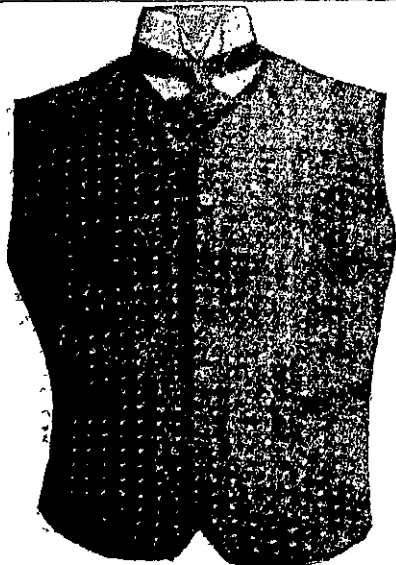
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Ashburton

(From our own correspondent.)

The usual monthly 'At home' of the Ashburton Catholic Club was held on July 22, when a musical and dramatic entertainment was given. The following contributed to the musical portion of the programme:—Misses Soal, Madden, Messrs. D. McDonald, Cunningham, V. Madden, Ramsey, and W. B. Keane. Miss Soal acted as accompanist, and Miss Brophy contributed a pianoforte solo. The dramatic club, which has just been reformed, produced a one-act comedy, 'Mrs. Green's Snug Little Business,' and the characters were sustained by Messrs. F. J. Pritchard, W. B. Keane, T. Brophy, J. Lennon, and W. Lennon, all of whom did remarkably well. At the last meeting the programme consisted of a spelling bee, which proved very interesting. Mr. F. Hanrahan was the winner, after a very close finish. During the past month a ladies' debating club, under the name of the St. Mary's Catholic Literary and Debating Society, was started. It has begun with a very strong membership. The following are the officers:—President, Mrs. Pritchard; vice-president, Mrs. McCormick; secretary and treasurer, Miss Buckley; committee, Misses Buckley, Fitzgerald, Murphy, McDonnell, and Mesdames Walsh and Soal.

Napier

(From our own correspondent.)

The *Tablet* representative, Mr. Moriarty, has just concluded his business here and reports having been very successful.

Prior to her departure from Napier Miss Kearsting was presented by the members of the St. Patrick's church choir with a handsome gold cross suitably inscribed. The presentation was made by Mr. F. O'Connor (conductor). Rev. Father O'Connor, who was also present, spoke highly of the good qualities of Miss Kearsting, and wished her every success.

Mr. P. Halley, President of the Conciliation Board, at the conclusion of his business in Napier was met by the employers and employees and presented with a gold watch in recognition of his valued services. One employer, in his eulogium of Mr. Halley, said that he had repaired the fracture between the employers and the employees in a most satisfactory manner. The employer had said the affair was black, the employee said it was white, but Mr.

Halley proved to them that it was grey. Mr. Halley in reply spoke very highly of the good work done by Mr. D. McCarthy, the local secretary of the unions, and said that if each district had a secretary like Mr. McCarthy there would be very little work for the Conciliation Board.

Greymouth

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

It is with extreme regret that I have to record the death of Miss Mary Roche, which sad event took place at her late residence, Tainui street, last Sunday morning. The deceased was well known throughout the West Coast, having arrived here from Melbourne about thirty years ago. Miss Roche was a fervent Catholic, and was always a foremost worker at bazaars or any entertainment for the benefit of the Church. She was a native of Ireland, and was 58 years of age at the time of her death. A Requiem Mass for the repose of her soul was said on Tuesday morning. The funeral left St. Patrick's Church on Tuesday afternoon for the Greymouth Cemetery, and was largely attended, friends coming from all parts of the Coast to pay their last tribute of respect. The Very Rev. Dean Carew, who also attended deceased in her last illness, officiated at the church and graveside. Her sorrowing sister has the sympathy of the community in her sad bereavement.—R.I.P.

Masterton

(From our own correspondent.)

The Masterton Mounted Rifles, under Captain J. C. McKillop, held an exceptionally well attended full-dress church parade at the 10.30 o'clock Mass at St. Patrick's Church last Sunday. The corps chaplain (the Very Rev. Dean McKenna) preached a most impressive discourse on the occasion.

The usual meeting of the H.A.C.B. Society was held last Tuesday, Bro. Richards in the chair. There was a large attendance of members. The quarterly balance sheet was read, which showed the branch to be in a sound financial and flourishing condition. Two candidates were proposed for membership. Bros. H. O'Leary and F. Treader were elected trustees, and Bros. B. Chapman, J. Curry, and S. O'Regan were appointed delegates to the Masterton Friendly Societies' Council.

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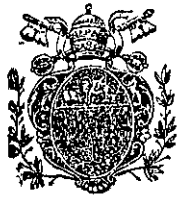


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DEATHS

MURPHY.—At her residence, 10 Elm row, Dunedin, Elizabeth, relict of Gerald Murphy; aged 75 years. R.I.P.

DALY.—On July 13, 1909, at his residence, Okato, Taranaki, James Daly, born at Shantonagh, County Monaghan, Ireland; aged 82 years. Fortified by the last rites of Holy Church. R.I.P.

KIRKPATRICK.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Alice Mary Joseph, youngest daughter of John and Mary Kirkpatrick, of Stratford, Taranaki, who died at New Plymouth, fortified by the rites of the Church, on the Feast of the Visitation, July 2, 1909; aged 23 years. Merciful Jesus, give to her eternal rest.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The Relatives of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Murphy, 10 Elm row, Dunedin, desire to express their heartfelt Thanks to ALL who in so many ways helped to alleviate the sufferings of their late Mother during her long illness, and for their practical expression of sympathy afterwards.

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.



THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1909.

FANATICAL MOBS IN BARCELONA AND ELSEWHERE

WE may apply to fanatical mobs the words that O'Connell spoke of bigotry: that they have no head and cannot think, no heart and cannot feel; that when they move it is in wrath, when they pause it is amidst ruin; that their prayers are curses, their god a demon, their communion death. The description holds good whether we apply it to Lord George Gordon's No-Popery fanatics of 1780, the perpetrators of the September Massacres in Paris in 1792, the Boston mob of 1834, the communards of 1871, or the armed anarchical socialists who recently played such devils' pranks before high heaven in and around Barcelona (Spain). From last Friday's daily papers we extract the

following cable-message as an illustration of what may occur when the savagery of mobs devoid of the restraining influences of religion overlays for even a brief space the normally tremendous coercive power of modern law. 'Reuter's and other correspondents report that fierce fighting took place on July 25 between the gendarmes and police and the revolutionists outside Barcelona. The Marist Monastery offered stout resistance. Three monks were shot. The mob destroyed five churches and convents in a few hours. During the night Barcelona was given over to the horrors of revolution. There was no gas or electricity in the streets, and a gang of incendiaries, including women, carried torches, bundles of straw, paper, hatchets, and petroleum, and rushed from church to church and from convent to convent. The next afternoon they sacked a number of goldsmiths' shops. The Fathers and pupils of the Jesuit monastery at Saria expelled the rioters for three days by a steady rifle fire until the artillery relieved them. After burning a convent at San Jeronimo the revolutionists disinterred a number of corpses and carried them in a procession. They tied ropes to the embalmed bodies of nuns and dragged them through the streets.'

*

Newman put his finger on one of the worst features of religious passion when he said of the English No-Popery mobs of 1851 that they like to shoot their game sitting—to attack when their quarry is defenceless and unprepared. 'Twas ever thus. The mob of anti-Christian fanatics in Barcelona—composed (as those who know Barcelona are aware) of the diplomaed ruffianism of half a dozen flags—was merely following the instincts of its kind when it directed a goodly bulk of its energy against unarmed and defenceless women. They 'shot their game sitting'; and, like the ghouls that they were, piled dishonor upon the inert clay of saintly women whose sole crime was the faith which they had in life professed and the good which they had done, without earthly reward or recompense, to their neighbors. One of the bright spots amidst the gloom of the brief Barcelona revolution was the splendid defence put up by the Marist and Jesuit colleges against the onslaughts of the horde of armed assassins and incendiaries. The Fathers had evidently noted in good time the brewing of the storm and made provision to meet it. And the hypodermic arguments of lead which their novices and pupils addressed with such effect to their enemies robbed the brief Barcelona pandemonium of some at least of its intended horrors.

*

Mobs of fanatics, whether Christian or non-Christian, act in a substantially similar way when they fling aside the restraints of religion and give themselves over to the obsession of the elemental human passions that help to people the Pit of Tophet. There are, for instance, among our readers some who might recall the fury of religious passion that left in Charlestown, near Boston, a monument of shame beside the monument of glory which, in the form of a stately pillar, adorns the historic ground of Bunker Hill. The monument of shame was the blackened ruin—standing till a few years ago—of the Ursuline boarding convent, which was destroyed by a wild No-Popery mob in the calm of an autumn Sunday night, August 11, 1834. The morning stillness of that hallowed day was broken by the voice of coarse calumny and bitter hate from Christian pulpits. A furious multitude, swept off their balance by clerical and other incendiaries, swarmed in panting fury against the dwelling of the defenceless nuns and their sixty little charges (only ten of whom were Catholics), plundered everything portable, and fired the rest amidst scenes that rivalled the Carmagnole-revelry of song and dance of the wild days of the great French Revolution. Decent Protestant feeling, horrified at the outrage, found vent in a public meeting held on the following day in the Faneuil Hall: Thirty-eight eminent citizens of Boston were appointed as a committee to investigate the circumstances of the crime and to see, so far as they might; that the perpetrators did not go 'unwhipt of justice.' The report of that committee sheds an illuminating ray upon the high possibilities of mob fanaticism. But for a providentially happy circumstance, the fate of the Sisters and children of Barcelona would have befallen those of Charlestown—including a nun 'in the last stage of pulmonary consumption.' 'Fortunately for them,' says the report of that Protestant committee, 'cowardice prompted what mercy and manhood denied: after the first attack the assailants paused awhile, from the fear that some secret force was concealed in the convent, or in ambush to surprise them; and in the interval the governess was enabled to secure the retreat of her little flock and terrified Sisters into the garden. But before this was fully effected, the rioters, finding they had nothing but women and children against them, regained their courage, and ere all the inmates could escape entered the building. . . . Three or four torches, which were, or precisely resembled, engine torches, were then brought up from the road; and immediately upon their

arrival the rioters proceeded into every room in the building, rifling every drawer, desk, and trunk which they found, and breaking up and destroying all the furniture, and casting much of it from the windows; sacrificing in their brutal fury costly pianofortes, and harps, and other valuable instruments, the little treasures of the children abandoned in the hasty flight, and even the vessels and symbols of Christian worship. After having thus ransacked every room in the building, they proceeded, with great deliberation, about 1 o'clock, to make preparations for setting fire to it. For this purpose, broken furniture, books, curtains, and other combustible materials were placed in the centre of several of the rooms; and, as if in mockery of God as well as of man, the Bible was cast, with shouts of exultation, upon the pile first kindled; and as upon this were subsequently thrown the vestments used in religious service, and the ornaments of the altar, those shouts and yells were repeated. Nor did they cease until the cross was wrenched from its place, as the final triumph of this fiendish enterprise.'

