

Since then his career has been that of a briefless barrister, who has earned a penny—honest or otherwise—by publishing purple stories of the Church and people to which he still claims to belong.

His Catholicity.

Mr McCarthy was cute enough to see that if his book had to depend for its sale on nothing but its own merits it would fall very flat and so he adopted the ingenious though unscrupulous scheme of posing before the world as a pious and orthodox Catholic in full communion with his Church so that, professing as he did to speak of Catholic affairs from within, he would be accepted by the Protestant public as an honest and reliable if unwilling witness to the abuses he so violently condemns. Accordingly at the very beginning of his book he loudly proclaims his Catholicity. 'I am a Catholic,' he writes, 'I am an Irishman; I have a right to speak.' Again and again he puts forward this claim, speaking of himself continually as a Catholic, or as a Roman Catholic, and referring repeatedly to the priests as *our* Roman Catholic priests in order to further reassure those who, on reading his diatribe, might not unnaturally be disposed to be sceptical. A very few extracts from this precious book will serve to show our readers precisely what sort of a Catholic Mr McCarthy now is. It is not too much to say that his work is one elaborate, though at times incoherent, attack not only on the Catholic priesthood but on all the most sacred doctrines and practices of the Church. Thus he maintains that the Papacy was founded not by Christ but by the decree of a dissolute Roman Emperor; that the doctrines of the Mass and the Sacramental system, as preached in Ireland, have denied the efficacy of the one real sacrifice of Christ on the Cross, unless followed up by make-believe sacrifices, repeated as the price of sin for a pound sterling, and that bequests for Masses are an attempt to buy off the Almighty and are the most objectionable form of charity. He describes Catholic observances as useless, as mummery and mystery and unintelligible gibberish; Mass itself as unedifying and unsatisfactory; and Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, perpetual adoration, and religious processions as mere idle demonstrations, ostentatious formality, and religious curiosities. A sermon by Father Kane on Transubstantiation is described by this self-styled 'Catholic' as so much 'unnecessary and threadbare trash.' The simple country people hearing Mass appear to him 'herded together like animals, coughing, sneezing, expectorating, all eagerly impatient for the brief formal Mass to be over.' Of the practice of Confession Mr. McCarthy writes: 'It sets a premium upon vice by the ease and frequency with which it can be forgiven. It explains why every country which professes the creed is in a state of stagnation.' As our readers know anyone who thus rejects the express teaching of the Church *ipso facto* ceases to be a Catholic. If Mr. McCarthy is, as he claims to be, a Catholic, he is a Catholic of much the same stamp and standing as Maria Monk, Chiniquy, or the precious Slattery himself.

McCarthy as Irishman.

After our exposure of Mr McCarthy's 'Catholicity' our readers will not expect very much from Mr McCarthy as Irishman. They will know exactly what to expect and it will be no surprise to them whatever to be told that he is a very pure-bred specimen of the 'Shoneen'—a character the very thought of which makes a genuine Irishman mad with indignation and shame and a type of being which is happily becoming more and more rare in Ireland. One specimen of Mr McCarthy's 'patriotism' will be sufficient. At a time when Ireland has been placed under a coercion régime which, for brutal tyranny, is absolutely without parallel in any part of the English speaking world this defamer of the Irish people writes thus:—

'The British laws are in force in Ireland; and the same laws prevail in prosperous Protestant Ireland as in degenerate Catholic Ireland, without an iota of difference. Nay, more; the laws in force to-day in Catholic Ireland are the same laws which are in force in Middlesex, Glamorganshire, Lancashire, and Lanarkshire. If a combination of Londoners, or of Protestant Irishmen in Antrim, were to proceed to put the 'plan of campaign' into operation for preventing the exercise of his legal right by a common creditor, the laws would be enforced against them, and in all essentials they would be put to trial and punished just as are the tenants on the De Freyne estate.'

And this, as the Sydney 'Freeman' aptly remarks, is written by an Irish barrister who has presumably heard of the London Dock strike and the Orange ruffianism of Belfast! Gratitude has been defined as 'a lively sense of favors to come,' and that hits off the evident sentiment of Mr McCarthy towards the British laws and the beneficent British Government in Ireland.

The Book as Literature.

