

THE NEW ZEALAND TABLET

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

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

LEO XIII., P.M.

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

LEO XIII., Pope.

Current Topics.

A FABLE FROM THE WEST COAST.
VALERY divides historical error into two kinds. 'That which precedes truth,' says he, 'is only an ignorance of it; that which follows is a hatred of it.' The former class of historical heterodoxy is committed by an over-enthusiastic writer in the course of a controversy in the *Westport Times* on certain books, the presence of which on the shelves of the local public library was objected to as an insult to the faith and feelings of Catholics. The writer referred to enlivens the columns of the *Westport Times* with the following charming bit of historical fiction:—

Pope Clement VIII. received no less a total than 300,000 crowns under the rubric of quitrents or penalties for crime, from the wickedest man on record—Francesco Cenci. No fiction is half so damaging to the doings of the Papacy or half so hideous as the undeniable historical facts connected with the Cencis.

We notice this statement partly because it has given annoyance to many Catholics on the West Coast, partly because it is a case in which 'the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation.' The writer referred to perpetrates his grim historic joke in apparently perfect simplicity and in a state of impressive earnestness and indignant good faith. He vouchsafes the information that the 'undeniable historical facts' to which he so darkly alludes are to be found in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. We now understand why the late Oliver Wendell Holmes poked such merciless sarcasm at the witless wights whose sole fount of historical information is a mere encyclopædia—the perusal of which has about as much relation to systematised historical knowledge as the reading of old almanacs has to the study of meteorology. The edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* from which our over-positive West Coast friend professes to draw his information must be a very old and frowsy one indeed—one of those that were written at a period when its publishers deemed it just to entrust the treatment of Catholic subjects to tenth-rate Protestant writers whose sole qualification for the work was, not their historical lore, but a capacity for putting forward an invariably hostile view with much needless heat and vapid declamation. The only editions before us are the two last—the eighth and the ninth. The eighth is a sufficiently reckless sinner in this respect. But its editors had sufficient conscience left to withdraw the wretched fairy tale quoted above regarding the 300,000 crowns. There is, moreover, nothing in it which reflects directly on the personal character of Clement VIII. In the ninth edition the story of the wretched Cencis is for the first time brought pretty closely into line with historical truth, and a cordial tribute is paid to the virtues of the saintly Pontiff whom the befogged writer in the *Westport Times* holds up to public odium on the authority of 'undeniable historical facts' which are merely undeniable historical fables.

SENTIMENTAL NONSENSE.
A THICK web of sentimental nonsense has been spun by one or two wild-eyed poets and by the very small fry of reputed 'historians' about the story of the Cencis, and especially about that of Beatrice Cenci. The eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (in its article, 'Cenci') furnishes a melancholy example of how 'popular' history is manufactured, like cotton prints and tinned tacks, to suit a particular market.

It contains a few strands of truth, just as imported shoddy contains a few fibres of honest wool. Thus, it tells how Francesco Cenci, a Roman noble, was a man of very wicked private life; that he treated his second wife (who was childless) and the children of his first wife with great harshness and even cruelty; that he had illicit relations with his daughter Beatrice, who—strangely enough—is made the heroine of the little romance; that Francesco was most cruelly murdered at a country house (Petrella) to which he had retired in the summer of 1598; and that, after the judicial proceedings customary to the time, his wife, his daughter Beatrice, and one of his sons were executed in Rome in 1599 for complicity in his murder. So much of the story is faithful and true. But the small historian of the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* tricks out these grains of fact with the glittering gewgaws of his perfervid fancy. Thus, we are told that Beatrice Cenci was a maiden of 'surpassing beauty,' 'formed to adorn and be admired'; (2) that she was 'gentle' and 'noble-minded'; (3) that Francesco's wife alone instigated the assassination of her husband; (4) that Shelley 'used a poet's license in implicating Beatrice unjustly in the guilt of her family'; that Guido Reni painted a portrait of 'the beautiful, the noble-minded, the ill-fated Beatrice Cenci' 'just before her execution'; and a charming variety of other gaudy scraps of fiction that it is not necessary to catalogue here.

THERE lies a wise appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. And a like recourse may be had from the rabid *Encyclopædia Britannica* of its uncritical and hysterical days to the same publication in its later and soberer moods, when it made a conscious effort to write history sanely. Practically all the romance that surrounded the story of Beatrice Cenci in the eighth edition is swept away in the ninth. It has been scattered to the four winds of heaven by Moroni in his *Dizionario di Erudizione Storico-Ecclesiastica* (vol. xiv., pp. 50-51); by Rohrbacher (*Histoire Universelle de l'Eglise Catholique*, vol. xii.); by Muratori; by Bertolotti's painstaking investigations, the results of which appear in his *Beatrice Cenci e la sua Famiglia* (published in 1877); and by an able article on the subject in the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1879.

Briefly: (1) Beatrice Cenci, instead of being so intolerably beautiful, had a rather plain face—one of the kind on which Kinglake used to waste such an unconscionable amount of sympathy. (2) Guido Reni never painted a portrait of her, either just before her execution, or at any other time, for the simple reason that he did not come to Rome till nine years after her death. The picture which is traditionally associated with her name is not, nor was it ever intended to be, a counterfeit presentment of her, but of some other maiden that was far more fayre to see. (3) Beatrice was a vicious creature, led an immoral life, and (as the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and all competent authorities agree) gave herself up to 'shameless depravity.' Her step-mother and the brother who were executed with her were also persons of bad character and evil life. (4) So far from being 'unjustly' implicated in the unnatural and brutal murder of her father, Beatrice was up to the eyebrows in the plot, was one of its chief instigators, and is known in history as 'the fair parricide.' (5) Beatrice and her partners in guilt

received a fair trial, in accordance with the judicial customs of the time. They were allowed counsel—and the most learned counsel at that—to plead in their defence, a right which was not accorded to accused persons in British courts of law till the nineteenth century was far advanced. The punishment of the Cenci murderers (beheading, etc.) was less severe than was customary under English law at that period. A century after the execution of the Cencis, English women who murdered their husbands were adjudged guilty of petty treason and were sentenced to be burned alive. As late as the close of the eighteenth century the horrible torture known as the picket was in full force as a recognised official punishment in the British army. In 1797-98 this, together with the newly-devised torture of the pitch-cap, was practised on a wholesale scale, and without the formality of judicial procedure, upon the unfortunate Irish peasantry for the purpose of goading them into insurrection. As late as the year 1809 no fewer than six hundred offences were punishable by hanging under British law—from pocket-picking, killing a hare, forgery, and coining up to wilful murder. During the hunger troubles of 1816 children of ten years of age were slowly strangled to death by the common hangman for peccadilloes for which they would nowadays be, at worst, let off with a caution. And for long after that date—to use the words of Horace Walpole—the country was ‘one great shambles,’ and the people (says Erskine May) ‘were brutalised by the hideous spectacle of public executions.’ Those who have tears to shed for human woe can, in all reason, find abundant subjects to bestow them upon without having to go so far back as the year of grace 1599. And all this maudlin sympathy over such hideous and unnatural crimes as those of the Cencis reminds one of the blubbering and foul-spoken Sterne shedding salt tears over the carcase of a worthless mule.

AS regards the character of Pope Clement VIII., history has built around it a rampart CLEMENT VIII. which is proof against popgun attacks such as are volleyed off in the columns of country papers. The *Encyclopædia Britannica*, even in its latest edition, shows its fangs to Catholics here and there by distorting, or by giving a false coloring to, the facts of personal or ecclesiastical history. Yet it admits that the pontificate of Clement VIII. was an ‘exemplary’ one. ‘Clement,’ it says, ‘was an able ruler and a sagacious statesman.’ And again: ‘He died in March, 1605, leaving a high character for prudence, munificence, and capacity for business.’ The only blame that it attaches to his memory is the execution of the erratic friar, Giordano Bruno. And Bruno was executed, not merely for his geocentric theories, but—as a perusal of his trial shows—for serious crimes against the existing laws of the State. Ranke, the German Protestant historian, cannot be accused of any leaning towards the Papacy or the Catholic Church. He is, on the contrary, much given to that contemptible form of calumny which consists in hating, suggesting, or directly imputing sinister or unworthy motives for actions whose intrinsic goodness is beyond the reach of doubt or cavil. Yet, after detailing the extraordinary labors of that great Pontiff, he says (*History of the Popes*, vol. ii., pp. 44-5, Bohn).—

Nor would he (Clement) permit himself to incur the blame of the slightest negligence in his spiritual duties. Baronius received his confession every evening. He celebrated Mass every morning at noon. Twelve poor men dined daily in the same room with himself, at least during the early years of his pontificate, and the pleasures of the table were in his case altogether out of the question. On Fridays and Saturdays, moreover, he fasted. When he had labored earnestly through the week, his recreation on Sunday was to send for certain pious monks, or for the Fathers of the Vallicella, and hold discourse with them on the more profound questions of divinity. The reputation for virtue, piety, and an exemplary life that he had always enjoyed, was raised to an extraordinary degree by such modes of proceeding.

On the same page the noted German Protestant author says that ‘Clement VIII. conducted himself on all occasions with enlightened deliberation,’ and that ‘he desired that nothing should be perceived in him but was becoming in itself and consonant with the idea of a good, pious, and wise man.’

It may be remarked that the infliction of monetary penalties for crime is part of the judicial system in every civilised country in the world. Why it should be made to appear a deordination in the case of Clement VIII.—who was also a temporal King—simply passes our comprehension. The story of the 300,000 crowns alleged to have been received by Clement VIII. as ‘quitrents or penalties for crime’ probably arose from the fact that in A.D. 1600—two years after the murder of Francesco Cenci—Clement distributed this precise sum among the poor (Rohrbacher, vol. xii., p. 734). He rescued one of the Cenci widows whose life was not corrupt, had her honorably married, and compelled her father to provide her with a suitable dowry. His respect for law is referred to in terms of warm commendation by Ranke (ii., 45). He was the terror of evil-doers of every degree, and spared not even the powerful families of the Cenci, the Santacroce, and the Massimi, when legal proof of their crimes was available. ‘The strength of the Papacy itself,’ says Ranke (ii., 46), ‘was immeasurably

increased’ by his personal virtues and by his fair and faithful and unselfish administration of his high office. And this is the man whose fair memory we are called upon to execrate out of mistaken sympathy for a little knot of wretched assassins of immoral life who met with their deserts over three hundred years ago.

THE
CONFESSIONAL
AGAIN.

THE Rev. Dr. Horton has probably the usual number of brain-cells. But they appear to be bulged out with nightmare views and scared apprehensions of what he is pleased to term the ‘evils’ of ‘Romanism.’ Under the stress of one of those attacks of no-Popery hysteria to which he has been subject with painful frequency of late years, he lectured recently on the confessional. His ungentle discourse reminds one of the parody that was published some years ago by the *Glasgow Herald*, with profound apologies to the shade of Tommy Moore:

There was a little man,
And he had a little soul
And he said: Little soul, let us try, try, try,
If it isn't in our reach
To get up a little speech,
Just between little you and little I, I, I.

Ordinary mortals are content to hold fast by the old-fashioned belief that ignorance of a subject is a bar to its proper treatment in pamphlet, book, sermon, or lecture. But Dr. Horton is no ordinary mortal. He evidently regards complete ignorance as the best qualification for dealing with a subject. The good little man in his little speech naively confessed that he had no practical experience of confession. He likewise pleaded ignorance of any theoretical acquaintance therewith, serenely assuring his hearers that he had never read any Catholic manual on the subject, ‘and if God gives me the grace,’ he piously added, ‘I never will.’ And with this scant mental equipment he launched forth in the style of the Slattery impostors on the sacred tribunal of penance, with a wealth of amazing blunders that render his previous confession of ignorance of his subject absurdly superfluous. His published lecture reminds one of what the chalk says in Kipling’s tale: ‘The blackboard told all I knew, and very much that I did not.’ All the polemical Doctor knew is stated in the one word: Nothing.

Following the example of the fraudulent and sensational adventurers referred to above, Dr. Horton attacks the confessional as being mimical to the virtue of purity. His statement has been repeated in the columns of a small religious weekly published in New Zealand. Happily, we are able to put the gross and unsupported assertion to the test. There is probably no country in the world where more frequent use is made of the confessional than in Ireland. On the theory of Dr. Horton and his colonial echo, Ireland should therefore present to the rest of the astonished world a spectacle of unexampled moral degradation. We will take the statistics of illegitimacy. These are, according to Dr. Leffingwell, a good test of the morality of a people living in the same country, under the same laws and customs, and with the same methods of collecting statistics. ‘The Registrar-General’s Reports for 1898 for the United Kingdom,’ says a recent and timely C.T.S. leaflet, ‘are open before us as we write; and from them we gather that the proportion of the illegitimate births for England is 42 per 1000; for Scotland, 6.8 per cent.; for Ireland, 2.7 per cent. Let it be noted that Ireland, where, assuredly, the confessional has full sway, stands in a noble pre-eminence, and that Scotland, the type of unswerving and unadulterated Protestantism, comes lowest on the list.’

But this is not all. Ulster is the most Protestant province of the Green Isle, its non-Catholic population being 52 per cent. of the total, as against 14 per cent. in Leinster, 6 per cent. in Munster, and 5 per cent. in Connaught. The Registrar-General’s returns give Ulster 3.7 per cent. of illegitimate to total births; Leinster, 2.6; Munster, 2.4; and Connaught, the most Catholic province in Ireland, only 0.6. But the most significant fact of all is this: that in Ulster the percentage of illegitimate births rises with the increase of the Protestant population and falls with the increase of the Catholic population in the various counties of the province. Returns from the separate counties have not been published since 1891. The following table is compiled by us from the statistics of that year:—

County	Total Population	Per Cent. Catholic	Per Cent. non-Cath.	Illegit. Births	Per Cent. Illegit.
Cavan	111,917	80.8	19.2	32	2.8
Donegal	185,635	76.9	23.1	60	3.1
Monaghan	86,206	73.2	26.8	38	4.4
Fermanagh	74,170	55.4	44.6	55	7.4
Tyrone	171,401	54.6	45.4	130	7.1
Armagh	143,289	46.6	53.4	139	9.0
Londonderry	152,009	44.5	55.5	143	9.4
Down	267,595	36.3	63.7	281	10.5
Antrim	428,128	24.6	75.4	560	13.0

In the first five counties mentioned above, the people who go to confession predominate; in the remaining four, non-Catholics. In the five counties in which the Catholics are in a majority the rate of illegitimacy, according to the census returns of 1891, was 4.9 per cent. In the four counties in which non-Catholics predominate the rate is 10.4 per cent. These figures will take a good deal of strenuous explanation.

The noted Presbyterian clergyman, Dr. Watson, (better known by his pen-name, 'Ian MacLaren') said to an American interviewer a few years ago that among the admirable qualities of the Irish people 'is that moral purity which is one of the glories of the Catholic Church in Ireland.' And the *Times* of November 16, 1872, reports that virulent enemy of Irish Catholics, James Anthony Froude, as having said in the course of his fifth lecture in New York: 'In the last hundred years, at least, impurity has been almost unknown in Ireland. This absence of vulgar crime and this exceptional delicacy and modesty of character were due, to their everlasting honor, to the influence of the Catholic clergy.'

THE following cable message appeared in the daily papers of last Friday:—'In the House of Commons Mr Brodrick stated that the Boer women detained in British camps, whose husbands were on commando, were on reduced rations, but that the other women were on full rations.'

It is scarcely necessary to point out the lurid significance of this callously brutal declaration of war policy. In circumstances such as those referred to by Mr Brodrick, the rations for each family are served out to its head—in this case the Boer *wrouw* or house-mother. Boer women, therefore, and their families—daughters included—after having been compelled to witness the wholesale burning of their homes, and the looting or destruction of their property, are subjected to systematic, deliberate, and unnecessary starvation in the midst of military camps scattered over wide areas of South Africa. Briefly and in plain terms, these hapless Boer females, whose husbands, brothers or sons are out on commando are practically placed between the alternatives of slow starvation or selling themselves to degradation and infamy. That is just what it comes to. In all the history of what is termed—too often by courtesy

—'civilised' warfare, we have never stumbled across a more cool and calculating piece of villainy than is exposed in this openly avowed campaign of starvation against helpless and unoffending women and girls. War is a rough and evil game. It often compels a resort to stern repressive measures. But this woman-hunting and woman-starving cannot be justified by any plea of military necessity or even of political policy. Another evil feature of this sad business is this:—That the newspapers which pictured the quivering ether with shrill cries of indignation at the alleged flogging of a Kaffir by a Boer have not one word of protest—nor even of comment on this new and shocking phase of military barbarism. There was a time when the honor of a British officer was something to swear by. The wearers of the gold lace were, in this respect, an example to their men. But in the later phases of this farcical War of the Thousand Surrenders, so much of military honor as is meant for everyday use seems to have centred chiefly in the rank and file. From the ranks, at least—and especially from the ranks of the colonial troops—there has come many a manly protest against the petticoat campaign into which the war, on the British side, has of late degenerated.

It was an evil day for the honor and fair fame of the British army when its officers in South Africa began to devote to the slow torture of helpless females the brain power which was insufficient to cope successfully with a few armed farmers in the field. Conquered peoples are slow to forgive or forget a policy of persecution or of outrage against their women. The brutalities of the Orange yeomanry, of the Hessians, and of the 'Ancient Britons' in Ireland in 1797-9 are still told with burning indignation by thousands of firesides in Leinster and Ulster. And the story of the burning farmsteads of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, and of the systematic starvation of Boer women in British camps will, in all probability, make many a pulse quicken and many an eye flash in Boer homesteads in South Africa in a hundred years to come. Quite apart from its moral and humanitarian aspects, such treatment of women and children is distinctly bad policy. This capitalists' war has brought many an evil in its train. But not the least of these is the enduring legacy of undying racial hate which for generations to come will be a thorn in the side of British administration in South Africa.

LENTEN CIRCULAR BY THE BISHOP OF AUCKLAND.

GEORGE MICHAEL, by the Grace of God, and the favour of the Holy Apostolic See, Bishop of Auckland, to the clergy, secular and regular, and to the laity of the said diocese, health and benediction in the Lord.

The accompanying circular is issued for your instruction and guidance, in the hope that it will be hung up in the houses or our parishioners. With very great pleasure we furnish you with the simple statement of facts, showing the work and progress that have been wrought in our diocese during the year 1900.

In matters of education, we have succeeded in persuading the Board of Education to allow their inspectors to examine the pupils of our schools. The present year will be a fair test of the efficiency of our teachers, and will prevent many parents from holding out the excuse, that the want of authorised certificates for their children was a bar to their progress in mercantile pursuits.

Six Sisters of Mercy were professed, increasing the permanent staff of teachers for their school. The Sisters of St. Joseph have opened a school at Paeroa, and have taken over the school St. Benedict's, the total increase of teachers numbering ten for these schools. We regret to state that owing to the sparse Catholic population of Pukekohe, the Sisters of the Mission have been compelled to close the school there.

A new school has been erected at Paeroa, the school at St. Benedict's is being considerably enlarged, and a new convent site purchased there by the Sisters of St. Joseph. A very fine convent has been erected by the Sisters of Mercy at Gisborne, the Convent of Mercy at Ponsonby renovated, and important additions are being made at our Orphanages. To carry out the religious principles of our schools, the Catholic Readers, approved of by the Australasian Hierarchy, have been introduced.

The Sisters of Mercy, who have with great success engaged in work at the Coromandel Hospital, have started a Convalescent Home at Mt Eden, to enable them to carry out one of the special objects of their Order, in caring for the sick and infirm.

New churches have been built at Te Koporu, Patutahi, and the Upper Township, Coromandel. The church at Puhoi has been enlarged, and the churches at Helensville and the Wade removed to more central positions.

Land and property have been secured at St. Patrick's and Gisborne, and very great improvements have been made in the Opotiki, Gisborne, Kihikihi, and Parnell districts.

From the following table you will note that a fair reduction of the debt on the diocese has been made:—

	Indebtedness as from Jan. 1, 1901.	Jan. 1, 1901, these debts reduced to
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Te Aroha ...	0 0 0	0 0 0
Paeroa ...	112 5 10	39 15 8
Thames ...	0 0 0	0 0 0
Coromandel ...	120 0 0	98 12 6
Tauranga ...	0 0 0	0 0 0
Opotiki ...	0 0 0	0 0 0
Gisborne ...	158 12 0	0 0 0
Puhoi ...	0 0 0	0 0 0
Whangarei ...	100 0 0	50 0 0
	<u>£8538 15 10</u>	<u>£7452 0 8</u>

Further debts were contracted in the following districts by improvements and additions, or by purchase of property, but in many cases these debts have been reduced. To the best of our knowledge they are as follows:—

	Debt.	Reduction.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Cathedral, property ...	480 0 0	0 0 0
St. Benedict's, fence ...	113 12 0	113 12 0
Onehunga ...	18 4 0	18 4 0
Otahuhu, improvements ...	40 0 0	40 0 0
Panmure and Howick ...	93 0 1	60 17 2
Kihikihi ...	203 15 1	203 15 1
Gisborne ...	949 1 8	275 4 6
Puhoi ...	249 12 3	150 0 0
Helensville ...	230 0 0	212 0 0
	<u>£2377 5 1</u>	<u>£1073 12 9</u>

Various sums of money are in hand for contemplated improvements at Onehunga, and at Otahuhu and Kihikihi districts.

We have much pleasure in placing on record the charitable offerings, left in favor of our schools and institutions by the late Mr. C. Clarke, Mr. Arrowsmith, and Miss Brennan. May these benefactors already have received an everlasting reward.

We hope during the year to increase our staff of priests, and carry on the spiritual work of the diocese more effectively. We trust that the parishioners will show their appreciation of their services by a becoming support.

During the year the Sacrament of Confirmation has been administered to 460 candidates.

As his Holiness has graciously extended the time of jubilee of the Holy Year till the end of June, we have arranged with the Passionist and Dominican Fathers to give a series of missions throughout the diocese. These will assuredly bring many blessings upon us. May God inspire us with heroic zeal to fulfil His law, and with unbounded charity towards our neighbor.

Given from our residence at Ponsonby, on the 10th day of February, and appointed to be read in all the churches and chapels of the diocese on Quinquagesima Sunday, February 17th, 1901.

✠ GEO. M. LENIHAN,
Bishop of Auckland.

