

to lands, goods, or chattels. Mark Twain's stinging castigation of one of those Chinese missionary looters will be fresh in the memory of many readers of the American reviews. American officers that presumably wear clean linen witnessed, directed, and took part in the scandalous desecration and sacrilegious plunder of vestments, sacred vessels, reliquaries, pictures, candelabra, statuary, ancient tomes, etc., from Catholic churches in the Philippines. Vast quantities of this kind of church loot were sent across the Pacific and exposed for sale in second-hand stores and pawn-shops in San Francisco and other American cities. The noted Australian war-correspondent, 'Banjo' Patterson, said in the course of one of the lectures delivered by him in New Zealand that during the South African war matter had appeared in the British and colonial newspaper press that it was a disgrace for soldiers to write and for editors to publish. An ugly anthology of military ruffianism might easily be compiled from the letters of British and colonial soldiers that were published in the daily papers of Great Britain and Australasia. The amazing part of this bad business was the cool lack of any sense of shame with which officers and men recorded and editors published cases of picking the pockets of prisoners and stealing watches, money, jewellery, music, love-letters, etc., from private houses—and some of this even in British territory. A London weekly of the time before us reported two 'Tommies' as having 'swelled their purses by more than £100 apiece' at Elandslaagte and 'one of the Lancers' as having "come across" £400 the other day in one of the houses on the Modder River.' And did not the aforesaid 'Banjo' Patterson make the faces of his New Zealand audiences expand in twelve-inch laughter at the keenness and cunning displayed by some Australian officers and men in stealing property under cover of sham receipts and under the pretence of a legal requisition?

A certain rugged old British officer liked to see a bit of the devil in a soldier. If it is there—and it often is—it will find its way out in war-time through the thin veneer of manners and observances that frequently pass muster for 'civilisation.' There is a good deal of truth in old Eben Holden's saying: 'A man he can be any kind uv a beast, but a panther he can't be nuthin' but jest a panther.' War is an evil game. It may bring out the courage and endurance that there is in a man. It is pretty certain to evoke whatever dash of the demon there is in him. And the story of the pawned Boer Bible is one of the things that ought to give one pause and wonder if, after all, war is a thing to huzza and sound the loud timbrel about.

## Notes

### Cabled Cardinals

Owing to his pestiferous habit of inventing or maltreating Catholic news items, the cable demon finds it difficult to get believed on the rare occasions when he sends the plain and unadorned truth along the submarine wires. There is, however, an element of probability in his recent statement that Archbishops Walsh (Dublin), Stonor (Rome), and Bourne (Westminster) have been raised to the rank of Cardinals. The elevation of Archbishop Stonor to the purple has long been expected. The Cardinalate may now be said to attach prescriptively to the See of Westminster. And in placing Archbishop Walsh in the College of Cardinals, Pius X. would confer a well-merited honor on a prelate whose brilliant and manifold talents, great administrative ability, deep and widely ranging learning, and personal charm of manner would add a fresh lustre to that grand assembly of the senators of the Church.

### Dreyfus out-Dreyfused

Our readers can readily recall the storm of eruptive agony that rose from the British and colonial press, as

from another Soufriere, over the suspicion that ex-Captain Dreyfus was not receiving a fair trial at the hands of his military judges at Rennes. But, like 'Mr Dooley's' Admiral Dewey, our newspapers know how to be calm 'whin they'se anything to be calm about.' They have evidently made up their minds that the wholesale outrages which the French Government has been committing on the liberty of the subject is a trifle light as air—something which is beneath even the calmest editorial notice. The great French persecution is, in fact, made the object of what looks like an organised conspiracy of silence by the secular press in English-speaking countries that went into volcanic hysterics over the Dreyfus affair.

The 'Ave Maria' has this pointed note upon the situation:—

'Ruskin, who said so many wise things, declared that "the great difficulty is to open men's eyes. To touch their feelings and break their hearts is easy: the difficulty is to break their heads and let the light in." Dom Gasquet is reminded of Ruskin's words by a conversation with a London journalist "of unusually acute intelligence and sound judgment," whose view of the religious difficulties in France was that they were due to the contumacious refusal of the religious communities to apply for authorisation. When Dom Gasquet at last brought him to understand that the religious had really no choice in the matter, but were simply dissolved and their property seized, the journalist said: "But this is an injustice compared with which the Dreyfus affair, which stirred the heart of the English nation to its very depths, was as nothing." Precisely. When a French Jew, after at least the semblance of a court trial, was degraded from his position in the army and sent into exile, the world went mad with indignation; now that many thousands of men and women against whom no offence could even be alleged have been exiled and their honestly acquired property seized without the formality of a trial, the world looks on with philosophic calm.'

### A Warning Lesson

They are wise men who learn lessons of prudence from the follies and blunders of their neighbors. 'One thorn of experience,' says Lowell, 'is worth a whole wilderness of warning.' And there is in the dire experience of the persecuted Catholics of France one lesson which their co-religionists out on the rim of the world in New Zealand may well take to heart. It is a non-Catholic French journalist who points the moral and adorns the tale. 'Had you been subscribers to the Catholic press,' says he, 'had you put some of your money, say half a million of francs (£20,000) into it, you would not now be the victims of spoliation and injustice, for your organs would have been disseminated through town and village, and would have brought the justice of your cause under the eyes of millions of voters who are now poisoned against you and become the tools of your oppressors.'

## DIocese OF DUNEDIN

The devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration began in St. Joseph's Cathedral on Friday morning, when the Mass of Exposition was celebrated by the Rev. Father Murphy, Adm., Rev. Father Cleary being deacon, and Rev. Father Buckley sub-deacon, his Lordship Bishop Verdon presided at the throne. The solemn music was rendered by the choir of the Dominican Nuns. During Friday and Saturday large numbers visited the Cathedral and prayed before the Blessed Sacrament, and at the early Masses on Sunday numbers approached the Holy Table. The devotion was brought to a close with High Mass on Sunday, which was celebrated in the presence of his Lordship the Bishop, the celebrant, deacon, and sub-deacon being the same as on Friday. The Cathedral choir rendered the musical portion of the Mass. The high altar was very tastefully decorated for the devotion, arum lilies and white azaleas in pots being principally used for the decorations.

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