*

The beautiful convent was reduced to a smoking ruin. The Charlestown mob next destroyed the bishop's house with its valuable library, reduced the convent farmstead to ashes, and wound up the orgie with a deed which knits them in a bond of ghoulish brotherhood with the anti-Christian mob who lately dishonored the bones of the dead nuns in Barcelona. 'Not content with all this,' wrote the committee of indignant Protestant gentlemen of Boston, 'they burst open the tomb of the establishment [the convent], rifled it of the sacred vessels there deposited, wrested the plates from the coffins, and exposed to view the mouldering remains of their tenants!' 'Nor,' add they, 'is it the least humiliating feature in this scene of cowardly and audacious violation of all that man ought to hold sacred and dear, that it was perpetrated in the presence of men vested with authority, and of multitudes of our fellow-citizens, while not one arm was lifted in defence of helpless women and children, or in vindication of the violated laws of God and man. The spirit of violence, sacrilege, and plunder reigned triumphant. Crime alone seemed to confer courage, while humanity, manhood, and patriotism quailed, or stood irresolute and confounded in its presence.' Only one man was punished for this outrage on holy and defenceless women. And his punishment was, to all intents and purposes, as harmless as that which Artaxerxes inflicted upon his offending nobles, when he politely prayed them to doff their outer garment and throw it upon the ground—where it was subjected to a severe make-believe 'flogging.'

*

When a stone is thrown into a pond the wavelets soon lap the further shore. The sudden splash of fanaticism at Charlestown (Massachusetts) set up a wave of religious fury which rapidly spread till it broke against Charleston in South Carolina. There, however, the massed fanatics found themselves face to face with sterner stuff than helpless women and children such as they had expected, and such as their valiant northern confrères had triumphed over in sight of the monument of Boston's pride and chivalry. 'At the first hint of danger,' says the historian, 'a gallant band of Irishmen rallied in defence of the menaced convent of Charlestown, and its Irish bishop coolly examined the flints of their rifles, to satisfy himself that there should be no missing fire—no failure of summary justice. . . . So in South Carolina, and in other States, the resolute attitude of those who would have willingly died in defence of the best and noblest of humanity, saved the country at that time from still deeper disgrace.' New York was likewise rocked on the wave of religious passion that had surged from the vortex of mob fanaticism at Charlestown. An attempt was made to destroy St. Patrick's Cathedral. The building was, however, promptly put in a state of defence. Henry De Courcey and John Gilmory Shea tell, in *The Catholic Church in the United States*, how 'the streets leading to it were torn up, and every window was to be a point whence missiles could be thrown on the advancing horde of sacrilegious wretches; while the wall of the churchyard, rudely constructed, bristled with the muskets of those ready for the last struggle for the altar of their God and the graves of those they loved. So fearful a preparation, unknown to the enemies of religion, came upon them like a thunderclap, when their van had nearly reached the street leading to the Cathedral: they fled in all directions in dismay.'

*

Like the epidemic of cholera-morbus, the epidemic of fanaticism soon rose and spread once more in the eastern States. The year was 1844, and the chief storm-centre was Philadelphia—the City of Brotherly Love.' The outbreak was ushered in, as usual, by waterspouts and tornadoes of No-Popery vilification from a triple alliance of the pulpit and the platform and the gutter-press. Intriguing politicians joined their voices to those of reckless fire-

brands, and two dark-lantern associations—the Knownthings (Native American Party) and an organisation formed and headed by Irish Orangemen on Orange lines—swelled the chorus of black calumny and translated wild words into wilder deeds. Here and there sturdy Irish Catholics put up an effective defence. But in Philadelphia generally the defensive preparations were tardy, ill-organised, and ineffective. The rabble of rioters found their game sitting and swept on in triumphant and destructive wrath, to the sound of Orange airs. The eye-witnessing author of *The Olive Branch* (a Protestant Episcopalian clergyman) sums up in a few brief sentences the exploits of those Irish-American forerunners of the anti-Christian menagerie of Barcelona. 'The Native American Party,' says he, 'has existed for a period hardly reaching five months, and in that time of its being, what has been seen? Two Catholic churches burnt, one thrice fired and desecrated, a Catholic seminary and retreat consumed by the torches of an incendiary mob, two rectories and a most valuable library destroyed, forty dwellings in ruins, about forty human lives sacrificed, and sixty of our fellow-citizens wounded; riot, and rebellion, and treason, rampant, on two occasions, in our midst; the laws set boldly at defiance, and peace and order prostrated by ruffian violence.'

*

The easy conquests over 'Popery' in the 'City of Brotherly Love' moved the leaders to try their fortunes in New York. A picked band of invaders was formed. Arrangements were made by sympathisers in New York to welcome them with a public procession. A gathering of the Native American Party was called in the City Hall to meet and greet their brethren from Philadelphia. Then Archbishop Hughes took a hand in the game. Through the local *Freeman's Journal* he announced that the riot and destruction carried on in the southern city would not be renewed with impunity in New York. He, too, was reported to have said that 'if a single Catholic church were burned in New York, the city would become a second Moscow.' Hassard's *Life of Archbishop Hughes* tells the sequel: 'The churches were guarded by a sufficient force of men, resolved to die in their defence, but also resolved to make their assailants feel the weight of their vengeance. By an extra issue of the *Freeman*, the bishop warned the Irish to keep away from all public meetings, especially that to be held in the Park. He then called upon the Mayor, and advised him to prevent the proposed demonstration. "Are you afraid?" asked the Mayor, "that some of your churches will be burned?" "No, sir; but I am afraid that some of yours will be burned. We can protect our own. I come to warn you for your own good." "Do you think, bishop, that your people would attack the procession?" "I do not, but the Native Americans want to provoke a Catholic riot, and if they can do it in no other way I believe they would not scruple to attack the procession themselves, for the sake of making it appear that the Catholics had assailed them." "What, then, would you have me do?" "I did not come to tell you what to do. I am a churchman, not the Mayor of New York; but if I were the Mayor, I would examine the laws of the State, and see if there were not attached to the police force a battery of artillery, and a company or so of infantry, and a squadron of horse; and I think I should find that there were; and if so, I should call them out. Moreover, I should send to Mr. Harper, the Mayor-elect, who has been chosen by the votes of this party. I should remind him that these men are his supporters; I should warn him that if they carry out their design there will be a riot; and I should urge him to use his influence in preventing this public reception of the delegates." "There was no demonstration" (says the author of *The Irish in America*), 'and every right-minded man, every lover of peace in the city, must have applauded the course taken by Dr. Hughes, to whose prudent firmness was mainly attributable the fact that New York was saved from riot, bloodshed, murder, and sacrilege, and, above all, from that dreadful feeling of unchristian hate between man and man, citizen and citizen, neighbor and neighbor, which such collisions are certain for years after to leave rankling in the breast of a community.'

Notes

Those Italian 'Scandals'

Many of our readers will recall the sensational reports of horrible 'scandals' at the Salesian institute of Varrazze and elsewhere in Italy, which blistered the columns of the secular press in these countries two years ago. But, with a stringent economy of truth that is, unfortunately, rather common where the Catholic Church and its persons and institutions are concerned, not one of them all, so far as we are aware, ever told the subsequent fortunes of those

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'scandals,' about which the anti-Christian press of Italy and its foreign echoes made so fine—but so brief—a buzz. But (as our columns at the time amply showed) the little volcano of anti-Christian fury speedily burnt itself out as, one by one, the 'scandals' were pronounced by the Italian criminal courts to be devoid of foundation. On June 26 the court at Savona tore to tatters the horrible story concocted in regard to the Varrazze institute by the thirteen-year-old boy Masson, with the encouragement of his wicked mother. The Rome correspondent of the London *Tablet* of July 3 says in this connection: 'The boy who was the author of the infamous story contradicted himself over and over again, and the prisoner who was being tried on his evidence was acquitted. But it has taken the Italian law two years to arrive at the verdict which was reached two years ago even by the press which made such capital out of the "scandal," and so far no steps appear to have been taken to punish the author of it.'

Catholics and Race Suicide

The future lies with the strong, reliant, moral peoples who keep the cradles full. Extinction in dishonor—such as has almost wiped out the once virile Puritan stock of New England—is the fate that awaits degenerate peoples given to the bull-pup and canary-bird substitutes for the prattling angel and light of the household, the human child. Germany, once under the heel of the conquering legions of France, is now the dominant nation of Continental Europe because she was so slow to follow the race-suicide example of France. And the future lies with the Catholic Church because of her decided teaching as to the sacred duties and responsibilities of the married state—a teaching with which Malthusians and Neo-Malthusians long reproached her as it encouraged the growth of population. A striking testimony to the efficacy of that teaching, so far as Great Britain is concerned, is given by Mr. and Mrs. Whetham (non-Catholic writers) in the course of an article in the July *Nineteenth Century* on 'The Extinction of the Upper Classes.' 'It should be noted,' they say, 'that, in respect to the main question now under discussion, the Roman Catholics alone among our families of good stock, taught by the principles of their religion, have kept a right sense of social responsibility. Among them alone the birth-rate is maintained, and the figures are very significant, showing clearly that there is no real decrease in fertility in the classes involved in our survey. If present tendencies continue, the future of England, perhaps of the world, lies with those born in Roman Catholic homes.'

In Rarotonga

As our columns have shown from time to time, Catholics have not exactly a gay time in New Zealand's dependency, the Cook Islands. Legally, there is no Established Church in the group; yet the London Missionary Society's school at Tereora (Rarotonga) has long been subsidised out of public funds contributed by Catholic and non-Catholic alike, while no such privilege is extended to any Catholic school on the islands. The administration of the Resident who has just retired has been marked at times by odious comparisons against, or covert attacks upon, the Catholic faith and local Catholic missionary endeavor. One of these, which was the subject of an editorial paragraph in our issue of April 15, formed part of an official 'Letter to the Group' which appeared in English and Maori in the *Cook Islands Gazette* of January 28. The recent visit of the Governor of New Zealand to Rarotonga was made the occasion for a fresh and unmerited exhibition of official discrimination against Catholics. Thus, his Excellency Lord Plunket, under the guidance of the Resident, paid an official visit to the London Missionary Society's Tereora school—no notice whatever was taken of the excellent local convent school conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph. The local Government entertained Lord Plunket at a luncheon. The principal residents were duly invited, including the Rev. J. J. K. Hutchin, of the London Missionary Society. The local Catholic clergy were ignored, and no Catholic, lay or clerical, was bidden to that or the sundry other social functions organised by local officialdom to do honor to the Governor. The significance of such proceedings, in all the circumstances, is not likely to be lost upon Catholics in the Cook Group, and least of all upon those whose education, refinement, and experience best enable them to descry hostile motive and intent and to appraise actions at their true worth. To some small extent, at least, the remedy for the unequal treatment meted out to Catholics in the Cook Islands rests with the Catholics themselves. It is, we think, 'up to' them to lay the position, by petition or otherwise, before the New Zealand Parliament and pray for redress—and to keep on doing so. They are entitled to know whether it is the policy of the New Zealand Government to set up a second Ireland at its back-door in the Cook Group, by making the profession of a particular religious faith a badge of State-paid ascendancy in one case, and of inferiority and helotage in another.

CORRESPONDENCE

MR. J. F. PERRIN

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,—It has become known to me that a former editor of this paper, J. F. Perrin, has fallen on very hard times in Melbourne. In fact, through old age and the infirmity necessarily attendant on it, and the extreme delicacy of his family, he, his wife, and family are practically in want of the very necessities of life. This is truly sad news, and doubly sad for us Catholics to have it brought home to us in this manner, that one of the noblest of our members—one who sacrificed much in becoming a convert to the Catholic Church, and who through dark and evil days kept the old flag of religion and patriotism flying as the able lieutenant of the late Bishop Moran during the many years he was editor of the *New Zealand Tablet*—is in such dire distress. When this sad news became known to the priests of the diocese of Dunedin they, and the directors of the *Tablet*, at once most generously subscribed; so that we have been enabled to forward to Melbourne a sufficient sum to keep the wolf from the door for the present.