	Indebtedness as from Jan. 1, 1900	Jan. 1, 1901, these debts reduced to
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Cathedral ...	1050 0 0	1000 0 0
Ponsonby ...	1100 0 0	1050 0 0
St. Benedict's ...	5528 0 0	4910 0 0
Parnell ...	187 4 0	150 18 6
Onehunga ...	0 0 0	0 0 0
Otahuhu ...	50 0 0	0 0 0
Panmure ...	0 0 0	0 0 0
Pukekohe ...	152 14 0	152 14 0
Hamilton ...	0 0 0	0 0 0
Kihikihi ...	0 0 0	0 0 0

SECOND PRECEPT OF THE CHURCH.

TO FAST AND ABSTAIN ON THE DAYS APPOINTED.

'We give thanks to Thee, O Holy Lord, Father Almighty, Eternal God, who by this bodily fast extinguishest our vices, elevatest our understanding, and bestowest on us virtue and its rewards.' (From the Preface in the Mass for the Lenten Season.)

Table with 2 main columns: Abstinence and Fasting. Rows include MEANING, AUTHORITY, MOTIVES, DAYS, GUILT, MEANING, AUTHORITY, CONDITIONS, OBLIGATION, and EXCUSALS. Each row contains detailed text explaining the precept.

From Carr's Lamp of the Word.

LENTEN DISPENSATIONS.

FOR THE DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND.

In virtue of the Indult granted for ten years to the Bishops of Australasia by the Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., November 18th, 1898. The Bishops of New Zealand, in Synod assembled decree that as far as possible, uniformity in the law of fasting according to the precept of the Church be observed.—Acts and Decrees, Provincial Synod.

- a. Fasting and abstinence dispensed on all Sunday.
b. At dinner, on all days of Lent, excepting Wednesdays and Fridays, Ember Saturday and the Monday of Holy Week, the use of flesh meat is allowed.
c. At the morning and evening repast, excepting Ash Wednesday and Good Friday, butter, milk, cheese, lard and dripping are allowed in moderate quantity.
d. At dinner also, excepting Ash Wednesday and Good Friday, eggs, butter milk, cheese, lard, and dripping may be used.
By special privilege of the Holy See the fast is dispensed on St. Patrick's Day. When St. Patrick's Day falls on a Friday, or one of the Ember days, the abstinence must be observed.

The time for fulfilling the Easter duty begins on Ash Wednesday, and ends on July 6th, the octave day of the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul.

Given at Bishop's House, Ponsonby, Auckland,
GEO. M. LENIHAN,
Bishop of Auckland.

The McCormick Harvesting Machine Company built and sold 213,629 machines in the season of 1899. This is the greatest sale of harvesting machines ever made by one company.—*.*.*

Did you ever read Helen's Babies, and do you remember the delightful enthusiasm of little Toddy when he got at the internal workings of somebody's watch and wanted to see 'the wheels go round'? And does it occur to you that wheels occupy a pretty important part in cycles? We have realised this fact, and as an evidence of the attention given the subject, want you to examine the latest Sterling chain, chainless, and free wheels. Built like a watch. New shipment just landed. Morrow, Bassett, and Co.—*.*.*

Tussicura, the wonderful cough remedy—sold by all chemists and grocers.—*.*.*

Wanted, about 50 clerks to help read testimonials re Tussicura. Sole manufacturer, S. J. Evans, 2s 6d.—*.*.*

The Grand Prix was the highest award obtainable at the Paris Exhibition, and the McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, of Chicago, secured this coveted honor, and not only this but they obtained more special prizes than all other competitors. Such a tribute to the worth of the McCormick machines is proof positive of their excellence. Messrs. Morrow, Bassett and Co., Christchurch, Ashburton, and Dunedin, are the agents for the Company's manufactures in New Zealand.—*.*.*

IN THE WAKE OF THE RISING SUN.

(By 'VIATOR')

Beyrout, Syria, December 6, 1900.

After a visit to the Mens House Hotel, rich in every modern luxury, we came back with the evening to Cairo. Along the road the dusky fellahs moved in picturesque groups, and stately camels with jingling bells and modest donkeys with their riders were silhouetted against the setting sun, reflecting in these novel groups the imagery and quaintness and unchangeableness of the East. On either side of the acacia trees, that flanked the roadway, the low, green level stretched for miles, picked out here and there with patches of reedy marsh, or shallow lagoons, or harrowed out soil—all empurpled in the rich sunset. From the fields of rice and maize and sugar came the 'furrowed ox in loose traces' and the little and scantily-clad fellahs and the inevitable donkeys. Along the road were blue-clad women coming from the spring with stone water-jars poised daintily on their heads, others with tiny mahogany babies sitting astride on their shoulders or over the hips—cavaliers on restless steeds, Bedouins with long strings of camels, donkey-boys following up their patient charges, all flashed in clear and novel vignette in the last beams of the lowering sun. To Cairo we jog easily behind our wiry ponies past motley crowds of street vendors and professional beggars looking for bakshish, through the lighted streets, along the narrow bazaars whose shops in their far recesses are gay with curios and colored glass and brass coffee-pots shining and simmering, past groups of men placidly smoking the nargillehs or singing to Allah and reading passages from the Koran sublimely indifferent to other mortals who, in their untutored simplicity, marvel at the wonders unfolded in the new conditions of life in the Orient—conditions that change not with the new order, that are deep set in the impregnable traditions of a long and chequered past. Cairo, as we drove to Shepheard's, gleamed around us in white and yellow houses and domes and nodding palms like a fairy city, while the long lines of the Mokattan Hills stood out as sturdy sentinels over the busy farms.

We were taken to visit the Citadel on a lofty hill whence an idea may be formed of the magnitude and population of Cairo, and whence a commanding view is had of the spreading city, the surrounding country, the minarets and domes beneath and in the distance the encircling Mokattan Hills. Here is the scene of the murder of the Mamalukes, the Egyptian Janissaries, by Mahomet Ali in 1811, and here, too, is shown the place whence Emin Bey, to avoid the murderers, leaped his horse over the parapet, killing indeed his steed, but escaping, so says the tradition, without personal injury. Alas! for the weakness of human faith. The leap is some 30 feet from parapet to ground, and so we listen and pass on and dim the romance by writing it down as a myth. We visited here the mosque of Mahomet Ali, glittering in alabaster columns, and showing wondrous colors through the many-colored windows in the walls and clerestory. We asked our dragoman, the gentle Sadi Oman, if he, too, would like to join the worshippers. With a broad smile from ear to ear he was at his oblations in the twinkling of an eye, doffed his mantle and shoes, and was at his prostrations with as keen a devotion as the others. We were given full-sized sandals to wear over our shoes, and thus equipped made the tour of the mosque. Countless small glass lamps were hanging from cut-glass and brazen chandeliers all over the building to within a few feet of the floor, and all around on carpets, fronting niches pointing to Mecca, swarthy, stolid Moslems were on their knees praying to Allah, anon prostrating head to earth in the earnestness of their devotions. So have we seen them on steamers, in the streets, in the depths of the country, in the crowded bazaars, nothing recking of the observer, paying their vows according to their creed, and after the manner of the Koran adoring the Most High. And when towards sundown, as often in the day, the muezzin from the minaret top calls in shrill monotonous tones to prayer, we have seen the pious followers of the Prophet seek a coigne of vantage and, indifferent of things of earth, sing the praises of Allah, and prostrate in prayer. Strong, unshakable in their convictions and customs, they erect to human eyes an impregnable bulwark to the Christian message.

HELIOPOLIS.

It was a pleasant drive, if hot, to the 'City of the Sun,' some six miles from Cairo. To mark the site of the ancient capital, at one time second only to Memphis, there remains but one monument, the famous obelisk in rose granite of Assarian, covered with hieroglyphics. It is the oldest obelisk in Egypt, yet it remains erect *in situ*. Its neighbour and companion during thousands of years was 'Cleopatra's Needle,' now decorating the Thames Embankment. Here stood the 'City of the Sun,' and from this city went forth in the ages a colony of priests to found the great Syrian city of Baalbec, of which we shall have in time to speak. We looked at the column standing all alone and mused at the ravages of time. As we mused and gazed in reverie we were surrounded by a crowd of peasant children, lithe, bronze, quarter-clad, asking for the inevitable bakshish—but degenerate in blood, and aim, and purpose, fallen from high state, and beneath the juggernaut car of felonious landlordism, dragging out an existence in national thraldom in the questionable interests of those who govern them. Poor fallen fellahs of Egypt. Their lot it is

'To scorn delights and live laborious days.'

But they know not of aim or aspiration or freedom.

'Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
That last infirmity of noble mind.'

They know not of the aspirations and claims and rights of manhood or nationhood. They know as little of the pulsations of the world, of the Boer War, the Chinese Boxers, the New Zealand penny post as the dull ass and ox and camel they drive in the furrows. So

have the mighty fallen in Egypt, for their relics tell in the face of the nations that the land produced great men and able in the brave days of old.

'The earth hath bubbles as the water hath
And these are of them.'

So it is written that

'Troy was.'

THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S TREE.

Not far from 'The City of the Sun,' on the road back to Cairo, is the village of Matarieh where, tradition records, the Holy Family rested after their flight into Egypt. 'The Blessed Virgin's Tree' and the Blessed Virgin's Well' mark the place of resting. An avenue rich in orange, palm, and banana trees leads from the high road to the 'Garden of Balm' where stands the aged sycamore, venerated for ages for the 'Blessed Virgin's Tree.' To the left is a rustic water-wheel used in pumping up the water from the 'miraculous spring.' Harnessed to the shaft was a bullock, blind-folded; and round and round he plodded his weary way the while crystal water flowed into watercourse and cistern. The most celebrated of all the souvenirs at Matarieh is its spring or well. The Mussulmans have at all times venerated this spring as being endowed with marvellous virtues. Tradition adds that the washing of the Child Jesus in the waters of Matarieh miraculously imparted to them extraordinary sweetness and purity. The water of Matarieh is in fact so good, especially that in the Garden of Balm, that formerly the Paschas of Cairo had it brought for their use at table, whilst everywhere else around the water raised by the *sakghs* or water-mills a short distance from the river has a distinctly saline or brackish taste. The existence indeed of a spring, distant from the infiltrations of the Nile, in a soil formed by alluvial deposit, and far removed from hills, in a county too like this where the rainfall scarcely moistens the highways eight or nine times a year, is in itself a phenomenon sufficiently extraordinary.

The 'Virgin's Tree' at Matarieh stands about 50 yards to the east of the spring. Tradition tells that on leaving Heliopolis the Divine exiles made their way to the sycamore which is now named the 'Tree of Matarieh,' and that being pursued by malefactors the trunk of the tree opened of itself and offered them a safe refuge from attack. The 'Virgin's Tree' is a sycamore—a true sycamore of the East; but in no wise resembling the species of maple called sycamore which grows in Western countries. It is enclosed by railings, but we managed, by judicious expenditure of bakshish to secure some of the leaves. Such trees are met in Syria and Palestine. Sycamore trees are associated with Zachaeus, who wished to see Our Lord pass, and with Judas, who hanged himself on one near the gates of Jerusalem. The 'Virgin's Tree' bears marks of age no one contends that it is the same tree that sheltered the Holy Family. The present tree, as far as I could learn from the Jesuit Fathers close by, dates back some 300 years, but it may be an offshoot from the original stock, the roots of which did not perish with the tree itself. Our veneration extends more to the spot than to the tree. The Virgin's sycamore is for us a sign, a memento of a touching scene, but it is not a relic. In thought we were borne back through the ages to the days when the Son of God fled from mortal attack, and we blessed Providence that we were able to kiss the ground where trod the footsteps of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. Close at hand the Jesuit Fathers have a house of studies and an oratory to the Blessed Virgin, and here it was, under the fierce gleams of an Egyptian sun, we first met our countryman, Rev. Patrick Kane, S.J.—kind, genial courteous, and helpful. Before leaving we took a farewell glance from the top of the enclosure at the rich plains of Heliopolis—the sight of departed greatness—'Magni nominis umbra'—the scene, too, in more recent times of a great feat of arms by the French troops under Kleber. Here it was on the 20th March, 1800, that Kleber with 10,000 soldiers defeated a mighty army of 80,000 Moslems. The battle raged around Heliopolis and Matarieh. When victory declared for the French army, Kleber, it is said, went to Matarieh and with his sword engraved his name on the 'Virgin's Tree.'

THE CRYPT OF THE HOLY FAMILY.

On the eastern bank of the Nile, facing the pyramids of Ghizeh, and ancient Memphis, and about 3 miles from the European quarter of the capital, extend dwelling houses, gardens, old convents, markets and ruins for over a league in length, the whole forming a suburb to the great city, and called Old Cairo. Here, according to a very ancient tradition, the Holy Family stopped for a time on their journey into Egypt. Over the spot, thus sanctified by the Divine exiles' presence, stands an ancient crypt bearing testimony to the venerable tradition. It is called Kasr-esh-Shamaah. The door is dug out like a hole in the huge Roman wall at the foot of an actual pit six feet lower than the roadway. There is no shop here, no sound of work, not a step to be heard nor a voice. All is silent as the tomb. All those around are Christians, but either Copt or Greek schismatics. Here was the Coptic Church of St. Sergius built over the spot where the Holy Family are said to have made their resting place. Here in early days was a church built, it is said, by St. Helena. But in the seventeenth century the Catholics were driven out by Coptic schismatics, and at the present day no Catholic worship is publicly allowed in the crypt. This little history, it may be said, is purely legendary.

'I cannot tell how the truth may be
I tell the tale as it was told to me.'

My authority for most of the details in regard to the stopping places of the Holy family in Egypt is the Rev. P. M. Julien, S.J., of the College of Fagollah, Cairo.

While in Cairo we frequently saw the Khedive with turboush or crimson fez on head, driving in open carriage amongst his crowds of motley subjects, enclosed front, rear, and flank by platoons of mounted soldiery.

'He wields his little trident
And wears his sapphire crown.'

On the island of Rhodda, near Old Cairo, an island luxuriant in groves and gardens, and near the spot marked by tradition as the place in the bulrushes where Moses was found by Pharaoh's daughter, is the Nilometer, or column about 30 feet high, sunk in a wall-like chamber, and registering the rise and fall of the great river that fertilises the land of Egypt. When the Nilometer registers a rise of 27 feet, then there is joy in the land and the water courses are open for the visit of the great fertiliser.

THE DERVISHES.

Once a week—every Friday about 2 o'clock—take place the religious exercises of the fanatical orders of Dervishes. In the mosque of Kasi-el-Sin we saw the howling Dervishes go through their dreary, weird performances, quite regardless of the presence of strangers. The performers under the lead of an elder, standing in a circle, at first bend their heads to and fro in unison while ejaculating invocations to Allah in peculiar dismal groans. The swaying gradually becomes more rapid and more violent, till the shaggy manes of the Dervishes sweep the floor front and rear. We were not moved to enthusiasm over the giddy exercise, but we marvelled much that men should find in shouts and groans and howls the fit exterior sign of inward faith and devotion and fervor. But the dancing Dervishes at the Gekizeh El-Akban afford a spectacle more elegant and interesting than their brothers the 'howlers.' Dressed in white robe, with light mantle of the same, and white fez to match, they extend the arms to the full and revolve in silence, within narrow limits, at the rate of 60 to 70 times a minute. And this, mark you, for over a half hour at a time. The howlers evoke a feeling of pity, if not of disgust, but I must say that the gyrations of the dancers in complete silence and extended arms had in them something of the elegant that pleases and captivates. After a brief rest they rise refreshed and in silent gravity take the floor with renewed zest to gyrate with placid face and immobile features in proof of their lofty sanctity.

While at Matarieh we paid a visit to an ostrich farm close by, where some 1400 of these gigantic birds are kept. Some of the male birds, leviathans of their species, are kept in walled courts securely barred, for no one could resist their attack. A big industry is here fostered in feathers, eggs, and ostriches.

The last evening we spent in Grand Cairo, Friday, November 30, feast of St. Andrew, we strolled through the city, charmed observers of the passing phases and forms, and colors and occupations of Oriental life. Yet here, too, we noted the incongruity of the tram car and the bicycle rubbing wheel and tyre against the staid, unchanging primitive implements of the Oriental.

On the morning of Saturday, December 1, we took train for Alexandria and through a veritable dust storm all over the valley of the Nile we took fare-well, with some regret, of this cradle land of the earliest civilisation and culture, now, through centuries of exploitation and misrule, of plunder and fight and conquest lying at the feet of a western power 'pledged' to maintain order, 'to sustain the local authority,' 'to advise the Khedive, by means of a standing army,' 'with the object of securing that the order of things to be established shall be of a satisfactory character, and possess the elements of stability and progress.' No one may deny that some such power is needed to hold together the heterogeneous elements of which modern Egypt—however great its past—is at present composed. Arrived at Alexandria in the early afternoon we called at the British Consulate to have our 'fezgiresh' or passports duly signed and countersigned, for no one unprovided with this 'open sesame' may hope to enter the Holy Land so jealously guarded by the Mussulman.

ON THE WAY TO PORT SAID AND BEYROUT.

A visit of farewell to our good ship, the Syrian Prince, to the captain and officers, was the only prelude to our taking up our quarters on the Rhamanieh, of the Khedival line of steamers *en route* to Port Said and Beyrout on the Syrian coast. It was fairy-like at evening as we shipped our mooring and stood down channel. The dome of dark blue, edged with pink and crimson lace, the clustering shadows stalking across the rising wavelets, themselves alight in phosphorescent brilliancy, the sentinel stars peeping out cold and clear and piercing, told us of the pictures we saw drawn from the life by classic writers.

Sunday, December 2, found us at Port Said, the narrow waterway of two worlds. Here Madame was stricken with Egyptian fever. We wended our way with Celtic instinct to the convent of the 'Good Shepherd' Sisters, and here indeed we sought not in vain the hospitable kindly assistance of that type of charity and mercy—the Good Shepherd nun—

'When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.'

Ere nightfall our patient, though weak, felt better, and by the advice of the medical officer of the Naval Hospital, Dr. Jeffrey, was moved, with the kindly assistance of one of the Sisters, to the steamer.

Nothing in Port Said became us like the leaving it. As we got to the open a cry broke from the sailors, 'A man overboard,' and from the bridge we saw a sailor fall from the yards. All was rush and consternation. 'It was a passenger.' 'It was a case of suicide.' 'He is lost.' 'They are bringing the corpse aboard.' 'Ea fama vagatur.' 'So doth busy rumor ever lie.' A life-belt was thrown like a streak of lightning—a boat shot from the davits, a few minutes of harrowing dread and fear! But the brave lad was picked up, and was quit of the accident with a ducking. In the still starry night, calm and peaceful as a saintly soul, we make north for Syria, the goal of our hopes. Under easy steam, for the captain is in no hurry by reason of quarantine in force on the Syrian coast, we make our way northward, and awake on the morning of Tuesday, December 4, to see rising over against our steamer,

the houses and hills, and groves and gardens, and nodding fronds of the palms of Beyrout. The medical officer, grim, grave, and grandiose, in frock-coat and scarlet fez is soon on board and examines all the ship's company with discriminating eye. Madame, we are thankful, has recovered from her fever, and all present the Turkish officer with a clean bill. None the less—for there is a haunting fear of plague from Egypt—we are condemned to 48 hours' quarantine. There is a crumb of comfort. The deck and second-class passengers are hustled off to the Lazaretto. We are privileged to pass our duration on shipboard—hence these notes. The only access to Syria and Palestine during these days of quarantine is by Beyrout. From Beyrout we purpose visiting Baalbec and Damascus, before entering on the sacred soil of Palestine.

Diocesan News.

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON.

(From our own correspondent.)

March 2.

His Grace Archbishop Redwood is at present in Auckland. Very Rev. Father Lewis, V.G., has returned to Wellington much benefited by his recent trip.

Close on 80 children are undergoing instruction for their First Communion, which they will receive in the Sacred Heart Basilica shortly after Easter. The Rev. Father Holley is instructing them.

Miss Cissy Guise, a pupil of St. Mary's Convent, passed the Junior Civil Service examination.

Miss Nellie Gallagher, ex-pupil of St. Mary's Convent, has obtained an 'E' certificate at the teachers' examinations held last January.

Miss Hickling, whose services when in Wellington have been given most freely to St. Joseph's Church choir, leaves shortly for Bulawayo where she will settle down.

The Very Rev. Father Keogh, S.M., B.A., the new rector of St. Patrick's College, arrived in Wellington on Thursday. His arrival was the occasion of much rejoicing both for students and professors. The boys enjoyed a holiday granted to them to commemorate the event. Father Keogh received telegrams of con-

gratulation from various places throughout the Colony. Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament was held at St. Joseph's Church on Sunday last. A *Missa Cantata* was sung by Father Clancy and Weber's Mass in G. was rendered by the choir. In the evening the sermon was preached by Father Herbert, of St. Patrick's College, who took for his text 'Lord make me know my last end.' After the sermon a procession of the Blessed Sacrament was held, the different confraternities taking part.

A visit paid to the Home for Incurables under Mother Joseph and the devoted Sisters shows that the rooms set apart for incurables are taxed to their utmost capacity. There are at present in the home eleven male and six female patients. The latest addition—the Victoria Ward—was opened on the day of the Queen's memorial service. To carry on the work on a large scale a six-roomed house on the eastern side of the present home has been rented, and this in a fortnight's time will be ready for patients. When everything is in working order Mother Joseph will accommodate twenty-five patients.

The half-yearly meeting of the Marist Old Boys' Literary Society was held last Thursday evening, when Mr. Kays, J.P., presided. A report relative to the publication of a magazine in connection with the society was read and evoked much discussion. It was ultimately agreed that a magazine should be started, and final arrangements were deferred till Thursday fortnight. The prizes recently won by the essayists were presented at the meeting. The first prize was eight volumes of Irving's 'Shakespeare.'

The following students of St. Patrick's College passed the New Zealand University Matriculation examination this year:—Thomas Gilbert, Daniel Hurley, Martin O'Brien and Gerald O'Kane. In the Civil Service examination, the result of which is just published, the students successful were Richard F. Madden, Duncan McMurrioh, John M. Prendeville, John L. Conlan, Gerald W. O'Kane, Michael Hanan and Clarence Arthur.

The annual meeting of St. Mary's Convent Ex-pupils' Association was held on Monday evening at St. Mary's Convent. There was a large attendance of members. The report for the year was read and adopted. The cost of the section of land at Titahi Bay and the erection of a cottage thereon amounted to £360. The debt had been reduced by £200 leaving a balance of £160 which, it is hoped, will be liquidated by the proceeds of entertainments to be held during the coming year. The furnishing of the cottage was helped considerably by donations from present and past pupils. A vote of thanks was passed to the donors. The election of officers for the current year resulted as follows:—President, the Rev. Mother Superior; vice-president, Miss O'Connor; treasurer, Mrs. T. G. Macarthy; secretary, Miss K. Williams (all re-elected); committee: Misses McDonald, Skerrett, Collins and Brady.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND.