Apart from the unscrupulous fraud of the author of 'Priests and People in Ireland' in deceiving the Protestant public by posing as a Catholic, the whole get-up of the work brings home the fact that it was made to sell—and it will sell

both itself and the people who buy it. The London 'Times'—an authority which no one will question—refers to the book, as a literary production, in the following terms:—

'Mr McCarthy's new book is, like its predecessor, an untidy and clumsily composed volume; its style is poor and pretentious, and on a rough calculation the book has about as many split infinitives as there are priests in Ireland. The dominating idea, which is again the evil character of ecclesiastical authority in Ireland, gives "Priests and People in Ireland" a sort of intellectual unity, but materially it is slipshod and incoherent.'

The Dublin 'Leader,' after referring to Mr McCarthy's weak and uncertain English, closes with the cruel remark that, 'as an illustration of what anti-Catholic education can do, his book should rank as a classic'; and that is really all that need be said about the matter.

The Australian Drought.

The latest Australian files to hand announce the break-up of the long-drawn agony of drought that has for so long parched and tortured the principal States of the Commonwealth. It has been a fearful and ruinous experience, and none better than our friends across the sea can more fully relish the poetry and music that lies in the welcome patter of the long-expected rain-drops upon iron roof and weatherboard wall. Someone has remarked in a South American work of fiction that it is only writers who have seen the brown, parched plains and the hecatombs of dead sheep and cattle, and the starved and thirsting survivors of flock and herd, that can put 'beef' into this sort of poetry. What the drought has meant to Australia may be in a manner learned from the figures quite recently published by Mr. T. Livingstone, M.L.A., as to the effects upon the future of Victoria—the state that, of all the others on the great island-continent—was scourged least by the 'sky of iron and the earth of brass.' In Victoria, according to Mr. Livingstone's startling figures, the damage affected an area of no less than 25,000,000 acres, which was practically non-productive. The area in question was settled upon by 217,000 people, who were undoubtedly the bone and sinew of the country. Taking an average value of stock which had been lost by death, horses represented £146,700, cattle £195,930, sheep £308,000. Last year (he continues) the production of wheat was 2,703,000 bags, which, at an average of 12s per bag, and a loss this harvest of fully 90 per cent., represented £1,459,620. Other cereals were in proportion to wheat, and the total loss to the State through drought was no less than £3,775,000. The indirect loss, too, was enormous, and it would be a most difficult task to replace what had gone through a drought unparalleled since the settlement of Australia by white people.

OUR SCHOOLS.

ST. DOMINIC'S COLLEGE.

The annual breaking-up ceremony in connection with St. Dominic's College took place in St. Joseph's School on Wednesday evening of last week in the presence of a very large audience. His Lordship Bishop Verdon presided, and there were also present Very Rev. Dean Hoyle (Hobart), Very Rev. Dean Foley (Christchurch), Rev. Father Murphy, Adm., and Rev. Father O'Malley.

The pupils were grouped on the stage, which was tastefully decorated, the whole making a pretty picture. During the evening a programme of rare merit, consisting of items of vocal and instrumental music, a recitation, and a kindergarten spiele, was contributed by the pupils, who acquitted themselves in a manner worthy of their high reputation which the college enjoys as an educational centre, and creditable alike to performers and teachers. The frequent applause showed that the audience thoroughly appreciated the high-class programme which was submitted both for their pleasure and criticism. That the musical portion would be of a high order of merit was generally anticipated, considering the success of the pupils at the various examinations held under the auspices of the London colleges, and it is almost unnecessary to say that the highest expectations were more than fully realised.

The programme opened with a bright chorus by the whole of the pupils. This was followed by a pianoforte duet, 'Cabaletta' (Lack), which was played evenly and with good expression and execution by the junior pupils, the performers being Misses Collins (2), Callan, Gawne, Morrison, and Byrne. The only vocal solo on the programme, 'Hush my little one' (Bevignani), was given by Miss J. Dunsmuir, and was received with warm appreciation. An instrumental trio by Miss Thompson (violin), Miss Montague (cello), Miss Paton (piano), was fairly well played. One of the best items on the programme was a recitation, 'The Bivouac fire,' which was given with clear enunciation and finished dramatic effect by Miss Kathleen Collins. It was excellent for such a youthful pupil and her style might be copied with advantage by many adult reciters. The action song and dance by the kindergarten, with their bright pretty dresses, was not the least effective item. In her violin solo Miss Thompson displayed a knowledge of technique and good training. Miss Montague maintained her