It has occurred to me that there are a great number of old subscribers, both lay and clerical, in other parts of New Zealand who will remember the noble fight put up in times past, and will not forget the veterans who engaged in that fight. Therefore through you I appeal to those of your subscribers, lay and clerical, whom God has blessed with means, to give a little, so that they may help to brighten the declining years of one who deserves well of them. With confidence I leave the matter now in their hands, knowing it has only to be brought under the notice of your subscribers to receive a generous response.—I am, etc.,

JAMES COFFEY, Adm.

St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, August 11.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

On Wednesday evening of last week an entertainment, consisting of cinematograph pictures and phonographic records, was given to the children of the St. Vincent de Paul Orphanage, South Dunedin. Mr. Jones, jun. (of Messrs. Turnbull and Jones) and Mr. Ross had charge of the cinematograph, and Mr. McKenzie of the phonograph. At the conclusion a hearty vote of thanks on the motion of the Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., was accorded the gentlemen who had kindly provided the entertainment.

The St. Patrick's Young Men's Club, South Dunedin, held its weekly meeting in St. Patrick's Schoolroom on Wednesday, August 4, when Dr. Hastings delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture on 'Man.' On the motion of the Rev. D. O'Neill, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded Dr. Hastings. At the conclusion of the lecture a recitation was given by Master F. Marlow.

At the conclusion of the combined Harrier run held from St. Joseph's Hall on Saturday afternoon, Mr. J. B. Callan, jun., on behalf of the St. Joseph's Harriers, presented Mr. T. J. Hussey, who is severing his connection with the club, with a silver afternoon tea-set and tray. The formation of the club was due to Mr. Hussey's efforts, and the enthusiastic interest which he has shown as captain of the club since its inception has won for him the respect and esteem of the members, whose regret was voiced by Mr. Callan in asking Mr. Hussey's acceptance of the presentation as a memento of the pleasant times they had spent together, assuring him that the members would miss his genial presence from their runs. Mr. T. Deehan, vice-president of the Harrier Club, also referred in complimentary terms to Mr. Hussey's work on behalf of the club. Mr. Hussey, in replying, thanked the members for their kindly recognition of what he had done in the interests of the club, and assured them that the enjoyable times spent at the runs would be long remembered by him.

On Saturday afternoon the various harrier clubs ran as the guests of St. Joseph's Harriers from St. Joseph's Hall, Rattray street. The following clubs took part in the run: Dunedin, Caversham, St. Joseph's, Dunedin Anglican, Civil Service, Pacific, St. Kilda, and Port Chalmers. The afternoon, though windy, was just cold enough for running, and there was a splendid muster, there being no less than 110 harriers present. Two packs were formed, the slow pack (in charge of Captain Callan) starting off ten minutes ahead of the fast pack, which was controlled by Mr. A. Melville. The trail led up Rattray street to Arthur street, through the Reserve, into the Kaikorai. It then struck cross-country through Wakari, round the reservoir, Woodhaugh, and Maori Hill. The homeward trail lay around the Queen's Drive, finishing via Arthur and Rattray streets at the hall. After all traces of the run had been removed, the runners adjourned upstairs, where refreshments were kindly provided by Mrs. Jackson, ably assisted by her lady friends. The Rev. F. Rands, on behalf of the several harrier clubs, returned thanks to the ladies, and also to St. Joseph's Harriers, for the most enjoyable afternoon. Captain Callan suitably responded.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(By Telegraph from our own correspondent.)

August 9.

Rev. Father Ormond, transferred from Gisborne to the Cathedral parish, has taken up his spiritual work at St. Patrick's.

A cablegram received yesterday announced the death of Mother Mary of the Cross, the foundress of the Australian Sisters of St. Joseph. There are now over 600 Sisters, and in this diocese we are much indebted to them for their scholastic labors.

An incident occurred last night at the departure of the Wellington express train. His Excellency Lord Plunket came down in a beautifully-equipped carriage, and passed through the dense multitude in comparative silence. Following him in another carriage was 'Tommy' Burns, the well-known pugilist. At 'Tommy's' appearance the mighty throng burst into loud cheering, which was heard a long distance off. So dense was the throng that several intending passengers missed the train, being unable to reach the railway carriages through the closely-packed assemblage of humanity.

An uncalled-for and most unjustifiable attack was made upon the Church one evening last week by the Rev. Mr. Gillam, Anglican minister in charge of St. Matthew's in this city. It was at an entertainment in the parish hall on the 'Armada,' when the rev. gentleman referred to current events in Spain, and said: 'Spain was at one time the richest and most powerful nation in the world, but today was decadent, and was sinking lower and lower. This (he added) was the case with every country with which the Jesuits were connected.' Now, an excuse may be reasonably made for an uneducated individual, and upon whom no responsibility rests; but when such unadulterated nonsense as the foregoing emanates from a man occupying a position as the gentleman referred to, who should know better, it is quite inexcusable.

His Lordship the Bishop, speaking at the Cathedral last evening, favored the establishment of a founding home in Auckland. When in New York he visited a founding home and learned that 63,000 children had passed through the hands of the Sisters of Galilee, and, in batches of 50, had been sent to Catholic homes in every part of America. Those children compared favorably in every particular with any children in the States. Let anyone at any time visit our local orphanages under the Sisters of Mercy, and he would be agreeably surprised and delighted. The Church, as far back as 1647, established founding homes, recognizing that children had souls to save as well as bodies to nurture. The St. Vincent de Paul Society were laboring to establish a home, and he trusted its members would receive every encouragement in their meritorious undertaking. His Lordship, in scathing terms, denounced the corrupt practices prevalent in the slaughter of the innocents. In holy Ireland it was a matter for thanksgiving to have large families, for whom God always provided; and in our own diocese, at Puhoi, the Bohemian parents in this respect were like the faithful Catholic people of Ireland. In pagan times mothers were treated as chattels, while recently in China they were deemed unworthy of a name. We have heard much of agitations for women's rights, but those rights were long ago secured for women by the Church. The sermon was listened to attentively by the large congregation present.

The ceremonies in connection with the reopening of St. Mary's Church, Paeroa, took place on Sunday week. The Very Rev. Dean Hackett congratulated Mr. W. J. Towers and his staff on the beautiful work accomplished during the last three weeks in the painting and decorating of St. Mary's. We may state (says a local paper) that the interior of the church during the service was a revelation to occasional visitors. The artistic taste displayed in the graining of the altar and doors and the delicate tints imparted to the walls are well worth seeing. By a happy combination of circumstances Sunday week was the anniversary of Dean Hackett's arrival here to take charge of the district, and his people availed themselves of the occasion to mark the event by the presentation of an address, also to express their gratitude to Bishop Lenihan, of Auckland, for having appointed the Dean to the position of Irremovable Rector of the district of Paeroa. Immediately after the Mass, Mr. J. McCarthy, Mr. E. Jones, and Mr. M. Furlong approached the altar, and on behalf of the Catholic residents of Paeroa, Karangahake, Waikino, and Komata presented the following address, which was read by Mr. J. McCarthy:

Very Rev. Dean Hackett,—We the Catholic residents of Paeroa, Karangahake, Waikino, and Komata, having heard that his Lordship the Bishop of Auckland has recently proclaimed the district of Paeroa an Irremovable Rectorate

and appointed your Reverence our first Irremovable Rector, desire to thank the Bishop for the honor he has conferred on us by raising the district in which we reside to such a prominent position in the diocese, and by giving you to us as our first Rector. Already you have ruled and watched over us during the last fifteen years, which have been to us years of spiritual gain and progress in church work. We have not failed to recognise in your Reverence all the qualities which combine to produce the zealous pastor, the true friend and faithful worker in the cause of the people. The convent, school, and churches you have erected during your residence in this district are monuments to your labors, whilst the high esteem in which you are held not only by members of your own flock, but also by those belonging to the different creeds on the goldfields is a sure guarantee that in all your future undertakings our united help shall never fail you. In conclusion, we pray that God may grant you health and length of years to labor amongst us, and that Heaven may ever bestow its choicest favors and blessings on you. Signed on behalf of the Catholics of the district of Paeroa.

In reply, the Dean said he was not surprised at the presentation of an address; he had heard all about it the previous week in Auckland—one has to go from home to hear news. He thanked Mr. McCarthy for the address, and was pleased to find that he did not carry out the wishes of many friends on the goldfields, as he (the Dean) had to appeal that morning to all present on behalf of the expenses incurred recently in connection with the decoration of St. Mary's Church. On the occasion of his silver jubilee, the Dean remarked that Mr. McCarthy, on behalf of the people of the district, presented him with 102 sovereigns.

Before the congregation dispersed, a collection was taken up for the liquidation of the debt incurred in the renovation of the church, with the result that the sum promised will be nearly sufficient for the purpose.

AN AUSTRALIAN RELIGIOUS ORDER

DEATH OF THE FOUNDESS OF THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH

A cable message received on Monday conveyed the sad intelligence of the death of the Mother-General of the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Sacred Heart (Mother Mary of the Cross), the foundress of the Order, who passed away at the Mother House, Sydney, on Sunday afternoon, in the sixty-seventh year of her age. The Order was instituted in South Australia in 1867, during the episcopate of the Right Rev. Dr. Shiel, by the deceased religious, assisted by the Rev. Father Tennyson Woods. The late Mother Mary of the Cross (known in the world as Miss Mary McKillop) was born in Victoria of Scottish parents. She was the eldest of a family of four children, three of whom embraced the religious life. One of her sisters entered the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Abbotsford, but died some years ago. Another sister (Miss A. McKillop) lives in Sydney. Her only brother, Rev. Father Donald McKillop, S.J., was well known for his missionary labors among the blacks of the Northern Territory of South Australia. Mother Mary of the Cross had many difficulties to contend against in the early days of the Order, but her remarkable zeal, devotion, and business capacity enabled her to overcome these, and after a few years branches were established in the other Australian colonies and in New Zealand. At present the Order has flourishing orphanages, houses of providence for the poor, and schools in the archdioceses of Sydney and Melbourne, in addition to convents and schools in the diocese of Armidale, throughout South Australia, and this Dominion. Other communities following the same general rule but independent in their organisation have been formed in Bathurst and elsewhere. The Sisters of St. Joseph have convents and schools at Meeanee in the archdiocese of Wellington; at St. Benedict's, Surry Hills, Newmarket, Matata, Newton, Paeroa, Rotorua, Tokaanu, Whangarei, and Northern Wairoa in the diocese of Auckland, at Temuka, Kerrytown, and Waimate in the diocese of Christchurch, and at Port Chalmers and Arrowtown in the diocese of Dunedin. From this it can be seen the Order has made remarkable progress since its institution a little over forty years ago.

About six or seven years ago, owing to excess of work, the Mother-General's health failed, and she was ordered to Auckland for a change and rest. Whilst on a health visit to Rotorua she had a paralytic stroke, and since then has been an invalid, though in full possession of her mental faculties and able to transact all the business of the Order. Since June her condition was such as to cause the greatest anxiety, and for a few weeks prior to her death it was evident to the community of the mother house that the end was not far off. She was conscious to the last, and passed away peacefully in the presence of the community and fortified by the rites of the Church.—R.I.P.

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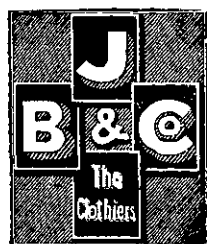
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Irish News

ANTRIM—A Sign of the Times

The editors of the magazine issued by the students of the Belfast University are not alarmed at the democratic character of the Senate as some of their more conservative elders are, for they say: 'We have little interest in the discussion as to whether scholastic philosophy or the Irish language should have a place in the new curriculum. By the appointment of a lecturer in Irish, we do not consider ourselves handed over, body and soul, to Maynooth or the Vatican. On the contrary, we welcome any appointments which will induce the youth of Donegal or Mayo to our midst, attracted by the thought of hearing the sound of their native tongue, and ingenuous and ready enough to join with us in promoting the welfare and urging on the fame of our University.'