(From our own correspondent.)

March 1.

The Rev. Fathers Benedict and Hilary begin a fortnight's mission at St. Patrick's Cathedral on Sunday, March 3.

Among the successful candidates at the recent Junior Civil Service examinations were the following from the Sisters of Mercy schools:—Miss M. V. Speight (St. Patrick's High School) and Miss Maude Towers (St. Mary's, Ponsonby).

The ranks of the clergy of the diocese have been strengthened by the advent of the Rev. Father McGarrac, who arrived in Auckland during the early part of last week. He is to be stationed at St. Benedict's.

Much pleasure was felt in Auckland when the news came to hand that the District Board of the H.A.C.B. Society was to be retained here. The Auckland representatives of the society at the Dunedin meeting are to be congratulated on the success that attended their efforts to retain in our midst the Executive of the Society in New Zealand.

The committeemen of both the sports and concert, to be held in connection with the St. Patrick's Day celebrations, are making great preparations therefor, and it is to be hoped they will be rewarded for their labors by large attendances. The leading musical talent of the city has been secured for the concert, and it is rumored that Mr. M. Roseingrave (the famous Irish champion) will participate in several of the athletic fixtures arranged for the day's proceedings.

The first week of the mission given by the Passionist Fathers at St. Benedict's was brought to a close on Sunday, when all the children of the parish made a renewal of their baptismal vows. Immediately after this, a mission, to last two weeks, was commenced for the adults. At 11 o'clock, Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Augustine, the Rev. Father Benedict acting as deacon and the Rev. Father Hilary as subdeacon. The Rev. Father Hilary preached on the text, 'Behold, now is the acceptable time; behold, now is the day of salvation.' In the evening a large congregation assisted at Vespers, when the Rev. Father Augustine preached on 'The Infallibility of the Pope.'

SOUTHLAND NEWS NOTES.

(From our own correspondent.)

The list of the successful candidates at the recent Civil Service examinations under the Dunedin heading deprives Southland of getting its share of the honor in one case. I refer to that of Master John Delargey, son of the popular host and hostess of the Commercial Hotel, Waikaiti. The candidate was for some time a student of the Christian Brothers' School, Dunedin.

The members of the Wyndham Catholic Literary Society are to appear before the public shortly in the rôle of a dramatic company. Rehearsals and other preparations are being carried on with enthusiasm.

A concert is to be held at Waikaiti on the 15th inst., in aid of the funds of the newly appointed Riversdale parish, and promises to be a huge success.

The health of Mr J. A. Hanan, M.H.R., Invercargill, is at present far from robust. The honorable gentleman left last week for the lakes, where he intends to sojourn a short while.

Orepuki is destined to become a populous place. The Shale Company are applying for a large number of extra workers, and a consignment of 300 girls is being brought from Scotland to work at the company's establishment.

The residents of the Winton district are much exercised over the fact that few of the parliamentary grants voted last session have been expended, and of course the votes will lapse after the 31st March—the close of the financial year. No doubt the fault lies with the Lands Office, where much dilly-dallying is being done since the Hon John McKenzie gave up command.

PRESENTATION TO DR. McILROY.

A pleasing ceremony took place on Monday evening (says the Greymouth Star, February 27), when the members of the Brunner Catholic Choir and their friends met in the schoolroom to bid farewell to their late conductor, Dr. McIlroy. The worthy doctor was the recipient of a handsome pipe case inscribed, containing two pipes, one silver mounted, and a tobacco pouch suitably inscribed. Mr. T. Heslin made the presentation, and in a happy speech spoke of the many good qualities of the doctor, and of the loss the choir would sustain by his departure. Dr. McIlroy suitably responded. The function took a social form. The Rev. D. Malone and the Rev. E. E. Kimbell, and several other friends and admirers of the departing guest were present, among whom was Dr. Jas. McBrearty, who was kindly welcomed as the successor of Dr. McIlroy. Items were contributed by Mr. T. Moore (on the phonograph), songs by Miss McDonald, Messrs. T. Moore, M. Johnstone and Dr. McIlroy, Mr. F. Heslin giving a fine baritone rendering of the 'Sleeping Camp.' The Rev. D. Malone officiated as chairman and the Rev. E. E. Kimbell with his much appreciated and masterly touch supplied the instrumental part of the programme. The meeting closed with the sweet strains of 'Old Lang Syne' after justice had been done to the good things provided by the ladies, so that altogether Dr. McIlroy leaves Brunner with a host of good wishes from all directions and quarters.

We learn from a correspondent that besides the above, Dr. McIlroy was the recipient of a beautifully illuminated address, accompanied by a massive gold chain with a greenstone pendant in shamrock form, from the citizens of Brunner. The address, which was of a very flattering nature, was signed by Mayor Russell, Messrs. Alison (mine manager), H. Coppersmith (president of the medical association), T. Franklin (secretary of the medical association), Joseph Noble, and 10 other leading citizens of Brunner on behalf of the residents of the district among whom the doctor had labored so zealously during the past four years, and whom he now leaves with the best possible credentials. Dr. McIlroy is an old St. Patrick's College boy, and leaves here to take charge of the Ross Hospital.

Friends at Court.

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- March 10, Sunday.—Third Sunday in Lent.
- " 11, Monday.—St. John of God, Confessor.
- " 12, Tuesday.—St. Gregory the Great, Pope, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church.
- " 13, Wednesday.—St. Matthew, Apostle.
- " 14, Thursday.—St. Fintan, Abbot.
- " 15, Friday.—The Five Wounds of Our Saviour.
- " 16, Saturday.—The Holy Winding Sheet of Our Saviour.

ST. FINTAN, ABBOT.

The distinguished Abbot Fintan, surnamed Munnu, was one of the family of Niall, and son of Failchan and Feidelmia, natives of the north of Ireland. The date of his birth is not given, but it appears that an early age he was placed at the school of Bangor, under St. Comgall, and that afterwards he studied at the school of Kilmore-Deathrib which Columbkille is supposed to have governed for some time before his departure for Ireland. His chief instructor appears to have been Sinell, son of Moynacur, with whom he remained 18 years, perfecting himself in learning and religious observances. He also spent some time at a place now called Kilfinnan, in the County Limerick; thence he went to a place called Coonah, in the same county. Between these places Fintan passed his early years—a model of good conduct and piety.

The reputation and sanctity of the monks of Iona, under Columbkille, had made such an impression on him, that he resolved to join their community, in order to lead a life of greater sanctity in the quiet retirement of their monastery.

In order to carry out his good intentions he set out for Iona. St. Columbkille had died a few days before his arrival and was succeeded by Baithen. To him, therefore, Fintan applied to be received into his community. Baithen questioned him as to his family, studies, conduct, and the like. Fintan modestly answered him, and humbly requested to be admitted as a monk. Baithen having heard his story, replied: 'I thank God that you are come to this place; but this you must know, that you cannot be a monk of ours.' Fintan, much afflicted at this refusal, asked, 'Is it that I am unworthy of being one?' 'No,' answered Baithen, 'but, although I should be very glad to keep you with me, I must obey the orders of my predecessor Columba, who, before he died, said to me, in the spirit of prophecy: 'Baithen, remember these words of mine, immediately after my departure from this life, a brother, who is now regulating his youth by good conduct and who is well versed in sacred studies, named Fintan, of the race of Mocu-Moi, and son of Failchan, will come to you from Ireland, and will supplicate to be reckoned among the monks. But it is predetermined by God that he is to be an abbot, presiding over monks, and a guide of souls. Do not, therefore, let him stay in these islands of ours, but direct him to return in peace to Ireland, that he may there establish a monastery, in a part of Leinster not far from the sea, and labor for the good of souls.' The pious young man shed tears when he heard this, and returned thanks to God, and said that he would follow these directions. Colgan states that before he went to Leinster, in accordance with the injunction of Columbkille, he spent five years at a monastery he established at a place called Teachelle, in the district of Heli (Ely O'Carrol), in Munster, and that he subsequently founded a monastery at a place named after him, Teach-Munnu (the house of Munnu), now Thagmon, in the County of Wexford. He wrote a work in favor of the Irish custom of observing the Easter festival, which led to a warm controversy between himself and St. Lasarian, Bishop of Leighlin, which is thus related in his life: 'On a certain time there was a great council of people of Ireland held in the White-field (Synod of Leighlin), between whom there arose a controversy concerning the order of celebrating Easter; for Lasarian, Abbot of Leighlin, who presided over 1500 monks, defended the new order, which was then lately sent from Rome, while others adhered to the old form. But St. Munnu (Fintan) did not immediately appear at this council, though everyone waited for him. He stood by the older order. He came to the council the same day before evening. Then St. Munnu said to the Abbot Lasarian, in the presence of all the people: 'It is now time to break up this Council that every man may depart to his own place. In our contention concerning the time for celebrating Easter, let us dispute briefly, but let us give judgment in the name of the Lord. You have three options given you, O Lasarian; let two books, one of the older order and one of the new, be cast into a fire, and let us see which of them shall escape from the flames; or let two monks, one of yours, another of mine, be shut up in a house, and let the house be set on fire and we shall see which of them shall escape unhurt; or let us both go to the sepulchre of a dead monk and raise him to life, and he will show us which order we ought to observe in the celebration of Easter.' To which Lasarian answered, 'We will not proceed to judgment with you, because we know that if you commanded the Mountain of Marge to be changed into the White-field, and the White-field to be removed to the place where the mountain stands, that, on account of your infinite labors and great sanctity, God would immediately do this for your sake.'

From this it would appear that St. Fintan was revered by his brethren for his great sanctity and miraculous power. It seems that he also soon after saw his error in the observance of the Easter festival according to the manner of the Irish Church, and adopted that of Rome.

St. Fintan was far advanced in years when he died, at his own monastery, on the 21st of October, 635, leaving after him a distinguished reputation for sanctity and perfection in piety and godliness.

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Irish News.

CAVAN.—A Wealthy Landowner.—Lord Farnham, who died in a private hospital in Dublin on November 29, possessed an estate in the county Cavan which covered an area of almost thirty thousand acres. His annual rental therefrom was about £20,000.

CORK.—Charitable Bequests.—Mr. Maurice Murray, late of Beech Hill, Montenotte, Cork has left a number of bequests to Catholic and charitable institutions in his native city.

Assisting the Poor of Macroom.—Lady Ardilaun has sent £20 to the Sisters of Mercy, Macroom, for the relief of the poor under their charge.

Death of a Returned Exile.—Mr. P. Collins, who arrived at Fermoy, Ireland, from America, on Thursday, December 27, was found dead on the mountain side almost within sight of his father's home. It appears that the traveller was unable to secure a conveyance from Fermoy to the home of his father and started to walk there, but was overtaken by the storm, succumbed, and died of exposure. He had £426 in his pocket when found. Mr. Collins was only 25 years of age.

Presentation to the Bishop of Cloyne.—A deputation of the People's Committee waited on the Most Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Cloyne, at his residence, The Palace, Queenstown, on his return from Rome, and presented him with an address and purse of sovereigns on behalf of his parishioners. Mr. Swanton read the address.

Kinsale League of the Cross.—The members of the League of the Cross, Kinsale, have erected in their Temperance Hall a nicely executed marble slab, as a token of esteem, in which they hold the founder of the hall, the Very Rev. Canon O'Mahoney, Kilmurray.

DUBLIN.—In Support of Irish Music.—A drawing-room meeting was held at the residence of Lady Arnott, Merrion-square, Dublin, recently, in support of the Feis Ceoil Association. The Right Rev. Monsignor Molloy, D.D., presided, and there was a large attendance. Miss Edith Oldham, hon. secretary, read a paper on the 'Feis Ceoil,' and addresses were delivered by Dr. Culwick, Rev. G. O'Neill, S.J., and Mr. George Coffey.

New School at Dalkey.—On Sunday, January 13, the parish priest of Dalkey blessed a new school for boys at Porter's-road, Dalkey, which was opened for the admission of pupils on Monday. The school has been erected as a memorial of the late Canon George Harold. A teacher's residence has been built in the adjoining plot. His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin sent a donation of £100.

Charitable Bequests.—Mr. William McEvoy, of 26, Royal terrace, West Kingstown, Dublin, solicitor, who died on October 22 last, and whose estate has been valued at £15,325 12s, after having made certain bequests, left the residue of his estate, including a reversion of £7000, to the Hospice for the Dying, Harold's Cross, Dublin, and the St. Vincent de Paul Male Orphanage, Glasnevin.

Teaching the Irish Language.—The Dominican nuns are doing something for the National language as well as the Dominican priests. At St. Mary's University College, Muckross Park, Donnybrook, Irish classes for pupils of every grade are in full swing.

KILKENNY.—Death of the Dean of Ossory.—The Irish priesthood has been robbed of a distinguished member by the death of the Dean of Ossory, the Very Rev. Thomas Kelly, of Kilkenny. Dean Kelly was a Maynooth man, and had been 45 years a priest. He died in his sixty-eighth year, and was interred in the vaults of St. Canice's Church, Kilkenny.

LIMERICK.—The Member for the City.—Alderman Joyce, the member of Parliament for Limerick City, or, as he is familiarly called, 'The Skipper,' has had a remarkable career. At the age of 12 he went to sea, visiting all the principal ports of the world. On three occasions he was shipwrecked, and was obliged to swim for hours until he was picked up by a lifeboat. After 12 years' experience at sea he settled down at home with the old folks, and took out a pilot's license for the lower Shannon. Mr. Joyce takes an active interest in the promotion of Irish National sports.

Marriage in High Life.—Miss Purcell, Limerick, is to be married to a relative and namesake of Cardinal Vaughan, of London. She is a daughter of Don Guillermo Purcell, of Mexico. Mr. Purcell is probably the wealthiest man in that republic. He is a native of Limerick city, and went to Mexico to engage in the tea trade over 40 years ago. His extensive railway interests in Mexico rival those of the Vanderbilts in the United States. The title of Don, by which he is addressed, is, it seems, solely the right of the most distinguished and wealthy in the republic.

Serious Fire in the Post Office.—A fire of much seriousness broke out in the Limerick Post Office on the night of January 4. The outbreak was first discovered in the Parcel Office, and quickly extended. The brigade was summoned, but owing to deficient water supply could not effect much service. In the meantime the flames spread on all sides, and the sky was lit up with a ruddy glow, seen for miles around. By nine o'clock the brigade succeeded in getting control of the conflagration. Much damage was done. The parcel office was destroyed, and its contents—some 50 parcels and a couple of hundred mail and parcel baskets, as well as some instruments, tools, etc., stored in the workroom—were burnt to ashes. £500, at the least, is said to represent the damage wrought.

LOUTH.—Funeral of the Late Father Taaffe.—The funeral of the late Rev. L. Taaffe, Tallanstown took place at the family burial ground at Louth Cemetery. The remains, enclosed in a coffin of polished oak, were conveyed from his sister's residence at Dales, Clogher Head, to Tallanstown Church, where they were placed on a catafalque in front of the little altar. Solemn Office and *Requiem* High Mass were attended by a large number of clergy both secular and regular. The deceased clergyman finished his collegiate course in the College of Salamanca, and was only 44 years of age. His death creates a great void.

ROSCOMMON.—An Address and Testimonial.—Mgr. M'Laughlin, of Roscommon, received about the middle of January from his fellow-priests in the Diocese of Elphin an address and testimonial indicative of their general regard. The Monsignor, in thanking his colleagues for their compliment, said that the offering so kindly made him 'would go like all the rest'—unreservedly towards the completion of the new Church of the Sacred Heart Roscommon.

TIPPERARY.—An Appeal on Behalf of the Chinese Christians.—The Very Rev. Dean Kinane, of Cashel, has made an appeal to the Catholics of Ireland on behalf of the Christians now so mercilessly persecuted in China. In his touching appeal, the learned and devoted Dean of Cashel describes the horrible massacres which have for the past few years made the streets and byways in the Chinese cities, towns, and villages run red with the blood of martyred priests and Chinese converts. The glories of these unknown champions of the Faith of St. Peter and St. Patrick will never be fully realised till the Judgment Day. Their heroic deaths have sown the seed for fresh conversions to the Faith. But burnt churches and demolished convents offer no asylum to the converted natives, marked out as the natural prey of the fanatical heathens. It is to provide part of the funds for the rebuilding of the destroyed churches and missions that Dean Kinane now addresses the Irish public. The first response—a cheque for £10—has come from the illustrious Metropolitan of Munster, the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, and the priests and people of the City of the Kings have nobly followed the example of the great prelate by subscribing the splendid sum of £60.

Opening of the Silver and Lead Mines.—Having lain derelict and unworked for more than 30 years, the once famous silver and lead mines on Lord Dunally's property, Shallee are to be re-opened. The utmost satisfaction is felt in Nenagh and district on the prospective increase of employment, and its beneficial effect on trade generally.

TYRONE.—Compensation for Malicious Injuries.—At the Dungannon Quarter Sessions, there being a complete absence of criminal business, Sir F. Brady, Bart., chairman, was presented with white gloves by the Sheriff. Subsequently his Honor awarded £1200 compensation to policemen who had received serious injuries during a series of riots which took place in the county in connection with the General Election. Of this amount one constable got £200 in connection with the riots near Cookstown last October, a sergeant was awarded £300, and four constables £150 each for injuries inflicted by a mob at Dungannon.

Opening of a New Church at Omagh.—A magnificent new church was formally dedicated on Sunday, the Feast of the Epiphany, in connection with the Omagh Asylum, which is situated in the parish of Cappagh. Owing to the increase of lunacy during the past few years the Governors of the Asylum felt it necessary that a larger accommodation should be provided for religious service, especially for the Catholic inmates, who are two-thirds of the entire body of some 800. When a new Board of Governors was constituted under the Local Government Act, a strong appeal was made to them that the Catholics would, on conscientious grounds, prefer to have a church that should be entirely for the Catholics, and that a similar provision should be made for non-Catholics. The Right Rev. Dr. O'Doherty strongly pressed this appeal, as did also the Rev. James O'Keane, P.P., Cappagh. The Right Rev. Mgr. McNamee, Omagh, and the Right Rev. Mgr. Smollen, V.F., Enniskillen, vice-chairman of the Board, gave to the appeal the great weight of their influence. This reasonable appeal met no opposition and the Board, with great liberality and generosity, unanimously resolved that the Catholics should have their new church entirely to themselves, and a truly splendid church it is. The style of the church is Gothic throughout, measuring inside 80ft by 30ft 6in by 18ft to nave, capable of seating comfortably 500 persons.

WATERFORD.—A Peculiar Proceeding.—At Tallow, County Waterford, seven members of the local branch of the United Irish League have been prosecuted by the Crown authorities for intimidation in connection with the taking by a man named O'Keefe of a farm from which another man had been evicted. A peculiar feature of the case was that Mr. C. P. Redmond, of the *Waterford News*, was summoned on behalf of the prosecution to produce the manuscript of the notes of the proceedings on which the Crown based their case. Mr. Redmond refused to do so. The case against the defendants was adjourned.

GENERAL.

Munster Men in London.—London is shortly to have a new social Irish organisation in the shape of a Munster Association. The promoters of the new movement are Mr. Hooper, a popular and respected member of the London staff of the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, and Mr. MacCollum, the well-known Gaelic teacher and organiser. The association is to come into public being by means of a dinner, which will be partaken of by the big battalions of Munstermen in London, and which will be presided over by no less a representative of the great Irish province than Sir James Matthew, father of the talented author of *The Spanish Wine* and *The Rising of the Moon*.

Not Touting for an Alliance.—The *Daily Chronicle*, commenting on Mr. Redmond's speech, says such an utterance makes any alliance with the Radicals impossible. The *Freeman* gives it its answer by asking what title the *Chronicle* has to speak for the Radicals, and by reminding it that alliances with the Irish Party have hitherto been made on the initiative of English parties. The Irish Party is not touting for any alliance.

Sale of Irish Industries.—The Duke of Westminster has given Lady Londonderry the use of Grosvenor Hall, London, for the St. Patrick's Day Sale of Irish Industries. It is expected that Lord and Lady Roberts will be secured to open the sale.

Emigration During the Past Year.—The emigration statistics for 1900 just published, show that the fatal drain on Ireland's population still maintains its outward flow with unabated volume. During the year no fewer than 45,918 emigrants left Ireland, this being 3012 more than in the previous year. About 90 per cent. went to the United States—41,839 to be exact; 1500 to Australia, 963 to Canada, 993 to South Africa, and 613 to sundry other points of destination.

Prize Essays on the Sieges of Limerick and Derry.—Early last year Mr. William Gibson, a member of the Goldsmiths' Co., Oxford street, London, offered two prizes of £50 and £25 for the best essays on the sieges of Derry and Limerick, the writers to be under 30 years of age. The Irish Literary Society, in whose hands the prizes were placed, nominated the late Lord Russell of Killowen and Mr. Lecky, M.P., as adjudicators. On the death of the former his place was taken by Mr. Justice Matthews. These gentlemen have had the essays under consideration for a considerable time, and their decision now announced is that the first prize of £50 goes to Mr. Henry Mangan, of Mayne road, Dublin; and the second, of £25, to Mr. Hugh A. Law, Marble-hill, Donegal; while Mr. Donnan, of Kircubbin, County Down, is highly commended. It is arranged that the successful competitors should read their essays at a future meeting of the Society.

Music in Ireland.—It is stated by the Rev. T. Donovan, C.M., in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* that the Irish National Education Board has appointed a head organiser and a number of assistants whose duties will be to introduce the teaching of music into the elementary schools, to form classes, to give teachers any instruction or help that may be necessary as to the best methods of teaching singing, and in general to afford all the assistance they can offer for the accomplishment of the end which the new rule of the Board has in view. Father Donovan is hopeful that this practical measure will do much to raise Irish musical culture from the wretchedly low state into which it has fallen.

The Rev. Dr. Kolbe and the Irish People.—The Rev. Dr. Kolbe, writing from South Africa to the *Freeman's Journal*, says: 'The people of South Africa owe a deep debt of gratitude to Ireland for its moral support during this unhappy war. You over there have been quick to perceive the analogy between our position and yours. Taught by bitter experience, you could not fail to recognise the cry of a throttled nationality. We had a moment of doubt when we realised what a bargain you might make for Ireland if you would only support the war party, but we need not have doubted Ireland. Be assured that you will never regret having espoused our cause. The real strength of the Empire lies in the freedom and the harmony of its constituent nations; its weakness lies in oppression and suppression. You are the pioneers of the true glory of the Empire to come; we follow humbly after. Sister Ireland! hands across the sea!'

