

warped its moral consciousness. Pity those schools; I say, pity the system, the party, that have taken on themselves to insult God by implying that He was unwelcome, undesirable, something to be avoided in the schoolroom.

#### If They Undertake to Banish God From The Schoolroom,

what guarantee is there that they may not banish everything religious from the life of the individual, the family, and the nation. We are not satisfied with raising our voices in alarm and in protest, we are not satisfied with pointing out the injustice of a conscience tax on the Catholic people, we are not satisfied with declaiming against a system that discounts religion and favors irreligion and indifference; a system that cultivates the atheist of this generation to beget the anarchist of the next—no, we go further and build schools where Christ may enter; where His principles, His teachings, His morality are taught, learned, and followed. Our Catholic teachers hold out their arms exclaiming with Christ:

'Suffer Little Children to Come to Me and Forbid Them Not':

and behind the teachers and children stand our Catholic citizens building schools, paying teachers, giving their children as pupils, and encouraging every effort to save the faith of the child, and the morality and Christianity of this young nation. Catholics of Dunedin, you have the best trained teachers in the world in your schools—teachers whose work is acknowledged as excellent in every respect by the very same inspectors who report on the favored and pampered 'public' schools; men and women who are sacrificing the ambitions of business, the comforts of home, for unremitting, unremunerated labor in the schoolroom, and voluntary lives of public effacement, and all the private discomforts of poverty, chastity, and obedience. You are proud of them. And, I may add, with you is the secret sympathy of many a zealous and enlightened member of the different creeds in this community—those who love justice and fair play and who admire steadfast adherence to principle.

#### Again I Ask Why Should Catholics Be Unjustly Taxed?

Does it not look like persecution and tyranny? The taxation of Catholics for the support of a system which they cannot in conscience avail themselves of is unjust. Catholics are discontented, and rightly so. It is a serious question for any government to annoy and sow discontent amongst any section of the community. Catholics have done their duty to the State. They have done more. They have saved the State over £100,000 annually in their schools. They seek no privilege, but only equal treatment with the other classes of the community. Put it this way. Suppose that the Catholics, instead of being one seventh of the total population, represented six-sevenths of the whole, and levied a tax for the support of an educational system, part of which consisted in the pupils being compelled to conform to the religious forms, practices, and ceremonials of the Catholic religion. Would such a system be just? Would it be tolerated for a day? What sort of Government do we live under? We fulfil our duty to the State as citizens.

#### Our Sons are Fighting the Battles of the Empire.

We pay our taxes and shed our blood in the common cause. We have made sacrifices for education that call forth the admiration of every fair-minded person in the world. Yet our rights are not respected and burdens are placed upon us which are not only unreasonable but unjust. Is it bigotry? Is it ignorance? Why should such shameless imposition and injustice be tolerated in this age of the world? Will you find it anywhere else in the world? We shall continue to clamor and show it up. Here's a case of recent occurrence. A deputation of Catholics waited on the Minister of Education and asked that facilities in the matter of swimming lessons, medical and dental inspection, a supply of the *School Journal*, should be granted to the Catholic schools in common with the

State schools—for all of which, of course, Catholics were paying. It was put to the Cabinet and was refused. Thus the boycott extends to such matters as physical development and medical inspection and the reading of the *School Journal*.

#### MY FRIENDS

(For *N.Z. Tablet*.)

To-night I think of him who sleeps afar,  
Who went from me scarce one short year ago:  
I think of him—ere the red tide of war  
Surged o'er the world in flood of death and woe,  
For we were friends—and life seemed glad and bright—  
Ah! who could tell that I should mourn to night!

I gaze upon his picture on the wall,  
And from my heart wells up a silent tear;  
I know that he has passed beyond recall  
Yet in this saddened hour I feel him near.  
Could I but greet him as in days of old,  
And clasp the hand of friendship that lies cold.

Out in this room and in this very chair  
He sat, and we in mutual harmony  
Each others thoughts in confidence would share:  
And from the past his laughter comes to me,  
Waking the echoes in my heart forlorn—  
I love best thus to think of him I mourn.

And in these moments recollection brings  
Bright scenes that shine in treasured memory—  
Noble of heart, and sincere in all things  
I loved him for his fearless honesty:  
Staunch in his faith— I think of him with pride,  
I know that God was with him when he died.

For King and cause his bright young life he gave,  
And though the world of men forget his name  
Most in those deeds that count beyond the grave  
Virtue rings higher than the peal of fame,  
And little weigh the glories of this earth  
When life is balanced in the scales of worth.

Bereft am I, though mine be not the tears  
That wake the anguish of a mother's heart,  
Still shall I sorrow through the lonely years—  
For in his grave is sealed a cherished part  
Of life's bright memories—so to the end  
Shall he live in my heart—my noble friend.

HAROLD GALLAGHER.

Dunedin.

#### THE FASTEST SWIMMERS

Few people have any idea of the rapid pace attained by some fish. The dolphin and porpoise are perhaps the swiftest of all. The latter fish has been seen to dart round and round a steamer proceeding at between seventeen and eighteen miles an hour. Probably a bonito (a fish of the mackerel family) at its best could move for some distance at forty miles an hour. Salmon, too, and trout swim very fast, particularly when accomplishing their annual spawning migration up stream. Herrings, in shoals, move at a steady ten or twelve miles, but mackerel much faster. Whales, though not fish, can swim at a great speed. When excited they will dash along at as much as seventeen miles an hour, but ordinarily four or five miles an hour is their speed. Seals, again, are much more speedy, and certain Eastern water-snakes glide along at terrific velocities.

A JOINT OF MEAT MAY BE TOUGH  
but the delicious MILITARY PICKLE is always tasty.  
If your grocer is out of this appetizer, send your order to any other Storekeeper. Do it Now.