CARLOW—Cardinal Moran Thanked

A large and influential meeting of the people of Leighlinbridge, County Carlow, has been held in the reading room of the local branch of the Young Men's Society to attest their gratitude to Cardinal Moran for his generosity in establishing and endowing a Convent of the Sisters of Mercy in his native place. On the motion of the Rev. J. Coylee, P.P., who presided, a resolution expressive of the gratitude of the parishioners was passed.

CORK—A Venerable Religious

In the North Cork Infirmary there took place recently the death of Rev. Mother Teresa O'Callaghan, of the Nursing Order attached to that institution. Deceased, who was a nonagenarian, had been ailing for a considerable time, so that her demise was not unexpected. Much sympathy is extended to her brother, the Rev. M. O'Callaghan, an esteemed member of the Vincentian Order at Sunday's Well, who has also reached a ripe old age.

Educational Appointment

Miss Margaret Josephine Bourke, B.A., daughter of the Recorder of Cork, Science Mistress, County Secondary School for Girls, Folkestone, has been appointed Lady Inspector of Irish National Schools.

A Generous Benefactor

Captain William Henry Rushbrooke, who is the owner of the greater part of the town of Queenstown, and up to recently the owner of a big tract of agricultural land, signalled the coming of age of his son, Lieutenant Philip Rushbrooke, on June 19, by a memorable gift to the township, consisting of a cheque, payable to the Bishop of Cloyne, for £500, and a magnificent free site of land adjacent to the Cathedral, for 900 years free of rent, for the purpose of erecting a suitable home for the Nursing Sisters of the Poor of the town, a project which was recently launched with the most magnificent results by the Bishop. The erection of this structure will cost £2000, but the aid given by Captain Rushbrooke has given it most encouraging support, as the scheme when complete will greatly assist the sick poor and be of incalculable benefit to the township generally, the idea being that all classes of the poor generally shall be ministered to and nursed in their own homes by the Nursing Sisters, who are already doing valuable work in that respect. The Rushbrooke school children were also entertained at Church Bay, Crosshaven, where they were given a delightful day's outing at Captain Rushbrooke's expense. Whilst so assembled, in the midst of their enjoyment, they telegraphed their congratulations to himself and his son on the happy events of the day. Other telegrams were despatched to Captain and Mrs. Rushbrooke during the day congratulating them on the attainment to the years of manhood of their son.

DOWN—Death of a Newry Man

The death of Mr. R. H. Doherty, a highly respected resident of Newry, took place at Warrenpoint on June 19, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased gentleman was for over forty years the energetic clerk of Newry. On October 5 last he resigned office on pension. He was then made the recipient of an address and a well-filled purse of sovereigns in recognition of his services to the town and the esteem in which he was held by the inhabitants of all creeds and classes, by whom his demise is deeply regretted. The late Mr. Doherty was a member of the Warrenpoint Urban Council. The deceased was born in Lurgan in July, 1831.

DUBLIN—Maynooth College

On June 20, the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, ordained in the Maynooth College Chapel 61 students to the priesthood. All of them except one were stu-

dents of the college. The impressive ceremony was witnessed by a large number of relatives and friends. On the previous Saturday the defence for the Licentiate'ship in Theology was made by the two distinguished students who were candidates for the honor—the Rev. Edmund O'Donnell, B.D., B.C.L., Diocese of Cashel, and the Rev. Cornelius Cremin, B.D., B.C.L., Diocese of Kerry. The examination lasted for two hours. Immediately afterwards the Faculty of Theology held a meeting, and decided that as the result of their answering the Degree should be awarded to each of the candidates.

Maynooth Union

The annual general meeting of the Maynooth Union was held on Wednesday, June 23, in the college, his Eminence Cardinal Logue presiding. The day's proceedings were ushered in with the celebration of High Mass for the living and deceased members and benefactors of the Union. The papers dealt with the following subjects: 'Fiscal Reform and Ireland,' by Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J.; 'The Problem of the Poor,' by Rev. P. Daly, Adm., Mullingar; 'The Spirit of Irresponsibility in Public Life,' by Rev. J. Kelleher, L.D., St. John's College, Waterford; 'Co-operation,' by the Rev. J. Meehan, C.C., Mullagh, Kells; and 'The Gaelic Language in Connacht,' by Very Rev. Thomas Macken, Tuam. The last-mentioned paper was in the Irish language, and the discussion which followed was conducted likewise in the sweet tongue of the Gael, a fact which goes to show that the language revival movement has no more practical supporters than the clergy.

The Hierarchy and Primary Education

The Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland held their annual June meeting at Maynooth College on June 22, his Eminence Cardinal Logue presiding. Two resolutions were adopted. One advocated, with the Central Council of the Catholic Clerical Managers' Association, a larger grant for schools in necessitous areas, and endorsed a resolution of that association by which the managers pledged themselves to bear half the cost of heating and cleaning the schools on condition that the Treasury paid for the other half. The second resolution pointed out that the remedy for the unpreparedness of many pupils of the primary schools for entrance into technical schools lies in a proper use of the present primary day school facilities, supplemented by evening schools specially organised in the cities and towns and conducted by the Board of National Education.

Women's Franchise League

On Saturday evening, June 19, a meeting under the auspices of the Irish Women's Franchise League was held in the Phoenix Park. An orange and green banner, with the inscription, 'Votes for Women,' was displayed at the meeting. The attitude of the audience was sympathetic. Members of the League sold badges and distributed leaflets amongst the crowd.

KERRY—Boating Fatality

A sad boating disaster occurred on the evening of June 23 on the Lower Lake, Killarney, which was unhappily attended by the loss of eleven lives—nine tourists and two boatmen. The party were returning from the Gap of Dunloe in one of Cook's four-oared boats, which was in charge of four very experienced boatmen. The weather was boisterous at the time, and on reaching a spot between Darby's Garden and Burn Island the unfortunate accident occurred, but what precisely did happen is not exactly known. It appears that a huge wave struck the boat, swamping it, and all the occupants were thrown into the water. The boat righted itself after some time, and Michael Leary and Michael Lynch, boatmen, clung on to the craft until assistance arrived, and they were rescued. A gentleman and lady clung to an oar for some time, but ultimately went down. A boat manned by boatmen set out from the Mines and rescued Lynch and Leary, but could find no trace of any of the others. The two boatmen drowned were Cornelius Gleeson (married) and Cornelius Looney (unmarried).

LIMERICK—A Papal Distinction

His Holiness the Pope has been pleased to nominate Sir Vincent Nash, D.L., Tivoli, Limerick, Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great.

Only Suspicions

An inmate of the Limerick Workhouse named Alcock, who was a member of the Irish Protestant Episcopal Church, having become a Catholic on his death-bed, a sworn inquiry into the matter was held, as the Protestant Dean preferred the charge of undue influence. At the inquiry the Dean, who was unwell, was represented by the Rev. Mr. Adderly, and that gentleman admitted that there were no proofs for the charge, but only suspicions. The master of the Workhouse and others testified that Alcock had of himself asked to see a priest.

A Golden Jubilee

The golden jubilee of the Jesuits in Limerick was suitably celebrated towards the end of June. An address of hearty congratulation was presented to the Jesuit Fathers by the Corporation. At this presentation Mr. W. L. Stokes, J.P., High Sheriff, a Protestant, said he thought it a duty as well as a privilege and pleasure to attend the function and join with his fellow-members in extending to the Jesuit Order in Limerick their congratulations and most sincere good wishes on the fiftieth anniversary of their coming to Limerick. He recognised fully the very pleasant associations that had existed in the City of Limerick amongst Protestants and Catholics, and observed with pleasure that any movement started by one body for a charitable purpose was supported by the other side.

MAYO—Ancient Butter

A man named Michael Walsh, of Curramoe, Ballina, County Mayo, while engaged cutting turf in a bog unearthed a firkin of butter. When exposed to the air the butter broke into pieces of different sizes, but its flavor was distinctly preserved. An expert has expressed the opinion that it must have remained buried in the bog for at least three hundred years.

MONAGHAN—The See of Clogher

The Holy See has appointed the Very Rev. Patrick McKenna, Professor of Theology, Maynooth College, as Bishop of Clogher in succession to the late Most Rev. Dr. Owens, who died on March 3 last. When the intelligence was received by the local clergy and prominent Catholics of the town much satisfaction was expressed on all sides. Mr. Francis Tierney, J.P., Chairman Monaghan Urban Council, sent the following telegram to the Bishop-Elect: 'On behalf of Monaghan Urban Council and people of Monaghan, I, as chairman, congratulate you on being appointed Bishop-Elect.' The chairmen of the other local public bodies sent similar telegrams. The Very Rev. Patrick McKenna, who was elected 'dignissimus' by the parish priests of the diocese, is in his fortieth year. He made his preparatory studies for the priesthood in St. Macarten's Seminary, Monaghan, and from there passed to Maynooth. In this great centre of ecclesiastical training he held more than his own in the conflict of mind with mind. In Theology, Scripture, and other sacred studies he was ever primus inter primos. After his ordination he took up a Professorship in St. Kiernan's College, Kilkenny, which he held for some six years. He then stood a 'Concursus' for a vacant Theological Chair in his Alma Mater, and made a most brilliant examination. As Professor of the Chair of Moral Theology in Maynooth, Father McKenna has been most successful in commanding the attention of his class by his power of clear exposition, by a wealth of happy illustrations in showing how to reduce the principles of the science to practical life, and an unflinching fund of good humor. While his late students will miss their genial professor, they will breathe a silent prayer that he may live long to wield the Crozier of Clogher for the good of Church and country.

TYRONE—Over the Century

On Sunday, June 20, Mrs. Anne O'Neill, Dood, aged 108 years, was interred at Broughderg. She was probably the oldest person in County Tyrone, and until the end was in full possession of her faculties. The funeral, which was large and representative, was attended at Broughderg by Rev. B. O'Connor, Lissan.

GENERAL

Three Golden Jubilees

Right Rev. Monsignor Flynn, P.P., Ballybricken, E. Waterford; Very Rev. D. Monaghan, P.P., Moate, County Westmeath; and Very Rev. W. O'Connor, P.P., Knocklong, County Limerick, who were ordained fifty years ago in Maynooth College, have celebrated their golden jubilees. After the religious celebrations in their respective parishes, congratulatory addresses were presented to the jubilarians, each of whom replied in feeling terms. The priests of Waterford presented an address to Monsignor Flynn, in reply to which he said the thought that he had been weighed in the balance by his brother priests and found not wanting was agreeable and consoling beyond measure. That day he and twelve other priests were the only survivors of a class of 84 who studied in dear old Maynooth half a century ago. They would agree with him that he should not allow that, the proudest moment of his life, to pass without saying how grateful he was to his revered and beloved Bishop, who presided, from whom he received so many marks of appreciation.

For Chronic Chest Complaints,
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure, 1/6 and 2/6

People We Hear About

The courtesy title of Earl of Arundel is said to date from the reign of King Stephen. It is believed to be the solitary instance surviving in England of an earldom held by the possession of a castle—namely, Arundel. The earldom of Arundel was held in the middle ages by the Fitz-Alans. An heiress of the Fitz-Alans married Thomas de Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, and an heiress of the Mowbrays married Sir Robert Howard, father of the first Duke of Norfolk.