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Tussicura, Wild Cherry Pectoral Balm, the famous remedy for coughs, bronchitis, asthma, and consumption, has the largest sale of any throat and lung medicine in New Zealand. Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of bronchitis, cough, difficulty of breathing, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, experience delightful and immediate relief, and to those who are subject to colds on the chest it is invaluable, as it effects a complete cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a cough or asthma to become chronic nor consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where coughs have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a complete cure is certain. Beware of coughs. Remember every disease has its commencement, and consumption is no exception to this rule. Obtainable from Messrs. Kempthorne, Prosser and Co., Limited, and all merchants throughout the Colony. Price, 2s 6d.—*.*

People We Hear About.

A very remarkable figure at the recent meeting of the Irish Literary Society, in London, was Mr. W. Gibson, the son and heir of Lord Ashbourne. Two or three years ago he joined the Catholic Church, and he has become a strong Nationalist, so far, at least, as Irish literature, history, and antiquities are concerned. At this meeting he was dressed in the ancient national dress of Ireland, and he is learning to speak the Irish language. Lord Ashbourne, as a good old Tory, must be rather puzzled.

All of us know (says *M.A.P.*) that the Duke of Norfolk has vast wealth, is premier Duke of England, a K.G., and—to descend to bathos—was till lately Postmaster-General. But everyone may not realise the many privileges attached to his position. As Earl-Marshall he has entire control over the arrangements in Westminster Abbey at the time of a coronation or other public ceremonial, and all announcements as to detail are issued by him. By virtue of this office the Duke can, if he wish, claim the right to an escort of cavalry on any special occasion. He is also by birth Hereditary Chief Butler of England, and at a coronation is entitled to receive a drinking cup of pure gold.

The late Mr. Ignatius Donnelly was of Irish parentage. He visited Europe in 1888, making then a protracted stay in Fintona, County Tyrone, of which his father was a native. Mr. Donnelly had many claims to distinction besides those arising from his position as a Shakespearian commentator. He was something of a poet, the author of a number of prose volumes, and most of all a politician and orator. A lawyer by profession, he held many public offices in the United States, where he was familiarly known as Governor Donnelly, a term borrowed from an office he held in his resident State. His sister, Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, is a poetess of more than American repute. She writes largely for the *Ave Maria*, and her work has the impress of a truly poetic imagination, a felicitous diction, and withal a mind thoroughly imbued with Christian sentiments and Catholic piety.

The obtaining of a 'research degres' at an English University by a French Father of the 'Missions Etrangères' of Paris, a missionary in British India, is an event as unique as it is remarkable. The Rev. Louis Froger, of Christ's College and St. Edmund's House, Cambridge, and a member of the above famous Missionary Society, was recently duly admitted B.A. at Cambridge as an 'advanced Research Student,' after due presentation and examination of his dissertation. The learned missionary had already successfully taken his M.A. degree at the London University last summer. He has now returned to teach in St. Joseph's College, Bangalore (Mysore), in which he was already teaching before going to England. Another of the staff, the Rev. Stephen Schmitt, took his London M.A. degree two years ago.

The distinguished Irish writer and journalist, John Augustus O'Shea, the 'Irish Bohemian,' who has fallen on evil days, gives a brief account of his career in a recent number of Mr. T. P. O'Connor's weekly. He says:—'I first saw the light in Nenagh, the capital of North Tipperary, somewhere about the forties. My memory of my father—the kindest and best of men—may be said to date from Maryborough, the capital town of Queen's County, in the precincts of the ancient Pale. We lived in Coburg Row, a pretentiously named street, opposite the school-house kept by "Jerry" Gorman, who had failed for a fellowship in Trinity College and was much respected by the gentry of the district. He taught me all the Latin and Greek he knew; his school was attended by Protestants, and I was the only Catholic there for a long period. My father was a journalist; indeed he was the "doyen" of Irish journalists, and my first effort in journalism was as a leader-writer. I wrote the opening article to a paper of which my uncle, Mr. Peter Gill, was proprietor, while I was at the Catholic University, but before I went to the University, when I was 15 years old, I wrote a sketch of the Great Heath race meeting, near Maryborough, of which Lord Waterford was the hero—Harry, "The Wild Marquis," afterwards killed in the hunting-field. Destined for the medical profession, I was applying myself seriously to it when a wave of excitement passed over Ireland on behalf of the Holy See, and, as I always had a banking for the military profession, thinking that Italy would give me the opportunity I desired to combine surgery with soldiering, I started one fine morning for that country. I joined the Irish battalion, declined a commission, and attained the rank of *Feriere* after a couple of months. Included in the capitulation after the bombardment of Ancona, I thought it well to make my escape through the enemy's lines, and crossed the Appenines to Rome, where I had an audience of the late Pontiff, Pío Nono.' For several years Mr. O'Shea eked out an existence in London by adapting plays from novels and such like work. Later on we find him in Paris where he acted as correspondent for Irish and American newspapers. After a time he was appointed representative of the *London Standard*, and was the first to bring prominently before the English public the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play. He acted as correspondent for the same paper during the Franco-German war, and was in Paris during the siege. His subsequent work for the *Standard* included journeys 'to India to record the famines; to Ireland, once with the Prince of Wales and once with General Grant; to Canada with the Marquis of Lorne; to Egypt and to Cyprus with the then Sir Garnet Wolseley. I attended Dutch fêtes, a Swedish coronation, a Vienna exhibition, and a Carlist campaign.'

Wanted, everyone who has proved the worth of Tussicura to recommend it to their friend.—*.*

Witches Oil cures pains and aches, neuralgia, headache, sciatics, rheumatism. Price, 2s 6d. Try it.—*.*

Largest "Pot-Still" Distillers in the World.

THE DUBLIN DISTILLERS' COMPANY, LTD.

The Popular Brands of this Company are

WM. JAMESON & CO.'S "HARP BRAND,"

GEO. ROE & CO.,

"G.R."

Guaranteed absolutely Pure Malt Whisky.

Head Office for Australasia:

JOHN MEAGHER & CO.,

82A Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

£20 for a NAME

for the Second-Grade Dunlop Tyre
we intend placing on the market to
meet the existing demand for a

Good Wearing Tyre at a Low Figure.

CONDITIONS of COMPETITION.

The *Name* to be concise and appropriate.

The Competition is open to all.

Competitors may send in as many selections as they like, provided that they are sent in separately, with the selected name on one side of a sheet of paper and the senders name and address on the other.

Should more than one Competitor select the winning *Name*, the award will be made by priority. All letters will be numbered and filed as received, so that it is advisable for Competitors to send in their selections as soon as possible.

Letters to be addressed to "A." care of any of our Australasian Depots.

The Competition will close on December 31st, and our award advertised early in January.

The Dunlop Tyre Co. to be sole judge of the winning *Name*, which will be the property of the Coy.

A cheque for £20 will be forwarded to the successful Competitor as soon as our award is made.

THE DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE CO. OF AUSTRALASIA LTD.,

ESTABLISHED 1859.

NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE COMPANY

(FIRE AND MARINE).

CAPITAL **£1,000,000**
PAID UP AND RESERVES **£420,000**

WITH UNLIMITED LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS.

THE PREMIER COLONIAL COMPANY

Fire and Marine Risks accepted at Lowest Current Rates. Losses settled with promptitude and liberality.

OTAGO BRANCH: Corner of Rattray and Crawford Streets, Dunedin.

WILLIAM I. BOLAM, Manager.

GLOBE HOTEL,

OAMARU.
 P. KELLY Proprietor.
 P. KELLY wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that he has purchased the Globe Hotel, and will be happy to meet them there. Country Visitors and the Travelling Public will find every convenience. The Hotel, which is being renovated throughout, has accommodation for a number of Boarders: has its Private Sitting Rooms, Billiard Room, Bath Room, etc. Convenient to the New Railway Station and opposite the Theatre Royal. A good table kept. All Wines and Spirits of the Best Quality. Free Stabling accommodation.

THE MUSICAL EXCHANGE

FOR
 PIANOS AND ORGANS,
 Either for Cash or very easy Time Payments.
 R. FRANCIS,
 159 & 161 MANCHESTER STREET
 CHRISTCHURCH.

RAILWAY HOTEL,

MANCHESTER STREET,
 CHRISTCHURCH
 (One minute from the Railway Station).
 WILLIAM JOHNSTON, late of
 Timaru Refreshment Rooms, has taken over the above favourite house, and offers every comfort to his patrons and friends.

FLETCHER, HUMPHREYS & CO.,

WINE, SPIRIT, & CIDER MERCHANTS.

Also Importers of

Cigars, Cigarettes, Indian, Ceylon, and China Teas, and American Goods

WAREHOUSE AND BONDED STORES:

CATHEDRAL SQUARE,

CHRISTCHURCH.

WAVERLEY HOTEL,QUEEN STREET,
AUCKLAND.

MAURICE O'CONNOR (late of Christchurch and Dunedin) begs to notify that he has taken over the above favourite hotel, close to Train and Wharf. Splendid view of Harbour.

Best brands of Wines and Spirits always on hand.

MAURICE O'CONNOR.

JAS. SPEIGHT AND CO

MALTSTERS AND BREWERS,

CITY BREWERY, DUNEDIN.

VETERINARY SHOEING FORGE,

WASHDYKE, TIMARU.

JOHN ROBERTSON, PROPRIETOR

(Late of Oamaru),

Begs to return thanks for the liberal support accorded to him since coming to Washdyke, and trusts by strict attention to business and good workmanship to merit a continuance of favors. All work received promptly attended to.

HORSE-SHOEING A SPECIALITY.

ESTABLISHED 1880. TELEPHONE No. 69

BAKER BROTHERS,FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS,
ASHBURTON.

Direct Importers of Best and Latest Designs in Funeral Furnishings.
 FUNERALS Conducted with the greatest Care and Satisfaction, at most Reasonable Charges.
 Corner of Wakanui Road and Cass streets, and Baker and Brown's Coach Factory.

GENUINE SEEDS
From a
RELIABLE FIRM.

It is rapidly becoming known throughout N.Z., that
 CRAVEN'S SEEDS GROW.
 Sound, pure and reliable seeds are
 WHAT YOU WANT,
 And
 WE WANT TO SUPPLY THEM.

Illustrated catalogue and guide,
free to any address.

JAMES CRAVEN AND CO
 SEED SPECIALISTS,
 2 MANNERS ST.,
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MACALISTER AND CO(J. J. HISKENS),
CHEMISTS, INVERCARGILL.

A Complete Stock of Everything that is looked for in a first-class Pharmacy

Sole Agents for the supply of
PURE NATURAL LYMPH FOR
VACCINATION.P.O. Box 120, | Telephone 90,
INVERCARGILL.**JOHN GILLIES**Furniture, Carpet, Floorcloths, and
Linoleum Warehouses,
8 GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

Has just landed Brussels and Tapestry Carpet of magnificent designs, Floorcloths and Linoleums, all widths up to 12 feet in new designs and various qualities.

Bedsteads and Bedding, all kinds fresh and new.

A large assortment of Bamboo Tables, Whatnots, Brackets, Screens, Stools, new colourings and designs.

A large stock of New Furniture of latest new styles.

Houses Furnished on the Time-Payment System. Terms very easy. Everybody in town and country cordially invited to visit and inspect our Immense Stock.

THOMSON, BRIDGER AND CO.,

DUNEDIN AND INVERCARGILL.

IRONMONGERS, HARDWARE AND TIMBER
MERCHANTS AND MANUFACTURERS.

Importers of Fencing Wire (plain and galvanised),
 Barbed Wire, Sheep and Rabbit Netting, Fencing
 Standard 'n, 'Kiwi' and 'Reliance',
 Rabbit Traps, etc., etc., including all
 kinds of Farmers' requirements
 in Hardware.

STANDARDS PUNCHED

True to gauge. Net weight after punching only charged.

Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, and all Building Requisites, also
of Churns, Butter Workers, Printers, Milk Vats, and all
Dairy Implements.General, Builders', and Furnishing Ironmongery, Electro-Plated
Ware, Cutlery, &c., &c., in great variety.

PRICES LOW.

QUALITY EXCELLENT.

Building Timber of all kinds supplied direct from Sawmills when
required.Totara and Black Pine, to any description, from our own mills at
OWAKA.

THOMSON, BRIDGER AND CO.,

Princes Street, DUNEDIN; Dee Street, INVERCARGILL.

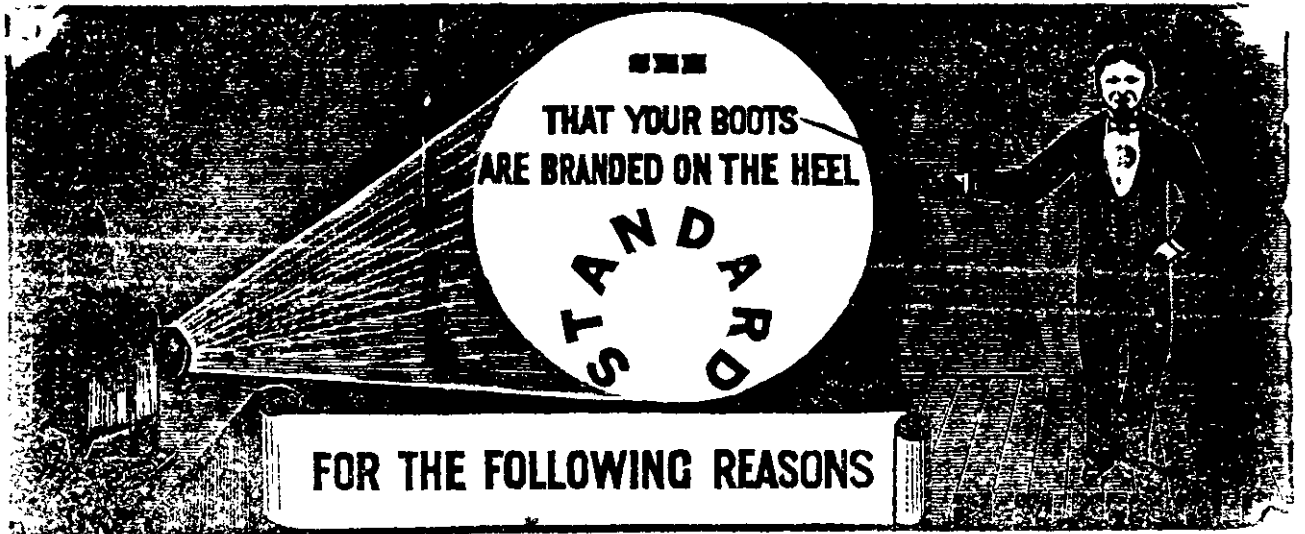
For **STYLISH,** **RELIABLE** **Boots and Shoes**

VISIT

H. R. MORRISON'S,

95 GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

NOTE.—Shipments of the cream of the World's Markets constantly
coming to hand. SEE WINDOWS.



FOR THE FOLLOWING REASONS

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| <p>FIRST.
Boots with this Brand on the heel are Guaranteed to Fit and Wear well.</p> | <p>SECOND.
On this Brand only the Very Best of Workmen are employed.</p> | <p>THIRD.
Only the Very Best of Materials are used in this Brand of Boots and Shoes.</p> | <p>FOURTH.
Farmers, Miners, and all who want to keep their feet dry, try this Brand.</p> | <p>FIFTH.
The "STANDARD" Brand Boots and Shoes are known from Auckland to the Bluff for sterling quality.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Commercial.

(For week ending March 6.)

PRODUCE.

London, February 28.—The Ophelia's cargo of wheat has been sold at 30s 3d.

Napier, March 1.—Nelson Bros. have received the following cable to-day regarding the London frozen meat market: 'Stocks afloat and arriving are very heavy, and there is a further fall in value to-day. Quotations are: Best Canterbury, 4½d per lb; Napier and North Island, 4½d.'

London, March 2.—The wheat markets are quiet but steady. Cargoes are neglected. Victorian January and March shipments are quoted at 29s 9d, and sailer parcels at 29s 3d.

Butter is flat and in poor demand. Colonial is unchanged and tending downwards; Danish, 110s.

Rabbits: Colonial are dull at about 7½d.

London, March 3.—Frozen Mutton—Crossbred wethers and maiden ewes: Canterbury, 4½d; Dunedin and Southland, 4½d; North Island, 4d. Lamb: Prime Canterbury, 6d; fair average (including Dunedin, Southland, Wellington, and secondary Canterbury), 5½d. River Plate crossbred or merino wethers, heavy and light, both 3½d. New Zealand beef (180lb to 220lb, fair average quality: Ox fores, 3½d; hinds, 3½d).

Wheat.—The Angerona's cargo sold at 30s 1½d.

Wellington, March 4.—The Agricultural department has received the following cable from the Agent-general, dated 3rd March:—'Butter, 100s; demand good. New Zealand butter is giving satisfaction to buyers. Cheese, 50s; market dull. Consider that the prices for cheese are likely to improve. Hemp market very firm; good, fair W.N., L23 10. Auction sales this week closed with strong demand. Cocksfoot, nominal.'

MR. F. MEENAN, King street, reports:—Wholesale prices only—Oats: Feed, fair to good, 1s 4d to 1s 6d; milling, 1s 6d to 1s 7d. Wheat: milling, 2s 5d to 2s 6d; fowls', 1s 9d to 2s 2d. Potatoes: New, local, L5. Chaff: Good demand for prime up to L2 12s 6d; inferior, hard to sell; medium, L2 5s. Straw: pressed 35s, market bare; loose, 30s. Flour: Sacks, 200lbs, L6 10s; 50lbs, L7; 25lbs, L7 5s. Oatmeal: 25lbs, L9 10s. Butter: Dairy, 6d to 8d; factory, 9½d to 10½d. Cheese: Dairy, 5d; factory, 5½d. Eggs, 1s. Onions: Melbourne, L9 10s; Canterbury, L6 10s.

Messrs. Donald Reid and Co., report as follows:—

Oats—Our catalogue was composed chiefly of medium and inferior quality, for which competition was slack, only a few lots being disposed of. We quote: Prime milling, 1s 6d to 1s 6½d; good to best feed, 1s 5d to 1s 6d; inferior, and medium 1s 2d to 1s 4½d per bushel (sacks extra).

WHEAT—Prime milling is in fair demand at late quotations. Medium quality is not strongly in favor, but good whole fowl wheat meets with steadier demand. We quote: Prime milling, 2s 6d to 2s 7d; medium to good, 2s 3d to 2s 5d; whole fowl wheat, 2s to 2s 2d; broken, 1s 8d to 1s 11d per bushel (sacks in).

POTATOES—We catalogued good to best Derwents and kidneys, which met with good competition, and were cleared at prices on a par with late values. We quote: Best Derwents L5 to L5 10s; medium, L4 10s to L4 15s; best kidneys, L1 10s to L5; others L4 to L4 10s per ton (sacks in).

CHAFF—The market on Monday was fully supplied, and values for most classes were a shade weaker. We quote: Prime oaten sheaf, L2 7s 6d to L2 12s 6d; medium, L2 to L2 5s; inferior, L1 10s to L1 15s per ton (bags extra).

Messrs. Stronach Bros. and Morris report as follows:—

OATS—There has recently been a falling off in the demand and transactions for the past week have been on a lower level. Quotations: Prime milling, 1s 6d to 1s 6½d; good to best feed, 1s 5d to 1s 6d; other sorts, 1s 2d to 1s 4½d per bushel (sacks extra, ex store).

WHEAT—Prime milling and fowl wheat is inquired for. Grades between these are difficult to place. Milling, 2s 6d to 2s 7d; medium, 2s 3d to 2s 5d; whole fowl wheat, 2s to 2s 2d; broken, 1s 8d to 1s 11d per bushel (sacks in).

POTATOES—Market unchanged. Best Derwents, L5 to L5 10s; do kidneys, L4 10s to L5.

CHAFF—Full supplies. Best, L2 7s 6d to L2 12s 6d; medium, L2 to L2 5s; inferior, L1 10s to L1 15s per ton (bags extra).

SOUTHLAND PRODUCE MARKET.

Invercargill prices current:—Wholesale: Butter, fresh, 7d, factory, bulk, 10d; pats, 10½d; eggs, 1s per doz; cheese, farm, 3½d; bacon, farm, 7d; do (rolled) farm, 6d; hams 8d; potatoes, L4 per ton; barley, 2s to 2s 6d; fowl wheat, 2s; chaff, L2 10s; flour, L6 10s to L7 5s; oatmeal, L9 10s to L10; pollard, L4; bran, L3 10s, including bags. Retail—Fresh butter, 9d, factory, bulk, 1s; pats, 1s 0½d; eggs, 1s 3d per doz; cheese, 6d; bacon, rolled, 8d, sliced 9d; hams, 10d; potatoes, 5s per cwt; flour, 200lbs, 14s; 50lb, 4s; oatmeal, 50lb, 6s; 25lb, 3s; pollard, 6s 6d per bag; bran, 4s per bag; chaff, L3 per ton; fowls' feed, 2s 9d per bushel.

WOOL, SKINS, TALLOW, ETC.

London, March 1.—The Bradford wool market is steady. Common sixties, 17½d; super, 18½d. For the Antwerp sales fixed for the 6th and 8th inst. there are 7261 bales available, including 1414 Australian.

LIVE STOCK.

ADDINGTON STOCK MARKET.

The entries at the Addington market comprised 4000 fat sheep, 3671 fat lambs, 11,850 store sheep, 400 cattle, and 350 pigs.

FAT CATTLE—158 head yarded, mostly light weights. Bidding was erratic, and beef was easier. Good to prime realised 20s 6d to 22s 6d, and others 17s 6d to 20s. Steers sold at from L6 12s 6d to L9 10s; heifers, L5 17s 6d to L7 17s 6d, and up to L8 10s for extra prime; cows, L4 5s to L7 12s 6d. Store cattle were easier.

FAT SHEEP—These were mostly inferior, and of secondary quality, and prices for all sorts were easier. Best wethers brought from 17s 6d to 19s 3d; others, down to 16s; best ewes, 14s to 16s 6d; others, 9s to 13s. Fat lambs were fully 1s lower, the prices realised being 13s 6d to 15s 6d for prime quality; inferior and others, 11s to 12s 6d.