Mr. J. Cathcart Wason, M.P. for Orkney and Shetland, who entertained Sir Joseph Ward at luncheon at the House of Commons for the purpose of handing to him the original congratulatory cablegram signed by 400 members, was formerly a sheep farmer in Canterbury. His brother is, or at least was, a member for a Scottish constituency also. They took opposite sides in politics. They had, however, one thing in common, and that was they were the two tallest men in Parliament.

By the orders of his physician the Emperor of Austria this year did not wash the feet of a dozen of poor men in imitation of our Lord. It was only the fourth time in 61 years that Francis Joseph has omitted this beautiful ceremony. He was unable to attend the ceremonies of Holy Week. On Wednesday of Holy Week he went to the castle of Wallace, a small town of lower Austria situated on the Danube. Wallace is for the greater part of the year the residence of his daughter, the Archduchess Maria Valeria, who is the wife of the Archduke, Francis Salvator. Every year during the Christmas holidays the Emperor is the guest of his daughter. These days are very happy ones for Francis Joseph, for he dearly loves his daughter's children, of whom there are nine. He has done everything possible for their amusement. At Ischl he has had constructed a large playground for them. These visits of father to daughter are not confined to Christmas only, but are quite frequent during the year.

A Dutch correspondent of an American paper writes: Of course, it will be no news to your readers to be told that a little Princess is come to Holland, which is a source of joy and gladness to good old sleepy Holland, as it seems to have been—judging at least from the newspapers—in all the civilised world. But I have my doubts if our Catholics have any idea that our future Queen is a lineal descendant of one great saint and a blood relation of another. I herewith send you an article from the first page of the great Dutch Catholic newspaper, *De Maasbode*, of Friday, April 30, 1909, the great and memorable day for Holland, on account of the birth of a royal Princess, who will live, as we hope, to continue the house of Orange. The article I send you gives: First, the genealogical trees showing our young Princess to be a lineal descendant of St. Elizabeth of Hungary; second, view of relationship existing between the houses of Orange, Thuringia, Gonzaga (Wilhelmina, St. Elizabeth, St. Aloysius). As you will notice from the article, the 'View of Relationship' is made up by the learned Jesuit, the Rev. Father L. Steger, hence it will need no further comment.

The statement cabled last week with reference to the extensions at Krupp's works which have enabled the German Admiralty to construct and arm battleships as rapidly as, or more rapidly than, Great Britain, reminds us that the firm was founded over a century ago by Peter Friedrich Krupp, who experimented, face to face with poverty and disappointment, in the casting of large blocks of steel. He was only partially successful. After his death his son Alfred endeavored to find the secret, and, after much patience and perseverance, he solved the great problem; and in addition he rapidly made great inventions which brought him in a colossal fortune. The various processes in its manufacture are, of course, kept with jealous secrecy by the authorities, and only carefully picked men are allowed to the 'holy of holies' when the steel is about to be cast. The workers who are engaged on Government orders are not permitted to talk, and few outside the Krupp works and the German Marine Department have any inkling of what the calibre of any of the new monster guns may be. In the city of Essen there are 250 railway cars for the firm's own railway system, and for communication between 40 telegraph stations and 50 miles of wire, and 400 telephone stations with 250 miles of wire. And over this huge city presides Frau von Bohlen Halbach (*nee* Fraulein Bertha Krupp), a lady with the handsome income of over a million yearly.

Among the features of Messrs. Brown, Ewing's establishment that make for the comfort and convenience of visitors are the spacious new fitting rooms, lavatory, and a waiting room where ladies may read the magazines....

"Champion" and Webster Agree

OUR friend WEBSTER, in his revised edition, gives the following definitions, which agree with ours; hence our defiant attitude on behalf of the WORKERS during the last SIX YEARS.

TRUST—'An organisation formed mainly for the purpose of regulating the supply and price of commodities, &c., as a sugar, steel, or flour trust.'

COMBINE—'To form a union, to agree, to coalesce, to confederate.'

ASSOCIATION—'Union of persons in a company or society for SOME PARTICULAR PURPOSE; as the American Association for the advancement of science; A BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.'

N.B.—WE ARE IN NO WAY CONNECTED with any of the above concerns; free in every respect, and we intend to remain so, with the WORKERS' assistance.

WORKERS, we are benevolent to a degree. This you know, and we must bashfully admit it, also exponents of the science known as the NOBLE ART when danger is hovering round you, fully verified in our recent tussle with those 'RIGHT AT THE TOP,' and the long combat with the FLOUR TRUST, which naively poses as an association.

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The only matters that baffle your CHAMPION are advancing wheat markets, caused by droughts and shortages throughout the world, and we crave your indulgence until the laws of Nature have adjusted them.

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Most Reverend John M. Farley, Archbishop of New York.
Most Illustrious and Reverend Sir,—

Through your good offices, the Holy Father has lately received the first volume of the (illustrated) *Catholic Encyclopedia*, which is to be followed by fourteen other volumes. Quite apart from the rich binding especially prepared for his Holiness, and from the numerous remarkable illustrations which enhance the value of the work, and which charm the reader by their perfect artistic finish, the Holy Father notes with a special satisfaction the importance and practical utility of this new encyclopedic work. To collect and publish in a form so attractive for the English-speaking world where there are still so many non-Catholics, the magnificent and immortal achievements of the Catholic Church and her children in the domains of science, literature, and art cannot but be an enterprise eminently helpful and beneficent. Moreover, as the preface of the first volume explicitly states, the purpose of the work is to set forth the immense benefits conferred through the Catholic Church on mankind, not only by furthering moral and social development, but also by promoting civil, scientific, and artistic growth and progress. In conclusion, the Holy Father heartily congratulates the efficient editors and their collaborators on the first happy fruit of their labors; he encourages them to continue with zeal the great task to which they have set their hands, and as an earnest of his special good will he bestows on each of them his Apostolic benediction.

I avail myself of this welcome occasion to assure your Grace of my very profound esteem, etc., etc.
(Signed)

R. CARD. MERRY DEL VAL.

Rome, December 1, 1907.

From his Eminence Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney: . . . The *Encyclopedia* is a marvellous undertaking.

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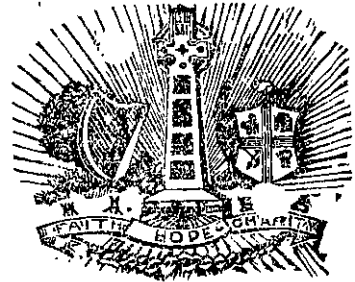
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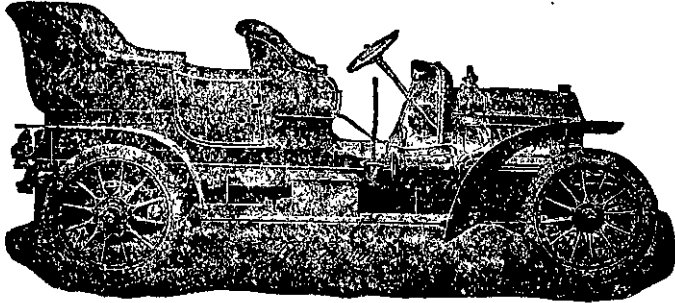
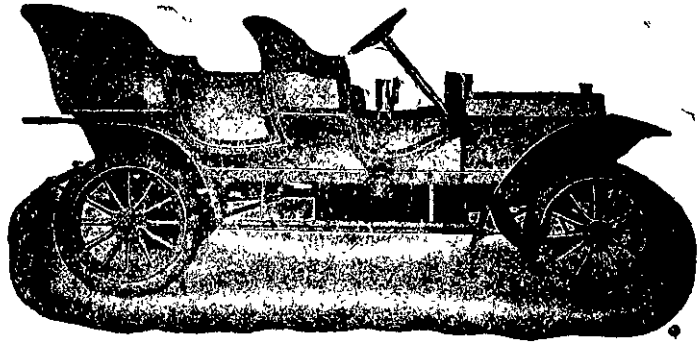
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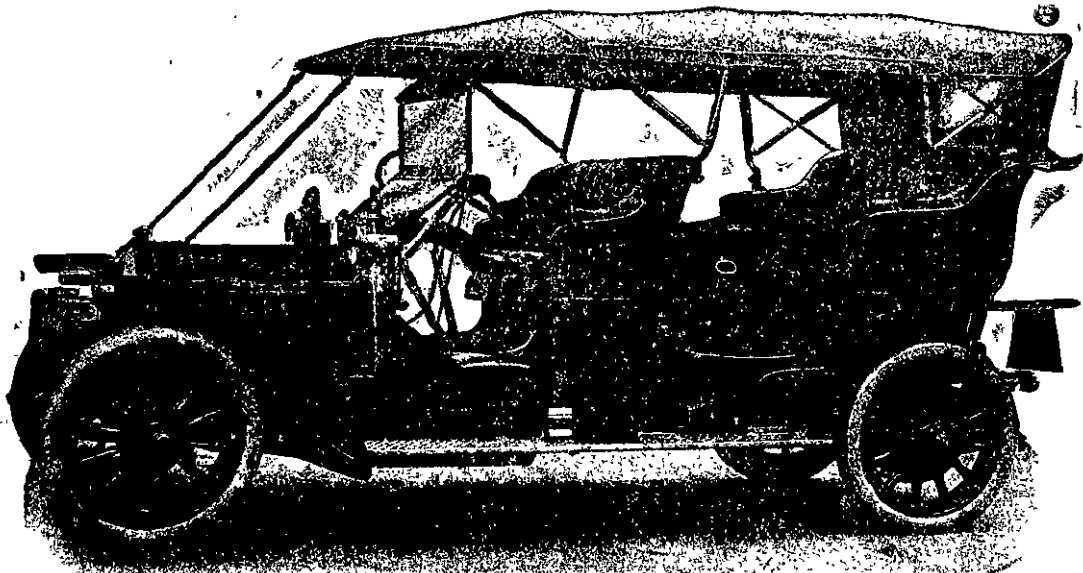
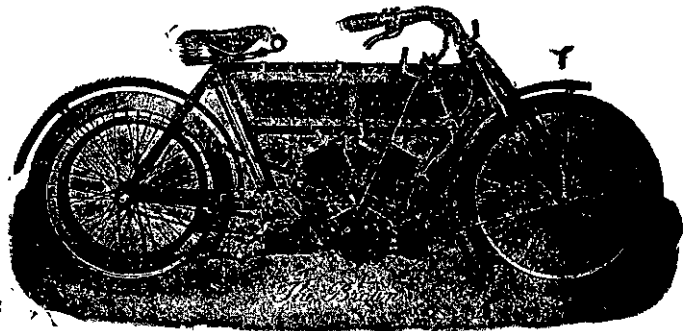


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The Catholic World

ENGLAND—A Matter for Inquiry

Many questions (says the *Catholic Times*) are being asked in Liverpool as to what action the authorities intend to take with regard to an advertisement in a local paper in which the intention of the Orangemen to attack the peaceful and perfectly legal Catholic procession on Sunday was publicly proclaimed. Fifty elementary schools in Liverpool were temporarily closed in consequence of the riots caused by the Orange interference with Catholic processionists on Sunday, June 20.