STORE SHEEP—These were mostly rough sorts, and prices were easier, but good sheep about held their own. Good wethers brought from 16s to 16s 2d; inferior Chatham Islanders, 10s 7d to 11s 10d; good young ewes, 16s to 19s; medium, 12s to 14s 6d; inferior, 10s 3d. Lambs sold rather better at from 11s 2d to 12s 7d.

PIGS—There was a short supply of fats, which caused a brisk sale. Baconers brought 35s to 40s, or 3½d per lb; porkers, 22s to 33s 6d, or 3½d per lb. Strong stores were in demand for stubbling at from 12s to 25s; and small pigs, which were not wanted, brought from 8s to 11s.

For neatness and compactness the Dunlop Midget Repair Outfit is hard to beat. Although it is so small, it contains just as many materials as the apparently larger imitations. Everything is of the best quality and therefore cyclists who purchase the midget may rest assured that they have value for their money.—*.*

J. G. WARD & CO. WOOL, GRAIN, SEED, AND MANURE MERCHANTS,

AUCTIONEERS AND STOCK AGENTS,

Full Stocks of Cornsacks, Woolpacks, Manures, Seeds, etc., kept, and Farmers are asked to call upon us before purchasing their requirements.

Invercargill, Gore and Bluff.

AGENTS FOR—Massey-Harris Implements, Huddart, Parker Steamers, Manchester Fire Insurance Co., Lawes' Dips and Manures.
MANAGING AGENTS FOR—Ocean Beach Freezing Works, (Birt & Co., Limited, Proprietors).

B O U S K I L L A N D M C N A B

THREE FIRST AWARDS AND SPECIAL GOLD MEDAL AT THE AUCKLAND EXHIBITION, 1899.

These Awards were gained by work manufactured on our premises, Symonds street, and distanced all competing work, both local and imported. We invite inspection of our large stock of

MONUMENTS, TOMBS, HEADSTONES, CROSSES, ETC.

The Largest Stock of Designs of IRON TOMB RAILINGS in the Colony. Designs and Prices forwarded Free on Application.

Lowest possible Prices consistent with Good Work and Material.

B O U S K I L L A N D M C N A B,
SYMONDS STREET,
AUCKLAND.

J. FANNING & CO.

Telephone 650.

House, Land, Estate, & Financial Agents.

ROYAL EXCHANGE, OPERA HOUSE,
WELLINGTON.

Money Invested, Loans Negotiated, and entire Management of Properties and Collection of Rents undertaken.

The firm have Special Facilities for disposing of Town and Country Properties.

Correspondence invited from property owners also persons wishing to buy.

E. W. DUNNE, BOOKSELLER,

43 GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

JUST REMOVED TO NEW PREMISES.

Special inducements are now offered to Customers and the General Public to kindly inspect our NEW STOCKS in every line.

Just Opened :

THE LATEST IN BOOKS, STATIONERY,
AND ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF GENERAL & FANCY GOODS.

Inspection freely invited.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

DUNEDIN PAWN OFFICE,

5 GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

(Late A. Solomon.)

W. G. ROSSITER (for the last 15 years Manager for the late Mr. A. Solomon) having bought the old-established and well-known pawnbroking business of the late Mr. A. Solomon, begs to announce to the public of Dunedin and Suburbs that he will carry on the business with the same attention and fidelity as formerly.

Note Address :

W. G. ROSSITER,

PRACTICAL WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER,

No 5, GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

SCOTIA HOTEL

Corner of

LEITH AND DUNDAS STREETS, DUNEDIN

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN (late of the Police Force, Dunedin and Ashburton), Proprietor.

Having leased the above well-known and popular Hotel, which has undergone a thorough renovation. Mr O'Halloran is now prepared to offer first-class accommodation to families, boarders, and the general public.

The very best of Wines, Ales, and Spirits supplied.

NEW BUTCHERY.

JOHN MCINTOSH

(For many years salesman to City Co.),

Opposite Phoenix Company,
MACLAGGAN STREET, DUNEDIN,

Has opened as above.

Only the best of meat at lowest possible prices.

Families waited on for Orders.

A TRIAL SOLICITED.

GEORGE DENNIS,

Late of Park Hotel, Newtown, Wellington and West Coast South Island,

Has taken over BARRETT'S HOTEL Lambton Quay, WELLINGTON, where he is prepared to provide for his old patrons and the public generally every accommodation.

Two minutes' walk from Post Office and wharf.

Tram passes door.

WAIMATE HOTEL, WAIMATE

T. TWOMEY ... Proprietor.

T. TWOMEY (late of the Grosvenor Hotel, Christchurch) having now taken possession of the above favorite and centrally-situated house, will spare no pains to make the place as comfortable as possible.

Wines and Spirits of the best brands.

The Hotel is being refurnished and renovated throughout.

J. AND W. GRANT

Blacksmiths, Wheelwrights, and Coachbuilders, Temuka.

J, and W. G., in thanking the public for their support in the past, beg to solicit a continuance of the same. As we have now a very complete stock for carrying on our several branches, and having secured the services of one of the best painters in the Colony, we have now a very strong staff of men in their different lines.

Shoing, as usual, a specialty.

HUGH GOURLEY

desires to inform the public he still continues the Undertaking Business as formerly at the Establishment, corner Clarke and MacLaggan streets, Dunedin.

Funerals attended in Town or Country with promptness and economy.

SANITARY PIPE

AND STONWARE FACTORY
KENSINGTON.

The undersigned, having purchased the above Works, is prepared to sell at Lowest Current Rates.

J. H. LAMBERT,
NORTH-EAST VALLEY AND KENSINGTON.

UNION STEAMSHIP COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND LIMITED

Steamers will be despatched as under (weather and other circumstances permitting):

LYTTELTON and WELLINGTON—

Mokoia*	Thurs., March 7	4 p.m. D'din
Moura	Fri., March 8	3 p.m. D'din
Moana	Thurs., March 14	2.30 p.m. tr'n

*Takes no coastal cargo.

NAPIER, GISBORNE and AUCKLAND—

Moura	Fri., March 8	3 p.m. D'din
Te Anau	Fri., March 15	3 p.m. D'din

SYDNEY, via WELLINGTON—

Mokoia	Thurs., March 7	4 p.m. D'din
Moana	Thurs., March 14	2.30 p.m. tr'n

SYDNEY via AUCKLAND—

Waikare	Tues., March 19	2 p.m. D'din
Mararoa	Tues., April 2	3 p.m. D'din

MELBOURNE via BLUFF and HOBART—

Monowai	Mon., March 18	2 p.m. D'din
Mokoia	Mon., March 25	2.35 p.m. tr'n

WESTPORT via OAMARU, TIMARU, AKAROA, LYTTELTON, WELLINGTON, NEW PLYMOUTH, and GREYMOUTH.

Cargo only.

Kini	March 10	2.30 p.m. train
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GREYMOUTH via OAMARU, TIMARU, LYTTELTON, WELLINGTON and NEW PLYMOUTH (cargo only).—

Janet Nicoll	Wed., March 13	3 p.m. D'din
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SOUTH SEA ISLAND SERVICE. For FIJI (From Auckland).

Taviuni	Wed., April 3	
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TONGA, SAMOA, FIJI, and SYDNEY (From Auckland.)

Hauroto	Wed., March 13	
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BAROTONGA and TAHITI. (From Auckland.)

Ovalau	Tues., March 12.	
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"DEAR ME! I've forgotten that SYMINGTON COFFEE ESSENCE, whatever shall I do! Call at the nearest Store you pass they All Keep it.

WEDDING BELLS.

SAUNDERS—STUBBS.

An interesting wedding (writes our Wellington correspondent) took place at St. Patrick's Church, Palmerston North, on Wednesday last, the contracting parties being Mr. Charles Osmond Saunders, son of Mr. Joseph Saunders of Wellington, and Miss Annie Stubbs, only daughter of Mr. James Stubbs, of Titoki, Kairanga. Rev. Father Tymons performed the ceremony. The bride looked charming in white brocaded silk trimmed with white silk lace, chiffon and satin, with veil and wreath of orange blossom. She wore a gold granny chain and carried a shower bouquet, both gifts of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids were Miss Saunders, sister of the bridegroom, and Miss Annie Stubbs, cousin of the bride. Their dresses were of cream silk, with picture hats to match. The former received from the bridegroom a gold brooch, and the latter a gold band ring. The bride was also attended by the Misses Cox, cousins of the bride, who were dressed in white silk with chiffon hats to match, and wore gold bar brooches, also the gifts of the bridegroom. The groomsmen were Mr. S. Saunders and Mr. F. Stubbs. Over 300 guests were entertained by Mr. James Stubbs at his residence when the health of the bride was proposed by Mr. F. Pirani, M.H.R. and duly honored. The honeymoon is being spent in Christchurch. Their future residence will be at Owahuri.

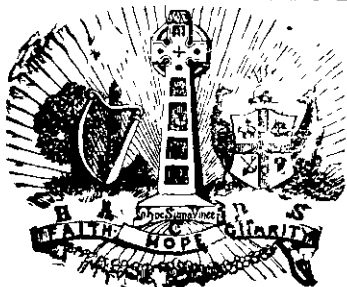
OBITUARY.

MRS. MANNIX, TAURANGA.

We regret to record the death of Mrs. Mannix, wife of Mr. John Mannix, which took place at her residence, Cameron road, Tauranga, on Wednesday, January 30, at the age of 76 years. Mrs. Mannix was born in County Limerick, Ireland, and came out to New Zealand 18 years ago. Deceased had a long and happy married life of 55 years, and leaves a husband, three sons, and six daughters to mourn their loss, for whom the greatest sympathy is felt.—*R.I.P.*

In Rome, an interesting family fete was held in the Municipal Council to celebrate the 103rd birthday of Signor Pacelli, the grandfather of the Catholic leader, Ernesto Pacelli. The centenarian was for some time director of the Pontifical Customs. Born in 1799, he has lived to see three centuries. He was present in 1808 at the removal of Pope Pius VII. from the Quirinal by Napoleon.

Mr. Edward A. Cudahy, who has come into prominence lately through the kidnapping of his boy, is one of the most prominent Catholics of Omaha, and the boy is a student at the celebrated Jesuit College, Creighton University. The four brothers who make up the Cudahy family are well known all over the United States as kings of commerce. Their combined wealth is estimated at 15,000,000dol. They began their career in Chicago with their father, who established a business there in the early day of the meat industry in that city.



HIBERNIAN-AUSTRALASIAN CATHOLIC BENEFIT SOCIETY, NEW ZEALAND DISTRICT, No. 3.

The Catholic Community is earnestly requested to support this excellent Organisation, for it inculcates a love of Holy Faith and Patriotism in addition to the unsurpassed benefits and privileges of Membership.

The Entrance Fees are from 5s to £4, according to age and time of Admission.

Sick Benefits : 20s per week for 26 weeks, 15s per week for the next 13 weeks, and 10s a week for the following 13 weeks. In case of a further continuance of his illness a member of Seven Years' Standing previous to the commencement of such illness will be allowed 5s per week as superannuation during incapacity.

Funeral Allowance £20 at the death of a Member, and £10 at the death of a Member's Wife.

In addition to the foregoing provision is made for the admission of Honorary Members, Reduced Benefit Members, and the establishment of Sisters' Branches and Juvenile Contingents. Full information may be obtained from Local Branch Officers or direct from the District Secretary.

The District Officers are anxious to open New Branches, and will give all possible assistance and information to applicants. Branches being established in the various centres throughout the Colonies an invaluable measure of reciprocity obtains.

W. KANE,
District Secretary,
Auckland.

THE BOER WAR.

NOTES AND POINTS OF INTEREST TO CATHOLIC READERS

GENEROUS ENEMIES.

The Dublin correspondent of the London *Times* writes:—Mr William Holmes, son of Lord Justice Holmes, has given me leave to communicate a story which illustrates in a very striking manner Lord Roberts's chivalrous generosity towards a worthy foe. Mr Holmes is one of the many young Irish barristers who joined the Dublin Hunt Company of the Imperial Yeomanry, and took part in the affair at Lindley. In the last desperate bayonet charge of the company, the same in which the son of the Irish Master of the Rolls was killed, Mr Holmes was shot through the leg, and lay for some hours on the battlefield. During all that time he was tended by a Boer named Vandersluis, who treated him with extreme kindness, and after nightfall walked four miles in search of a waggon in which to bring Mr Holmes into Lindley. On the following day Lord Methuen recovered the town, and Mr Holmes was given over to the care of British doctors and nurses. It was found necessary to amputate his leg, and he lay for many weeks in the hospital. Meanwhile his friend Vandersluis, who had gone on commando with Prinsloo, surrendered with that general, and was deported to Ceylon. From there he addressed a letter to Mr Holmes in Dublin, reminding him of their acquaintance at Lindley, and expressing an earnest desire for permission to return home. In the absence of Mr Holmes, who was still in South Africa, the letter reached Lord Justice Holmes, and was forwarded by him to Lord Roberts, with the assurance that the statements were quite correct. Last week the Lord Justice received a reply, in which Lord Roberts said that he had read of with particular appreciation the Boer's kindness to Mr Holmes, and had given immediate directions that Mr Vandersluis should be brought back from Ceylon to South Africa and reinstated in his farm.

DOUBTFUL POLICY.

The wiser heads of the military authorities have, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, convinced themselves that the policy of devastation has brought many hundreds of Boers into the field as regular fighters who in the earlier months of the war spent a good deal of their time on the farms. The farms have been destroyed, their owners have lost all, and they have gone back to the commandos ready to submit to far tighter discipline than they endured in the early stages of the war. The result is that Botha's influence over his whole army is suspected to have increased, while in De Wet and Delarey he has found lieutenants at once more pliable and abler than the older Boer leaders, most of whom have disappeared. Even the number of the fighting Boers have not, it is now feared, been so seriously diminished as is generally supposed here. From November, 1899, to July, 1900, there were not, according to the calculations at the Boer headquarters, more than 25,000 men in the field at one time. Now, deducting prisoners and losses, it is thought that between 15,000 and 20,000 are still available.

INVALIDED HOME.

Father Rockcliffe, who had been under fire on many occasions in South Africa, is now in London in the Officers' Hospital. During the fighting at Riefast a shell struck a rock near to Father Rockcliffe, who was hit by a piece of stone that was sent flying, and he was invalided home.

A REQUIEM MASS FOR THE SOLDIERS WHO FELL IN THE WAR.

At the Church of the Benedictines, at Farnborough, a Solemn Requiem Mass took place on Wednesday, December 19, for the soldiers who fell in South Africa. Among those present were Lieut. General Sir W. Butler and Lady Butler, Lieut.-Colonel Ross of Bladenburg, and M. Pietrie and Mdlle. D'Allonville, representing the Empress Eugenie. The Mass was sung and the impressive service conducted by the members of the French Benedictine Priory.

EX-PRESIDENT KRUGER AND THE NUNS.

The late Mother Mauritia, who died recently in South Africa, used to give an amusing account of an interview she had with ex-President Kruger, to whom the very name of the Catholic Church suggested the 'Scarlet Woman.' It appears that his State owed her convent at Potchefstroom some £40. For some reason or other the amount was withheld, and the good Sisters at Potchefstroom looked upon its recovery as hopeless. The good offices of Mother Mauritia were sought, and she bearded the lion in his den. It is hardly necessary to say that she mollified the old President, and came away with the cash, or at least an order for it.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER.

Dr. Kolbe, the well-known Catholic priest, speaking at the Africaner Congress, said if Great Britain persisted in her present policy, the Afrikaners would make South Africa the most uncomfortable corner of the Empire until the injustice done to South Africa was recognised and remedied. He declared, with no desire to be personal, that the present High Commissioner's attitude was not what the attitude of a Governor should be.

The personality of the late Sir William Stokes, of 5, Merrion Square, Dublin, Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the Queen, etc., who died at Pietermaritzburg on August 18, is entered at £11,046 8s 11d. Letters of administration to the deceased's estate have been granted to his widow, Lady Jane E. Stokes.

Insure your crops by purchasing McCormick machinery. The best in the world. Costliest to build, best to buy, and easiest in the field.—*.*

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New Zealand Catholic Depot,

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FATHER SHEEHAN'S 'MY NEW CURATE,' 6s.; posted 6s. 6d.

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ROSARIES, CRUCIFIXES, FONTS, MEDALS,
WAX CANDLES, CHARCOAL, TAPERS,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

SPLENDID INCENSE, 4s 6d 1b Tin.

STATUES SACRED HEART, BLESSED VIRGIN, ST. JOSEPH
ST. ANTHONY,
10d, 1s 6d, 2s 6d, 3s 6d, 5s 6d, 12s 6d, 11s 6d, and upwards.

SPECIAL NOTE

In answer to numerous enquiries, so soon as the proposed New Catechism is finally settled by the coming Synod, we shall advertise same without delay. In the meantime we are authorised to supply the Catechisms approved by the Plenary Council.

JONES PLANO LEVER BINDER.

Jones Chain Drive Mowers, Light-Running, Keen cutting. Two sprockets, one chain constitute the mechanism of the Plano Mower. Simplest and Strongest Binder on earth.

Great Binder Competition.—We are pleased to inform you that at a Binder Trial, held under the auspices of the Inverk Society, Kilkenny, Ireland, the following was the result—

PLANO 1st PRIZE and SPECIAL GOLD MEDAL.

We are also happy to state that we received from the hands of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society Highest Award, First Prize, and Special Gold Medal for our Binders and a Special Medal for our Sickle Grinders. Also Special Gold Medal for our Reapers and Binders at the Paris Exhibition.

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SOLE IMPORTERS,
OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND.

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A New Edition, augmented and illustrated of the

Life of St. Francis of Assisi,

(By the Rev. F. L. DE CHERANCE)

Of the Order of Friars Minors Capuchins.

Translated from the French with the author's special permission
by R. F. O'CONNOR.

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HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII., Cardinal Mermilloe, Cardinal Pie, Cardinal Vaughan, etc., etc.

PRICE 3s 6d.

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Salary, £50 per year and kept. Good references required.

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FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1901.

ST. PATRICK'S CONCERT.

Under the patronage of the Most Rev. Dr. Verdon, Clergy of the
Diocese, and his Worship the Mayor of Dunedin.

IRISH SONGS, IRISH MELODIES, IRISH RECITATIONS.

TICKETS, 3s, 2s, 1s.

On Sale Everywhere.

THOSE who have disposed of tickets in the HAWERA ART
UNION are requested to return Blocks to REV FATHER POWER
before 16th March. The drawing will take place on the 18th.

Winning Numbers in our issue of the 28th.

NEW CONVENT, MILTON.

ON SUNDAY, MARCH 17.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The Foundation Stone of the new Dominican Convent at
Milton will be solemnly laid by his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr.
Verdon, Bishop of Dunedin.

The Sermon at the Mass will be preached by the Very Rev.
Monsignor O'Leary, Lawrence.

ST. PATRICK'S SPORTS ASSOCIATION,
TIMARU.

ANNUAL SPORTS GATHERING,

MONDAY, 18th MARCH, 1901.

Running - Cycling - Jumping - etc.

A GRAND NATIONAL CONCERT

will be held in the evening at the Assembly Rooms.

N.B.—Competitors for Cycling and Running events are reminded
that entries close on Friday, 8th March, at 10 p.m., addressed to the
Secretary Box 123, Timaru.

M. F. DENNEHY, Secretary.

NOTICE.

Correspondents are particularly requested to bear in mind
that to insure publication in any particular issue of the paper
communications must reach this Office not later than Tuesday
morning.

Correspondents forwarding obituary and marriage notices
are particularly requested to be as concise as possible.

All communications connected with the literary depart-
ment, reports, correspondence, newspaper cuttings, etc., should
be addressed to the Editor.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Complaints re irregular Delivery of Paper should be
made without delay to the Manager.

All Communications with the Commercial Department
of the 'N.Z. Tablet' Newspaper are to be addressed to
John Murray, Secretary, to whom all Post Office Orders
and Cheques are in all instances to be made payable.

Annual Subscription, 25s. booked; 22s. 6d. if paid in
advance; shorter periods at proportional rates.

NOTE—Our limit of Credit is Six Months.

DEATH.

MANNIX.—On January 30, 1901, at her residence, Cameron
road, Tauranga, Susanna Maria, dearly-beloved wife of John
Mannix, Senr., and fond mother of Mrs. H. Madden, Ashburton;
aged 76 years.—R.I.P.

THE FAMOUS "VICTORY" SEWING
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THE NEW ZEALAND TABLET

'To promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.'

LEO XIII. to the N.Z. TABLET.

THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1901.

CATHOLICS AND PUBLIC LIBRARIES.



THE whole question of the duties and responsibilities of the committees of our public libraries has been raised by a warm controversy—now concluded—which for a brief space bubbled and flowed like a geyser in the columns of the *Westport Times*. The question is of deep practical interest to a far wider public than those who are resident in the cosy western port. The whole subject is dominated by the fact that the Westport public library, like other institutes of a similar nature throughout the Colony, is supported by public funds: its revenue is derived from three sources—(1) direct local taxation, (2) Government grants, and (3) the fees paid by subscribers. This dominant fact seems to have been ignored or lost sight of in the heated discussion which frizzled the fourth page of successive issues of the *Westport Times*. A Catholic writer pleaded with considerable dialectic skill for the exclusion of publications of an immoral or rabidly anti-Catholic character. Two ultra-Protestant opponents stoutly contended for wholesale license to the individual in the matter of reading, and directly or in effect maintained the principle that it is the duty of the committees of public libraries to cater indiscriminately for every taste—the bad and the utterly depraved as well as the indifferent and the good.

That Index.

It was stated, with more of heat than of knowledge that the principle of safeguarding or restricting the purveying and perusal of reading matter was one of those exploded ideas peculiar to the Church of Rome from which the world was (we are assured) happily freed by the leaders of the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century. And the word 'Index' was gaily bandied about by persons who probably could not, to save their more or less valuable lives, repeat even the substance of the wise and prudent rules—whether old or revised—of that useful and venerable institution. Nothing could be farther from the truth than to hint or assert that the censorship of books was peculiar to the Catholic Church. By the nature of things it could not well be so. Catholics, Protestants, Jews, pagans, have alike recognised the fact that indiscriminate reading may be a grave moral danger to the individual and a menace to the well-being, and even the stability, of the State. The censorship has been—more especially in Protestant countries at certain periods—strained beyond the bounds of right and justice. But the abuse of a sound principle is no argument against its right use. The need of such censorship has never been lost sight of either by Church or sect or civil government. And it is in full operation even at this hour.

Jews and Others.