Reading Abbey and its Associations

At the ceremony of unveiling a memorial at Reading of King Henry I., the founder of Reading Abbey, Mr. Birrell, in the course of his address, said: That abbey and its once glorious church, one of the greatest and most beautiful that ever was built in England, stood unchallenged and unchallengeable for centuries. It was hallowed by a particular sanctity. Within its walls great services were held, great bishops were consecrated, and Parliaments were held, and from Henry I. to Henry VIII. no single monarch or queen ever failed to visit Reading and to worship there. Yet suddenly, one black day in 1539, the inhabitants of Reading, men and women just like his hearers, stood apparently guiltily by and allowed the mitred abbot of Reading, a man of blameless life and of sound character, to be brutally executed in front of the gateway of his own home. The monks, his companions, were scattered penniless upon the world, and, to their shame, apparently nobody said a word or lifted a hand on their behalf. How that might be he could not stop to consider; indeed, to do so would be dangerous; but it was no easy task for a great church to fall into such a complete ruin as their abbey presented. The civil wars and the siege of Reading no doubt contributed to the melancholy result. Late though the day was, that memorial would stand to testify that the townsmen of Reading gloried in their history, and delighted to honor the memories of the great men who founded their abbey and town. The donor of the memorial, Dr. Boyd Hurry, has published (says the *Catholic Weekly*) an account of the abbey, from which the following few extracts should be of interest to our readers: 'Like other religious foundations of the period, Reading Abbey did much for history, education, literature, and art. . . . Great were the benefits conferred by the abbey on the little burgh of Radingia, over which it kept watch and ward. The influence on the commerce of Reading was not unimportant. Roads and bridges were constructed and repaired, arts and crafts were taught, fresh land was brought under cultivation, improved methods of agriculture and horticulture introduced, and business habits taught. The monks were good landlords and owned extensive estates that gave employment to many. The constant stream of pilgrims to St. James's Shrine and of traders to the Abbot's fair must have benefited trade and helped to crowd the market-place and booths. . . . The influence of the abbey on the fortunes of this ancient borough must abide for ever, and Reading is most deeply indebted to that ancient home of religion and learning whose history is inextricably interwoven with her own.'

GERMANY—Illness of Cardinal Kopp

Thanksgiving services were held in the churches of the Archdiocese of Breslau on Sunday, June 20, in gratitude to God for the recovery of the Archbishop, Cardinal Kopp, from his dangerous illness.

ITALY—In Memory of St. Anselm

The statue which is to be erected at Aosta in honor of the St. Anselm Centenary will bear in French the inscription: 'To St. Anselm, glory of his Fatherland and the Church, by his compatriots and admirers. Born in Aosta in 1033; died at Canterbury, Primate of England, on the 21st April, 1109.'

Vindication of the Salesians

Justice moves slowly, particularly in Italy (writes a Rome correspondent), but it sometimes manages to reach those who have long evaded it. It will be remembered that in the organized campaign of defamation directed against Catholic institutions two years ago the Salesian Fathers were specially singled out for attack. Their successful zeal was undoing much of the evil teaching of the subversive societies, and charges were made against different establishments directed by the sons of Don Bosco. Some of their institutions were summarily closed after the Italian fashion, pending inquiry. These inquiries invariably led to the same conclusion, vindication for the managers and re-opening of the establishment, but the defamation had then served much of its purpose. The Fathers

determined to bring their accusers to task, and, one after another, notwithstanding every legal device adopted by their unscrupulous opponents, they succeeded in gaining victories, which, indeed, they almost marred by the clemency with which they treated their defamers. The *Lotte Nere* of Mondovi has been the latest brought to bay. Seeing no other way out of the difficulty, it agrees to insert a most ample declaration of its guilt in publishing scandalous libels about the college at Varazze, and to pay all the expenses incurred by the complainants. The Fathers now withdraw their case, as their sole motive has been the vindication of the honor of their excellent institutions. The papers now publish the condemnation of another of these defamation agents to four months' imprisonment, three hundred francs fine, and the payment of all the legal expenses incurred by the Rev. Claudio Marcucci of Chiusi, about whom he had published a gross libel in the local press.

ROME—A Motor Car for the Holy Father

The magnificent automobile which was presented to the Holy Father recently by a rich American Catholic was taken to the Vatican on June 22 (says the *Catholic Times*). Great crowds lined the streets and expressed their appreciation of the gift by admiring cries. The Pope, officers of his household, and the Cardinals came out into the gardens of the Vatican to view the car, and afterwards his Holiness made a journey in the motor round the gardens.

The Papal Medal

The medal issued annually before the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul has just been finished (writes a Rome correspondent). It commemorates what is considered the most important event of the Papal reign during the current year. Two years ago it bore a beautiful impression showing the simultaneous consecration of fourteen French Bishops in St. Peter's. Last year the event chosen was the condemnation of the Modernists. This time the Vatican engraver, Chevalier Bianchi, whose work is always of the highest standard, has produced a very handsome medal representing the Pope in the act of consigning the decree 'Sapienti consilio' for the reform of the Roman Curia to one of the Auditors of the Sacred Rota. The Holy Father is seated on a throne, while the Auditor, kneeling, receives a book with the inscription 'Sapienti consilio.' A Cardinal stands at each side of his Holiness, and a little lower and in stronger relief a religious in his habit and a prelate in mantelletta, who also assist at the solemn initiation of the reform. Below appear the words 'Romae Curiae Ordinatio Decernitur.' The front of the medal bears, as usual, a likeness of his Holiness, with the bordering inscription 'Pius X. Pont. Max. An. VI.' The Pontiff expressed his admiration of this excellent production of Chevalier Bianchi's skill when, according to custom, the Cardinal Secretary of State presented gold, silver, and bronze specimens of the medal. The medals in silver and bronze have been consigned to the Cardinal Secretary of State and to Monsignor Marzolini, Secretary of the Commission for the administration of the goods of the Holy See. The members of the Pontifical Court and other dignitaries receive their medals before the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul.

SCOTLAND—The Metropolitan Chapter

The vacant stall in the metropolitan chapter, formerly filled by Canon McGinnes, of Inverleithen, has for its new occupant Father Joseph Donlevy, parish priest of Portobello. The new Canon was born in Edinburgh in 1864, and educated at Blairs College and the Scots College, Valladolid. In 1887 he was ordained priest, and after being attached to Lennoxton, Stirling, and Kirkcaldy, as assistant priest, was appointed by Archbishop Smith to the charge of Portobello in 1890. For nineteen years he has administered that parish with unflagging zeal and conspicuous ability. He is the second of his family to occupy a seat in the chapter of the archdiocese, his brother, Canon James Donlevy, who died six years ago, having been one of the most prominent clergy in Edinburgh for many years.

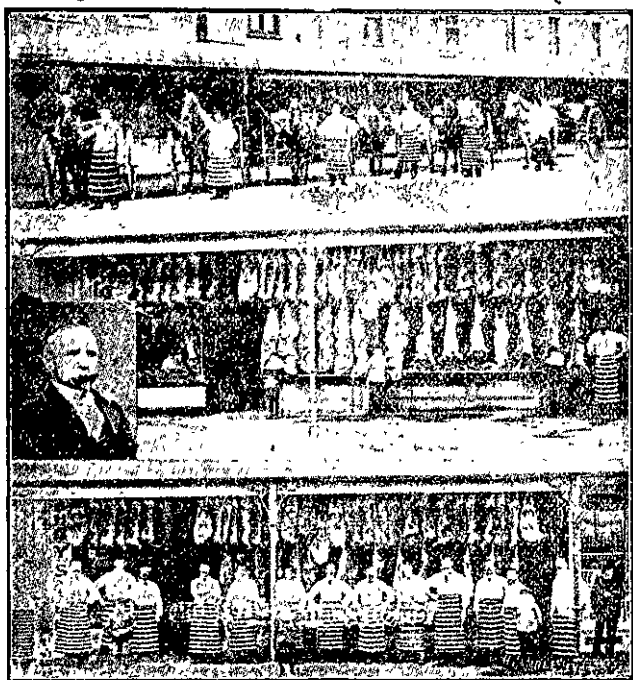
UNITED STATES—The Archbishop of Boston

The Holy Father sent to Most Rev. W. H. O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, a beautiful episcopal cross of sapphires and diamonds on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his Grace's ordination.

An Extensive Archdiocese

The establishment of ten new parishes in the Chicago Archdiocese is in contemplation by Archbishop Quigley. Phenomenal growth of the Church in Chicago and its environs is responsible for the move. The task of redistricting certain of the parish lines to make room for the projected pastorates is in the hands of a committee headed by Rev. E. A. Kelly, pastor of St. Ann's Church. So great has been the influx of Catholic population that some of the parishes now are overburdened. It is to relieve these churches and to accommodate residents of newly-developed sections that the 'new parish plan' is being considered.

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A girl had fits in such rapid succession that she was unable to take food or drink, and the doctor who was attending her said she could not live more than 48 hours. Trench's Remedy at once stopped the fits, and there has not been a further attack since—over 2½ years—and none of the Remedy has been taken for over a year.

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A girl who had been at various times under treatment by several of the leading doctors of Melbourne was declared to be incurable by them all, and the parents were advised to place her in an asylum. She took from 10 to 20 fits a day, yet upon using Trench's Remedy the attacks ceased at once, and she has not had a fit since—nearly three years. She ceased taking the Remedy nearly two years ago.

£1000 SPENT WITHOUT RESULT.

The son of a leading merchant of Melbourne broke down just as he was commencing his University course. All the best physicians of Melbourne were consulted, but none of them could stop the fits. The father then took the young man to England and elsewhere to obtain the best advice in the world, but, after spending over £1000, he brought him back with the fits occurring more frequently than ever. Trench's Remedy at once stopped the attacks, and the young man is now perfectly cured.

The above statements can be verified by personal reference to the parents of the patients, who, from gratitude, have offered to reply to any inquirers we refer to them.

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Domestic

By MAUREEN

To Remove Paint.

Paint, while fresh, may be removed by repeated applications of spirits of turpentine or spirits of wine, rubbed on with a rag. Another method is to rub the stains with paraffin oil. Boil quickly till the spots disappear. They require to be well rinsed in several waters to get rid of the smell of oil.

To Keep Cut Flowers Fresh.

Fresh water should be given every day to cut flowers in the house and the tips of the stems cut off. A little salt in the water will sometimes help to lengthen the life of the blossoms. They will always keep longer if placed where they can get fresh air when the house is closed for the night.

Earache.

At this time of year, and especially amongst children, earache is prevalent, and a source of much distress to the little sufferers. Do not pour water into the aching ear. It swells the wax and causes sudden deafness. Heat applications are best, and it will be easier to remove the obstructions afterwards. One drop of laudanum in a fourth of a teaspoonful of warm olive oil will almost instantly cure earache.

The Value of Apples.

Doctors and fruiterers advocate apples as light medicine. This is not a fad, but a truth. In other days children were made to eat apples every day, and even those of moderate means insisted upon this one fruit not only as nourishment, but as medicine. It is again claimed that if this fruit is put on the daily bill of fare the liver will be kept in good working order, the skin will be clean, and the circulation less sluggish. An apple eaten in the afternoon between the usual hurried luncheon and the late heavy dinner gives the stomach just enough to do and does good with the blood. Another one should be eaten just before going to bed at night. Even stomachs that cannot digest a glass of rich milk at night take kindly to an apple. It has no ill effects. The mealy, soft apple should be kept for cooking. It is not the kind to eat. One wants the hard, firm, juicy winter apple which feels as though it had been chilled. This is the kind that is palatable and does the most good. Fastidious persons peel it, but it is claimed that to do its best work it should be eaten entire, as the peeling has medicinal values as well as the inside. If one is annoyed by a sluggish liver this seems a simple treatment. It would not do any harm to try, as apples are not expensive and are palatable to the majority.

Disagreeable Odors.

Cooking odors can be largely prevented by care in the preparation. Cabbage that is soaked in cold water for at least an hour before cooking will not only taste more delicate, but will smell less in preparation. A crust of stale bread cooked with it will also help to overcome the disagreeable odor.

Onions should be boiled in several waters, and should be peeled under water. One cook puts a tincupful of vinegar, sugar, and cinnamon on the stove before she starts her onions, and keeps it boiling all the time they are cooking, quite preventing the onion smell from going through the house. To remove the onion odor from the breath nothing is better than eating a small piece of charcoal after the meal. Use the bulk charcoal rather than the tablets, which are mixed with sugar. If charcoal is not to be had, dry tea is the next best deodorant.