Among the Jews, long before the Christian era, no person was allowed to read the Canticle or Song of SOLOMON—although it was recognised as a portion of the Sacred Writings—until he had attained his thirtieth year. Even pagan Greece and Rome recognised the fact that a deadly poison may lurk in books. The Senate of Athens, for instance, ordered the books of PROTAGORAS to be destroyed by fire. Those of EPICURUS were also publicly burned as being inimical to good morals. The books of ARCHILOCHUS were publicly condemned at Sparta, and the perusal of them made an offence punishable by law. In Rome, AUGUSTUS had over two thousand seditious tracts destroyed by fire. He

banished the sensual and cringing OVID beyond the seas, and forbade the reading of his *Art of Love*. And sundry tracts that anticipated MACHIAVELLI and MAZZINI by advocating political assassination were destroyed by order of TIBERIUS and DOMITIAN. Briefly, the pagans of ancient days recognised the urgent need of protecting the public from books that incite citizens to sedition, corrupt the heart, or sap the foundations of morality.

Christian Censorship.

The higher moral code of the Christian Church would naturally imply a more watchful care over everything that could degrade the hearts of her children. A censorship over writings is implied in several of St. PAUL's epistles—as, for instance, *Rom.*, xvi., 17; *I Tim.*, vi., 20; *II. Tim.*, ii., 16. And in the nineteenth chapter of the *Acts of the Apostles* it is recorded that the converts at Ephesus voluntarily brought their books of magic—valued at 50,000 pieces of silver—to St. PAUL, and flung them into the flames. The introduction of the art of printing—the invention, by the way, of Catholic brains and hands—greatly enlarged the sphere of the old dangers from bad reading and led to the appointment of official censors, the system of licensing and *imprimaturs*, and finally to the formation of the Congregation of the Index by Pope St. PRUS V. The Reformers—who severely limited to their own persons what was called the 'right' of private judgment—exercised a strict surveillance over the reading matter of their adherents. The Reformation period was marked in Germany, and to a vastly greater extent in England, Scotland, and Ireland, by the destruction or dispersion of enormous literary treasures, the loss of which is irreparable. LUTHER—some of whose books are of a very gross nature—vigorously denounced the works of JUVENAL, MARTIAL, CATULLUS and VIRGIL. Under the Puritan régime the inquisition into books reached a degree of searching severity—not to say ferocity—such as was probably never known at any other period in history. It extended not merely to doctrinal works, but to poetry, plays, songs, ballads, etc. Many of the most beautiful and innocuous treasures of English literature were placed under a ruthless ban by those stern, hard-visaged old Puritans who made even the social and domestic life of their day intolerable by their harsh prohibition of games and sports and their far-reaching intermeddling with the cut of women's caps, petticoats, and aprons, and modes of arranging the hair. In Ireland, during the penal days, the possession of an old book or manuscript by a Catholic was a high crime. The ownership of a book of Catholic liturgy might have been 'a hanging matter.' So ruthlessly was the campaign against reading pushed in Ireland that a price of £10 was placed upon the head of a Catholic schoolmaster, and the professional priest-hunter was scarcely less eager on the scent of the pedagogue than upon that of the higher-priced but better-guarded clerical quarry.

A censorship over books is exercised to the present day by practically every Protestant denomination. In 1896 a High Church publication now before us, and entitled *The Catholic Religion*, was boycotted by the Anglican Diocesan Library in Melbourne. The reading of a large class of books is strictly forbidden by the *Larger Catechism* of the Presbyterians (Q. 139). And books and other printed matter are to this day—as in the case of Dr. BRIGGS—important witnesses in the heresy trials which take place from time to time in the various Presbyterian denominations. If any of our readers is curious to know the extent to which the censorship of books is to this hour a living reality in any Protestant denomination he has only to offer a few dozen copies of *Catholic Belief* or *Faith of Our Fathers* to one of its clergymen for distribution to the children attending his Sunday school.

Civil Governments.

Nor are the Churches alone in their campaign against the principle of indiscriminate reading. The Governments of every civilised country have stringent laws framed against the publication of books that are inimical to good morals or social order. The Belgian Government, for instance, suppressed all the railway bookstalls in the country, because it was found difficult to prevent them becoming so many marts for the circulation of French pornographic literature of

the Zolaesque type. In 1867 the British Government had the unclean pamphlets of the no-Popery impostor MURPHY publicly burned. Ten years later it prosecuted Mr. BRADLAUGH and Mrs. BESANT for having published works that it deemed dangerous to public morals. A public censor of plays was long an institution in Great Britain, as it is to this day in France. The British and other Governments treated ZOLA's translators and their publishers as common criminals. The United States Post Office refuses to carry or deliver literature that is in the least degree unsavory. A similar regulation is in force on the railways of New Zealand. And little more than twelve months ago a Dunedin bookseller was successfully prosecuted for having exposed for sale certain Australian newspapers which contained advertisements of a suggestive and dangerous nature. In one of its early issues of 1891 the *Caxton Review* said of China: 'The official gazette for the northern provinces of that country has quite recently published a decree ordering that any official who shall publish an immoral book shall be dismissed; private persons similarly guilty shall receive a hundred strokes of the rod and be sent into exile; and persons selling such books shall receive a similar number of strokes of the rod.' Even the heathen Chinese seems capable of giving a lesson in self-restraint and public decency to some Christians on the West Coast of New Zealand. We may add that a respectable Protestant firm in Dublin—Messrs. EASON, who own the bookstalls at the Irish railway stations—declined some years ago to sell so much as a copy of a particular issue of the *Review of Reviews* which contained an attack on Christian marriage. And in every well-regulated family parents are strict and careful censors of the reading matter of their growing boys and girls.

A Good Principle.

The world-old and world-wide censorship referred to above was often carried to ridiculous and tyrannous extremes. But the principle on which it was grounded is sound. It is a function of the State as well as of the Church to preserve public morals and to protect social order. CHESTERFIELD penned the art of 'uniting wickedness and the graces.' But he had a statesmanlike mind and recognised the fact that 'books are indeed our friends or foes. They do us either good or harm,' he adds; 'they improve or corrupt.' They exercise a marked influence on human conduct, not alone in the individual, but in the mass as well. The truth of this statement is sufficiently evidenced in the story of British and American pamphleteering—of WOOD's half-pence, of the Gordon and Know-nothing riots, the anti-Slavery and Reform agitations, and the Oxford Movement. Books are set for the rise or fall of many. And in the multitude of them that issue from the press there is not merely the good, the indifferent, the merely harmless, and the rapid and frothy—mere whipped cream; but there are also the vicious and unclean that glorify illicit love, make light of the sanctity and unity of the marriage bond, and strike at the root of all morality. Such publications—couched, as they occasionally are, in elegant or captivating phrase—are a far greater menace to the morals of youth than the 'studiously indecent' dramas of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, than the coarse writings of FIELDING and SMOLLET, than the lascivious pages of VOLTAIRE and d'ALEMBERT. Some, at least, of these held right views regarding the shady side of life. But now, more than ever, is the hand of the unclean and unbelieving devil heavy upon the lever that moves the press. And now, more than ever, is there pressing need of censorship and conscientious selection if we are to safeguard Christian faith and cleanness of heart among our youth.

Objectionable Publications.

But there is another class of publications that are distinctly inimical to the public welfare—to that peace and goodwill which constitute the best charm of social intercourse and the best mainstay of the State. We refer to those books, pamphlets, tracts, periodicals, etc., which brutally misrepresent a creed and its adherents, and which excite, or are calculated to excite, popular passion against them. In English-speaking countries Catholics are practically the only people against whom those dangerous and unchristian publications are directed. We have no objection to the presence of clean and cool-headed theological expository works in our public libraries. But we do hold that such works should be introduced, if at all, sparingly, and that the

public purse should not be made to serve the exclusive, or almost exclusive, propaganda of any one school of doctrinal belief. And we must ever strenuously object to public funds being used to spread the venom of publications of the following kinds: (1) the filthy and indecent lucubrations of blackguardly adventurers of the type of the SLATTERYS and of gaolbirds and convicts like RIORDAN and NOBBS; (2) vehement no-Popery invective by such hysterical writers as COLLETTE, LITLEDALE, HORTON, and the gross publications that circulate in the Orange lodges; and (3) the whole mass of brimstone-and-treacle no-Popery fiction, from the bigoted pages of KINGSLEY's *Westward Ho!* down through the thin flummery of anti-nun and anti-Jesuit romance that was treated with such withering sarcasm in Mr. BRITTEN's *Protestant Fiction*, and onward to the violent story-whoops of RIDER HAGGARD's and CROCKETT's later works and the hysterical stuff that MARIE CORELLI poured into her *Master Christian*, and the little minister JOSEPH HOCKING into the *Scarlet Woman* and the *Purple Robe*. The committees of our public libraries should be, as far of possible, men with a knowledge of books, a sound literary judgment, an eminent spirit of fairness, and a deep sense of the responsibilities of their position. In the interests of social harmony and public peace they should exclude from the shelves of our public libraries publications of the three classes referred to above, just as, in the interests of public morals, they should place a ban upon those productions of swinish French and British pornographers that are as whiffs from the fetid mouth of Tophet. So long as such institutions receive public moneys, Catholics are entitled to this on grounds of sheer public right. And this right is perpetual and inalienable, whether the number of Catholics on the register of this or that public library—or on all of them combined—be nought or one, nine or nine hundred and ninety-nine.

Notes.

The *Nineteenth Century* for January contains the following in the course of an article by a non-Catholic writer, Lady Ponsonby: 'The cult of the Virgin Mary in the Middle Ages did far more to raise the status of women than any other cause at work since the age of chivalry, and the efforts towards intellectual discipline in our day are futile in comparison.'

In the *Review of Reviews* Annual for the present year Mr. W. T. Stead, in reviewing the personalities who bore a conspicuous part in the departed century, makes the following references to the late Cardinal Newman: 'In the religious world,' he says, 'Cardinal Newman may be regarded as the Foremost Personality of the Century. . . He exercised a rare personal influence even over those who differed from him profoundly. Whether at Oxford or in his Oratory at Birmingham, he was a spiritual influence that could be felt, not only by those who followed, but by those who opposed him. As a writer, as a thinker, and as a leader of men, his influence which was potent during his life, continues to survive after his death.'

When certain of the London dailies set forth in company to dish and carve the Duke of Norfolk for having dared to express a hope for the restoration of the temporal independence of the Holy See, one of them (the *Daily Chronicle*, to wit) declared that 'all the Catholic disabilities which existed at the beginning of the (nineteenth) century in Great Britain have been one by one abolished.' But this is precisely what has not happened to them. No Catholic, for instance, can be Lord Chancellor of England or Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, nor can a Catholic sovereign sit on the English throne. And to this hour the members of certain religious Orders are debarred from receiving bequests and from other rights and privileges of ordinary citizenship of the Empire. Recent legal decisions both in Ireland and in England prove, too, that this penal enactment is no dead letter.

A paragraph that appeared in a recent issue of the *N.Z. Times* reminds one of a story that is told of a Scottish regiment that was on parade. Struck by the splendid physique of one of the men, a high-placed officer asked him: 'Where are you from, my man?' From Tipp'rary, sor,' was the unexpected reply. Well, a representative of the *N.Z. Times*, during the stay of the Imperial troops in Wellington, took the trouble to settle the 'where do you come from' question with respect to the individuals composing the late vaunting regiments. He asserts that not one of the twenty-three Cameronians or Highland Light Infantry was a Scotchman.

Of the others it was found that of the twenty-two men of the Cameron Highlanders seventeen were Scotchmen, nineteen of the twenty-two in the 'Black Watch,' and twenty-two of the twenty-four in the Seaforths. Of the twenty-three Irish Riflemen twenty-one were Irish. All the twenty-three Irish Fusiliers are Irishmen, and fifteen of the twenty-two Irish Guards hail from the Emerald Isle.

A Protestant missionary recently arrived from the Far East, informed a Dunedin audience a few days ago that 'there are 80,000 native Christians in China.' The *Statesman's Year Book* for 1900 estimates that there are 'about 1,000,000 (native) Catholics in the Chinese Empire. But perhaps the lecturing missionary does not regard them as 'Christians.' The same publication credits the various Protestant sects with a total of about 50,000 adherents. Monsignor Reynaud (Vicar-Apostolic of Che-Kiang) in his recent book, *Another China*, estimates the Protestant population of the Empire at 60,000. The most generous estimate—and one which is not generally followed—places the number as high as 80,000. These are divided up among three Episcopal sects, nine Presbyterians, six Methodist, two Baptist, and other minor sects and missionary organisations counting altogether forty-two.

The *New Zealand Times*, commenting on the adjuration which was made by his Majesty King Edward VII., on taking the oath at the opening of Parliament, says:—'Cardinal Vaughan's command for a "communion of reparation" by way of set-off to the coronation oath, in which the English Sovereigns are compelled by Act of Parliament to declare that the Sacrifice of the Mass is "superstitious and idolatrous," is perhaps the most dignified form of protest that could be made against a declaration that is obsolete and stupid, besides being insulting to monarch and people alike. Catholics throughout the British Empire have long agitated for the repeal of the law which was passed in order to make the Protestant succession to the throne secure against all intrigue, evasion, or "arrière pensée." It is contended that the oath is now unnecessary; that it is a relic of rank intolerance; that many of those who devised it wished the total suppression of Roman Catholic worship in Britain; and that an enactment breathing the spirit of the seventeenth century is a glaring anachronism in the twentieth.'

The following cable message appeared in the daily papers a few days ago: 'The Canadian House of Commons by 125 votes to 19 adopted an address to the King praying for the elimination from the coronation oath of expressions offensive to Roman Catholics.' The expressions referred to are those in which the Sovereign swears: 'I, Edward the Seventh, by the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, do solemnly and sincerely, in the Presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any Transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever, and that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other Saint, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous.' We dealt pretty fully with the subject in a recent issue of the N.Z. TABLET. A protest against this 'relic of barbarism'—as Sir Colman O'Loughlan called it in the House of Commons in 1867—was recently made by the Catholic peers in the English House of Lords. Their protest was, however, disregarded by the Government. In view of the present need of humoring the colonies, more attention will probably be paid to the spirited address of the Canadian House of Commons.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN.

Father J. Osborne, late of Masterton, reached Dunedin on Sunday by the Talune. He left on the following day for his native diocese of Down and Connor, Ireland. Another clerical visitor was Rev. Father Cosgrove, of Dalby, Queensland, who left on Tuesday by the Mararoa on his return journey to Brisbane.

His Lordship Bishop Verdon is at present holding a visitation of the Queenstown parish.

On Sunday, March 17, St. Patrick's Day, the foundation stone of the new convent to be erected for the Dominican Nuns at Milton, will be solemnly laid by his Lordship Bishop Verdon. The sermon at the Mass will be preached by the Very Rev. Mgr. O'Leary. The new convent will be a two-storey building, consisting of 12 rooms and an oratory. The material will be brick, and the cost is about £850.

St. Patrick's Day falling on a Sunday this year the feast of Ireland's patron saint will be celebrated by a national concert to be held in the Garrison Hall, Dunedin, on Friday evening, March 15. An energetic committee have had the affair in hand for some time, and arrangements are now almost completed. The services of some of the leading vocalists in the city have been secured for the occasion, and as the programme will be racy of the soil—consisting of Irish songs, melodies, and recitations—an excellent evening's entertainment may be confidently expected.

The latest issue to hand of the *W. A. Record* states that on 4th of February three young ladies received the Holy Habit of St. Dominick, at the Dominican Convent, Greenough (W. A.). The reception ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. Father Ryan, Administrator of the Diocese, assisted by the Rev. Father Clune, C.S.S.R. An impressive address was delivered by the Very Rev. Eather Ryan. The ceremony closed with Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. The young ladies who received the Dominican Habit are Miss Minnie Ross, of Dunedin, N.Z., who took the name of Sister Mary Anthony; Miss Annie Byrne, of Oamaru, N.Z. (Sister Mary Anastasia), and Miss Kate Kenny (Sister Mary Catherine of Siena). Miss Kate Kenny is the eldest daughter of Mr. James Kenny, of Geraldton. The young lady, who has been long preparing for a religious life, entered the Greenough Convent and commenced her novitiate last year.

The retreat conducted by the Very Rev. Father Boyle, C.M., for the men of St. Joseph's Cathedral parish, was brought to a close on Sunday evening. The attendance during the week at the various services was very good, and the retreat was in every respect a great success. A large number joined the mens' branch of the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, the weekly meetings of which have been arranged for Tuesday evenings. At the early Masses on Sunday an unprecedentedly large number of the congregation—especially men—approached the Holy Table. In the evening there was a renewal of baptismal vows, and the Rev. Father Boyle in concluding his discourse, the subject of which was 'Prayer,' took the opportunity of congratulating the men of the parish on their regular attendance during the retreat.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own correspondent.)

March 4.

The Rev. Father Galerne, S.M., has been transferred to the Pro-Cathedral parish, his place at Temuka being filled by the Rev. Father Kerley, recently ordained.

The Rev. Father Leen left last week for Kumara to fill the position vacated by the Rev. Father Cooney who, it is understood, is to take charge of Lyttelton.

Mr. P. J. Nolan, assistant sub-editor of the *Christchurch Press*, who has been appointed to a position on the *New Zealand Times*, was presented during the week by Mr. W. H. Triggs, on behalf of the literary staff of the *Press* with a copy of Groves's *Dictionary of Music*, and with a gold pen bearing a suitable inscription by Mr. G. R. Hart, on behalf of the reporting staff of the same journal. Reference was made to the high esteem in which Mr. Nolan was held by the members of both staffs, and to the efficient manner in which he had discharged the duties of a difficult position.

The weekly meetings of the Christchurch Catholic Club were resumed on last Tuesday evening. Mr. E. O'Connor, vice-president, occupied the chair. There was a very good attendance and four new members were nominated. The principal business of the meeting was the discussion of a proposal to secure, and suitably furnish, club-rooms in a central position in the city, a sub-committee being appointed to carry out the wishes of the members. The Rev. Father McDonnell (who takes a most active interest in the Club), Rev. Bros. Arthur and Charles, were amongst those present.

Master Edward Boland, of Darfield, a pupil of the Marist Brothers' school, was successful in passing the recent Junior Civil Service examination. On behalf of the director (Bro. Arthur) and the teaching staff the Very Rev. Vicar-General presented Master Boland with a handsome gold watch as a reward for diligence and application to study, this being a prize offered by the Brothers to the most successful pupil. Miss Catherine A. Boland, a pupil of the Sisters of Mercy, Darfield, was also amongst the successful candidates. At the same examination two pupils of the Sacred Heart Convent High School, Barbadoes street, Misses May Byrne and Gertrude Adams, also secured passes.

A well-attended meeting of the parishioners of the Pro-Cathedral and St. Mary's, Manchester street, was held on Monday evening last in the Marist Brothers' schoolroom to arrange for fittingly celebrating St. Patrick's Day. The Very Rev. Father Le Menant des Chesnais, V.G., presided, and amongst those present were the Very Rev. Dean Foley, Rev. Fathers Marnane and McDonnell, and Bros. Arthur and Charles. A good deal of enthusiasm was exhibited in the business for which the meeting was convened, and it was decided to celebrate the anniversary of Ireland's patron saint by arranging a grand national entertainment in the Canterbury Hall, Exhibition Buildings, at a low charge of admission so as to enable everyone so disposed to be present. Any surplus accruing is to be divided between the parish schools. Various sub-committees were formed to carry out the celebration.

At the last meeting of the North Canterbury Hospital Board, Dr. Morkane, of Dunedin, who was for some time acting as assistant house surgeon, received a permanent appointment to that position.

On the arrival of the H.A.C.B. Society delegates by the express train on Monday last from the recent district meeting at Dunedin, they were met by members of the local branches and entertained at supper in their rooms, and spent a very sociable time. During a brief interview I had with the District President, Bro. D. Flynn, he expressed himself in eloquent terms regarding the exceptional treatment and hospitality extended to the delegates wherever they visited. He felt convinced that the sentiments he personally expressed would be fully endorsed by every member at present visiting the South Island, and all would cherish the happiest recollections of the unexpected attention paid them. Bro. Flynn seemed particularly pleased with the opening of a new branch at Waimate at which some of the delegates assisted, and on the whole thought the

prospects of the society generally bright and encouraging. Referring to the delegates themselves, Bro. Flynn expressed the opinion that for ability, intelligence and close application to the business upon which they were engaged, ample proof was afforded that they were fully competent to enter into the deliberations of any assembly.

TIMARU.

(From our own correspondent.)

The District Officers of the H.A.C.B. Society broke their homeward journey at Timaru on Tuesday last. The president of the local branch and Mr. D. Mahoney met them at the station. During the forenoon they visited the Priory, convent and church, and expressed their surprise and pleasure at the magnificent buildings and beautiful grounds. During the afternoon Mr. D. Mahoney took them for a drive in the country and harvest being in full swing the visitors were much impressed with the agricultural district surrounding Timaru. During their stay the District Officers presented Bro. M. F. Dennehy with a gold maltese cross suitably inscribed, in recognition of his services as assistant secretary to the recent conference, the D.P. eulogising Bro. Dennehy's work in the interests of the society. The recipient suitably acknowledged the kindness and generosity of the District Officers.

Madame Florence and Rev. Mother Salmon, of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Sydney, are at present in Timaru. Mother Salmon is Superior of the Order in Australasia.

The St. Patrick's Sports Association are busily preparing for their meeting on the 18th inst. The membership tickets are being purchased pretty freely, and as the success of the meeting financially depends largely on the membership, it remains with the Irishmen of South Canterbury to make the celebration of their national festival an assured success by joining the ranks of the Association. A national concert will be held in the evening, and the best available talent has been secured to interpret Irish songs and melodies.

PRESENTATION TO FATHER GALERNE, S.M.

(From an occasional correspondent.)

A very pleasant evening was spent in the Kerrytown School-room on February 27, when Rev. Father Galerne, S.M., was entertained by a large number of his well-wishers on the occasion of his removal to Christchurch. Mr. H. Brosnan occupied the chair, and capital speeches were made by Messrs. D. Angland and Jeffreys, of Temuka. Songs were given during the evening by Rev. Father Galerne, Mr. Jeffreys, the Misses Stevenson, Coughlan, Brosnan, and the pupils of the school. Father Galerne was presented with an address and a purse of sovereigns. The address, which was as follows, was read by Miss Nellie O'Driscoll, and the presentation was made by Miss Ettie Dore.—

Dear Rev. Father Galerne,—It is with feelings of the profoundest regret and heartfelt love that we, your friends of Kerrytown and Pleasant Point, have through your removal to Christchurch to say 'Good-bye' to you to-night. During the last three years you have been amongst us we have been edified by your saintly life, encouraged and supported by your kindly manner and excessive charity. Your kind consideration for the poor, and prompt attention to the sick, will be long treasured in our memories. We have watched with admiration your zeal for the beauty of the 'House of God,' and sincerely regret your leaving us before seeing your cherished wish realised—the erection of a tower for St. Mary's, Pleasant Point. You will be missed more particularly by the children, for whom you always had a word of encouragement and a pleasant smile; they never felt so happy as when you were in their midst. We all sincerely trust that in the near future your superiors will see their way clear to send you amongst us again. In taking leave of you, dear Father, we ask your remembrance of us in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and from our hearts we invoke for you God's blessing and happiness, and that you may be long spared to continue your divine work. We beg of you to accept the accompanying gift as a small token of our filial love and esteem. We beg to remain, your devoted people and children of Kerrytown and Pleasant Point.

Father Galerne made a very feeling reply. In the course of his remarks he said it was impossible for words to express his gratitude for their presence there that evening and for all their kindness shown to him during his exceedingly happy stay amongst them. He said, next to his ordination, this event was one of the most memorable in his life, and that he never felt so lonely since he left his dear native land.

Messrs. Louis Gille and Co., of the Australian Catholic Depot, Liverpool and George streets, Sydney, notify the arrival of a 'Life of St. Francis of Assisi,' translated from the French of the Rev. F. L. de Chérancé by R. F. O'Connor.—*.*

Those who have disposed of tickets in the Hawera Art Union are requested to return blocks to the Very Rev. Father Power before March 16. The drawing will take place on the 18 inst., and a list of the winning numbers will appear in our issue of March 28.—*.*

The St. Patrick's Sports Association, of Timaru, will hold their annual gathering on Monday, March 18, the programme including running, jumping, and cycling events. Competitors for cycling and running events are notified that entries close on the evening of March 8. A national concert will be held on the evening of the sports gathering in the Assembly Rooms.—*.*

NEW ZEALAND: GENERAL.

THE Month's Mind for the late Dean Chervier will take place in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Leeston, on Tuesday, March 12.

MASTERS James P. and Thomas Treahy, sons of Mr. P. Treahy of Ngapara, left Dunedin by the Monowai on Thursday last for Hunter's Hill College, Sydney.

THE Hawera *Star* says it is stated that under the will of the late Mr. Milmos the Hawera Hospital will benefit to the extent of four figures.

WITH this issue of the N.Z. TABLET we present our readers with an illustrated supplement containing a photographic group of the delegates to the annual district meeting of the H.A.C.B. Society, held recently in Dunedin.

AT a meeting held in Dunedin last week it was decided to perpetuate the memory of the late Queen by the erection of a statue. A proposal that the memorial should take the form of a public library was negatived.

AT a sale of Wellington city property last week a record price of £164 per foot for a section with a frontage to Manners street was obtained. The block is the one on which Messrs. Wilkins and Field's ironmongery store is situated. It was bought by Mr. Martin Kennedy for £10,700.

THE Rev. Mother-Superior of St. Bride's Convent, Masterton, having for a period of 25 years devoted herself to self-denying work, celebrated her silver jubilee recently. The children of St. Patrick's School and of St. Bride's Convent presented the Reverend Mother with addresses.

IT has been definitely decided that the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall are to arrive at Auckland on June 11, and take their departure from the Colony on the 29th. Their Royal Highnesses will thus have 17 clear days in the Colony, and will have an opportunity of visiting Rotorua.

THE following are the marks obtained by the pupils of the Sisters of Mercy, Hokitika, who were successful at the examination in music (vocal and instrumental) held last November by Mr. Charles Edwards, Trinity College, London:—Senior Honors: Mary Moller (piano), 83; Mary E. Bourke (singing), 83; Denis Clarke, (piano) 80. Intermediate Pass: Stasia Murphy (piano), 76. Junior Pass: Eileen Daly (piano), 81; Kitty Arnal (piano), 80; Ruby Burns (violin), 80. Preparatory: Annie McDonald (piano), 97; Nellie Kidd (piano) 95; Eva Murphy (piano), 95; Mammie Moynihan (piano), 93; Rose Healy (piano), 90; Ronald MacDonald (violin), 86; Clare Davey (piano), 83; Maude Rochford, (piano), 82; Nan Colman (piano), 81; Charlie Ross (violin), 70.

THE annual picnic in connection with the Stoke Orphanage was held recently (says the Nelson *Colonist*) at Waimea West, and a most enjoyable day was spent by the lads, who were joined by most of the boys who had been connected with the institution and are now in service in the district. The usual arrangements had been made to give the boys a good time, and prizes were provided for the sports which, with various games, occupied their attention. The Orphanage Band was present, and Father George Mahony, Mr. Fitzgerald and his staff of teachers, and Dean Mahoney were prominent in the work of keeping the boys amused. Dean Mahoney at the close of the day expressed his satisfaction at the manner in which the picnic had passed off, and cheers were given for those who had assisted in making the picnic possible, especially for Mr. B. Crisp, jun., who collected funds, and those who contributed. Two palace cars, wagonettes, and other vehicles were required to convey the lads to and from the picnic ground.

THE following is a list of the successful candidates from the Convent of Mercy, Greymouth, at the musical examinations conducted by Mr. Edwards, Trinity College, London, last November:—Senior division—Nellie McDonnell (honors), 87; Maggie Algie (honors), 87; Lottie Guthrie (pass), 65. Intermediate—Augusta Skoglund (pass), 62. Junior—Mabel Harris (honors), 80. Preparatory—M. E. Noonan (violin, pass), 71; Dotty Lutz (pass), 66. The Greymouth Convent (says the local *Star*) still maintains its prestige as an educational establishment. At the recent Civil Service examination, Miss Nellie McDonnell passed successfully, and at the Matriculation Miss M. E. Noonan was also returned amongst the successful candidates. Still another pupil, Miss Alice Dix, has just received her second grade certificate for light and shade drawing from the Technical School, Wellington, and she has now received the full certificate for second grade drawing. She has also passed in solid geometry, freehand and model drawing. The Sisters of Mercy are to be heartily complimented.

It is not generally known, the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* says, that Mr. Marconi, the adapter of wireless telegraphy, is as much an Irishman as an Italian in all but the matter of birth. He is, it appears, first cousin to a leading Wexford merchant and the son of an Enniscorthy lady. Mr. Marconi's maternal grandfather was Mr. Andrew Jameson, of Daphne Castle and Fairfield, Enniscorthy—a cousin of the John Jameson of whiskey fame. Andrew Jameson had a distillery near Enniscorthy, at the place known even now as 'The Still.' Mr. A. G. Davis, the present occupant of Fairfield, married one of Andrew Jameson's daughters; and another, who was musical to a remarkable degree, went to the Conservatoire at Bologna to finish her studies. Here she met and married a Signor Marconi, an Italian of considerable means, and became the mother of the now famous inventor.

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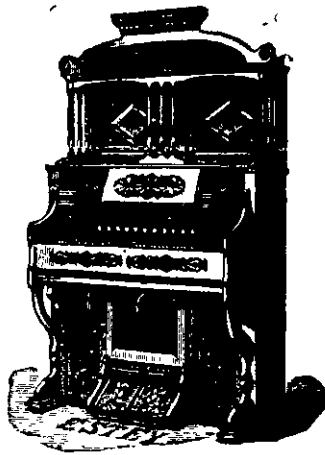
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The Storyteller.

IN THE TIME OF LAFAYETTE.

I.

EARLY IN THE NIGHT.

It was a terrible night. Not terrible because of storm, not terrible because of the lightning or the wind or the rain, but terrible because of the wickedness of men.

The whole city of Paris seemed to have gone mad. Persons who had been kindly enough, who had little children of their own, and dear old grandfathers and grandmothers, watched the carts go by that held old people on their way to have their heads cut off by the instrument called the guillotine. And those who saw all this, who applauded it, had suddenly become cruel because they had turned their backs on God.

It was a terrible night, over a hundred years ago, when Hugh O'Regan and Henry Bache met in the streets of Paris. Hugh was the most wretched of boys, for he had just lost his mother; and Henry was even more wretched, for he had lost both father and mother, and besides, he could say no prayers, for he knew none.

Louis XVI., now imprisoned by his people, had been kind to Americans. He had sent his troops over there to help George Washington in the great struggle against the tyranny of the English King George. And he had received Benjamin Franklin well at his court, and given him all the help he could. It was through Mr. Franklin that young Bache and his parents had come to Paris from Philadelphia. They had been the guests of the good Marquise de Lafayette, wife of the celebrated Marquis; she had learned with great sorrow that the Baches were of that fashionable school of infidels who had done so much harm in France.

Hugh O'Regan was about the same age as young Bache. His grandfather, the Count O'Regan, had served under Dillon in the Irish Brigade, and he and his mother had come to Paris to live in this grandfather's house while he went to the Jesuits' school. Early in the evening he had left his mother, to go for some bread and fruit, as all their servants had deserted them.

When he returned, she was gone. He found a piece of white paper on the floor, on which was scrawled in charcoal: 'I have been arrested. Trust in God. We shall, at best, meet in Heaven. "Je te laisse mon coeur."'

About the same time Henry Bache had followed a crowd who were singing and dancing. He was 15 years old, and his curiosity must be forgiven. When he returned to the house in which his parents had lodged since Lafayette had left Paris, they were gone. He ran through the deserted house until he found a servant hidden in a closet.

'The citizens had taken the aristocrats to the guillotine,' the servant said, as well as Henry could understand, for he did not know French well; 'and he had better run or they would cut off his head, too.'

And so, on this terrible night, when the streets of Paris resounded with shouts and vile songs, and torches flared everywhere, and men and women and children, with red caps on their heads, danced and sang songs in honor of Liberty, these two boys stood on the corner of a street, knowing not which way to turn.

Hugh wore a black velvet suit, with fine lace at the sleeves and neck. His silver buckles flashed in the light of a fire that had been kindled in the square, about which the people danced, singing a song they called the Carmagnole.

His hair, long and curly, fell on his shoulders. A light sword, a gift from his grandfather, hung by his side. He was large for his age, and, at home in Ireland, so noted had he been in all athletic exercises that he was rather too proud of his strength. He held his three-cornered hat in his right hand and looked at the dancers. Only a moment before, he heard it said that they had almost torn an aged priest to pieces, who had been on his way to a bed of sickness.

Henry Bache, who stood near him watching the hideous dance, was slighter than Hugh. Baseball had not been invented in America, but he could ride a pony with anybody, toss quoits, and he had even tried his skill at quintain—an old-fashioned form of polo, which had been revived at Mr. Robert Morris's place near Philadelphia. He wore a plain suit of linsey-woolsey; his hair was cropped short under a broad-brimmed straw hat. He had no buckles on his shoes, and no sword. His blue eyes had lost their usual look of keenness and interest; they were full of pain and anxiety. Hugh noticed him; he saw at once that he was not a French boy.

The dance became faster and faster. The torches flared; the light and shadows made the faces of the people under the red caps more wicked than ever.

'Ca ira! ca ira!' they howled.

'Tigers!' said Henry Bache, half aloud. Hugh heard him. A little boy had fallen in making his way through the crowd. His father, who wore the red cap, held him in his arms and kissed him. Even the red cap could not change the look of love on the father's face, as he consoled the little boy. Hugh saw Bache nervously clasp his hands together, in the red light. Hugh was impulsive; he touched Henry gently on the shoulder. Henry started; but a glance at Hugh's honest eyes reassured him—besides, that Hugh wanted to be friendly was evident from the low bow he made. The plain American almost smiled as he saw it. It reminded him of the airs and graces of some French officers who had danced in a minuet at Mr. Robert Morris's grand house, and at whom the citizens had greatly laughed.

'You speak English,' Hugh said, in his soft voice, 'and you are in trouble.'

'And you are Irish,' said Henry, holding out his hand, 'and—with a quick look at his face—'and are in trouble.'

'Alas, yes,' answered Hugh, in that soft tone and accent which betrayed his nationality, 'I am very sad, and I know not what to do.'

'And I am even sadder,' said Henry, drawn to this boy by the sense of his loneliness. One who spoke his language seemed like a friend. 'I am most wretched. My father and mother have been taken away by these demons who pretend they love liberty. Liberty means a different thing over in our country. We did not hurt women, or murder, or sing and dance like fools for liberty. We fought like men. Why, even old Parson Duche, who wanted General Washington to betray the cause, was not hurt. Oh, that we were home again!'

'We would fight in Ireland, if we could,' said Hugh, who, grave and sad, looked much older than he was. 'We are not permitted to know what freedom is—but,' he added, brightening, 'we helped you Americans. My cousin, Arthur Barry, was in the war.'

'There were many,' said Henry, 'of your country. And might I ask your name?'

'The Count Hugh O'Regan.'

'Count?' whispered Henry, looking around. 'They would kill you if they heard you say that. Many persons are guillotined every day simply because they bear titles.'

'I am what I am,' said Hugh, proudly. 'We were in Brittany when these horrors broke out, but my mother hastened hither, believing she could save my grandfather's house, which was in the charge of servants, and put me quietly to school. I had been only two days with the good Abbe Gaillard when—but what is that?'

What seemed to be a black bundle on the ground outside the circle of dancers moved and stood erect. A man, hideous in face, rushed at it and beat it to the stones. It fell with a groan.

Hugh half drew his sword. 'Stop!' Henry Bache said. 'If you fight you are lost. And I must ask you to help me, though I know not how. I have lost my father and mother, and I must save them!'

'And I, my mother. You must help me, too.'

Henry felt a strange sense of consolation in thus recognising a fellow in misfortune.

'Done!' he said, striking his hand into Hugh's, and feeling better. 'Done!'

Hugh was silent; he rested his eyes on the dark object which seemed crawling out of the circle of flickering red light. From above the black cloak showed a white head; the figure half rose to its feet. And then, as the torches of the dancers flared up for a moment, he knew the face.

'Mother of God, help us!' he whispered, clutching Henry's arm. 'Tis Father Gaillard—the wretches have almost killed him!'

Henry looked, too.

'A Papist priest,' he said, bitterly. 'Let him alone. He is as bad as the rest.'

Hugh took his hand from his companion's arm.

'We must part, sir,' he said. 'I am but a boy; but I will save that priest or die. You can go your way.'

'You will be murdered!' cried Bache.

'Perhaps so—'tis in a good cause: that old man is not only a priest, but my friend!'

Hugh was about to rush forward. Bache held him in his strong, wiry clutch.

'Say—he has reached the shadow of the tree. No—I spoke hastily. You promised to help me, and I will not desert you—even if I must risk my life for a Romish priest.'

Hugh's face was flushed, his eyes blazed. Bache was cool—'as cool,' he afterwards said, 'as a cucumber.' He drew a long-bladed pocket-knife from his pocket, while he held fast to Hugh's arm with his right hand.

'If we go forward, we shall attract attention to the old man. Wait—a moment—let me think. I tell you,' he said, as Hugh struggled, 'that you are a fool! Wait! I will help you; and no American breaks his word!'

Hugh stood still, his eyes fixed on the figure that now lay in the shadow of the trees. It was plain to him that his companion was right. Some soldiers had joined the dancing ring, and two drums lay on the ground, cast there hastily—for there was no order among the soldiers in those days.

'I will draw them around me,' said Bache, struck by a sudden thought.

'God help us!' ejaculated Hugh.

'You will run to the right, into the Faubourg; at the first corner is my lodging; it was an inn, and there is a sign hanging above the door. Go in—Jacques the servant has run away long ago. And now for it! How do you say "I am an American"?' asked Bache.

'Je suis Americain!'

'Now,' whispered Bache, growing very pale, and setting his teeth, 'go to your old man; but I expect you to help me to the death.'

'We never break our word!' answered Hugh, creeping through the shadows towards the tree.

Henry Bache breathed hard. Then he sprang forward like a deer, jumped on the big drum, and seized the little one. Rat-rat—rat-tat—rat-tat—rat-tat!

The dancing circle half stopped for a moment, but some continued to howl and sing. Henry rattled his drum again.

'Je suis Americain!' he called out, in a shrill, high voice. 'Yankee Doodle.' And then he crowed with all the strength of his lungs.

'Vive l'Amerique!' cried the soldiers. And Henry began in a high voice the song 'Yankee Doodle.'

In an instant he was surrounded by a laughing, shouting crowd. He rattled away on his drum, and cried, looking towards Hugh:

'Run—for your life!'

Then he began to sing. To make him stand higher, the soldiers brought him an empty wine cask. Some of them had been in America, too, evidently, for when he sang 'Yankee Doodle,' with many gestures with his drum-sticks, they joined in the chorus.

There was nobody to watch Hugh and Father Gaillard now; everybody gathered about the 'savage American boy' on the cask. Even the little lad who had been hurt laughed, as Henry crowed at the end of each stanza.

But suddenly there was a howl: a soldier had caught sight of Hugh and the priest. Henry became aware of this. He jumped from his perch, and reached Hugh's side just in time to strike back the arm of the soldier with his clasp-knife. The boy and the priest vanished in the darkness. Henry faced the soldier, who made a movement to grasp him. Henry threw the drum at his face and ran.

'Je suis Americain!' he said.

'Aristocrat! Aristocrat! Hang him!' called the soldier; but Henry had disappeared.

AT NINE O'CLOCK.

The dancers of the Carmagnole soon returned to their places. 'Ah, what a droll, savage American boy!' they said. And some of them listened to the stories told by the soldier, who had been in America, of the strange, barbarous manners of the country. And the old priest had escaped—what of it?—to-morrow he would die, they said. All priests must be killed by good citizens sooner or later.

When Henry crept into the doorway of his lodging house he was dripping with perspiration. It was not that he had run so fast, but that he had been afraid—terribly afraid even when he had seemed boldest. He believed that if he lost his life his father and mother might be lost, and this was enough to make him afraid of death.

He found Hugh and the Abbe Gaillard in one of the bedrooms of the deserted house. Hugh had got a candle, and as few boys then were ever without tinder and flint—there were no matches—he easily made a light. The old priest sat in an armchair; he was very white, and a cut in his forehead was bandaged with Hugh's handkerchief.

They both started as they heard Henry's footsteps. As he entered the old priest held out his thin hand.

'Ah, my brave boy!' he said, 'I thank you—you have saved our lives. And Hugh knows how grateful I am since I have with me the Blessed Sacrament.'

Henry bowed; he did not fully comprehend.

'Monsieur,' said Hugh, gravely, 'I promise you that your father and mother shall be saved. You know not what you have done, but you have brought a great blessing on yourself to-night. I promise!'

Henry was silent. Then he took Hugh's hand.

'As sure,' he said, 'as my name is Henry Bache, if what you say turns out to be true—if your God saves my parents, I will worship Him—I will have your old priest tell me how to do it. I like his face.'

'But he is a Jesuit,' said Hugh looking straight into Henry's face.

Henry hesitated. 'Well, I have been told—but never mind—he must be good since he has been evilly treated by those fiends. And he is a brave man. Now you must help me find my father and mother.'

Father Gaillard had listened; he understood English sufficiently to get at what Henry was saying.

'His father and mother?' he asked of Hugh. 'What says he of his father and mother?'

'They are in prison.'

'In what prison?'

'He does not know.'

'Oh, I do not know,' said Henry, tears coming into his eyes. 'And I shall go mad if I do not find them; yet, I know not, as a stranger, where to begin. If I could only speak the language well!'

The priest raised himself on his elbow, with an effort.

'You are English!'

'No,' said the boy. 'I am an American,' he added proudly. 'My name is Henry Bache.'

'American—Bache,' said the priest. 'Bache—Bache.' He tried it again to get the pronunciation. 'Ah, I remember. Your father and mother are with Madame O'Regan, in the Conciergerie. It was Madame who sent me by a trusted servant a note, telling me that she and two Americans had been thrust into prison. She told me also of a dying nun in the same prison. To her I was going, when the mob, God forgive them! recognised me.'

Henry went towards the door.

'I must go,' he said, 'to find this prison. You are safe. There is wine in the cupboard and meat downstairs. I will leave you the key. The landlord will never come back. He was guillotined yesterday for harboring an aristocrat.'

'You must not go,' said Hugh. 'It means death. We must consult.'

'I will not wait,' said Bache. 'They will die of pain without me.'

'You can do no good,' spoke the priest. 'When this pain abates so that I can walk, I will go to the prison.'

'No,' said Henry, in a low voice; 'I must go. You promised,' he said, turning to Hugh, 'that your God would save them.'

'I am sure,' said Hugh, 'that God will not let me break my word.' And he turned to the priest.

Father Gaillard smiled gently, and his lips moved in prayer.

'Oh, Father,' said Hugh, the weight of grief getting heavier on his heart, 'I must go, too—I must, I must—think of my dear mother among those demons! I will, at least, die with her.'

Henry took his hand again.

'Let us go!'

Father Gaillard saw that he could not keep them, and he felt a faintness creeping over him.

'Kneel!' he said.

Hugh drew Bache to his knees with him. And then the old priest blessed them both. Hugh rushed up to him and kissed him on both cheeks, and Henry hastily brought wine and bread, and put them, with the key, on the table within reach of the Abbe.

The boys went downstairs together.

'The old man's blessing did me good—though my father would laugh over it with his friend, Mr. Tom Paine,' said Henry. 'I don't care if he is a Jesuit—he is a good man. But—what shall I call you?'

'Hugh—that's my name.'

'Well, Hugh, you must put on some of my clothes. You had better not go out again with those clothes. They are too fine for these times. You are an aristocrat; they will recognise you as a—what do they call it?'

He thanked Henry. In a few minutes he had dressed himself in a suit of coarse brown cloth, put on a round cap, and carefully laid his ruffles and sword aside. Henry gave him a stout stick, and they went into the street. The Abbe waved his hand to them.

Surely two boys never started out to do a more hopeless thing. The Conciergerie, as the prison was called, was doubly guarded. They had no friends, and at any moment they might on some pretext be arrested and guillotined. At this time neither women nor children were spared.

'I feel,' said Hugh, as they went on, 'that only God can help us. I shall say the Litany of the Blessed Virgin as I go along. She went to look for the Infant Lord when He was lost, and we have lost our parents. She has felt our sorrow; she can understand us.'

Henry said nothing; but when they had walked on in silence for a time, he spoke:

'If I knew a prayer, I would say it.'

'Say, "Son of God, help us!"'

Henry repeated it reverently.