After the odor of strong food lingers on cooking utensils and dishes to the mortification of the housewife. This can be overcome if a generous lump of washing soda be placed in the pots and pans in which cabbage, fish, and onions have been cooked. Boil with the strong soda water and rinse well with hot water. A little soda can also be dissolved in the dishpan, being sure to rinse thoroughly.

If an unpleasant odor in a sick-room or other part of the house cannot be overcome by raising the windows, try rolling a taper of paper and burning it, or use some of the scented tapers specially for deodorising.

A healthful and delightful way to overcome noxious smells in a room is to put a small sponge in a saucer of hot water, to which has been added a teaspoonful of oil of lavender. A doctor has declared lavender to be a disinfectant, so this remedy is particularly valuable in a sick-room. It has another advantage, as flies dislike the smell exceedingly, and will not remain where it is to be noticed.

Maureen

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Science Siftings

BY 'VOLT'

The Stone Forests of Arizona.

The regions of the Little Colorado River in Arizona abound in wonderful vegetable petrifications, whole forests being found in some places which are hard as flint, but which look as if but recently stripped of their foliage. Some of these stone trees are standing just as natural as life, while others are piled across each other just like the fallen monarch of a real wood forest. Geologists say that those same trees were once covered to the depth of a thousand feet with marl, which transformed them from wood to solid rock. This marl, after the lapse of ages, washed out, leaving some of the trees standing in an upright position. The majority of them, however, are piled helter-skelter in all directions, thousands of cords being sometimes piled up on an acre of ground.

Birds are Hard Workers.

Birds can do work far harder than human beings. A pair of house martins when nesting will feed their young once in twenty seconds—that is, each bird, male and female, makes ninety journeys to and fro in an hour, or about 1000 a day. It must be remembered that on each journey the bird has the added work of catching the worm. Even so tiny a bird as the wren has been counted to make 110 trips to and from its nest within 430 minutes, and the prey it carried home consisted of larger, heavier, and harder to find insects than were caught by the sparrows. Among them were twenty good-sized caterpillars, ten grasshoppers, seven spiders, eleven worms, and more than one fat chrysalis.

Photographing Animalcules.

The cinematograph (writes Sir Ray Lankester in the *Daily Telegraph*) has yet to triumph over the difficulties presented by the minutest living things. It is, of course, easy to photograph with the microscope the most minute objects which are stationary and motionless, and to throw the photographs so obtained on to a screen by aid of a powerful lantern. Photography applied to microscopes of the highest power has made visible particles, filaments, and lines which the eye, applied directly to the same microscope, could not detect. In the case of stationary objects it is easy to obtain sufficient length of exposure of the photographic plate to make up for the feebleness of illumination which goes with high power magnification. A moving object requires instantaneous exposures and proportionately intense illumination. It is surely an achievement of some distinction—still open to the enterprise of ingenious photographers and microscopists—to produce the first cinematograph records of the feeding of phagocytes and the almost incredible activities of animalcules. I hope soon to hear that an Englishman has made the record.

The Artificial Stone Age.

The artificial stone age is a-coming. Although we are accustomed to speak of prehistoric man as belonging to the stone age, the real stone age is only dawning. Forestry has been declared a farce, and fenceposts are being grown by the farmers not by planting acorns, but by pouring a mixture of cement, sand, and stone into moulds. Hollow telegraph poles of re-enforced concrete are common in France, and concrete piles are finding a wider field of usefulness every year. In Italy barges and scows of re-enforced concrete are used. Fireproof buildings of the stone 'lumber' are too plentiful to excite comment, and concrete cottages and residences bid fair to be equally numerous ere long. Enough has been accomplished with re-enforced concrete to show that 'forests will soon be as little needed for building purposes as buffaloes for carriage robes or deer for dinners.' The wonderful artificial stone called re-enforced concrete is credited with all the essential properties of lumber save combustibility, and the want of this property is an advantage. Fire does not burn it quickly nor rot consume it slowly. It has the strength of steel, the durability of granite, and promises to surpass all present attainments in the future when the wonders wrought to-day will be tomorrow's commonplace with the steel buried in stone. The ancient age of stone and the present age of iron are uniting to produce the coming age of steelcrete, as the re-enforced concrete has been called.

A bright young Kaffir, just for fun,
Sneezed down the barrel of a gun;
And just to see how things would go,
He pressed the trigger with his toe.
A basketful of his remains
Was gathered from adjacent plains;
And now his tribe, you may be sure,
When they have colds use Woods' Peppermint Cure.

Intercolonial

It is estimated that the new Cathedral at Armidale will cost over £15,000, and it is understood that nearly £7000 is already in hand.

A clinical school has been established at St. Vincent's Hospital, Melbourne, and this will render this admirable medical charity one of the best equipped in the Commonwealth.

The Rev. Brother Victor, who recently retired from the position of Provincial of the Marist Brothers, has been appointed Brother Director of St. Joseph's College, Hunter's Hill, in succession to Brother Clement.

The Rev. Fathers Ronayne and Walsh were recently made the recipients of testimonials at Gunnedah, where both priests have labored zealously for the spiritual welfare of the people.

The Rev. J. O'Gorman, for twelve years pastor of St. Canice's, Sydney, who has been transferred to St. Bede's, Pyrmont, was presented recently by his former parishioners with an illuminated address and a cheque for a substantial amount.

The Rev. Fathers O'Connor and O'Sullivan, who have been engaged for some time in Queensland on a collecting tour, on behalf of the building fund of Killarney Cathedral, have been most successful. On a recent Sunday they received £130 at St. Patrick's Church, Toowoomba.

The Rev. Mother Mary Lucy, of the Sisters of the Good Samaritan, passed away at Rosebank Convent, Five Dock, Sydney, on July 24. The deceased nun, who was known in the world as Mary Nihill, was a native of Limerick, where she was born 77 years ago. In early womanhood she accompanied her mother and sister to Australia. The golden jubilee of her profession occurred on August 6, and preparations were about to be commenced for the celebration of that event when the jubilarian was called to her reward.

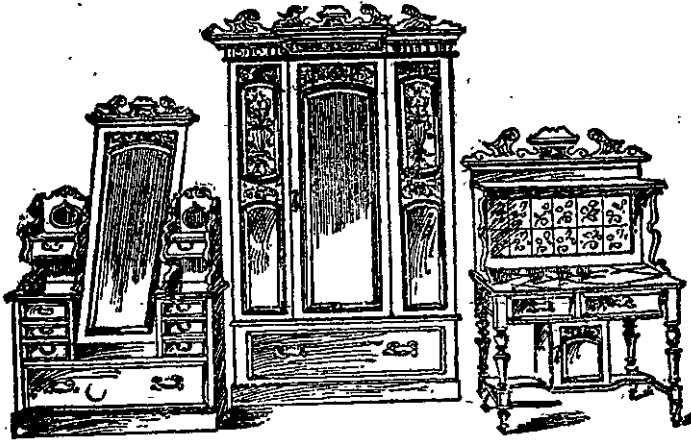
About eighteen months ago (says the *Freeman's Journal*) the Rev. Brothers Clement, Victor, and Stanislaus (members of the Marist Brothers in New South Wales), visited Europe. During their visit they were accorded an audience with his Holiness Pope Pius X., and asked his Holiness to send a message to the boys of St. Joseph's College. 'He did so,' said Brother Victor to a representative of this journal, 'in the fine sentence, *In meliora contendere*' (strive to do better). These inspiring words are emblazoned over the college crest. The crest is a shield on which is quartered a golden cross, the emblem of religion. The shield also bears emblems of patriotism, the Book of the Gospels, and the lamp of learning, and the initials of 'S.J.C.' Underneath the crest the words, 'St. Joseph's College, Hunter's Hill,' drift through a semicircle of laurel leaves. The students of St. Joseph's College have just erected a beautiful stained-glass window over the main doorway of the college, in which is set the above crest and motto.

The Rev. Brother Clement has been Brother Director of St. Joseph's College for seven years (says the *Freeman's Journal*). His term of office has been marked by conspicuous collegiate and scholastic successes. He has transferred the sceptre to Brother Victor, the new Director of the College, and now he is on his way to New Zealand to assume the position of Director of the Marist College at Auckland. Before his departure the members of the Old Boys' Union and the students of the college decided to accord him a send-off, and on July 25 the pleasant function took place at the college. In making the presentation on behalf of the students of the college, Mr. Frank Marien said Brother Clement's name had been inseparable from the college during the last seven years. He had come to St. Joseph's away back in 1902. A fine spirit of loyalty permeated the entire body of the students, and the cause of that was not hard to find—it was the way St. Joseph's College was managed. He could assure Brother Clement that the St. Joseph's boys would accord the same loyalty to Brother Victor as they had accorded to him. He had much pleasure in presenting him with a travelling-bag and rug from the students, as a tangible expression of their appreciation, and of the reverence and love they all had for him. On behalf of the Old Boys' Union of the College, Mr. Purcell presented Brother Clement with a suitably inscribed watch and a set of razors. Brother Clement made a feeling reply, and thanked the donors for their handsome presents.

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To the Farmers of Otago and Southland.

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SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR STORAGE, ETC.—We would remind Producers that we provide special facilities for the satisfactory storage and disposal of all kinds of farm produce. Our Stores are dry, airy, thoroughly ventilated, and in every respect admirably adapted for the safe storage of Grain, being conveniently situated and connected to railway by private siding. Produce consigned to us is delivered direct into store, and is saved the loss and waste incurred in unloading and again carting into warehouse.

WEEKLY AUCTION SALES.—We continue to hold the regular Weekly Auction Sales of Produce as inaugurated by us many years ago, and which have proved so beneficial to vendors; and owing to our commanding position in the centre of the trade, and our large and extending connection, we are in constant touch with all the principal grain merchants, millers, and produce dealers, and are thus enabled to dispose of consignments to the very best advantages, and with the least possible delay.

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CORN SACKS, CHAFF BAGS, ETC.—Having made advantageous arrangements to meet the requirements of our numerous Clients, we can supply best Calcutta Corn Sacks, all sizes, and at the lowest prices. Also, Chaff Bags, Seaming Twine, and all Farmers' Requisites at the shortest notice, and on the best terms.

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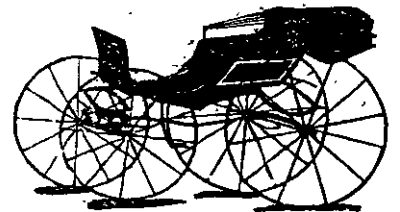
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AMERICAN DENTAL PARLORS WELLINGTON WELLINGTON

The Family Circle

DON'T GIVE UP

If you've tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

Though young birds, in flying, fall,
Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
Up a little longer.

Tho' the sturdy oak has known
Many a blast that bowed her
She has risen again and grown
Loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat,
Who the more will prize you
Gaining victory from defeat,
That's the test that tries you.

MARJORIE'S VICTORY

'Uncle Howard,' asked Marjorie, looking up from the book she was reading, 'what is a coincidence?'

'Let me see,' replied Uncle Howard, trying to think how to make a simple definition. 'When two things happen at the same time that have nothing to do with each other, but seem to have a great deal to do with each other, we call it a coincidence.'

Seeing that Marjorie still looked puzzled, he started to explain further when a telephone message called him away. As he took down his hat in the hall, however, he paused long enough to say, 'I'll look out for a first rate coincidence to show you, Marjorie, and then you'll understand better.'

The next day happened to be Friday, and because there was no one to drive Marjorie to school and because she was not able to walk so far she was obliged to remain at home.