'Now,' said Hugh, 'we must leave the rest to Him.'

They were passing some official house. A crowd of howling women ran down the steps, singing a blasphemous song. One of them stopped, and insisted on pinning two stained rosettes on the jackets of the boys.

'Let them be,' said Henry, as Hugh was about to tear his off. 'They are red, white, and blue.'

They passed a group of men on a corner. Hugh asked one of them the way to the prison.

'Ah,' said the man, who had too much wine, pointing out the direction. 'You will be just in time, if you want to join the condemned. Robespierre has ordered that a great crowd of the prisoners shall be guillotined by moonlight. Hurry! It seems to me, citizens,' he said, turning to his friends, 'that if this goes on there will be none of us left.'

The boys could not speak; their hearts were like lead. They passed another group drinking in front of a tavern. These men were in their red shirts—for the night had grown hot—and these were open at the throat. One of them drew his hand across his neck as the boys passed.

'The guillotine will work to-night well.'

'And,' said another voice, in a lower tone, 'perhaps Robespierre may fall himself.'

'Cheer up,' Hugh said.

'I cannot,' said Henry. 'Oh, I wish we were home! How different it is out in the quiet streets of Philadelphia! To think that perhaps they will never see the beautiful Delaware or the green fields about again. Oh, why did we come?'

'It is fair in heaven—in our own land,' said Hugh softly.

'But my father and mother do not believe in heaven,' said Henry, in agony. 'I wish they did—I wish they did. It must be'—his voice choked—'it must be awful to die without hope—and they do not know whether I am alive or dead!'

'Henry,' said Hugh, earnestly. 'I will tell them—no matter if all the dirty red caps in creation stop the way. Faith, I will.'

They had reached the prison. There was a waiting crowd in front of it, silent, not rejoicing as was usual with the crowds that waited the condemned to be brought out. The heat was intense. The month was Thermidor—as the Revolutionists called it—between July and August. The air was still.

Slowly a heavy cart came out of the frowning gates. And just then a quarter to nine o'clock struck.

The cart heavily moved onward. The faces of all the condemned could be plainly seen. There was no need of torches. The moon was full and silvery. Hugh felt Henry Bache clutch his arm.

'There!'

Hugh looked. He saw his mother's face, calm, serene, smiling at him; she held her rosary in her hand. Leaning against her was a weeping woman; and near the woman stood a man, pale, horror-stricken. Hugh knew at once that this was Henry's father. They were on their way to death.

'You promised—you promised,' whispered Henry. 'God cannot save them now!' he seemed frozen to the spot. His father did not see him, and his mother's face was hidden.

Hugh was a strong boy. He thrust right and left with his stick—and perhaps the rosette on his jacket saved him from being knocked down at once. He made his way, however, thinking of nothing but the faces before him; he sprang upon the cart, and clung to its side.

'Hugh, God bless you!' And he felt his mother's arms around his neck.

'Monsieur,' he said to the wild-eyed man. 'Henry is living; he prays for you—see!'

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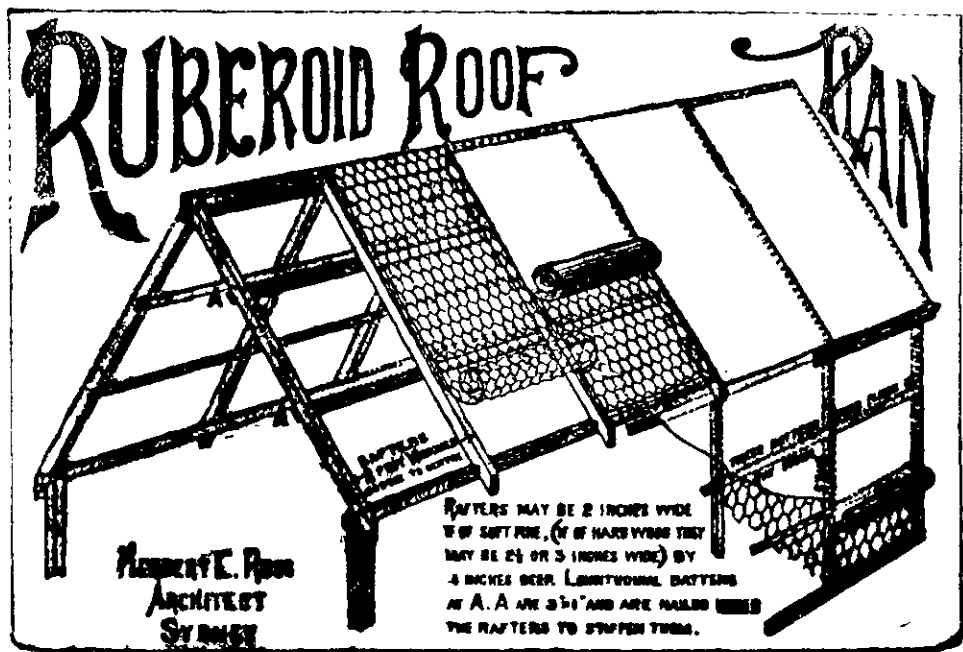
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Henry's eyes met his father's, and a great sob rose from the man's throat. Strong hands tried to tear Hugh from his mother; he clung to her, and Mr. Bache to him.

'Henry is alive!' he said again, and Mrs. Bache raised her pale, agonised face to see her son, whom the people held back.

'You promised!' shrieked Henry, above the noise, 'you promised!'

'Don't you see,' Hugh cried, frantically, as the guards threw him to the ground, 'these people are Americans—my mother is an Irish woman!'

'Aristocrats!' said the guards.

'Let me die with them!' cried Henry, jumping, bleeding as he was, on the wheel.

'I will die too—but, O Mother of God, I promised!' cried Hugh.

The tumbril stopped; it was impeded by the crowd ahead; there had arisen a sudden commotion in advance—but the groups about the condemned prisoners were sullenly silent. A pale man who stood near the car, muttered:

'Are whole families to be thus slaughtered?'

'We have had enough of it,' murmured his companion.

'Leave me! Leave me!' whispered Mrs. Bache to Hugh.

'And oh, my boy, turn to God! This kind woman has taught me—'

'Halt!' called out a strong voice in front. 'Halt!—I command you!'

'It is too late!—too late!—too late!' shrieked Henry.

'No,' cried Hugh. 'It cannot be too late!' and with all his heart he prayed:

'Help of Christians! Help of Christians!'

The cart moved on; both the boys had climbed into it. Henry's arms were about his mother's neck.

'We are Americans!' he called out. 'You must not kill us—we are not aristocrats!'

'They are Americans,' repeated Hugh. 'They are the father and mother of this boy. See!' he cried, pointing to the rosettes, 'we wear the tricolour!'

'Robespierre has fallen!' called out another voice from the crowd. 'Let the prisoners go! There has been too much blood.'

Hugh and Henry were thrown to the ground. There were yells and cries, and the stamping of feet; the cart was overturned, Hugh heard nine o'clock strike; he knew no more until he found himself lying in bed in the lodging-house, with his hand in that of the Abbe Gaillard. Henry was kneeling beside him; he felt his mother's lips on his brow; he saw Mr. and Mrs. Bache at the foot of the bed, and then he fell asleep, hearing the Abbe say:

'At nine o'clock I was on my knees for you; and Faith has won!'

The worst of the Reign of Terror in France was over. Henry kept his promise and became a devout Catholic, and his father and mother, who had been so near to death, followed his example in

spite of the jeers of Mr. Tom Paine. They saw their beloved Delaware again, and Hugh and his mother and the Abbe Gaillard went with them. The Count Hugh, in time, dropped his sword, which he was fond of wearing at all times, and his title, and became a good American and plain Hugh O'Regan.

But there are a few old ladies living still who say that there was no bow so graceful as his in the minuet which was danced in the hall in Chestnut street when General Washington's great friend, Lafayette, came to visit America.—MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, in the *Catholic Times*.

The Catholic World.

BELGIUM.—The Sisters of Charity.—On the 11th December at the Mother-house of the Sisters of Charity of Jesus and Mary, Ghent, a very imposing ceremony took place; 25 novices were professed, and 20 postulants received the religious habit, amongst the former being an Irish lady. The newly-professed Irish Sister is Miss Nora Catherine Cahill (in religion Sister Mary Winefride), daughter of Mr. Michael Cahill, Limerick. She has been appointed to take up her duties at Courtrai, the convent where she had been educated. On the occasion of the profession the beautiful convent chapel was crowded with the friends of the newly-professed Sisters. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Cahill, Limerick; Miss O'Connor, and Miss Ellie O'Connor, of Kildimo, County Limerick, who are boarders at Saffalaere, one of the houses of the Order. The Sisters of Charity are of one the oldest and largest Orders in Belgium, having a Community of over a thousand professed Sisters. They have several branch houses in Belgium, including Brussels, Courtrai, Ecloo, and Mons, to which there are boarding-schools attached. At the invitation of Cardinal Vaughan, in 1888, the Sisters founded a large convent at Tottington (near Manchester) and at the request of the Belgian Government some of the Sisters went to the missions of Congo, in Africa, where they have already five houses. They have several select boarding-schools in India and The Punjab, under the presidency of the Bishop of Lahore. Their Community embraces several Irish and English members.

ENGLAND.—London Catholics and the Temporal Power.—At a recent meeting of the Catholic League of South London, of which Dr. Bourne, Bishop of Fouthwark, is president, the following resolution was adopted:—'That the Catholic League of South London, composed of the clergy and elected representatives of the Catholic missions of the South Metropolitan District, beg to tender thanks to the Duke of Norfolk for his having, on behalf of the Catholics of all parties in the United Kingdom, given expression to the hope of Catholics in all the civilised countries of the world for the restoration to the Sovereign Pontiff of the temporal independence, of which the Popes have been unjustifiably deprived by the Sardinian occupation of Rome.'

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J. F. NIXON

WITH reference to the above, we feel that it is hardly necessary to assure our Friends and the Patrons of the 'City' that no effort will be spared on our part to merit the Patronage so liberally bestowed on our esteemed predecessor.

J. J. CONNOR } Proprietors.
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CONNOR AND HARRIS, PROPRIETORS.

We have great pleasure in announcing that we have purchased the above well-known house from MR. JAMES LISTON, so long and favourably known in connection with its management. We need hardly assure our Friends and the General Public that we will make the CRITERION a really comfortable home for COMMERCIAL MEN and TRAVELLERS.

IN reference to the above announcement by MESSRS. CONNOR AND HARRIS, I regret that, owing to ill-health, I am compelled to retire from active business and have sold them my interest in the CRITERION. I have to thank all my Friends for the liberal support I have received in this favourite house, and now bespeak continuance of this support for my esteemed successors, who, I feel sure, will make the CRITERION HOTEL one of the best houses in the Colony.

JAMES LISTON.

Relinquishing Some of his Labors.—After many years of active life in many fields, Canon Greaney, of Birmingham, has had to relinquish some of his labors, owing to indifferent health. In the work of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children he will be greatly missed, and in presenting him with an illuminated address, voted by the Birmingham Branch on his retirement from the presidency, Sir James Sawyer paid feeling tribute to the Canon's great service to the society.

Death of a Catholic Judge.—The announcement of the death of Judge Meynell created a painful sensation in Durham. The late judge, who was born in 1825, was a Catholic and a familiar figure at St. Cuthbert's Church, Durham. He was the head of an old and well-known Catholic family of the North Riding which suffered for the Faith in the days of persecution and has given several members to the priesthood. When deceased was 48 years of age he became Durham circuit county court judge. He was also Recorder of Doncaster.

Declines the Honor.—The Very Rev. Dean O'Callaghan, of Oldham, was proposed recently to be chairman of the Oldham School Board, but declined the honor. Dean O'Callaghan's nomination was made by Canon Rountree, an Anglican clergyman, who was subsequently himself elected chairman. The Dean was unanimously elected to the vice-chair.

Changes in the Jesuit Order.—The Rev. Father O'Hare, S.J., of St. Wilfrid's, Preston, has been appointed Rector at Wimbledon, and the Rev. Father Clayton, S.J., of Wimbledon, has gone to St. Benno's, in place of the Rev. Father Reeve who has been appointed to Beaumont.

Catholicism in Great Britain.—During his visit to Rome Cardinal Vaughan submitted the following statistics of Catholicism in Great Britain to the Pope:—There are 25 Catholic Episcopal Sees, 3300 clergymen, and about two million Catholic laymen. Throughout the British Empire the Catholics are above 12 millions, with 172 diocesan bishops and apostolic-vicars.

Death of a Catholic Officer.—Colonel R. C. Gillow, of Castle Park, Lancaster, died on January 11. Deceased belonged to a distinguished Lancashire Catholic family, his father being Mr. R. T. Gillow, of Leighton Hall, near Carnforth, who survives at a venerable age, being one of the oldest county magistrates in Lancashire. The late Mgr. Charles Gillow, and Father George Gillow, the well-known preacher, were uncles—Father F. Gillow, of the Willows, Kirkham, is a brother. Deceased was county magistrate for South Lonsdale, and was a keen sportsman. He was 54, and leaves a widow and family.

FRANCE.—The Other Side of the Picture.—The Paris *Semaine Religieuse* estimates that the suppression of the religious Orders and the confiscation of their property would bring in to the State 300,000,000 a year, but would entail an annual expense of 270,000,000 for an allowance of a franc a day to 30,000 monks and 130,000 nuns, the support of 110,000 aged and infirm persons, 60,000 orphans, 12,000 penitent women, and 68,000 lunatics, blind, and deaf and dumb.

Assisting the Passionist Fathers.—Mrs. Mackay has given 20,000 francs to the English Passionists of the Avenue Hoche to help them out of their present difficulty with the French Government. But, generous as the offering is, it only helps the Fathers to tide over their emergency. Another similar sum is wanting. And when this is obtained they will continue to be ground down by the odious fiscal laws in work against the Congregations.

ROME.—The Electric Light in St. Peter's.—Many of English Pilgrims in St. Peter's the other day saw the Pope for the first time. But the Pope himself had a new sensation. For, the *Daily Chronicle* notes, the first time he saw the twinkling of innumerable electric lights under Michael Angelo's dome. The great work of illuminating St. Peter's by the most modern of methods, begun long ago, was completed at the New Year; and not all the delighted surprise beaming from the face of Leo XIII. as he was borne through the basilica, and raised himself again and again in his chair, was the special perquisite of the pilgrims. The old torches used in St. Peter's were splendidly picturesque; but the new light has its own serene beauty.

The Health of the Holy Father.—A Rome correspondent writes:—Professor Mazzoni, the surgeon who attended the Pope during the operation he underwent some time ago, has expressed his opinion of the Pope's health in conversation as follows:—'He is very well, and, I believe, will live to be a hundred. His heart is like that of a boy, and his lungs are like steel. His mind is more lucid than can be imagined. Listen to this fact. One day when his Holiness was conversing with me we happened to speak of surgery and surgical operations. All at once he showed me one of his fingers, saying, "Look at this little scar, Professor. It is the scar of a small wound I brought on myself 75 years ago. I was then a seminarist, and during recreation hours we were allowed to play boccia in the garden of the Piazza Colonna. While I was playing I was struck by a ball on my hand, and rather badly hurt. I was taken to have my hand bound to Rolli's shop in the Piazza S. Marcello." Is it not, said Professor Mazzoni, "a grand memory that can recall a trifling incident, and that after 75 years?"

The Pope's Latest Ode.—The Catholic papers in Rome have just published the text of the ode which Leo XIII. has written for the opening of the new century. It consists of 14 verses and bears the title 'A Jesu Christo Ineuntis Sæculi Auspicio.' His Holiness reviews the character of the century which has just elapsed and, whilst acknowledging that it has been remarkable in the promotion of the arts and in revealing the powers of nature, he draws a lurid picture of its moral condition. It has, he points out, been fertile in


bloodshed, has seen sceptres fall and licence stalking abroad. The outrage committed on the See of Peter is noted, and his Holiness proceeds to dwell on the terrible effects of divorcing law and faith. Man was thus reduced to the level of the beast, and impotent human pride was in its blindness cast down into an abyss of shame. Then his Holiness offers up a sublime prayer for the new century, begging of our Lord to nourish the seeds of peace and to grant that wars may cease, that the schemes of the wicked may be defeated, and that there may be but one Fold and one Pastor. The poem is an act of homage to Christ the Redeemer.

Essays and Poems in Forty Languages.—One of the most characteristic and interesting celebrations in connection with the solemn homage to the Redeemer was the Polyglot Academy (writes a Rome correspondent) held at the Propaganda College. Poems and essays, chiefly dealing with the Jubilee Year and with the new century, were recited by the pupils in 40 different languages, the orators for the most part being natives of the country whose language they spoke. Mr. Louis Ingram worthily upheld the traditions of English eloquence, and it is satisfactory to observe that the Latin speech was pronounced by an Irishman, Mr. John Tyndal. Another Irish pupil, Mr. Michael MacCormac, spoke in Gaelic, and Gaelic was also the language in which Mr. Daniel Macdonald addressed an impassioned speech to his interested if not wholly appreciative audience. Other poems and addressees followed in Hebrew, Greek, Chaldean, Syrian, Armenian, German, Kurd, Sanscrit, Norwegian, Arabic, Persian, Portuguese, Slav, Asforic (an Arabian dialect), Dutch, Copt, Roumanian, Turkish, Romance, Malabaree, Spanish, Albanian, Danish, Tamulic, Icelandic, and even in such little-known languages as Algonquin (American Indian), Kaffir, Baoca, and Zulu. This South African trinity was represented respectively by Messrs. Julius Umkomanzi (Kaffir), Andrew Ngidi and L. Manshonga (Zulus). The close of the academy was a dialogue on the Anno Sauto recited by these three dusky pupils, who were heartily applauded. It will be remembered that the first Zulu priest, Rev. Father Muller, left the the Propaganda for his native land two years ago. He is now doing excellent work in South Africa. As usual on these occasions, the elite of Rome was present.

SCOTLAND.—A Priest Appointed Justice of the Peace.—The Rev. Father Angus Macdonald, Arisaig, has, on the recommendation of the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, been made a Justice of the Peace for Inverness-shire. He is not the only priest-magistrate in Scotland, there being at least one other—Canon Holder, of Dundee.

Enthronement of the Archbishop of Edinburgh.—The solemn reception, enthronement, and investiture with the Pallium of the Most Rev. James Smith, the new Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, took place on January 15 in St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, in the presence of a large congregation. In anticipation of the important event the entire church had been painted, decorated and gilded throughout in a most artistic way, and, in addition to this, quite a festive appearance was imparted to the interior of the sacred edifice by a display of festoons and evergreens, studded with white flowers. The altar was richly laid out with candelabra and flowers. The ceremony began at 11.30 a.m. with a solemn procession, headed by the Very Rev. Canon Donlevy, who was chief Master of Ceremonies. The priests taking part in the procession, numbering close on 100, were all in choir habit, while the Canons were in purple, the officiating clergy in rich vestments, and the Bishops bringing up the rear in full Pontificals. The celebrant of the Mass was the Right Rev. Dr. Smith, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. The assistant priest of the Mass was the Very Rev. Canon Smith, of Stirling, while the deacon and sub-deacon respectively were the Rev. Fathers McGrail and O'Raw, of the Cathedral, with Father McDermott acting as master of ceremonies. Bishop Maguire, Glasgow diocese, and Bishop Turner, diocese of Galloway, occupied seats in the sanctuary. The occasional sermon was preached by Bishop Chisholm of Aberdeen, who after referring to the loss sustained by the archdiocese on the death of Archbishop Macdonald, tendered the congratulations of the bishops, priests, and laity to the new Metropolitan. At the close of the Mass Archbishop Smith took his place upon his hitherto vacant throne, and was solemnly vested in full pontificals in presence of the entire assemblage. The vesting completed, Bishop Smith, Oban, returned to the altar, and seated himself in a chair facing the people, whilst the new Archbishop, quitting his throne, knelt before his oldest suffragan, and recited his profession of faith in Latin. At the conclusion of this profession—which, by the way, included a declaration of fidelity to Queen Victoria—Bishop Smith, to the accompaniment of the prescribed prayers, passed the pallium over the Archbishop's neck, placed it in position upon his shoulders, and allowed Canon Donlevy to pin it in position with the traditional three jewelled pins corresponding in the Church's symbolism to the nails by which Our Lord was fixed to the cross. The new Archbishop, in mitre and crozier, then mounted the altar steps, and turning to the people imparted to them the Benediction, with which the ceremony proper was brought to a termination. After the ceremony a dinner was given to the clergy in the Royal Hotel, and an illuminated address was presented to Archbishop Smith. The new Metropolitan is in his sixtieth year. Of Irish parentage, he is a native of Edinburgh, and was an altar-boy in the Cathedral where he now receives the Pallium. Educated at Lochee, Dundee, Blairs College, Aberdeen, and the Scots College, Rome, he was ordained priest in 1866. Shortly afterwards he was appointed to a professorship at Blairs College, which he occupied for 22 years. In 1890 he was appointed to the See of Dunkeld, where he has displayed great ability, learning, and organising and administrative power. His selection to be Archbishop Macdonald's successor was no surprise, and has evoked the heartiest rejoicing from both priests and people.

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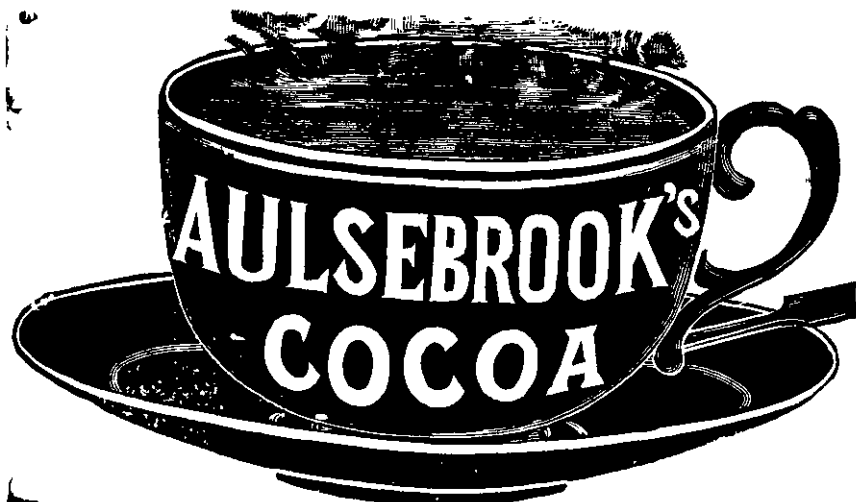
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