Mamma and Uncle Howard were very sorry, and they all thought of two shining gold pieces in Marjorie's bank that meant two whole years without absence and of the third that was to have joined them so soon, for Great Aunt Morton, who lived in the big house on the hill, had laughingly told Marjorie the very first day she went to school that she should have a five-dollar gold piece at the end of each year that she was neither absent nor tardy.

But the gold piece was as nothing compared with the broken record, and Marjorie sobbed for a few minutes; then, like the brave little girl that she was, she dried her tears, got out her paint-box, and began coloring up some sun-bonnet babies for the other children.

When she went to school on Monday morning everybody was talking about the fire that had occurred the Friday before, and, to her relief, nobody said anything to her about her absence. She said to herself that she just could not have stood it if anybody had.

Two weeks later the monthly report cards were given out. Marjorie received hers with a sad heart as she thought of the broken record.

But as she glanced over the card something within her gave a great leap. Could she believe her own eyes? There were no marks in the absence column! The teacher must have made a mistake.

Mamma and Uncle Howard looked the card over, and said they were glad Marjorie had gone from 'G' to 'G plus' in her reading, but neither of them thought of the omission.

Then came a great temptation to Marjorie. If she should say nothing about the mistake the record would remain as it was, and the teacher and pupils would forget by next year, and Great Aunt Morton need never know. So the report card was returned to the teacher without anything being said.

All the next week Marjorie struggled with the temptation. She seemed unlike herself.

Friday came again, the last day of school. Summoning all her courage, she came back into the schoolroom at recess after the others were all out and sobbed out her story to her teacher.

'So you thought I made a mistake, did you?' asked the teacher. 'I'm so glad you told me, because I can assure you that you are the one who has made a mistake. That day was a very cold one, you remember, and something broke about the furnace early in the morning, so we couldn't have school that day. We sent word to all whom we could reach easily and dismissed the others as soon as they came. You live so far away we could not notify you.

I'm sorry this has troubled you so much. You should have told your mother or me sooner.'

Marjorie ran around to Great Aunt Morton's after school with her report card, and then fairly flew home to tell her story to mamma and Uncle Howard.

'That's what I call the happiest kind of a coincidence,' said Uncle Howard as he heard the five-dollar gold piece rattle down with its mates. 'Now you know the meaning of the word.'

'I call it a great victory,' said mamma, thinking of something quite different. But Marjorie understood both.

GIRL UNFAITHFUL TO HER MOTHER

Once I was young, now I am old, and I have never seen a girl that was unfaithful to her mother that ever came to be worth a one-eyed button to her husband. It is the law of God. It isn't exactly in the Bible, but it is written large in the miserable lives of many unfortunate homes. I am speaking for the boys this time. If any of you boys ever come across a girl that, with a face full of roses, says to you as you come to the door, 'I can't go for thirty minutes yet, for the dishes are not washed,' you wait for that girl. You sit right down on the doorstep and wait for her, because some other fellow may come along and carry her off, and right there you lose an angel.

BE COURTEOUS, BOYS

'I treat him as well as he treats me,' said Hal.

His mother had just reproved him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend who had gone home.

'I often go in there, and he doesn't notice me,' said Hal again.

'Do you enjoy that?'

'Oh, I don't mind. I don't stay long.'

'I should call myself a very selfish person if friends came to see me and I should pay no attention to them.'

'Well, that's different, you are grown up.'

'Then you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys?'

Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't exactly mean that; but his father, who had listened, now spoke: 'A boy or a man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him, has no character of his own. He will never be kind or generous or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature.' And very earnestly the father added: 'Remember this, my boy. You lower your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because some one else is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down.'

KEEPING OFF THE RAIN

'He's very quiet, gentlemen,' said the innkeeper, referring to a horse, which two young city men were to drive, 'but you must keep the rein off his tail.'

'Right,' they said, 'we will bear that in mind.'

When they returned the innkeeper inquired how they had got on.

'Splendidly,' was the reply. 'We had one rather sharp shower, but we took it in turns to hold the umbrella over the horse's tail, so there was no real danger.'

TO MAKE SURE

A few days since a very nervous, timid-looking woman, accompanied by a rather robust farmer, came on to the platform of a little railway station in a remote spot in the country. For a short while she seemed to direct her attention to the time-table, but not finding there the satisfaction she sought, she stepped up to the stationmaster as he came out of his office. 'Will you kindly tell me if the 3.15 has gone yet?' she asked in apparent concern. 'Oh, yes, about twenty minutes ago,' he replied. 'And when will the 4.30 be along, do you think?' she continued. 'Why, not for some time yet, of course,' was the response. 'Are there any expresses before then?' 'Not one.' 'Any goods trains?' 'No.' 'Nothing at all?' 'Nothing whatever.' 'Are you quite sure?' 'Certainly I am, or I wouldn't have said so.' 'Then,' said the questioning dame, turning to her husband, 'I think we will cross the line, William.'

ASK THE PRICE

A lesson had been given on the composition of minerals of different kinds, and, after it was finished the schoolmaster put a few questions to the class, to test how far they had followed his teachings.

'Now, children,' he said, 'can any of you tell me what a diamond is?'

'Carbon,' was the prompt reply that issued from every throat in the class.

'Yes,' the teacher explained, 'a diamond is pure carbon; but you must remember that coal is also carbon. That was taught in our lesson, wasn't it?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, then, how could you be sure to tell the difference between the two kinds of carbon?'

'Ask the price!' lustily piped a little fellow in the front seat, who will most likely make his mark in business some day.

HOW HE WON THE PRIZE

At a twenty-first birthday party a mother was praising the talents of her son, and asked him to show the company the prizes he had won.

One of the guests, picking up the best article, said:

'And what did he win this prize for?'

'Oh, that was for running,' said the proud mother.

'And who presented it to him?' asked the guest.

'We did,' said the mother.

The guest looked surprised.

'You see,' said the proud mother, 'he'd have won, but he didn't hear the pistol go off.'

AN APPROPRIATE LANGUAGE

A countrywoman was taking her son to school for the first time, and, after impressing the schoolmaster with the necessity of giving him a thorough good education, finished up by saying:

'Be sure he learns Latin.'

'But, my dear woman,' said the schoolmaster, 'Latin is a dead language.'

'So much the better,' replied the woman. 'Ye ken, he's gaun tae be an undertaker.'

FAMILY FUN

To Name a Card at any Position in the Pack.—Having become acquainted with the bottom card in the pack, you take the pack in your left hand, face downwards, between the thumb and fingers. Suppose the bottom card to be the ace of hearts. Under cover of the right hand, the right thumb draws back this card about half an inch. With the ends of the first and second fingers you draw back the cards one at a time from the top of the pack, in view of the audience, about the same distance, requesting the company to tell you when to stop. The word being given, you draw off the upper cards with the fingers of the right hand, and the thumb draws off from under the ace of hearts, which at once becomes the bottom card of those withdrawn from the top. Holding them towards the audience, you say, 'This must be the ace of hearts.' Replacing them on top, take a glance at the next bottom card, and repeat if desired.

The Affectionate Kings.—For the purpose of this trick you must pick out the four kings, and exhibit them fan-wise, concealing behind the third in order two other court cards of any description. Having shown them in a careless manner, square them together, and place them on the top of the pack. Then commence a more or less eloquent dissertation on the affectionate disposition of the four kings, and the pleasure they take in each other's society, and which leads them always to come together, however widely they may be separated. By way of illustration, you take off the uppermost, showing it with apparent carelessness, and place it underneath the pack. Then take off the second card, which the spectators suppose to be a king also, and introduce it into the pack about halfway down. Place the next card a little higher up, and, after showing the fourth, which again is really a king, replace it on the top. Request the company to observe that the kings are now as far apart as they well can be; that one is at the top, one at the bottom, and the other two in different parts of the pack (the fact being that there are three at the top and one at the bottom). Invite some one to cut, and proceed to deal the cards one by one face upwards; when the kings will be found to appear together, in accordance with your preliminary observations. This trick, though performed by such simple means, generally gains for the performer the credit of having executed some wholly impossible piece of sleight-of-hand.

All Sorts

Many a girl thinks she has broken her heart when she has only sprained her imagination.

There are many strange things in nature. For instance, the day breaks without any apparent cause, whilst night falls but receives no injury.

It has been calculated that if all the newspapers which are published daily throughout the world were piled together their height would surpass Mont Blanc.

Glass was made in Egypt 3000 B.C.; earliest date of transparent glass, 719 B.C.; glass windows were introduced into England in the eighth century.

'Anyoné,' remarked the old gentleman, 'can build up a fortune if he has plenty of push.'

'That depends upon the way the push is applied,' rejoined the wise youth. 'There isn't much money in pushing a gocart or a lawn mower.'

The science of electricity owes its name to an observation attributed by Diogenes Laertius to Thales, who flourished as the Franklin of the period about 500 B.C. The observation in question was that when amber was rubbed it acquired the power of attracting light bodies, and from the Greek name of amber comes our electricity.

'Pardon my ignorance,' said the lady passenger to the captain of the big ship, 'but how do you manage to find your way across the trackless ocean?'

'By means of the compass, madam,' answered the captain. 'The needle invariably points to the north.'

'But,' queried the lady passenger, 'suppose you wish to go south?'

The first needles that were made in England were fabricated in Cheapside, in the time of Queen Mary, by a negro from Spain; but as he would not impart the secret, it was lost at his death, and not recovered again till 1566, in the reign of Elizabeth, when Elias Gowse, a German, taught the art to the English, who have since brought it to the highest degree of perfection.

At the Garrick Club, not very long ago, an old actor, Mr. Smith, and a young actor, Mr. Brown, were discussing the art of acting. Young Mr. Brown put forward an idea which greatly annoyed old Mr. Smith. During the heated argument Mr. Smith went so far as to call Mr. Brown 'an ass.' Next day poor Mr. Brown hunted up Mr. Brookfield for advice. After telling him the whole story, he said, 'And Smith ended with calling me an ass! What am I to do now?' Brookfield pondered for a moment. 'Consult a vet,' was his answer.

Acting on the advice of a prisoner, for whom he was appearing, a barrister challenged four or five jurymen on the ground that they were prejudiced against his client. When at last the swearing of the jury was completed, the prisoner leaned over the dock and whispered to his advocate:

'The jury's all right now, I think, but I want you to challenge the judge. I've been convicted under him three times already, and maybe he's beginning to have a prejudice against me.'

Said a prominent veterinarian: 'Animals when sick are the most helpless and appreciative of all creatures, and the way of administering relief and medicine in many instances is as novel as it is effective. The most savage and revengeful animals during spells of severe pain are, as a rule, as docile and tractable as a child. Relief must come from a human being, and come quickly, and they seem to know it. The most vicious horse, when groaning with pain, would allow a mere child to administer relief, and many of the wild animals when in sickness seem to forget their savage instincts.'

An interesting compilation of the dates of the founding of the great Universities of the world has been made as follows:—The University of Oxford was founded by King Alfred in 872; the first college of the University of Cambridge was founded by Hugo, Bishop of Ely, in 1257; the University of Paris was founded by King Philip II. about 1200; the first University of the German Empire was at Prague, Bohemia, 1348; Trinity College, Dublin, was incorporated by Royal charter in 1591; the University of Edinburgh, the youngest in Scotland, was founded in 1582 by a charter by King James IV. of Scotland, 171 years after St. Andrews, the most ancient; Harvard University had its beginning at Newton, afterwards Cambridge, Mass., in 1636; Yale University had its beginning at Saybrook, Conn., in 1700, and was removed to New Haven, in 1716, and the William and Mary College was started in 1617, and was chartered at Williamsburg, Va., in 1693.

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